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THE

MYSTERIES

OF THE

COURT OF LONDON.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST AND SECOND SERIES OF "THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON," "FAUST," "WAGNER, THE WEHR-WOLF," "THE DAYS OF HOGARTH," "THE CORAL ISLAND," "THE BRONZE STATUE," "THE SEAMSTRESS," "POPE JOAN," "KENNETH," "THE NECROMANCER," "THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE," "THE PIXY," "ROBERT MACAIRE," "MARY PRICE," "THE SOLDIER'S WIFE," &c., &c., &c.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRAWN BY W. H. THWAITS.

VOL. V.

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ERRATUM.

Page 29.—Twenty-third line from the bottom, second column, for *delicate skin*, read *delicate olive*.

THE MYSTERIES

OF

THE COURT OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD MAN'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

On the bank of the Trent, and within the border of Lincolnshire, stands Saxondale Castle. The edifice is of immense extent, formed of buildings surrounding two quadrangular courts, and which having been erected at different periods, exhibit various styles of architecture. When viewed from a distance, the long irregular ranges of battlements and towers, frowning with a sort of gloomy grandeur above the river and over the landscape through which it winds its way, give the idea of a strongly fortified place, and though on a nearer approach this impression is scarcely diminished, yet a minute survey will show that while displaying the baronial architecture of bygone times, the edifice never was intended as a fortalice of defence.

The scenery amidst which it is situated, is imposing and beautiful,—giving to the entire mass of building and all its accompaniments an air truly picturesque. The long line of castellated structure forming the western side of the castle, stands upon the very verge of the river's bank; and in some parts the masonry itself is washed by its limpid waters. The front of the edifice, which is at right angles with the stream, commands a southern view of sweeping valleys undulating like a rolling ocean of the brightest green, the uniformity of which is however broken by groves of a darker verdure, as if they were islands dotting the vast expanse. White cottages and village-steeples, peeping from amongst the dense foliage of those woods, enhance the picturesque beauty of the scene; and all those broad lands, far as the eye can reach, constitute the lordly domain of Saxondale.

On the eastern side of the castle—the one farthest removed from the river—two magnificent rows of ancient trees, evidently the growth of centuries, form an avenue beneath the luxuriant foliage of which it is sweet to find shelter from the scorching summer's sun, or to ramble in the refreshing coolness and mystic serenity of evening. This avenue borders the spacious gardens, in the centre of which there is a lake surrounded by ornamental buildings, and having an immense greenhouse at the farther extremity,—all in a gothic style, and harmonizing with the architecture of that side of the castle itself. Beyond the gardens, which are laid out with taste and elegance, lie the shrubberies and plantations; and thence the rolling landscape extends, as above described, until bounded by the horizon.

The interior of the castle requires a two-fold description. One portion of it,—namely, the whole of the front, and all that side overlooking the gardens,—is used for the habitation of the inmates; and is fitted up with the sumptuous magnificence, refinement, and taste of modern splendour, yet in a manner to harmonise admirably with the antiquated style of the architecture. The doorways, the windows, the chimney-pieces, and the cornices, are all carved or sculptured in the richest manner, and are inwrought with armorial bearings and decorative devices. The entrance-hall is of immense extent, with a double row of marble pillars on each side, and having an elaborately groined ceiling. The pavement of this hall is of variegated marbles. At the extremity facing the high folding-doors at the entrance, a magnificent staircase is seen rising to about the mid-height of the hall; and from that point it branches into two equally handsome flights, one winding to the right and the other to the left hand. One leads to the state-apartments and drawing-rooms: the other to a landing, whence open the library and picture-gallery. The walls all up these staircases are decorated with armorial devices, and ornamented with suits of armour and statues. From a long corridor, stretching the whole length of that line of the building which overlooks the gardens, and which is called the Eastern Side, open the sleeping apartments intended for the family, visitors, and guests. The chambers of the numerous dependants communicate from a similar gallery over-head.

So much for the inhabited portion of Saxondale Castle: but the whole of the Western Side overlooking the river, and that end which may be termed the back of the building, have long been disused. They are the most ancient parts of the castellated structure: but the rooms which they contain are attended to with great care, and are shown as curiosities to all guests visiting the castle. These rooms appear to have been furnished and to have been fitted up in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,—blending the rude contrivances of the two latter Henrys' time with the more refined improvements of the Elizabethan age. The walls of many of these disused apartments are hung with tapestry, for the most part torn and tattered: the furniture consists of similar tapestry-work or Utrecht velvet covering the oaken chairs, some of which are elaborately carved. But to preserve this furniture and tapestry from falling into complete decay, frequent fires are lighted in the rooms, and constant attention is paid to them.

One or two more features in Saxondale Castle must be mentioned ere we enter upon our story. The first is the chapel, which is situated in the western side overlooking the River Trent. Not having been used as a place of worship for some centuries, its Catholic appearance has not been disturbed: the altar-piece, with all its Roman emblems and appurtenances, has therefore been preserved with as much jealous care as the tapestried chambers in the same part of the building. There are several fine old pictures, representing sacred subjects, in this chapel; and in the vestiary are preserved some interesting specimens of Roman Catholic canonical costume. From this vestiary a low door opens upon a dark, narrow, and precipitate staircase, made of stone and winding down the circular shaft of a tower. At the bottom of this staircase there are vaults stretching to a considerable distance beneath the western side, and even under the bed of the river. These subterraneans were doubtless used as places of penance—perhaps even of more terrible punishment—in those Catholic times when a portion of Saxondale Castle was tenanted by the holy fathers of a monkish order.

In a cloister branching out from the chapel, and on the same level with it, are several tombs and monuments, enclosing the remains of some of the earlier scions of the house of Saxondale. In the middle of this cloister stands a colossal figure, carved in black marble, representing a warrior in complete armour with his visor closed, and reputed to have been the image of the founder of the Saxondale family in the earliest times of the Tudors. The appearance of this giant-statue, in its sable gloom, but in a natural life-like attitude, with the left hand upon the hip, and the right arm extended as if menacingly pointing towards the door, is well calculated to produce a startling effect upon the visitor who, unwarned of its presence there, enters that cloister for the first time, and beholds the colossal image uprearing its huge form in the midst of the dim cathedral-light which pervades the place.

The reader must not fancy that from this long description of Saxondale Castle we are about to entertain him with the gloomy mysticism or the dark horrors of a romance of the olden time: but it was necessary for the purposes of our narrative to record these details in respect to the ancestral seat of a family which is destined to play no mean part upon the stage of our story. Without further preface, therefore, we will proceed to state that in the year 1825 does our narrative open.

At that period Lord Saxondale, the owner of the castle and its immense domain, was a nobleman well stricken in years, but who had recently married a very young wife by whom he had three children. This was his second marriage; and it is necessary that we should inform the reader how and under what circumstances it came to be contracted.

Lord Saxondale had long been a widower and also childless,—the presumptive heir to his title and estates being his nephew the Hon. Mr. Ralph Farefield. Ralph was an only child, and his birth cost his mother her life: his father, who was Lord Saxondale's younger brother, died soon afterwards of a fever; and the infant orphan was left entirely dependent upon his noble uncle. Lord Saxondale accepted the sacred trust generously, and, having then no children of his own, brought up his nephew with as much love and affection as if he were his son. His lordship habitually resided at his palatial mansion in London, paying an annual visit of two or three months to his castle in Lincolnshire; and as he was wont to be excessively indulgent towards his nephew, the latter, when his education was finished and he left college, plunged into all the dissipations and debaucheries of London life. For some time the old nobleman seemed unconscious of the evil courses which his nephew Ralph was pursuing; but at length he received such intimation thereof—either from well-intentioned friends or mischief-making gossips—that he was induced to watch the young man's proceedings. One inquiry led on to another; and Lord Saxondale succeeded in unravelling such a complicated skein of vices, profligacies, and even villanies on the part of his nephew, that he recoiled in horror from the frightful discovery. He learnt that Ralph was an inveterate gamester, a cold-blooded seducer of innocence, and a profligate of the most unscrupulous character; that speculating upon the certainty of inheriting the title and entailed estates of Saxondale, he had borrowed large sums of usurers; and that he had even been heard to drop dark hints "that if his old uncle did not soon take his departure from this world, he would adopt means to send him prematurely out of it." This might have been mere idle talk or wretched bravado on Ralph's part: but certain it is that the discovery of the young man's base ingratitude produced a powerful impression upon the old lord. He did not pause to reflect whether his own exceeding indulgence might not have been mainly instrumental in plunging Ralph Farefield into the vortex of dissipation; but being a man of very strong feelings and of decided character, Lord Saxondale suddenly became as stern and implacable as he had previously been affectionate and foolishly indulgent.

All this investigation into Ralph Farefield's conduct had been conducted unknown to the young man himself; and while he was pursuing his pleasures and his debaucheries, he little suspected the storm that was brewing over his head. At length it burst. One morning—just as daylight was making the street-lamps burn dim and sickly—Ralph was endeavouring to effect his usual stealthy entrance by a back door into Saxondale Mansion in Park Lane, London, when he was suddenly encountered by his uncle's steward, who put a letter into his hand and peremptorily bade him quit the house. Half-intoxicated as Ralph was at the time, this unexpected proceeding sobered him in an instant; and tearing open the letter, he was astounded at its contents. These were laconic enough. They merely gave the young man to understand that everything was known—that thenceforth he was never again to appear in his uncle's presence—and that an income of 300*l.* a-year was all that would be allowed him for the future. Recovering from the stupor into which this letter for the moment threw him, Ralph burst forth into a volley of the bitterest invectives against his uncle,—adding, as he addressed himself to the steward, "Go and tell the old curmudgeon that I don't care a fig for him. His estates are entailed and go along with the title: so it is but a little matter of time, and then I shall have all. In the interval I can raise plenty of money on post-obit bonds in the City; and therefore I repel with scorn the miserable pittance of three hundred a-year which the old boy offers me."

With these words Ralph flung out of the house, and hastened away to rejoin his boon-companions and report to them all that had taken place. They applauded his spirit; and he plunged more deeply into dissipation and debauchery than ever. But in the meantime the old steward, who was a matter-of-fact kind of person, and never a sincere friend towards Ralph Farefield, proceeded to give Lord Saxondale a full and faithful account of all that his nephew had said, not even suppressing a single oath, nor one tittle of the indignities, threats, or defiances which the ungrateful young man had levelled against his uncle.

"Oh!" said Lord Saxondale, his mind at once made up how to act. "Instead of contrition we have such conduct as this, have we? Let the travelling-carriage be prepared, and within an hour I shall start for Lincolnshire."

The old lord, who was just sixty years of age when this rupture with his nephew took place, had suddenly come to the determination of taking unto himself a second wife, in the hope that she might give him an heir to his possessions and title, and thus destroy the prospects of Mr. Ralph Farefield. While rolling along in his commodious travelling-carriage to Saxondale Castle, his lordship, who could be as vindictive on the one hand as he had proved himself indulgent and generous on the other, gloated over the project which he had formed, and which became strengthened in his mind the longer he deliberated upon it. Who his intended wife was to be, he had already settled with himself: for he knew full well that where the offer of his hand was about to be made, it was certain to be accepted.

The young lady whom he thus had in view, was seventeen years of age. She was the only child of a worthy clergyman occupying a living on the Saxondale estate, and for which he was indebted to his lordship's bounty. Harriet Clifton was a girl of exceeding beauty—tall and admirably formed—and with a development of womanly charms which made her seem three or four years older than she really was. She possessed a fine spirit, a powerful intellect, and a strong mind,—all of which were indicated, young though she were, by the cast and expression of her countenance. Indeed, it was only necessary to look into the depths of her dark eyes when they met the gaze steadfastly and fearlessly—to follow the aquiline lines of her handsome profile—

to contemplate the high proud forehead—to mark the haughty curling of the lip, the swan-like archings of the neck, the statuesque carriage of the figure, and the sedate and somewhat measured step, in order to read the firm decision of her character as easily as if it were printed in a book. At the same time there was nothing unfeminine in the appearance nor improperly bold in the manner of Harriet Clifton. Her forwardness was attempered by an unstudied ingenuousness; and the settled decision of her looks was the natural precocity of a very powerful mind, shedding its influence upon her whole being, and giving its own strong impress to her features. Having lost her mother when she was very young, and having a kind indulgent father, Harriet had received none of those delicate tutorings and refined teachings—those timely checks upon temper and those repressions of self-will—which only a mother or a very near and affectionate female relative can give. She was well educated—lady-like in manners—and possessing good conversational powers, the development of which had been hindered by no bashful coyness. Thus, altogether, Harriet Clifton was a woman in form, mind, and intellect, at that age of "sweet seventeen" when she was still a mere girl in years.

Lord Saxondale had been acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Clifton for a quarter of a century, and had therefore known Harriet from her birth. He was well aware of all the points in her character—all its strength and all its self-willed firmness; and though he had frequently thought, when regarding her with a kind of paternal feeling, that she was more precocious than he should like a daughter of his own to be, yet now that he wanted a second wife, he felt assured that Harriet was the very being who would best suit him. He knew that she was good and virtuous, but that she was ambitious—that she possessed a heart which was capable of the noble feeling of gratitude where it was not likely that she could entertain the softer sentiment of love;—and he moreover calculated that if his projected marriage with this damsel should crown his most fervid hope and give him an heir, her resolute and haughty spirit would serve, when he himself should be no more, as an efficient defence to shield her offspring against any open hostility or secret snares on the part of Ralph Farefield.

Such was the tenour of Lord Saxondale's musings as he rolled along in his travelling-chariot to Lincolnshire. He arrived at the castle safe and sound that evening; and the very next day he sent to invite Mr. Clifton and Harriet to pass a week with him. They came, little suspecting what was in store: but after dinner on the first day of their arrival, and when Harriet had retired to the drawing-room, Lord Saxondale unfolded his purpose without much circumlocution, and over a bottle of excellent claret. Mr. Clifton at first could scarcely believe his own ears; next he thought his lordship was joking; and then he concluded that he must be mad. But Lord Saxondale speedily convinced him that he was neither jesting nor insane; and long before the bottle of claret was emptied, the matter was duly settled,—it being taken for granted that Miss Harriet would give her consent. Nothing was said to the young lady that evening: but next day her father introduced the subject to her notice. There was no necessity to wait for a verbal reply from her lips: the flash of triumph in her eyes, the glow mantling upon her cheeks, and the swell of her fine bust, proved how joyous was her exultation, and how proudly she could become the position of Lady Saxondale!

At the expiration of a fortnight the marriage took place at Mr. Clifton's own church; and Harriet became the mistress of that magnificent castle which, as a guest, she had so often admired, and with every part of which she was already so familiar. The intelligence of this marriage, when it reached Ralph Farefield for the first time through the newspapers, did not produce the overwhelming effect which his vindictive uncle gloatingly anticipated: for the graceless nephew thought it most unlikely indeed that any issue would result from so unequal an alliance. He therefore continued his career of dissipation, raising money by whatsoever means he could, and flattering himself that he was displaying a proper spirit by doggedly abstaining from making any advances towards a reconciliation with his uncle. But at the expiration of a twelvemonth Ralph began to grow alarmed, when he learnt that Lady Saxondale had presented her husband with a daughter. Still he consoled himself that it was not a son, and that he was still heir presumptive to the title and estates of Saxondale. Nevertheless, to drown the misgivings which would at times intrude upon his soul, he plunged more deeply, if possible, into dissipation than ever; and finding it growing more and more difficult to procure funds for his extravagances, he saw his aristocratic companions proportionately falling off. At the expiration of a couple more years the newspapers informed him that Lady Saxondale had become a mother a second time—but also of a daughter: and though Ralph's uneasiness now increased materially, he continued to solace himself as well as he was able with the fact that he was still heir to the broad lands and lordly title of Saxondale.

But now Ralph Farefield found it no longer possible to raise money with the usurers on any terms; and he was involved in the most serious embarrassments. All his friends deserted him: but not being able to exist without the companionship of the profligate and the dissolute, he was compelled to seek the society of a lower grade of debauchees than those with whom he had been wont to associate. Thus was he rapidly sinking down in the social scale; and being reduced to positive want, he at length penned a letter of contrition to his uncle. But Lord Saxondale, who since his marriage had resided altogether with his young wife in Lincolnshire, had not lost sight of his nephew even from that distance: or, more properly speaking, he received from his solicitors, in London, and from other sources, frequent accounts of the young man's proceedings. These accounts had only tended to confirm him in the loathing and hatred which he had conceived for the graceless debauchee; and he accordingly returned Ralph's letter without a comment. Stung to the quick by what he termed this heartless insult, and goaded to desperation by his necessities, Ralph Farefield began seriously to think of some deadly revenge against his uncle. Nevertheless, the pressure of circumstances compelled him to go and draw from Lord Saxondale's bankers all those arrears of income which he had hitherto scornfully left untouched; and as more than three years had now

elapsed since he was discarded, he had 900*l.* to receive. Forgetting for the moment his thoughts of vengeance, he plunged headlong once more into dissipation: but he was shortly startled from his debaucheries by the astounding intelligence that Lady Saxondale was a third time a mother—and on this occasion had presented her husband with a son. Ralph Farefield was consequently no longer the heir to a lordly title and vast estate: but then, as he observed to his dissolute associates, "it was but a miserable new-born babe that stood between him and the hope of still inheriting the ancestral wealth and honours."

We have now explained to the reader how it was and under what peculiar circumstances the venerable Lord Saxondale contracted a second marriage at the age of sixty. Four years had elapsed since the day when he led Harriet Clifton to the altar; and he was consequently now sixty-four. This was the year 1825, when in the earlier part of the chapter we first introduced his lordship to the reader. Lady Saxondale was at this time a splendid woman; and she filled her exalted position with as much graceful dignity as if she had been from her very birth reared in the atmosphere of aristocracy and fashion. Not once did the old nobleman regret having married her: for not merely was his vindictive feeling against his nephew at length gratified by the birth of an heir, but he had also experienced much real domestic happiness in his recurrence to a wedded state. For, as he had foreseen, his wife regarded him with gratitude as the author of the brilliant position to which she had been raised; and though she could not positively love a man old enough to be her grandfather, nor indeed had a heart susceptible of the tender feeling at all, yet she behaved towards him with kindness, and was ever solicitous for his comfort and well-being. Lady Saxondale was a woman of passions, but not of sentiments: the former were strong in proportion as they occupied the place which the latter ought to have held in her soul;—and those passions being egotistical and selfish, as all passions necessarily are, were equally capable of prompting her to generous and good actions as to a course the very reverse. Circumstances had therefore favoured the former alternative; and as she was ambitious, she felt grateful to the man who had ministered to her ambition. She now felt, too, that she occupied the proud position of the mother of that heir to whom her husband's title and estates would fall; and also cherishing the hope that there was but little chance of these estates passing away from her own offspring, she felt a pride in contemplating the responsibility connected with her position. These feelings not merely made her cherish the husband who had given her this position and had invested her as it were with this proud responsibility, but they also imparted a certain matronly sedateness to her mind and demeanour; so that at one-and-twenty, Lady Saxondale, while still in the bloom of youthful beauty, possessed the experience and bore the air of a woman of several years older. But lest we should be misunderstood in any portion of these remarks, we must observe, that the lapse of those four years since her marriage, so far from having in any way marred her loveliness, had tended only to develop her charms to the height of their splendour, and to convert a precocious girlhood into a grand and magnificent womanhood.

The reader is already aware that three children were the fruit of her marriage with Lord Saxondale. The two eldest were girls, and were respectively christened Juliana and Constance: the last-born, now a couple of months old, was named Edmund. In respect to the infant babe, we must observe that he was marked on the shoulder with a strawberry. This mark was but very small: still in its diminutive proportions it bore an extraordinary resemblance to the above-named fruit; and of course the old nurse, the female servants, and the gossips of the neighbourhood, were positive in declaring that Lady Saxondale must have longed for strawberries ere the birth of her son. Be this as it may—it is not the less certain that the mark was there, upon the child's shoulder; and her ladyship congratulated herself that it was thus upon a part of the body where it could not be considered a disfigurement.

Such was the exact position of affairs with regard to the Saxondale family in the middle of the year 1825, at which date our narrative opened.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRIME.

RALPH FAREFIELD was, as we have already observed, startled from what may be termed the lethargy of a continuous debauch, upon receiving the intelligence that Lady Saxondale had presented her husband with a son and heir. He suddenly became an altered man; and throwing aside his dissipated habits, as he would a garment which he had worn long enough, he began not merely to deliberate with calmness, but also to act with decision. His acquaintance with the low dens of debauchery in London had taught him where, in case of need, he could lay his hands upon the desperate characters suited to his purpose: and these he was not long in finding out. In the first instance he despatched a secret emissary down into Lincolnshire, who was instructed to prowl about Saxondale Castle and take note of any circumstances which might tend to forward the scheme that Ralph Farefield had in view. This was nothing more nor less than to carry off the infant Edmund, and make away with him. The emissary was accordingly instructed to watch when the child was taken out for an airing—where it was so taken—by whom—and whether its nurse ever walked to any distance from the immediate precincts of the castle. The man whom Ralph employed on this service, was astute, cunning, and wary; and promised to fulfil his mission with despatch and fidelity.

Profligate and unprincipled as Ralph Farefield was—bitter as were his vindictive feelings against his uncle, and his hatred for Lady Saxondale—deep too as was the stake which he had to play—he nevertheless recoiled from the idea of committing murder with his own hand. He shrank thus, not merely from that instinctive horror of shedding blood, which, when the idea is first conceived, seizes upon even the most unprincipled and unscrupulous; but he was likewise afraid of involving himself in the trammels of the law. His plan therefore was to consummate the entire iniquity, not with his own hands, but through the medium of agents; and as he purposed to remain in London and show himself

daily and hourly at his usual places of resort, while the tragedy was being enacted in the country, he felt assured that even though suspicion might seem to point to him as the author of the atrocity, yet it would be impossible to bring the crime home to his door. As for what public opinion might surmise or say, he was utterly reckless: it was sufficient for him to destroy the barrier that at present existed between himself and the splendid heritage for which he was prepared to plunge his soul into crime.

But the plans and calculations of this wicked young man did not stop here: for he reasoned that if the son and heir was once removed, the loss would either break old Lord Saxondale's heart; or if he should survive it, then another crime, perpetrated under circumstances as guarded and as precautionary as the first, would at once sweep away every obstacle to the fulfilment of his hopes.

As we have already said, the requisite agents for Ralph Farefield's purposes did not appear to be wanting; and out of the money drawn from the bankers, he had still enough left to bribe them. Besides, the fourth year was just passed; and he had another three hundred pounds to receive. The means for executing his plans were therefore in his possession.

Amongst the desperate characters whom he had sought out from the vile dens in London, was one whom he specially intended to be the principal agent in the tragic enterprise. This was a ruffian whose name was Chiffin, and who was called *the Cannibal*. The origin of this odious nick-name may be explained in a few words. Chiffin was the son of respectable parents, who reared him well, gave him a decent education, and apprenticed him to a trade: but when seventeen or eighteen, he ran away and went to sea. The ship in which he embarked, was engaged in the South American trade; and when crossing the Pacific, it was overtaken by a violent tempest, so that in a very short time it became a complete wreck. The greater portion of the crew were drowned; but some six or seven men succeeded in getting away in a boat. Amongst these survivors was Chiffin. The small stock of provisions they had managed to bring from the wreck, was very soon exhausted; and for several days they were tossed about on the broad ocean enduring all the horrible pangs of hunger and thirst. At length a whisper passed round amongst them; and they agreed to cast lots who should die to furnish food for the rest. The lot fell upon the boatswain; and he resigned himself to his fate. The dreadful work of death was done—the man was murdered. But when the horrible tragedy was accomplished, an immitigable sense of loathing seized upon all the survivors, save *one* individual: and this one was Chiffin! He alone partook of the loathsome meal. Within a few hours afterwards a vessel came in sight, and the shipwrecked wretches were taken on board; but remaining faithful to an oath which they had sworn previous to the casting of the lots, the dreadful tale of murder was not divulged; and as all traces of the crime had been cleared away from the boat ere it reached the ship, it was not suspected. In due course the vessel arrived in England; and Chiffin, finding that his father and his mother had died of grief during his absence, was thrown loose upon the world. He became the associate of the vilest of the vile in the low dens and infamous neighbourhoods of London; and by the desperate ruffianism of his character, his daring exploits, his success in eluding the officers of justice, and his lavish expenditure of his ill-gotten gains, he was looked up to as a sort of chief or ruler amongst his companions. In the course of time the terrible tale relative to the murdered boatswain got abroad,—either being whispered by one of Chiffin's comrades on the occasion, or else vauntingly proclaimed by himself when in his cups: and thus the horrible appendage of *Cannibal* was joined to his name.

Such was the dreadful character whom Ralph Farefield selected as the principal agent in his own murderous design. We must observe that Chiffin the Cannibal was now about four-and-twenty years of age—of middle height and muscular form—with a countenance of so diabolical an expression, that were it possessed by the most honest man in existence, it would be quite enough to hang him, though innocent, at the very first whisper charging him with an offence. There was something of such unredeemed ferocity—something so awfully repulsive—something so bloodthirsty and cruel, in Chiffin's look, that to meet him even in the crowded street and at broad noon-day would startle the most courageous and self-possessed. Indeed, Ralph Farefield himself could never look upon this man without experiencing a cold chill creep over him and penetrate to his very heart's core: but yet he admitted him into his confidence, because he was just the unscrupulous demon fitted for his purpose.

By the time all Ralph's arrangements were made with Chiffin the Cannibal, the emissary returned from Lincolnshire, and gave such a report that there seemed not the slightest doubt of being enabled to carry the nefarious project into successful execution. Chiffin accordingly set off for Lincolnshire, simultaneously with three of his most faithful confederates. They took different routes so as to avoid suspicion, but having previously settled upon the point where they were to meet in the neighbourhood of Saxondale. Chiffin's instructions were positive and fearfully definite. The child was to be carried off from its nurse—put to death by means of a poison procured for the purpose—and then left in some public place or thoroughfare where it was sure to be discovered, so that its death might be a fact not merely established but also of notoriety.

True to the plan which he had chalked out, Ralph Farefield now appeared in such public places in London as to secure the certainty of a host of witnesses being enabled to testify that he did not at this period quit the metropolis even for a single day. He passed the forenoon at billiard-tables—visited Tattersall's and the Parks in the afternoon—dined in the evening in the coffee-rooms of hotels—and spent the greater portion of his nights at gaming-tables. Thus ten days passed, during which interval he endured no small amount of suspense. He had forbidden his villanous agents to communicate with him by letter, for fear of miscarriage or any other accident which might lead to discovery; and thus during these ten days he knew nothing of what passed. At the expiration of that time he received an intimation that Chiffin had returned to London; and he at once proceeded to the low public-house, or boosing-ken, where he was to meet that dreadful man. On arriving at the place of appointment, he found

Chiffin alone in a private room; and as the ruffian's countenance was too diabolical to betray any deeper villany than those crimes which had already stamped it with their Cain-brand, Ralph could glean little or nothing from his looks.

"Well, is the deed done?" he immediately asked; for suspense was torturing him.

"It is—and well done," answered Chiffin, in the hollow sepulchral voice that was natural to him: "too well done to want doing over again."

"Give me the particulars," said Farefield, now experiencing strange sensations of mingled hope and terror, joy and alarm—a terrible state of feeling which made the frame glow with a heat and yet shiver with a chill at the same time, as if the veins ran lightning while an ice-snake coiled itself round the body.

"Oh! the story is short enough," answered Chiffin, who was making his shabby white hat, with a black crape, turn round on the top of his huge bludgeon, as he lolled negligently in a Windsor chair. "I and the other chaps met according to appointment at the village down yonder; and having settled our plans, we dispersed ourselves about in the neighbourhood of the castle, hiding ourselves in such places as were convenient. Three or four days passed before we could do anything, as the baby was only taken out in the carriage along with the old lord and his wife. And by the bye, isn't her ladyship a beauty? But of course you know her?"

"I have not seen her for some years," answered Ralph impatiently. "Never mind such matters as those: tell me what nearest concerns me."

"Well then, when four or five days had passed and nothing was done, I began to grow uncomfortable; for I thought that four queer-looking gentlemen like me and my mates lurking about in the neighbourhood, might seem suspicious: so I made them tramp off to a distance, while I stayed to do the business by myself."

"Ah! that was more politic!" exclaimed Ralph. "But go on."

"Well, as luck would have it," continued the Cannibal, "the very next day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the two nursemaids came out to walk near the river. The three children were with 'em. One of them carried the baby: the other one carried the next child; and the third little brat—the eldest, of course—walked by the side of the maid who was carrying her sister. There was I, hid safe enough in the midst of a clump of trees, watching my opportunity to spring just like a wild beast in one of those Indian jungles that I used to read about when I was at school. Well, the nursemaid carrying the baby came on in front; and the other lagged behind. The very thing that I wanted: nothing could be better! So I waited till the maid with the baby had rounded the clump of trees, if you understand, in such a way that she was hid by them from the view of her companion. Then I sprang out with a black mask over my face. My eyes! what a squeal the girl gave!—and as I snatched the child from her, she dropped down just as if she was shot. Whether she was killed stone dead with fright, or only fell into a swoon, I don't know," added Chiffin coolly, "and don't much care. You may depend upon it, I didn't wait to see."

"Go on, go on," said Ralph, with feverish impatience.

"Ah! I did go on then, too!" continued the Cannibal, with a grin. "You should have seen me scud along the bank of the river with the child in my arms—that's all! I don't suppose I looked very paternal though. However, there I was, cutting along at a break-neck rate: but soon reaching a wood, I stopped and rested myself. Then I cut away again; and when I thought that everything like pursuit was impossible, and that I might put the finishing stroke upon the business where I was, I just poured half-a-dozen drops of that stuff down the child's throat—and by jingo! it was all over with it in a moment."

"Ah!" slowly said Ralph Fairfield, letting the deep breath of suspense escape him. "Then you really have done it?"

"Why, didn't I tell you so at the very first?" demanded Chiffin the Cannibal, his hollow tones now filled with a savage growl, as if he thought that he was suspected. "You don't think, do you, that a chap like me would mind making mince-meat of a baby like that when it's necessary?"

"No, no—I did not mean to offend you," Farefield hastened to observe.

"Why, it's enough to hurt one's dignity," still growled Chiffin, "to think for a moment that one wouldn't do such a miserable little bit of business as that."

"But what became of the body? how did you dispose of it? where did you put it?" demanded Ralph, with renewed impatience.

"I waited in the wood till night came," answered the ruffian; "and then I went and put the little stiff'un down at the door of a cottage about five or six miles from the castle. But now for the proofs!" continued the Cannibal, thrusting his hand into the capacious pocket of the great rough shaggy coat which hung loosely upon him; and he produced all the upper garments that were likely to have clothed a babe of a couple of months old.

Ralph seized them with avidity, and eagerly scrutinised each corner for some sign or symbol that should identify them as having belonged to his infant cousin. Nor did he search in vain. The cloak was elaborately embroidered with designs representing a peer's coronet, and also the arms of the Seamdale family: while upon another garment the name of the *Hon. Edmund Farefield* was likewise worked in delicate embroidery.

"Now are you satisfied?" asked the Cannibal, his eyes leering horribly from beneath his dark overhanging brows. "But I can tell you more. When I stripped off that toggery from the tiny brat, I saw the mark of a strawberry on its shoulder as plain as if it was a real one—but very small though—that had been cut in halves, and one half stuck on to its flesh not so big as a sixpence."

"I am satisfied—quite satisfied!" exclaimed Farefield: then, as he pushed the garments across the table to Chiffin, he said, "You must dispose of them as you think fit. But perhaps it will be best to burn them——"

"Leave that to me," answered the fellow, gathering up the things and thrusting them down into his capacious pocket. "Any farther orders, Mr. Farefield—anything more in my little way?"

"Not at present," rejoined Ralph. "But do not

be out of the way in case I *should* require you at any time during the next few weeks."

"You can always hear of me at this place," said the Cannibal. "You remember the sign? It's the *Billy Goat*."

"I shall not forget. And now," added Farefield, "for the remainder of the reward that was agreed upon between us."

Thereupon he counted down a quantity of gold upon the table; and as Chiffin consigned the wages of iniquity to his pocket, his hideous countenance again expressed its satisfaction with a ferocious leer.

Ralph Farefield and his agent in crime then separated—the former hurrying away to some place of public resort, which he still deemed it prudent to frequent; and the latter proceeding to the tap-room of the boozing-ken, there to expend a portion of his gains in a deep carouse.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEIR.

RETURN we now to Saxondale Castle, the inmates of which were thrown into the utmost grief, consternation, and dismay by the daring theft of the child. The nursemaid from whom the infant Edmund had been stolen, gave an account of the transaction similar to that which Chiffin the Cannibal gave to Ralph Farefield. She said that while walking on a little in front of the other servant, and while following the circuitous bend of the pathway which wound round a knot of trees standing on the river's bank about a quarter of a mile from the castle, a man with a black mask on his face suddenly rushed forth from amidst those trees; and tearing the child forcibly from her arms, sped away. She shrieked out and fell down senseless. It further appeared that the other nursemaid, hearing the cry, hastened to the spot, and was horror-stricken on finding her fellow-servant lying, as she thought, dead—and the infant gone. She caught sight of the ruffian just as he was springing over a hedge at some distance; and then he disappeared from her view. When recovering her presence of mind, she ascertained that her companion was not dead, but only in a swoon; and dipping her handkerchief into the river, she applied it to her countenance, and by those means brought her back to consciousness. Both the servant-maids, with the two remaining children, then hastened back as quickly as they could to the castle, and gave the alarm.

As we above stated, and as may easily be supposed, the consternation and grief caused by the astounding intelligence were immense. Lady Saxondale was at first absolutely petrified: but the old lord gave way to the most frenzied anguish. Her ladyship soon recovered her presence of mind; and the male dependants of the household were despatched in every direction in search of the lost infant. Some mounted horses and galloped away to beat the country: others set off on foot; and everything was done that the circumstances suggested to recover the stolen heir and capture the daring thief. Having issued her orders to this effect with a wonderful degree of calmness and self-possession, Lady Saxondale turned her attention to her afflicted husband, and endeavoured to console him by the representation that as these various measures had been adopted so soon after the theft, it was next to impossible that they could fail in achieving the desired result. But in her heart Lady Saxondale was really tortured by the sorest misgivings; and she apprehended the very worst. Both her own suspicions and those of her husband had at once very naturally fallen upon Ralph Farefield: but while the old lord could not bring himself to fancy anything so horrible as that his nephew would cause the child to be made away with, his wife on the other hand was unable to close her eyes to that dreadful eventuality.

Slowly, and Oh! how miserably passed the hours until night came: and then as one by one the servants returned without having obtained the slightest clue to the missing heir, Lord Saxondale began to yield to the same appalling terrors which his wife had already experienced. It was midnight ere all the messengers came back; and when the last made his appearance, with nothing better to report than the rest, the old lord again gave way to all the frantic bitterness of his grief. For a while, too, even Lady Saxondale's firmness of mind seemed to abandon her; and they mingled their tears, their sobs, and the outpourings of their heart's agony—that old man and his young wife!

But Lady Saxondale was the first to regain her fortitude and her self-possession; and she exerted all her powers to impart some solace to her husband. She now declared that, all things considered, she was persuaded in her own mind that Ralph Farefield, who no doubt was at the bottom of the atrocity, would not dare commit so heinous a crime as murder, nor yet allow it to be done; but that he had most probably caused the child to be carried off in order to bring his uncle to terms and wring from him immense pecuniary concessions. In this strain did her ladyship continue to argue for a long time, and with so much outward earnestness if not with an equal inward sincerity, that Lord Saxondale, eagerly catching at any straw of hope, gladly took refuge from the worst apprehensions in the adoption of his wife's theory. Thus the night passed; for no pillow was pressed by that couple throughout the long weary hours. When morning dawned, the servants were all again dispersed over the neighbourhood to make every kind of inquiry that might possibly tend to the recovery of the lost one. All the villages, hamlets, and isolated cottages, within a circuit of a dozen miles, were visited during this day; and when night came again and the servants returned, the meagre results of their inquiries amounted to these facts—that for the last few days some ill-looking men had been observed in the vicinage of the castle; that they had disappeared suddenly; and that a gang of gipsies had been also seen in those parts. But whether there were any connexion between the former and the latter it was impossible to say. As for the child, not the slightest trace had been discovered; and whether the poor infant was dead or alive seemed wrapped up in the darkest mystery. Finally, all the intelligence obtained went to prove that Mr. Ralph Farefield, who was well known in the neighbourhood, had not been seen by a single soul who was acquainted with him.

Lady Saxondale's resolution how to act was now promptly taken. She declared her intention of re-

pairing at once to London—not in an open manner, or for the purpose of calling on Ralph and taxing him with the crime of having had the child stolen; but of proceeding thither in a private manner, under an assumed name, and with the object of instituting such inquiries as circumstances might suggest. Lord Saxondale proposed to accompany her: but she besought him to abandon such an idea. In the first place, he was so well known that his presence in the metropolis could scarcely be kept a secret from his nephew: in the second place, the researches in Lincolnshire must be persevered in, and it was therefore requisite for him to be upon the spot to superintend them: and in the third place, it was better for him to remain in Saxondale in case Ralph Farefield should forward any communication with the view of bringing him to terms, her ladyship still declaring her conviction that to this end only had the atrocious outrage been perpetrated. To all these reasonings on the part of her ladyship did the

the part of her ladyship did the old lord yield; and devoured with grief though he was—well nigh broken-hearted too by the terrible calamity—he could not help complimenting his wife upon her calmness, her fortitude, and her good sense under such distressing circumstances.

Lady Saxondale's principal tire-woman was a person of about thirty years of age,—discreet, prudent, and cool-headed,—one on whom reliance could be placed, and who was in every way qualified to share in a task requiring activity, energy, and determination. Her ladyship therefore resolved upon taking Mabel—for such was the woman's name—with her to London. A plain travelling carriage was got in readiness without delay—a few articles of the simplest apparel were packed up—and Lady Saxondale, accompanied by Mabel, took her departure for the metropolis.

In a couple of days Lord Saxondale received a letter from his wife announcing her safe arrival in London, and stating that she had engaged humble but comfortable lodgings at the house of a respectable widow lady of the name of Ferney, where she passed under the name of Smith. At the expiration of a week his lordship received a second letter, to the effect that his wife had already made discoveries of importance—that there was everything to hope—but that she could not enter into any particulars, not only through fear of the letter being intercepted, but likewise because every moment of her time was given up to the sacred task in which she was engaged. Some days later his lordship received a third letter, containing the joyful intelligence that Lady Saxondale had succeeded in ascertaining, beyond all possibility of doubt, that their beloved child was alive, though she had not as yet discovered where he was. She concluded by recommending her husband to keep the contents of her letters altogether to himself, as secrecy was for the present of the utmost consequence. The effect of this letter was to produce such a revulsion of feeling, from torturing suspense to ardent hope, and from harrowing fears to joyous anticipations, that the excitement proved too much for the old nobleman; and he became dangerously ill. The usual medical attendant was summoned; and Mr. Clifton, Lady Saxondale's father, was sent for: but in spite of their earnest solicitations, his lordship would not permit them to write to Lady Saxondale, for fear that she should at once hurry home and abandon the search that was progressing so favourably in London. In a week or ten days he got somewhat better; and then came another communication from his wife, announcing the joyous intelligence that she had discovered where their child was—that circumstances, which she would hereafter explain, prevented her from applying for the assistance of a magistrate in the affair—but that in a very few days she hoped to regain possession of the lost darling. This letter produced a most disastrous effect upon Lord Saxondale, illustrating the well-known proverb that happiness is sometimes as pernicious as misfortune in its influence upon the physical frame. The old nobleman suffered a relapse, and for some hours was in a dangerous condition. But when somewhat restored again, he still persisted in refusing to allow his wife to be written to: nor would he even say where she was;—and as he carefully destroyed her letters the moment he had read them, so as to prevent them falling into other hands, Mr. Clifton was unable to discover the slightest clue to his daughter's present abode.

But in the meantime what was Ralph Farefield doing in London? Since his interview with Chiffin at the boozing-ken he had regularly visited a coffee-house where the Lincolnshire newspapers were filed, in the hope of reading in their columns an account of the "mysterious murder" of the infant heir of Saxondale, and "discovery of the corpse." But a paragraph of a few lines, containing merely the fact that the child had been stolen from its nurse, was all that at first appeared in the local journals. On the occasion of each fresh arrival of these Lincolnshire prints, did Ralph scrutinize them paragraph after paragraph and line by line, in the expectation of reading the announcement which he so anxiously longed to behold: but nothing more was yet said upon the subject. At last, about three weeks after the occurrence, a paragraph of three or four lines appeared, merely adverting to the theft of the child, and expressing the editorial regret "that nothing had as yet transpired to clear up the uncertainty into which the calamity had plunged the noble family." It concluded by stating that "his lordship remained at the castle; but that her ladyship was gone, it was believed, on a visit to some relations, for change of air, and to recruit herself after the dreadful shock she had received." Ralph Farefield was both astonished and annoyed that the body was not discovered; and seeking out Chiffin, he questioned him very closely all over again relative to the whole affair. The cannibal at first swore furiously at being suspected; but when reduced to calmness by means of gold, he vowed and protested that the version he had originally given Ralph Farefield was the correct one.

"The Lincolnshire papers proved that the child was stolen," he added; "and that it was me who carried him off has been sufficiently shown to you by the production of the clothes, and by the mention of the mark on the little thing's shoulder. There are plenty of ways to account for why no fuss was made about the discovery of the body. The people of the cottage at whose door I left it, might have been frightened, and buried it secretly: or it might even have been put under ground in the usual manner, no one suspecting that it could possibly be Lord Saxondale's lost child, because the few clothes I left on it might have had no name or marks to show who the infant was. Or a resurrection man may have picked it up, and taken it to a doctor's. There's plenty of ways to account for why no noise was made about the corpse. At all events it was by your instructions that the body was left exposed in some public place; and I am not answerable if the thing has failed."

Ralph was compelled to be satisfied by this reasoning, which indeed was feasible enough. That the child had actually been made away with, he entertained no doubt; and though he could have wished that the discovery of the body should have established the fact, yet he argued that when his uncle died the title and estates must of necessity devolve to him who, in default of the appearance of any other claimant, should come forward and assert his own rights. Altogether unaware of Lady Saxondale's secret presence in London, he neither foresaw nor apprehended anything that could possibly arise to defeat his plans. Thus did a month elapse from the date of the child's disappearance;

and now, as Ralph was one morning examining the newly-arrived Lincolnshire papers, he was struck by observing a paragraph to the effect that "the venerable Lord Saxondale was lying in a most dangerous condition at the castle, and not expected to survive many days."

Overjoyed at this announcement, Ralph Farefield lost not a moment in ordering a post-chaise and proceeding into Lincolnshire. What could be more legitimate than that he, the heir presumptive, if not indeed the heir apparent, should thus hurry off to his uncle's death-bed on reading the news of his extreme danger in a public print? As he was whirled along in the post-chaise he gave free rein to the diabolical joy of his reflections. Was he not now touching upon the goal of success? Was he not about to reap the rich fruit of his plans? What though this triumphant success were gained by crime?—he cared not! Perish all contrition, all remorse, now that the acme of his hopes was about to be reached! Within a few hours, perhaps, he should hear himself saluted by the swelling titles of "my lord" and "lordship:" within a few hours, also, he would stand at a window whence the whole domain that stretched around would be his own! Peradventure his uncle was already no more, and he therefore Lord Saxondale and owner of the broad domain at that very moment? Such were his reflections. There was a maddening joy in them—an intoxication of bliss—a frenzy—a delirium. On sped the chaise—hours had passed—it was already entering the well-known territory of Lincolnshire. Ralph bade the postillions speed as if for their lives! Now the horses were changed for the last time—only eight miles from Saxondale—in three quarters of an hour he would be there. The blood seemed to gush like fire in his veins—but not with pain: it was with ecstacy—with the most fevered, throbbing, thrilling, burning delight.

And now the towers and battlemented buildings of Saxondale broke upon his view as the sun was descending to its western home; and Ralph literally bounded upon his seat inside the chaise. His impatience amounted to a wild fever-heat which water could not slake and wine would madden. On sped the chaise: and now he was suddenly struck with the necessity of assuming a calm demeanour. This he did: but it was an hypocrisy difficult to assume on the part of one who in his own base mind felt that he had so many reasons for enthusiastic joy. The post-chaise dashed up to the front entrance of the castle: Ralph immediately looked out of the window, as one of the folding-doors slowly opened; and the instant his eye caught the countenance of the porter, he read the truth at once. Lord Saxondale was dead!

The servants came forth to receive their late master's nephew: but it was with no hurried step nor welcoming looks. They walked with measured tread and wore a grave demeanour, as men do where Death has just asserted his omnipotence. Nor did they exactly know in what manner to receive or address Ralph Farefield. Little skilled in the law, they were unable to decide whether he was now Lord Saxondale or not, inasmuch as though the infant heir was missing, there had been no positive proofs of the babe's death. As for what Lady Saxondale had done, or might be still doing in London or elsewhere—and as to any discoveries, more or less important, which she might have made—they were utterly ignorant on all these points, having been kept in the dark respecting her ladyship's proceedings.

Descending from the post-chaise, Ralph put a question to the servants, but in a manner which showed that he already anticipated the answer; and that answer was precisely the one he had alike expected and hoped. Lord Saxondale was indeed no more; but barely an hour had elapsed since the venerable peer breathed his last. Ralph, assuming as mournful a demeanour as he could possibly put on, desired one of the servants to conduct him to the apartment of the deceased; and this command was immediately obeyed. In a few minutes Ralph stood in the chamber of death, and by the couch in which his uncle had so recently expired. The Rev. Mr. Clifton and the surgeon withdrew from motives of respect; for whether the heir or not, at all events Ralph was too near a relative not to be treated courteously. Besides, it occurred to the worthy clergyman that the nephew might be stricken with remorse for his past conduct, and that he did not choose to have spectators of the feelings to which he might give vent. Alas! how little did the unsophisticated and well-meaning Mr. Clifton know of the true nature of the emotions that were now agitating within the breast of that bad man!

The nurse *did* however remain in the room. It was her privilege—a mournful one, but not the less sanctioned by custom—to remain with the dead; and Ralph, mindful of her presence, still retained that hypocritical air of sadness which he had put on for the occasion. He gazed upon the countenance of the deceased; and not for a single instant did his heart smite him at the thought that he himself in reality was the cause of his uncle's death. But while looking down upon that countenance which was now peaked, thin, sunken, and wan, beneath the finger of the Destroyer, his mind was wandering with the speed of a race-horse throughout the sumptuous apartments of the castle, and over the broad domain of Saxondale, all of which he looked upon as his own.

So engrossed was he in these thoughts, even while seeming to contemplate with sadness the face of the dead, that he did not hear the trampling of horses and the rapid rush of wheels—which sounds however did reach the chamber. Treading noiselessly over the thick carpet, the nurse, who had caught those sounds, approached the window; and slightly lifting the white blind, which was drawn completely down, she glanced forth. It was still daylight, and the nurse could see plainly enough all objects without. Quickly turning away from the window again, she whispered to Ralph, "It is her ladyship's travelling-carriage. Poor thing; I suppose she has come back."

"Ah!" ejaculated Ralph, startled from his reverie by this announcement; and then an expression of malignant triumph appeared upon his features, as he thought to himself that the moment was now at hand when he should be enabled to exhibit his hatred towards the being whom he had included amongst the number of those that had been such obstacles in his path.

"Hush!" said the old nurse, placing her finger upon her lip to remind him that so loud an ejaculation was but little suited to the solemnity of

the chamber of death; and at the same time she gazed upon him with a half-frightened, half-reproachful look, on account of that malignant expression which had swept over his features.

But Ralph, taking little heed of the old woman, advanced to the window; and raising the blind he looked out. The travelling-carriage was however drawn so close up to the entrance that he could not from that point obtain a view of those who alighted: so he turned away again, and once more approaching the bed, waited till Lady Saxondale should make her appearance: for he naturally conjectured that she would at once repair to the chamber of death.

Nor was he mistaken. In a few minutes the door opened slowly, and her ladyship entered. She had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and appeared in a simple morning wrapper, in which she had travelled: for she also had left London that morning in the utmost haste, the instant she read in the Lincolnshire paper, which had happened to reach her, the announcement respecting her husband's danger.

And now Lady Saxondale and Ralph met face to face. That same expression of malignity which a few minutes before had appeared upon his features, rose up again: but instead of cowering or quailing beneath it, the dark eyes of Lady Saxondale flashed upon him a look of mingled defiance and contempt. The next moment she was upon her knees by the side of the couch of death; and her head was bowed down upon the cold hand of her departed husband. In this position she remained for several minutes; and a solemn silence prevailed in the room—a silence which not even Ralph dared interrupt. It was not any violent paroxysm of grief in which the lady testified her sorrow for her loss: her's was a mind that retained its woe inwardly. But that she did feel—and deeply feel—the death of the old man who had been so kind, and good, and affectionate towards her, there can be no doubt. Besides, when she slowly rose again from her kneeling posture, there were tears upon the cold marble hand of the deceased—tears which she had shed silently!

She stood for several minutes more gazing down upon the lifeless features of the old lord; and her own countenance was fixed and rigid, but with that deep and even awful calm which indicated that there was a powerful agitation of feelings within. Then she stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of the dead; and as she slowly turned away, her looks once more encountered those of Ralph, whose presence for the last few minutes she seemed altogether to have forgotten.

"Madam," he said, in a low deep voice, "it must be upwards of five years since last we met. Little *then* did plain Miss Clifton imagine that when next we met, she would be Lady Saxondale: although it was probable enough that I should be what I now am—Lord Saxondale!"

"No, sir," she answered, with grave solemnity: "you are still plain Mr. Ralph Farefield."

"How, madam?" he cried, with mingled menace and alarm.

"Because, sir," she responded, "I have recovered my child; and the infant Lord Saxondale is at the present moment beneath this roof:—then, with so peculiar a look that it struck dismay to Ralph's heart, she turned round and slowly quitted the room.

He immediately followed her,—horrible feelings raging in his soul. His thoughts had in a moment been plunged into a frenzied whirl: there seemed to be madness in his brain. Had he been deceived by Chiffin? or was Lady Saxondale deceiving him? Had not the child been made away with? or if it had, was her ladyship trying to palm off a supposititious one upon the world as her own? But he would soon know! Ah, perhaps she did not think that he was aware of that mark upon the shoulder, the presence of which could alone prove the identity, and the absence of which would at once stamp the fraud!

He overtook her as she was proceeding to the nearest drawing-room.

"Your ladyship says that the child is found?" he muttered between his set teeth: and though he endeavoured to master his emotions and appear collected and cool, yet he could not.

"I said so—and it is the truth," replied Lady Saxondale, calmly and gravely, as she had previously addressed him in the death-chamber.

"We shall see!" he said: and the words came hissing from his lips as if from those of a serpent; for his feelings were terrible—all the more terrible because so concentrated and it was impossible to allow them free vent.

"Sir, do you dare doubt me?" demanded Lady Saxondale, stopping abruptly short and turning upon him the full power of her looks.

He staggered back for a moment; for it struck him that there was something so confident and so full of assurance on her part that it was impossible she could be practising a deception; and his countenance became ghastly, while a sickening sense of utter desolation and wretchedness rained upon his soul. Lady Saxondale's eyes lingered upon him but for a moment: and then she pursued her way towards the drawing-room. Again mastering his emotions, and clutching at the hope that her's was the attempt of a desperate woman to carry a tremendous deceit with a high hand, he followed her into the apartment.

And there, sure enough, was a child in the arms of Mabel; and worthy Mr. Clifton was bending down and saying all kinds of affectionate and tender things to it, just as if the little innocent were perfectly capable of comprehending these ebullitions of heartfelt feeling on the part of its grandfather. The surgeon was standing by, contemplating the scene with ineffable satisfaction.

Lady Saxondale advanced and took the child in her arms,—pressing it to her bosom in a manner that was as much as to imply no earthly power should now snatch it from her. It was only with a superhuman effort that Ralph could still master the feelings which were constituting a perfect hell within his breast; but it was still with a lingering ghastliness on the countenance and with pale quivering lips that he approached the group.

"This, then," he said, "is my little cousin, the lost child?"

"God in his mercy be thanked for the dear babe's restoration!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Clifton in a fervid tone. "Poor little innocent! He is somewhat thinner and paler than when last I saw him; but I should have known him, for all that, amongst a thousand—aye, and a thousand miles off too!" added the worthy gentleman. "There are the same pretty eyes; and the very

dimple on the chin likewise lingers, though the sweet face has lost somewhat of its chubbiness. Poor little thing! Doubtless it has not been so well cared for as when beneath this roof. But we will take care that the darling shall not be torn from us again."

And desisting for a moment from his enthusiastic rhapsodies, the good old gentleman bent his eyes upon Ralph, as much as to say that he was at no loss to conjecture whose wickedness it was that had led to the temporary abstraction of the infant.

"Without for a single moment wishing to create any bad feeling," said Ralph, not choosing to notice Mr. Clifton's significant regards, "but as a matter of common justice to myself——And I am sure," he added, suddenly turning towards the surgeon, "this gentleman, as a disinterested person, will acquit me of any impropriety——"

"Oh! I understand you, sir," interrupted Lady Saxondale, with a somewhat haughty air: "you wish to be assured that this is indeed the beloved child that was lost? I might observe that it is only those who are themselves capable of actions the vilest and the basest, that entertain kindred suspicions of others: but in the solemn circumstances which have brought you hither, sir, I will raise no subject for indecorous altercation. Nay, I will even admit that it is natural for you to insist upon receiving those proofs to which you have alluded."

"Perhaps, then, your ladyship," said Ralph, "will condescend to explain how you recovered possession of your son: because, well-meaning and honourably-intentioned as your ladyship may be, guarantees must be afforded that no deception has been practised towards yourself by any one who may have been instrumental in consigning *that* child to your care."

"Sir," answered Lady Saxondale, "this interview is for many reasons too painful to be prolonged; and therefore you will pardon me for declining to enter upon any verbal explanations at all. Nature herself has afforded the means of giving you the best proof that can possibly exist. This gentleman," she added, flinging a glance towards the surgeon, "received my son at its birth, and can no doubt testify to its identity with the child I now hold in my arms."

Thus speaking, Lady Saxondale sat down; and retaining the babe upon her lap, she calmly and deliberately proceeded to unfasten its clothing. Ralph watched her with a suspense that was truly awful to endure. He watched her thus, not only with intense anxiety to see whether the mark would actually appear upon the child's shoulder; but also did he watch her to observe whether any trouble was in her own looks—any betrayal on her part of conscious deception! But no: a grave solemnity sat upon her handsome countenance; and not a finger trembled, nor even appeared to hesitate to do its work, as she unfastened the strings of the babe's clothing. This process did not occupy there than half a minute; but in Ralph's estimation it seemed whole hours—and therein were concentrated the agonies, the tortures, and the excruciations of centuries. At length it was done: the garments were pulled down—and the mark of the strawberry appeared upon the child's shoulder!

Ralph felt annihilated. He moved not—he spoke not—he scarcely seemed to breathe: but statue-like he stood transfixed, unutterable thoughts working upon his ghastly countenance. At the same time, the surgeon, with the methodical precision which is characteristic of his profession, and not with the slightest idea of positively satisfying himself upon the point,—for there was not a doubt upon his mind which required clearing up at all—bent down and for a few moments scrutinized the mark.

"Yes," he said, lifting his head again: "if I were on my death-bed, I could unhesitatingly swear to it."

"As a matter of course, madam, I have not another word to say," murmured Ralph, with sickness at the heart and dizziness in the brain: and then he stood staring with mingled vacancy and wildness upon the infant, as Lady Saxondale calmly and deliberately proceeded to tie the strings of its clothes again.

When this was done Lady Saxondale gave the child to Mabel; and rising from her seat, she said, "Mr. Farefield, if you wish to attend your late uncle's remains to the tomb, I cannot for a single moment offer any objection."

"Madam!" he ejaculated, starting as if from a dream: then somewhat recovering himself, he appeared to hesitate for a few moments. "Will you allow me to say one word to your ladyship in private?"

"Not in any other privacy than this," she answered, walking into the recess of the window that was remotest from the group: and as the room was very spacious, the distance was sufficient to place them beyond earshot—for Ralph at once followed her to that recess.

"Madam," he said, with the look and voice of an utterly broken and helpless man, "I am well aware that I ought to expect no favour from your ladyship. But still I would venture to beseech that you do not altogether suffer me to go forth penniless upon the wide world. For that my uncle has mentioned my name in his will, I cannot entertain the slightest expectation."

"And I am sure that he has *not*," answered Lady Saxondale. "But I do not wish to deal too severely with you, Mr. Farefield," she immediately added; "though heaven knows! I have suffered enough through your wickedness."

His looks quailed beneath the meaning glance which she bent upon him with the full power of her dark eyes; and he murmuringly said, "I thank you at least for the few cheering words which preceded the latter portion of your speech. Tell me, is my presence within these walls hateful to your ladyship? If so, give me the means, and I will depart at once——But without them I cannot: for it is a beggar—a veritable beggar—that you see before you!"

Lady Saxondale appeared to reflect for some moments: and then she said with more rapid utterance than she had previously used, "When we were boy and girl, Ralph Farefield, we were companions; and often and often have we played together, as happy joyous children, in those gardens. I cannot think of all *that* and not feel some little sympathy on your behalf——though, God knows, you do not deserve it! But you cannot remain here: you must depart to-morrow—and I have many things to say to you——Do not mistake me: it is merely what I purpose to do for your welfare that I wish to speak to you about. At the same time I do not choose that others"—and she glanced over her shoulder towards the spot

where her father and the surgeon were conversing together close by Mabel and the child—"should think that from any protracted conversation between us, I am either led by your entreaties or my own good feeling to do what you so little deserve. Retire, then, for the present, to a room which will be prepared for you; and to-night, at eleven o'clock, meet me in the chapel. You know your way thither, and the doors will be open."

She then bowed with distant coolness so as to have the appearance of exercising a haughty dignity to put an end to a discourse which should be continued no longer; and she turned to rejoin the group at the other extremity of the room.

Ralph, who had listened with mingled astonishment and reviving hope to the singular speech which Lady Saxondale had thus delivered with rapid utterance, remained rooted to the spot for a few moments: but speedily recovering himself, he hastened from the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHAPEL.

THE clock in the tower over the entrance of Saxondale Castle, was proclaiming the hour of eleven with its deep metallic tone, as Ralph, having threaded the various passages and corridors leading towards the chapel, entered that place of appointment. The wax candle which he carried in one hand and shaded with the other to protect the light from the draught, threw but a dismal, sickly gleam around—rather enhancing than dispelling the gloom of the place; while the open arched entrance into the cloister containing the tombs and the statue, seemed the mouth of a cavern of pitchy blackness.

Ralph Farefield was not however the man to give way to superstitious feelings: the selfish concerns of the known world were too absorbing to allow his imagination to wander to that unknown world whence spirits are conjured up. Placing the candle in a niche, so as to secure it from the draught, he leant against the wall with folded arms, awaiting Lady Saxondale, who had not yet made her appearance. Her conduct had both surprised and perplexed Ralph Farefield. What could she mean? why this mysterious appointment? Could she not have managed some other place and hour for a meeting? and did she not actually compromise her reputation by the course she was adopting? Was it possible that she had conceived a passion for him? Naturally good-looking and of a strong constitution, he bore but few traces of the debauched and profligate life which he had led; and being tall, slender, and well-formed, it might not be considered an overweening vanity on his part, if he entertained the supposition that a young and impassioned woman had really fallen in love with him. Besides, he was not more than five-and-twenty—only four years older than Lady Saxondale herself: and thus, everything considered, he seemed warranted in entertaining that belief. But if it should prove incorrect, then must he suppose her conduct to be instigated by that scintillation of friendly feeling to which she had alluded, and which she described as being conjured up by the recollections of earlier days, when as boy and girl they were playmates together? Or if even this supposition did not account for her behaviour towards him, was it that she had special reasons of her own for wishing to get him away from the castle as soon as possible, and that she really had no other opportunity of carrying her views into execution except by means of the earliest and most secret appointment which at the moment she had been able to think of?

While revolving these various speculations in his mind, Ralph Farefield heard a light step approaching along the corridor towards the chapel-door, which he had left ajar; and in a few moments Lady Saxondale made her appearance, also with a wax-taper in her hand. Ralph at once saw that she was pale—very pale: but her countenance gave no other indication of any feelings which might be agitating in her bosom. Closing the door, but not fastening it, she approached him with slow step; and placing the candle in the same niche where he had deposited his own, she said, "Mr. Farefield, you are doubtless surprised—indeed, you *must* be—at my conduct. It may appear indecorous—it may even warrant you in entertaining an evil opinion with regard to me. Therefore, let me at once assure you that the motives which prompt me to act with kindness towards you, and the considerations which have compelled me to render our meeting as secret as possible, are precisely and exactly those which I stated this evening when in the drawing-room."

While Lady Saxondale was thus speaking, she assumed a certain dignity of manner which even more than her words convinced Ralph that his supposition of her having fallen in love with him was altogether unfounded. He was therefore compelled to believe himself the object of her sympathy alone; and he accordingly looked as humble, contrite, and submissive as he possibly could.

"But in addition to the motives already explained for making an appointment here," continued Lady Saxondale, "I had another which will presently appear. Listen to what I have to say.

"Until the birth of a son and heir, your late uncle experienced considerable uneasiness on my account, knowing that in the ordinary course of nature his death must take place many years before my own. In consequence of the stringent terms of the entail which, had our marriage produced no heir, would have given the entire property to you, the only means by which your late uncle could make a provision for me was by saving as much ready money as possible: for previous to our marriage his lordship had none put by. With a view therefore to economy, we remained altogether at the castle, and did not visit the metropolis during the season. The result of his lordship's savings has been close upon twenty thousand pounds; and this money——But, ah!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, suddenly interrupting herself, as if a thought had struck her: "if I tell you where this money is concealed——"

"I understand your ladyship," said Ralph, perceiving that she hesitated. "You generously intend to give me a portion; and you would ask what guarantee there is that I will not by force and violence possess myself of the whole? Madam, think you that while receiving your bounty, I am capable of such black villany——"

"No—I will not entertain so evil an opinion of human nature," rejoined Lady Saxondale. "It is my purpose to give you five thousand pounds

of that money; and if you reform your mode of life, depend upon it that I will not be unmindful of you, to the extent of such means as, during the minority of my son, circumstances may place within my reach. But as a condition of what I am now doing for you, I insist upon your departure from the castle; and what I may hereafter do is likewise subject to the condition that you never come near these walls again."

Of course Ralph Farefield readily promised everything that Lady Saxondale required: but his submissiveness, his gratitude, and his contrition—all of which he took pains to exhibit—were but a detestable hypocrisy; for in his own mind he was resolved to take immediate possession of the whole twenty thousand pounds of which her ladyship had spoken, and in due time adopt fresh measures for removing the infant heir from his path.

"Now, Mr. Farefield," continued Lady Saxondale, "we are about to proceed together into the vaults beneath this chapel: for *there* is the treasure concealed in a strong chest. But as I am thus compelled to trust myself in such a place and at such an hour, you will not think it imprudent on my part to have adopted some little precaution. Take one of those candles, and just look forth from the door. You need make no observation from your lips."

Ralph Farefield did as he was desired; and taking the candle, he advanced to the chapel-door—opened it—and looked forth into the passage. There he beheld Mabel, her ladyship's confidential tirewoman, standing in the middle of the corrider.

"Leave that door open," said Lady Saxondale.

Ralph obeyed this command likewise, and retraced his steps to the spot where her ladyship was standing.

Taking down her own candle from the niche, she said, "Now come with me. But I would rather you should proceed in front."

"Madam," he answered, "I am sorry that you entertain such a dreadful opinion relative to me——"

"Let us not make any unnecessary comments," rejoined Lady Saxondale. "Proceed."

"Shall we not light one of these torches?" he asked, glancing towards a couple which rested in iron rings fastened to the wall: "for I presume we are about to descend into the vaults——"

"No—the candles will do," interrupted Lady Saxondale. "Proceed."

Ralph accordingly led the way into the vestiary, Lady Saxondale following close behind. By her direction he opened the low door communicating with the flight of stone steps leading into the vaults: and they descended together.

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On the fourth night after the incidents just related, and as the clock was proclaiming the hour of twelve, the inmates of the castle were suddenly alarmed by a cry that burglars had broken in. This cry emanated from Mabel, who was passing from her mistress's chamber to her own, and who observed the figures of three or four men creeping stealthily along the corridor. In a few minutes the entire household was aroused; and the men-servants, arming themselves with such offensive and defensive weapons as came readily to hand, commenced an immediate search over the premises.

In consequence of the vastness of the building and the number of rooms, passages, corridors, and nooks that had to be thus searched, the investigation occupied a good hour; and though there were evident traces of a burglarious entry having been really effected, it seemed equally clear that the thieves had got safe off again—for they could not be discovered.

These burglars were none other than Chiffin the Cannibal and three of his infamous associates. Having seen in a London paper the paragraph relative to the old lord's illness, which had been copied from the Lincolnshire journal, Chiffin had at once called at Ralph Farefield's lodging; but on arriving there, he learnt that Mr. Farefield had gone down the previous day into Lincolnshire. Chiffin, thinking that his services might possibly be required—or perhaps having the intention of being one of the first to pay his respects to the new Lord Saxondale—set off with three of his associates into Lincolnshire. But on arriving in the neighbourhood of the castle and making secret inquiries, they learnt that Lady Saxondale had recovered her lost child—that the old lord was dead—and that Ralph Farefield had departed suddenly after a stay of only a very few hours. Whatever Chiffin might have thought relative to the restoration of the infant heir of Saxondale to its mother's bosom, is of no consequence at present; suffice it to say that finding, as he himself observed, it was "all up" with Ralph Farefield, neither he nor his associates were the men to have come down into Lincolnshire for nothing. They accordingly resolved to pay a visit to the interior of the castle, and self-appropriate whatsoever they could lay their hands upon.

The burglarious entrance was effected; but as the four villains were creeping along one of the passages, the alarm was suddenly given by Mabel, as above described. To retreat by the same way they had entered was now impossible; and hurrying along at random, the burglars reached the western side of the castle. There they paused—listened—and finding that all was still, took a rapid view, by means of a dark lantern, of the place where they had thus halted. A door was standing open a little farther on: they pursued their investigation, and found that it led into the chapel. From a window in the corridor they saw lights moving quickly about in the other parts of the buildings overlooking the quadrangle: it was therefore evident the household was on the alert. Without farther deliberation they sought refuge in the chapel, and found their way to the vestiary, which they at first fancied was a means of egress. Opening the door leading down upon the flight of steps, they were about to prosecute their search for an avenue of escape, when the lantern went out, the candle being all exhausted. They were now involved in the pitchy blackness of that place: but passing in upon the steps, they closed the door, resolving to wait the issue of events. Presently they heard voices in the chapel, which the domestics were searching as well as every other part of the premises. The servants even penetrated into the vestiary; and the burglars resolved, if discovered, to make the most desperate resistance. But the servants, not for a moment fancying that the burglars were likely to

have taken refuge in the vaults, and perhaps being anxious to get away from that gloomy place as speedily as possible, contented themselves with merely searching the vestiary; and seeing no one, sped off to pursue their investigations elsewhere.

The burglars suffered a good half-hour to elapse ere they made a move from their place of concealment. They did not dare descend the steps with the chance of plunging into this perilous gulf: so they decided upon issuing from the stone stairs. But when they did emerge forth again, they scarcely knew how to act, being involved as they were in utter darkness. They had the means about them of striking a light, but no candle to light. There consequently seemed no alternative but to grope their way out of the chapel, and trust to chance for effecting a safe issue from the castle. While they were thus guiding themselves by feeling the walls with their hands, Chiffin, who was foremost, suddenly encountered an iron ring in which something was stuck; and by the touch he at once knew it to be a torch. Lighting a match, he discovered that it was so; and close by, in a second ring, was another torch. These torches, we should observe, were always kept in the chapel for use when visitors were shown over that part of the building when it was dusk or dark, the glare of torches giving a far more powerful light than mere lamps or candles for the inspection of the tombs and monuments.

The discovery of these torches was hailed with joy by the burglars; and after a few moments' deliberation they determined upon seeking for the means of issue by that flight of steps where they had remained concealed, but down which they had not dared to venture in the pitchy darkness. Taking the two torches with them into the vestiary, they lighted them there, and descended the circular flight of stone stairs. This descent was very deep; but at length it seemed to terminate in some caverned subterranean: and now the glare of the torches was reflected upon the surface of water. The vaults were flooded from the leakings of the Trent which rolled above them.

But, ah! why springs that ejaculation of astonishment from the lips of Chiffin? It is because the glare of the torches has suddenly revealed to his eyes the face of a corpse floating upon the water. And that first ejaculation is immediately followed by a second, as he recognizes the countenance of Ralph Farefield.

The burglars stood gazing in silent wonder upon the dead body, until it sluggishly floated to the very foot of the steps; and then Chiffin, stooping down, stretched forth his hand, and grasping the collar of the drowned man's coat, drew the corpse up the steps. It was but little changed, and did not seem as if it had been in the water more than three or four days. But it was not with any hope of restoring life, nor with the least intention of giving any alarm relative to this discovery, that the burglars dragged forth the dead body from the flood: it was for the simple purpose of rifling its pockets of whatsoever they might contain. Having done this, and possessing themselves of the little jewellery and slender stock of money which Ralph had about him at the time when he met his death, Chiffin and his associates left the corpse lying upon the steps; and finding that there was no avenue of escape in that direction, they retraced their way up into the chapel. Here they were compelled to extinguish their torches, lest the glare shining through the windows might attract attention: but as the castle was now once more quiet, they experienced little difficulty in accomplishing a safe retreat from the premises.

CHAPTER V.

THE OPERA-BOX.

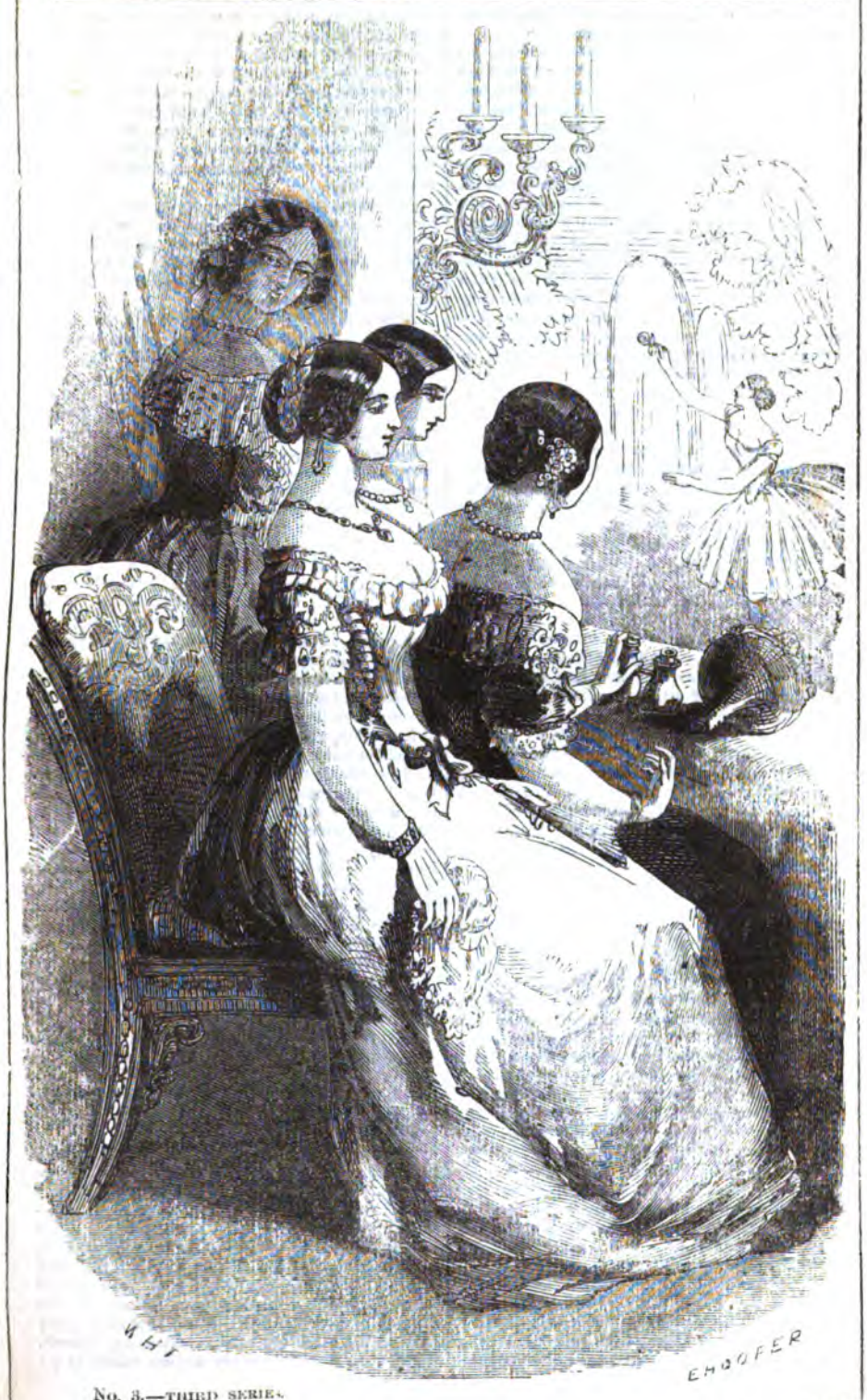
NINETEEN years had elapsed since the occurrences at Saxondale castle,—nineteen pinions shed from the wing of Time and abandoned to the past, while he sweeps onward through the infinite mazes of Eternity! Yes—nineteen years had merged into the cumulating mass of centuries that are of bygone date;—and this leap which our story accomplishes, brings us to the middle of 1844.

It was on a Saturday night, in the month of June, in the year just named, that the Opera was more than usually crowded. Thither had flocked the fair, the noble, the rich, and the high-born; and to all outward appearance, happiness was in every heart. The whole sweeping range of first-tier boxes were resplendent with diamonds, sparkling above lofty brows, upon glossy hair, around snowy necks, pendant to delicate ears, or circling arms as white as snow-flakes as they reclined gracefully on the crimson-cushioned parapet. Bright as those gems, too, shone beauty's eyes; white as the pearls that blended their chaster attractions with those of the glittering gems, were the teeth which were revealed in smiles between the parting roses of the lips.

In respect to the male companions of those fair ones, we may observe that elegance and taste, and highest fashion characterized their apparel: spotless were the gloves, snowy the white waistcoats and gorgeous the figured ones, unexceptionable the tie of the cravats, and brilliant the mirrored surface of the varnished boots, whose material was scarcely even of brown-paper thickness.

The scene was resplendent beyond description,—appearing to be a reflex of fairy-land with the combined glories of diamonds, pearls, splendid apparel, woman's charms, and the superb decorations of the theatre, and the flood of dazzling lustre pouring upon all. From the stage rolled the full tide of song, with the splendid majesty of Lablache, Rossini, and Grisi. Smiles were on every countenance—rapture danced in beaming eyes—and then plaudits escaped from every lip, the well-bred listlessness of aristocracy and fashion yielding to the electric impulse which thrilled around and giving vent to a burst of momentary enthusiasm.

But of the first-tier boxes there was one whose charming occupants must specially demand our notice. The group, at this particular instant when we thus seek to rivet the reader's attention upon that box, consisted of four young ladies; and vainly amidst the brilliant galaxy of beauty filling the whole theatre, might the eye seek for brighter stars of loveliness than those. They were all four apparelled in the richest manner—all of fine figure, elegant bearing, and surpassing beauty. On the crimson-cushioned parapet of the box were opera-glasses and *bouquets*, the latter diffusing a



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soft and refreshing fragrance through the otherwise heated and heavy atmosphere.

Beautiful as the four young ladies were, yet the loveliness of one outshone that of her three companions. Arrayed in a dress of white brocaded satin, fitting tight to the bust, but the skirt of which flowed down in heavy waves of silver, she had all the advantage of magnificent apparel to enhance the surprising lustre of her charms. But even had she been attired in the simplest costume, her's was a loveliness alike too splendid and too fascinating not to attract general notice. Tall, even to the full height of the proudest womanhood, she blended the stateliness of this imposing stature with the softer traits of delicate, interesting, and enchanting beauty. Her shape, though perfectly symmetrical, was characterized by gorgeous developments: but the gracefully voluptuous contours were replete with the virgin freshness of youth. Though of the most striking appearance, there seemed to be a halo of innocence and a perfume of chastity about her, calculated to win the heart even more than her splendid loveliness excited the passions. Her hair was of dark auburn, arranged in bands, —a wreath of artificial leaves, gemmed with sparkling diamonds, setting off the Grecian knot at the back of the well-shaped head. Her arms, bare to the shoulders, were ornamented with bracelets that delineated the roundness of their exquisite modelling; and their dazzling whiteness, as well as that of her splendid bust, outshone even her snowy drapery. One delicately gloved hand held an embroidered kerchief: the fingers of the other negligently retained the fan which was more for ornament than for use—as there was nothing artificial, nothing coquettish about this resplendent creature.

Her nose was perfectly straight—her countenance classically faultless, with the pure Phidian outline that marks high birth, delineating the short upper lip, the delicately-rounded chin, and the high forehead. Her eyes had those almond-shaped orbits which so seldom belong to English beauty, but which are deemed the excelling charm of Italian loveliness; and the pupils, of the deepest, clearest blue, seemed to swim in a field of bluish lustre like that of the finest mother-of-peril. When her lips parted slightly, in the hushed rapture with which she listened to the glorious tide of song rolling through the house, the teeth of whitest ivory were visible between the vermillion lines of that sweet mouth. Her companion has already been described as dazzlingly fair: but upon the cheeks the white of the lily deepened by degrees into a soft and pure carnation, which no art could imitate, but which seemed too beautiful to be real. Natural however it was, and forming not the least bewitching trait of that exceeding beauty which combined so much delicacy and sweetness with such magnificence and grandeur.

Such was Lady Florina Staunton, at that delicious age of nineteen when having burst into the glories of a somewhat early womanhood, so far as related to the rich developments of her form, she unconsciously as it were breathed and looked the innocent voluptuousness of nature in full blow: and as the looks of the observer wandered from charm to charm and from beauty to beauty, it would seem as if there were no resting-place for the eye while thus gliding from grace to grace in endless succession. It dared not settle upon the brow, for that was too dazzling; nor upon the eyes, for the heart would be left in their depths; nor upon the lips, for they were too inviting; nor upon the bosom, for that was too pure. In a word, it was impossible for the most indifferent observer—even the veriest anchorite—to contemplate without emotion that enchanting creature in whom sweetness combined with splendour, brilliancy with softness, and magnificence with chastity.

She was unmarried, but engaged to be united to a young nobleman of about her own age—yet little fitted in other respects to be the accepted suitor of so divine a being. This nobleman was Edmund, Lord Saxondale, whom we shall very shortly describe.

Although Lady Florina Staunton and her three young friends were seated alone in the box, at the moment when we thus introduce them to our readers, yet they had not arrived at the Opera unattended by male companions. Lord Harold Staunton, Florina's brother,—and Lord Saxondale, her suitor,—had been their escort: but these two young noblemen had stepped out for a few minutes, with the pretext of saying a word to some acquaintances in another box, but really for the purpose of going behind the scenes and bestowing their flippant impertinences upon any of the ballet-girls who might choose to listen to them. Lord Harold Staunton was a fine, tall, handsome young man of three-and-twenty, but was a confirmed rake and accomplished *roué*. He and his sister were orphans, the young lady residing with an aunt, but Lord Harold occupied lodgings in Jermyn Street. He and Lord Saxondale were upon the most intimate terms, and were inseparably together. Not that this bond of union was really cemented by the sacred feeling of friendship, neither of them possessing a heart capable of such a pure and elevated sentiment. And yet the tie that held them together, was, at least for the present, binding enough. It was that intimacy which, so often prevailing amongst dissipated young men in high life, rendered them mutually necessary and useful. For on the one hand Lord Harold was poor, and indeed totally dependent on the bounty of his relatives; therefore it was very convenient for him to be enabled to make use of Lord Saxondale's purse, which was well filled by the handsome allowance he enjoyed during his minority. On the other hand Lord Saxondale was proud of the friendship of such a fine, dashing, high-spirited fellow as Lord Harold Staunton, who was moreover a general favourite with the ladies, was acquainted with everybody "worth knowing" about town, and possessed a most familiar knowledge of all the places of amusement, high or low, that are resorted to by profligate fashionables and dissolute aristocrats.

And now a few words more relative to Edmund, the bearer of the proud title of Saxondale, ere we proceed continuously with our narrative. He was a couple of months past nineteen years of age—short in statue, thin, and slightly made—not exactly ugly, but very far from good-looking, with hair of that suspicious kind of yellowish brown that in certain lights look reddish, and with eyes which only by a complimentary fiction could be pronounced blue, but might more properly be described as greenish grey. He had good teeth, which were a considerable saving clause in his

features; and his countenance, utterly devoid of the aquiline outline which so proudly characterized his mother's face, had something mean and ignoble not merely in its configuration, but also in its expression. His voice, naturally weak and inharmonious, was rendered still more unpleasant by an affectation of those cracked tones which are assumed by the abominable coxcombs of these days. It did not require a very searching look to read his character; a glance would fathom it. Frivolous-minded, addicted to vicious pleasures and dissipated pursuits—selfish, and utterly incapable of generous actions—vain, conceited, and insufferably impudent withal — ignorant, prejudiced, and believing that because he was a nobleman, he must necessarily be a demigod towering above the common mass of humanity—spiteful, malignant, and vindictive, so as to be a cowardly tyrant to his inferiors, and an object of terror or dislike with all those to whom he dared manifest his miserable despotism—quarrelsome as a brother, disobedient as a son, and capricious towards everybody—the youthful possessor of the haughty name of Saxondale was as detestable a character as ever filled amidst the human species that same kind of place which reptiles occupy in the brute creation.

As a matter of course, Edmund had gone through all the various degrees and grades of training which constitutes an English nobleman's education. At home, either at Saxondale Castle in Lincolnshire or at the town-mansion in Park Lane, he had from his earliest years been taught his consequence in being "my-lorded" by thick-headed tenant-farmers or obsequious domestics. He had passed through Eton with a tutor at his elbow to do his exercises for him, and save him from the kickings and cuffings to which his peevishness and malignity daily and hourly exposed him at the hands of other boys. Then he had spent a year at Cambridge, where he was tufted and toaded, and took degrees in debauchery instead of the classics; and then he drove for a few months over France and Germany in a travelling chariot, emblazoned on the panels to show his rank, and with his tutor to speak for him in the language which he himself but dimly comprehended. Having returned to England after this trip, he was immediately caught up by Lord Harold Staunton, who had just sent the last human pigeon he had plucked to the Queen's Bench, and who therefore considered the rich young Saxondale a perfect godsend at that particular moment. And in this way had Lord Saxondale been qualified and was still qualifying to fill the post of an hereditary legislator, when in a year and ten months' time the day of his majority would arrive. What advantage the councils of the nation were likely to derive from the assistance of such an individual, when he should take his seat there, we must leave our readers to determine. But very certain it was that young Lord Saxondale was, as far as intellectual accomplishments went, an average sample of his class. Being ignorant of the laws of God, and nature, and humanity, it was not likely he should be better acquainted with those of his country. He had learned to write, it is true; but his hand was scarcely intelligible—and this, by the by, is a proof of high-breeding, because in fashionable life a good hand is clerkish and it is "uncommonly vulgar" to be able to express one-self legibly upon paper. Then as to arithmetic, he knew nothing; who ever heard of a lord condescending to keep his own accounts? He spoke the English language correctly; because this was a mere parrot-like qualification which he could not well help attaining: but as for any other modern languages, he only had the merest smattering of French and the vaguest idea of German—the dead languages being considered the most useful at Eton and Cambridge. As for history, he only knew two things; one was that the Saxondales had taken their origin in the time of the Tudors, and the other that the English had beaten the French at Waterloo; and therefore he was proud of being both a Saxondale and an Englishman.

Having thus sketched, as far as it is at present necessary, the character of Lord Saxondale—and having likewise previously glanced at that of Lord Harold Staunton—we may resume the thread of our narrative. To proceed, then, we must state that after an absence of three quarters of an hour from the box where Lady Florina and her three young friends were seated, the two noblemen returned thither,—their countenances somewhat flushed and their breath having a vinous odour; for they had been drinking champagne (which young Saxondale had paid for) behind the scenes. A close observer might have noticed that it was with something very much like a look of aversion and a sort of inward shrinking, as if of downright loathing and disgust, that the beauteous Florina met the half-insolent half-familiar gaze of her accepted suitor when he thus re-entered the box in company with her brother. But his own egregious vanity would not permit him rightly to interpret this transient evidence of emotion on her part, even if he had perceived it; for he actually imagined that the beauteous girl was over head and ears in love with him.

"Well, Flo, did you miss us?" asked her brother, Lord Harold: "did you think we were lost?"

"To be sure! your sister was dying with impatience till we came back," interjected Edmund, before the young lady had time to make any answer. "Now, tell me the truth, Florina," he said, bending down over the back of the chair; weren't you watching the door in anxious expectation that it would open every minute?"

"I certainly thought that your lordship and Harold left us rather too long by ourselves," answered Florina, in a soft, flute-like voice. "But while you were absent, Grisi has given us some splendid outpourings of melody; and——"

But she stopped short; for she was about to add that having been so much engrossed with the music and the singing, she had not particularly missed either her brother or her intended husband.

Lord Saxondale turned to address a few observations to the other three young ladies; and Harold, bending down till his lips nearly touched his sister's ear, whispered hurriedly and angrily, "You should not treat Saxondale with such coldness. Hitherto his vanity has prevented him from seeing it; but he must observe it in time if it continues; and then——"

"And then——what?" asked Florina, turning partially round and fixing her eyes steadily upon her brother's countenance.

"And then he might break off the match," replied Harold. "Not but that he is madly in love with you——"

"If my happiness were consulted, Harold, in this matter," rejoined Florina, the tones of her voice now flowing in that clouded contralto which is ever so touchingly expressive of a deep pathos, "the sooner the engagement were broken of the better."

"Pooh, nonsense, Flo!" returned Lord Harold angrily. "You know it will be a brilliant thing for you——"

"At all events we will not discuss the question again—nor here," interrupted Lady Florina, as tears started forth upon the long dark lashes of her superb blue eyes; but she instantaneously wiped them away.

"Now, in a few minutes," said Lord Saxondale, turning again towards his intended, "we shall have the fair *debutante*. I just now learnt that the reports which have appeared in the newspapers are not a bit exaggerated: and this is a wonder—for the journals do lie so confoundedly. But I am told that in the present case there was really no scope for lying in respect to the beauty of this Signora Vivaldi who is to appear for the first time to-night."

"Did you receive that intelligence from the friends in a neighbouring box, to whom you and Harold went to speak a few words?"—and as Lady Florina put this question, there was a gleam of contempt in her looks and a tinge of sarcasm in her accents, as if she guessed full well whither the two young noblemen had really been: but the next moment resuming her wonted serene yet somewhat pensive sweetness of look, as if she felt it was actually beneath her even to appear to notice the circumstance in the most distant manner, she observed, "How crowded the house is! It is always well filled: but to-night——"

"Perfectly insufferable!" remarked Lord Saxondale. "There will be a fine crush on going out presently: and that will be rare and amusing."

"Indeed, with your lordship's permission," said Florina, quietly, "we will wait till the crush is over ere we take our departure."

"Just as you like, Flo," responded Edmund, with a display of familiarity so flippant as to border upon impudence even on the part of an accepted suitor.

"Yes; I shall prefer it," said the young lady, the carnation deepening upon her cheeks.

"The house is indeed famously crowded," resumed her intended. "Won't she have a brilliant reception!" he exclaimed, in allusion to Signora Vivaldi, the new *danseuse* who was to make her first appearance there that evening. "My sisters will be mad to think they didn't come."

"And why are they not here to-night?" asked Florina. "It was remiss on my part not to inquire before."

"Oh! that's explained in a very few words," responded Edmund. "In the first place you must know that my lady mother abominates operas and all that kind of thing; and as she and I had a little tiff this morning, she was less in a humour than ever to come here to-night. Then Juliana was unwell—and so Constance stayed at home to keep them both company."

"I am sorry to hear that you had any words with Lady Saxondale," remarked Florina, in a serious and even reproachful tone.

"Why, it was all her fault," answered the young nobleman. "She will persist in treating me like a child; and I don't choose to stand it. So whenever she gives herself airs, I always let her know I am not tied to her apron-strings. In fact, I told her pretty plainly this morning that she must not take upon herself to lecture me any more, as I am resolved not to put up with it. But what made her particularly savage, was because I had occasion to remind her that the rank and the wealth were all on the male side of the family, and that she herself was originally nothing more than a poor country parson's daughter."

"You do not mean me to believe that you really spoke thus to your mother?" said Florina, looking up at her intended with mingled surprise and sorrow; for perhaps the poor girl thought that he who would treat a parent in such a manner, was not likely to be over particular how coarsely and cruelly he behaved towards a wife.

"Indeed but I did though," replied Edmund, with a malignant chuckle, as if it were something to congratulate himself upon; "and because old Mabel interfered I threatened to bundle her neck and crop out of the house. But, ah! whom do I see down there in the pit?"—and as he thus spoke he thrust his quizzing-glass into the socket of his eye, screwing up his face so as to retain it there without the necessity of holding it with his hand.

Florina mechanically glanced in the direction towards which Edmund's looks were bent; and as she at once recognised the individual who had attracted his notice, the colour deepened to a richer hue upon her cheeks. At the same instant she dropped her fan, which she hastily stooped to to pick up; and a very close observer—had there been one near—might have fancied that it was in the confusion of suddenly excited feelings she thus dropped the fan, or else did it purposely as a pretext for hiding her emotions.

"Well, I never knew that the steady and hard-working Mr. William Deveril was a frequenter of operas," continued Lord Saxondale. "Upon my word, teaching drawing and music must be very profitable things now-a-days, when they enable their professors to appear in handsome costume at Her Majesty's Theatre. By the by, Deveril has given you drawing-lessons—has he not?"

"He has," answered Florina, who, having taken *her bouquet* from the parapet of the box, was now bending over it apparently in deep contemplation of the flowers that composed the nosegay: but suddenly raising her head, she observed, "Since that new style of painting on ivory with fast colours was introduced from Italy a year or two ago, a great many young ladies have gone to school again so far as that beautiful art is concerned; and I have been among the number. That is to say, I have taken a few lessons from Mr. Deveril; and I believe your sisters are doing the same at the present time?"

"That's how I came to know the fellow," remarked Saxondale contemptuously. "But, by Jove! only look at his impudence! He has actually bowed to us."

The young aristocratic coxcomb turned round disdainfully, not choosing to notice the respectful salutation of a drawing-master; but Mr. Deveril was more than recompensed for the insolent youth's conduct, by the graceful acknowledgment of his bow which he received from Lady Florina Staunton.

"You don't mean to say that you noticed him?" exclaimed Saxondale.

"Why would you have me guilty of a most wanton and unnecessary piece of rudeness?" she asked, but again bending her head over the *bouquet of* flowers, and indeed unconsciously pulling one of them to pieces.

"Well, I think that you are a great deal too condescending," remarked her suitor.

Florina made no reply; and Lord Saxondale, almost immediately forgetting the incident, began talking on some other subject.

The Mr. William Deveril, whose name has just been introduced into our pages, was quite a young man—very handsome—with a complexion that was either naturally dark, or else rendered so, by a long residence in a southern clime; for he had been much in Italy, whence he had brought with him to England that art which he now appeared to be teaching with very considerable success, and which indeed had become quite the rage amongst ladies in high life, especially as Queen Victoria herself was known to have expressed her approval of it and to have purchased some specimens of Mr. Deveril. We may add, in regard to his personal appearance, that he was tall and symmetrically formed, and looked far more like a nobleman—or what a nobleman ought to be—than the insolent lordling who had just now treated him with such insulting disdain.

Lord Harold Staunton was chatting glibly away with his sister's three young friends, and Lord Saxondale was passing his remarks upon the most prominent occupants, male or female, of the first tier—boxes, with his quizzing glass in his eye,—when the box-keeper entered, and presenting a card to Harold, said, "My lord, the gentleman who gave me this requests permission to pay his respects to your lordship and to Lady Florina Staunton. He desired me to add that he is the bearer of letters from the Marquis of Eagledean in Italy."

"Mr. Gunthorpe," observed Harold, reading the name upon the card. "We don't want to be bothered with visitors now——"

"Oh! but if this Mr. Gunthorpe be the bearer of letters from our uncle," Florina at once remarked, "it is our duty to see him; and moreover it should be a pleasure on our part to show him any attention."

"Well, just as you like," returned Harold: and he then bade the box-keeper introduce the gentleman.

"Gunthorpe? not a very aristocratic name!" said Lord Saxondale, the moment the box-keeper had retired. "I don't wonder, Flo, at your brother not wanting to see him to-night. I'll be bound to say he's some queer-looking old fellow—for an eccentric person, as your uncle the Marquis is reported to be, must need have eccentric acquaintances. I can picture to myself an elderly gentleman—either bald or else with an antiquated wig—brown most likely——"

At this moment the door of the box was again opened; and Mr. Gunthorpe was introduced. Now be it well understood that the veriest fool in the universe, when indulging in random prophecies and conjectures, must once in a way find his speculation borne out by facts: and so it was in the present instance. For of all comical figures, it would be difficult to conceive one more calculated to excite the ridicule of brainless or thoughtless young men than Mr. Gunthorpe. His age seemed to border upon sixty: he was short, stout, and wore one of the most remarkable brown scratch wigs that ever were seen. He had a red face, and a large double chin over-hanging his white cravat. His apparel was equally old-fashioned so far as the cut of the garments was concerned, though he appeared in a full evening suit of black, with white waistcoat: but the square tails of the coat, having pockets with overhanging flaps—the waistcoat reaching far down upon his stomach—the knee-breeches and the black silk stockings, all rendered the costume singular enough. There was an admixture of sharpness and good nature in his countenance: but a physiognomist would have noticed that the former expression could rise into sternness, while the latter could expand into the widest benevolence. On making his appearance he bowed with an off-hand sort of politeness, and threw a rapid but searching glance over the assembled group—his eyes however dwelling longer on Harold and Florina than on the rest. Lord Saxondale turned round to conceal his laughter—muttering almost audibly as he did so, "What a figure of fun for the Opera!"

Lord Harold merely bowed with a well-bred courtesy; but Lady Florina, rising from her chair, advanced a step or two, and said with a most affable sweetness, "Will you not sit down, Mr. Gunthorpe?"

"No, I thank your ladyship," he answered: "I am off again in a moment. The fact is I have been in Italy some time, and having had the honour of the Marquis of Eagledean's acquaintance—I may say friendship—he gave me letters of introduction to his relatives in England; and where I was just now seated in the pit, I observed somebody near me pointing out to another which was Lord Harold Staunton's box. So happening to have the letters about me, I thought I would step round and present them."

"Any friend of our uncle," said Florina, "is most welcome."

"To be sure, most welcome," echoed Lord Harold, but not seeming as if he thought so: indeed, from the very instant that he beheld Mr. Gunthorpe, he had conceived a prejudice against him.

"Here are the letters," said the old gentleman, producing a couple, and presenting one to Lord Harold and one to Lady Florina. "And here is one," he added, drawing forth a third from his immense pocket-book, which was literally plethoric with papers, "that I suppose I had better entrust to your ladyship, as it is for your aunt, Lady Macdonald."

"I will take care and give it to my aunt the moment I return home," said Florina, in the same courteous and affable manner as before.

"Where are you staying, Mr. Gunthorpe," asked Harold: "for I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

"I have put up at the *Bell and Crown*, Holborn," replied Mr. Gunthorpe.

Lord Harold Staunton became suddenly aghast—and Lord Saxondale laughed outright. Nothing could be more terrible to the exquisite aristocratic refinement of Lord Harold than being compelled to know a man who "put up," as he called it, at such a vulgar out-of-the-way place as the *Bell and Crown*, Holborn! Lord Harold felt positively little: it seemed to him as if the whole house had

heard that ominous announcement of the *Bell and Crown*, Holborn; and the mischievous pleasure which young Saxondale evidently derived from the circumstance, only increased Lord Harold's vexation and confusion.

"Where did you say, my dear sir?" asked Saxondale with an impudent leer; "for I don't think her ladyship," alluding to Florina, "understood you."

"Indeed, but I did, perfectly well," said the amiable young lady, endeavouring to make up by an increased affability for the rudeness with which the old gentleman was being treated: "and I shall not forget the address, so as not only to remind my brother that he is to call upon you, Mr. Gunthorpe, but also that my aunt Lady Macdonald may write and ask you to come and dine with us."

"But where *is* Holborn?" asked Lord Saxondale. "At the West End here, we know nothing of those regions."

"I thank your ladyship for your kindness," said Mr. Gunthorpe, not taking the slightest notice of the impertinent young aristocrat, nor yet appearing the least abashed by the supercilious treatment he received. "I shall be delighted to form the acquaintance of Lady Macdonald:"—then turning towards Harold, he said, "When your lordship honours me with a call, perhaps it will be before twelve, as I have a great deal of business in the City, and shall be engaged there every day from noon till five."

"Before twelve?" echoed Lord Harold Staunton, again rendered quite aghast. "Mr. Gunthorpe, you must pardon me—but I—I—am not up, usually speaking, at that hour."

"Oh! well then, I must endeavour to make an arrangement more suited to your convenience," said the old gentleman. "But I will let you know."

He then bowed once more, and hastened away from the box.

"Well, wasn't I right?" exclaimed Saxondale. "Did you ever see such a figure of fun in all your life?"

"Your lordship should remember," said Florina, in a tone of firm rebuke, "that Mr. Gunthorpe is a friend of my uncle's. Besides, he is an old gentleman, and should be treated with respect. Look!" she added, handing Edmund the letter which was addressed to herself and over which she had just glanced her eyes. "You see what my uncle says."

Lord Saxondale took the letter, the laconic contents of which were as follows:—

"Naples, May 23rd, 1844.

"My dear niece,

"The bearer of this is my intimate friend Mr. Gunthorpe who for many years has been the most considerable English banker in Naples. He has now retired from business, and is returning to England. I know that you will show him every becoming attention.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"EAGLEDEAN."

"The letter addressed to me is as near as possible to the same effect," observed Lord Harold, reading over Saxondale's shoulder the one just quoted. "But really, to think that I can show any studied attentions to this Mr. Gunthorpe——"

His words were interrupted by a sudden burst of applause which shook the entire house; and all eyes were in a moment directed to the stage on which the *debutante* had just made her appearance. She was a heavenly creature, of sylphid form, airy lightness, and exquisite grace; and her beauty was of the most ravishing description. But it is not our intention to prolong this chapter by a description of Signora Vivaldi; inasmuch as we shall shortly have to introduce her more particularly to our readers, and shall then do ample justice to her rare attractions. For the present it will be sufficient to observe that her *debut* was eminently successful, and that her dancing was the most finished illustration of "the poetry of motion" ever exhibited upon the stage.

When the performance was over, the brilliant assembly began to melt away: and during half-an-hour the Haymarket and Pall Mall resounded with the cries of men summoning the different carriages. Hundreds of the proudest names of the British Aristocracy were thus vociferated forth in rapid succession; while the roll of wheels, the trampling of horses, the crashing of steps let up and down, and the banging of carriage-doors likewise mingled their sounds in one tremendous din. But at length the throng of equipages, with their prancing steeds and glaring lights, dispersed in all directions; and amongst the last that thus rolled away, was that which bore Lord Harold Staunton's party from the doors of the Opera.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NOBLE INTIMATES.

On the following Monday, at about noon, Lord Harold Staunton's valet knocked gently at the door of his master's bedroom; and in meek reply to the demand, "Who the deuce is that?" ventured to intimate that it was ten minutes past twelve o'clock. Thereupon Lord Harold bade his domestic enter; and sitting up in bed, he yawned fearfully, observing, "'Pon my soul, it doesn't seem as if I had slept an hour! Are you sure it is so late, Alfred?"

"Quite sure, my lord," was the answer given by the valet, who was a man of about thirty,—bustling, active, and yet doing his business in that easy and quiet way which showed his experience in the position which he filled.

"Any letters, Alfred?" asked Lord Harold.

The valet produced several; and the young nobleman, still sitting up in bed, began to open them one after another with the aristocratic languor which was partly affected and partly arising from the influence of late hours.

"These letters," he observed, musing audibly, "may be divided into two distinct classes—the invitations and the dunning ones; and I am not sure but that the last predominate. It seems, Alfred, that some of my tradesmen are getting rather pressing and impertinent."

"They certainly do not know how to behave themselves, my lord," returned the valet, as he arranged his noble master's shaving apparatus, hair-brushes, oils, pomatums, scents, and other requisites upon the toilet-table.

"Don't you think, Alfred, that my old uncle the Marquis ought to be ashamed of himself?" said Lord Harold, throwing himself lazily back again upon the pillow. "Was there ever such a thing heard of before, as a nobleman with some

thirty thousand a-year allowing his nephew, who is also his heir, a wretched, paltry, miserable eight hundred? If it weren't for my worthy old aunt Lady Macdonald, who draws her purse strings as freely as she can, I don't know how the devil I should manage. But after all, to have an income of about twelve hundred a-year altogether, and yet spend five thousand, is a state of affairs which must necessarily have its troubles."

"To be sure, my lord," observed the valet: "and these creditors are getting very troublesome. Of course I say all I possibly can to them, representing that your lordship is in daily expectation of considerable funds from the Marquis of Eagledean, and that the moment the money arrives they will all be paid."

"And yet you see, Alfred, that they are very far from being satisfied," rejoined Lord Harold.

"They are most unreasonable, my lord."

"They are indeed: or else they would not be pestering me with these abominable dunning letters. I wish to heaven I was in the House of Peers! I would bring in a bill to make it felony for a tradesman to write a dunning letter to a nobleman. But when my old uncle dies, and when I *do* succeed to the peerage, the very first thing I will propose is something of that sort."

"Your lordship will be pursuing a very wise course," said the valet. "The impudence of tradesmen is now-a-days astonishing."

"I wish I could throw these vagabonds of creditors overboard, as young Lord Cecil Stafford has done," observed Harold. "He went through the Insolvent's Court the other day with flying colours, to the tune of sixty thousand; and though he was opposed by twenty creditors in person and nine barristers retained specially, the Commissioner took his part and discharged him at once."

"The Commissioner behaved admirably, my lord," said the valet.

"Yes—most admirably: and the very next day Lord Cecil, to show his gratitude, went in a four-in-hand to thank him personally for his politeness. The Commissioner was no doubt glad to see him in such good form within four-and-twenty hours of leaving the Queen's Bench."

"It must have been a very gratifying sight, my lord, to the Commissioner," remarked the valet.

"Very indeed:"—and with these words the young nobleman emerged from his couch.

Having performed his toilet so far as the process of shaving, ablutions, and hair-anointing went, he put on his morning *deshabillée*, consisting of an immense pair of trousers of a kind of shawl pattern, red morocco slippers, and a dressing gown of the costliest figured silk, with a gold cord confining it at the waist; and thus airily apparelled, like a Turkish Pasha, he passed into his sitting-room where breakfast was spread upon a table. And a most inviting repast it was—consisting of everything to tempt the appetite in the shape of coffee and chocolate, ham and tongue, cold chickens, raised French pies, new-laid eggs, hot rolls, and the freshest water-cresses gathered by some poor girl who had risen for the purpose at that hour when Lord Harold himself was just seeking his couch. Having, in his own words, "just picked a little bit," the young nobleman took up the newspaper and read the account of Signora Vivaldi's splendid triumph on the Saturday night previous: and scarcely had he finished the perusal when Lord Saxondale was announced.

Be it understood that although the preceding day was the Sabbath, yet the two young aristocrats having dined together, had adjourned to some place of dissipated resort, where they supped and drank deeply of champagne, so that it was not till daylight that they sought repose. Lord Harold, being three or four years older than his companion and of much stronger constitution, could better sustain the effects of a debauch; and indeed, after a few hours' sleep he scarcely felt them, much less bore their marks upon his countenance: whereas young Saxondale, being still little better than a mere boy and by no means of vigorous health, was invariably punished by his sensations in the morning for the previous night's follies. Accordingly, as he now made his appearance, the bluish circles about his eyes, the redness of the eyes themselves, his parched lips, and pale cheeks, sufficiently indicated all that he felt.

"I am regular out of sorts this morning," he said flinging himself upon a chair. "A thundering headache, such a tightness across the forehead, and a horrible sickness of the stomach! Look how my hand shakes too."

"Take a bottle of soda-water with some brandy," suggested Lord Harold.

The invitation was accepted—the bell was rung—the soda-water and brandy brought up and disposed of—and now the hectic flush produced by fresh stimulation appeared upon Saxondale's cheeks.

"The papers speak splendidly of the Signora's success on Saturday night," said Lord Harold. "What a magnificent creature she is!"

"I would give the world to know her," returned Lord Saxondale. "And to tell you the truth, I should have laid in bed all day to nurse myself, if it hadn't been that I wanted to speak to you upon this subject."

"Well, go on," said Harold. "Tell me what you want."

"Oh! deuce take it," said Saxondale pettishly, "you know very well what I want!—to get introduced somehow or another to Signora Vivaldi; and as you can always manage this sort of thing, I want you to do it in the present instance."

"And what would Florina say," asked Harold, "if she knew that her brother was helping her intended husband to an acquaintance with a beautiful dancer?"

"In the first place, Florina need know nothing at all about it," replied Edmund; "and in the second place, it's no reason because I am engaged to be married to your sister when I am twenty-one, that I am to remain an anchorite in the meantime."

"I was only joking, Saxondale," exclaimed Harold. "But seriously speaking we must really get acquainted with this delightful creature. The newspaper of this morning says that though she has been nearly all her life in Italy, she is not an Italian by birth; and it ventures to hint that she is of English parentage. It's quite true that she has little of the Italian about her, except the graces of the daughters of the sunny south; for as to her beauty, there is nothing Italian in that brilliancy of complexion which puts even the fairest skins of our English girls to shame."

"Oh! but there are fair Italian women as well as dark ones," observed Saxondale. "I have read so in a book. But whether Italian or English, this Signora Vivaldi is the most enchanting creature I ever saw in all my life—Lady Florina of course excepted. And now, is it possible to get introduced to her?"

"You heard what we were told behind the scenes at the Opera last night," said Lord Harold; "that the Signora is the most discreet and virtuous of young ladies—that she is attended by an old duenna who looks as sour as vinegar, and screws up her face most awfully if even an eye be too intently fixed upon her fair charge—and that when at rehearsal the Signora keeps herself as aloof as circumstances can possibly admit, from both the male and female performers in the ballet. Why, it seems to be even a secret known only to the lessee and the ballet-master where she lives; and neither of them is at all likely to give the information."

"Oh! but her residence is easily found out," exclaimed Edmund. "When leaving the Opera, she must of a necessity ride home in a carriage, hackney-coach, or some kind of vehicle; and it will be easy enough to get a person to follow it."

"Granted!" said Lord Harold. "But when you have found out her place of abode, what course would you adopt? I do not think that from all we heard last night she would give us a very gracious reception if we went boldly to call upon her. Yet there *are* ways and means: and these must be thought of. In the first place I will instruct Alfred to endeavour to follow her from the theatre the next time she makes her appearance. Alfred is a cunning, astute fellow, with all his sedateness of look and mealy-mouthiness of words; and he will be sure to discover the fair one's abode. This once done we can deliberate how to proceed."

"I was thinking," remarked Saxondale, "whether if you were to draw me up some appropriate little billet, I might not send it to her. By addressing it to the Opera it would be sure to reach her——"

"And be treated with contempt," added Staunton. "Yes—but who ever believed in the virtue of an actress or a dancing girl?" exclaimed Saxondale, contemptuously.

"All rules have an exception; and in this case our phœnix of beauty and mystery seems to constitute that exception. However I will do the best I can for you in the matter; and as a preliminary, will set Alfred to discover her residence. We will then take measures accordingly. But now, my dear fellow, I want you to do me a little favour in your turn."

"Anything but in the money way," replied Saxondale: "for I am as hard up to-day as you can possibly be. Just before I came out I told my mother that I had nothing left at the banker's, and desired her to ask my guardians for some cash: but she positively refused. So I gave her my mind, and came off in high dudgeon. Now, as for applying direct to my guardians, it's out of the question; I should only get a good blowing up; and I can't talk to them in the same free and easy style as I do to my mother. They won't stand it."

"Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow—are they not?" inquired Harold.

"Yes; those are my blessed guardians," rejoined Saxondale: "and what with the surly old peer and the business-like lawyer, I have to deal with two confounded impracticable fellows. The last time I applied to them they told me I had a splendid allowance for a young nobleman under age, and must make it do: but one's guardians always seem to think that an income which will barely supply shoe-leather is uncommon liberal."

"This is very awkward," said Lord Harold, both looking and feeling vexed: "for I am in rather a mess at present — several creditors bothering me — and must get two or three thousand or so by some means or another. I shouldn't have thought of asking you, my dear Edmund, considering that I am already your debtor to the amount of a cool five thousand——"

"Oh, that be hanged!" ejaculated Saxondale. "You know if I had the money you should not be in want of it for another minute. But surely there must be some way of raising the wind?"

"Of course," answered Lord Harold. "There are money-brokers, and bill-brokers, and discounters, and usurers enough in the City: but the deuce of it is that I am afraid my introduction wouldn't exactly do—I am in rather deep with them myself."

"An idea strikes me!" ejaculated the youthful heir of Saxondale, his ignoble countenance suddenly brightening up. "That old fellow Gunthorpe——"

"Ah, to be sure!" cried Lord Harold, catching at the hint: "he might be made useful. Let me see—my uncle's letter says that Mr. Gunthorpe was for many years the most eminent banker in Italy, and now he is retired from business. Depend upon it he's as rich as Crœsus; and if we can only get on the blind side of him——But that's difficult though, a banker and a sharp old fellow into the bargain! However, there is nothing like trying. So here goes."

With these words, Lord Harold jumped up, fetched his writing-desk from a side-table, sat down, and penned the following lines upon the best cream-laid paper:—

"Jermyn Street,
"Monday, Noon.

"My dear Mr. Gunthorpe,

"I had not an opportunity on Saturday evening of saying all the civil things I ought and meant; but perhaps you will do me the honour of dining with me to-morrow at half-past six? We shall be quite alone, with the exception of my very particular friend Lord Saxondale.

"I remain, my dear Mr. Gunthorpe,
"Your's very faithfully,
"HAROLD STAUNTON."

"Now what do you think of that?" asked his lordship, as he handed the letter to young Saxondale for his perusal.

"Nothing can be better," was the response. "You must give the old boy a capital dinner and plenty of wine; for he looks as if he loved good cheer and could take his glass: and then, when we have once got him nicely warmed over the bottle, we will see whether we can't manage to draw him of a few thousands."

"On our joint security," added Staunton. "It will be capital! I really do begin to think we are pretty certain to succeed. These trading money-

making people are always ready to worship a lord; and it's clear that old Gunthorpe wants to get into good society by bringing those letters of introduction. But how on earth he could have taken up his abode at such an outrageous place as the *Bell and Crown* is difficult to conceive. However, we will not trouble ourselves on that score, but will despatch the letter at once."

This was accordingly done; and Lord Harold then returned to his bed-chamber to dress himself, while young Saxondale yawned over the newspaper. When the toilet of the former was accomplished, they strolled out and repaired to the billiard-rooms, where they played for about an hour. But at length Saxondale, flinging down the cue, declared his hand shook so he could not make another stroke; and though he took two or three glasses of neat brandy to steady it, the alcohol produced not the desired effect, and so the game was abandoned. They then proceeded to the stables belonging to Saxondale Mansion, and mounting a couple of horses, went for a ride in the Park, attended by a groom. Having ridden twice round, they dismounted, left their horses with the groom, and entered the enclosure to have a chat with the pretty nurse-maids who were attending upon the children playing about; and in this way another hour was spent. They then returned to their horses and rode down to Tattersall's, where they looked in, "just to see what was going on;" and afterwards proceeded to a Club in St. James's Street, where they posted themselves at the bow-window to ogle the women who passed by. This brought on six o'clock; and then they deliberated for half-an-hour where they should dine. Staunton suggested a Bond Street hotel; but Saxondale declared with a more affected crack in his voice than ever, that the turtle was not good there, and accordingly proposed another place; to which Staunton had a similar objection in respect to the venison of this establishment

They had almost decided upon a third when they recollected that the ice-punch was by no means of good quality the last time they were there; and the name of a fourth hotel was likewise black-balled on the score that there was never enough of cayenne in the soup. A fifth hotel was discussed for ten minutes, but also eschewed, not through any fault in the culinary department, but because the proprietor had attended to oppose Lord Cecil Stafford when he went through the Court; and a sixth was discarded because the head-waiter had such very bad teeth. Ultimately these two aristocratic coxcombs decided upon their dining-place; and thither did they repair.

The important process of dinner engaged them up till nearly ten o'clock; and then they issued forth to smoke their cigars in the Quadrant, and look at the women parading there. Lord Harold was perfectly sober; but his friend admitted to him, with the mysterious confidence of inebriation, that he was already "more than half-seas over." Having taken a few strolls up and down the Quadrant,—the arcade of which was not then cleared away,—they agreed upon adjourning to some place of amusement; and after due deliberation, decided upon the gaming table. They accordingly turned out of the Quadrant into one of the diverging streets, and stopped at a door over which a brilliant gas-lamp was burning. Here they knocked and rung, and the door was instantaneously opened by a porter who was always on the alert within. They entered—and the door was immediately closed again. Nodding familiarly to the porter, who evidently knew them well, they proceeded along the passage to a second door, which even the most superficial observer might perceive to be of extraordinary strength and solidity: indeed, it was plated all over with iron. A small wicket, about a foot square was opened in this door, and a man's countenance peered through for a moment; but recognising the two noblemen, this second porter, to whom that countenance belonged, closed the wicket and proceeded to open the door itself. Heavy bolts were heard to draw back and chains to fall, thus evincing no ordinary precautions on the part of the proprietors of the gambling-house to barricade themselves against the incursions of the police.

Passing on, and again nodding familiarly to the official, Harold and Edmund ascended a carpeted staircase, and reached a handsomely furnished room, of spacious dimensions, with the gaming-table in the middle and a well-spread sideboard at the extremity. This sideboard was covered with refreshments, including the choicest descriptions of French wines. The table in the centre, unlike the old-fashioned *rouge-et-noir* tables, was square—or rather oblong—covered with green baize, and having billiard-pockets at the four corners and on each side. It was also contrived in such a manner that all around there were moveable borders, or ledges, which might be raised so as to form the cushions of a regular billiard-table; but as these borders were now let down flat, by means of their hinges, the table presented an unbroken surface.

The croupiers, or managers of the gaming-table, were seated in their proper places, with their rakes in their hands, and green shades over their eyes to screen them from the exceeding vividness of the light thrown by the gas-lamps suspended above the board. The bank, or stock of money, was contained in a large cash-box placed on the table before the senior croupier. But on the right hand of this individual was a very extraordinary-looking piece of mechanism, standing upon a pedestal. This instrument had the appearance of a coffee-grinder, with the bowl to receive whatever was to be ground, and the handle to work the grinding machinery: but instead of having any visible opening for the ground material to run out of, that part of the mill where this opening ought to be was fixed in the pedestal.

To complete the description of the several features which the interior of this room presented to the view, we must add that there were three or four bells hanging against the wall, having wires of communication with the various parts of the house, even up to the very roof, in order that those who were on the watch above, below, and outside in the back part of the premises, might be enabled to give timely warning at the first appearance of anything like alarm.

There were upwards of a dozen persons around the table, occupied in playing, when Lord Harold and Edmund entered the room. Some of these individuals were sitting as quiet and composedly as if engaged in the most matter-of-fact proceeding: others were standing—and these were the feverish and excited players. But of those who were seated, two or three were mere "decoys"—that is to say, persons actually hired by the proprietor of the place not only for the purpose of always keeping the game going, but likewise of encouraging the unwary and inexperienced to stake their money. This being what is termed "a fashionable hell," only a certain class of individuals were admitted; namely, those who were known to belong to the wealthy circles: and thus, so far as apparel and outward appearances went, the company were in that sense "respectable" enough. But if their characters came to be closely scrutinised and deeply probed, the investigation would doubtless have afforded an additional proof to the thousand and one already existing, that the villany and profligacy which broadcloth and fine linen cover, are far greater than the vice and depravity which lurk beneath fustian or downright rags.

Neither Lord Harold Staunton nor Lord Saxondale had much money in their pockets at the time to play with: but still they had a few five-pound notes and sovereigns between them; and these they ventured upon the chances of the game. They had been thus occupied for about half-an-hour, and had lost the greater portion of what they had put down, when one of the bells suddenly rang furiously.

"Top of the house!" ejaculated one of the croupiers, distinguishing at a glance which bell it was that rung, and therefore from which quarter the alarm proceeded.

Confusion and dismay seized upon the two young noblemen and the five or six least experienced individuals present: but the older hands, including the croupiers and the decoys, showed no bewilderment nor excitement at all; and though their actions were prompt, yet what they did do was done with calmness and self-possession. One of the croupiers took out all the bank-notes and gold from the cash-box, which he placed upon a shelf, securing the money about his person.

The other croupier and the decoys threw the tops of the rakes (which were immediately broken off), together with the ivory counters, the dice, and the dice-boxes, into the coffee-mill, where half a dozen turns of the handle served to grind all those objects if not actually to powder, at all events into morsels too small to answer the purposes of evidence before a magistrate. The borders or ledges of the table were put up—cues and balls were simultaneously produced—and by the time the police broke in, which they did in a very few minutes, the aspect of the scene was altogether changed. Not the slightest trace of an ordinary gaming-table was there—merely a billiard-table at which several gentlemen seemed to be playing a quiet comfortable game, when the door was flung violently open and an inspector with half a dozen constables made their appearance.

"Ah! you have been too quick for us, eh?" ejaculated the inspector, with a glance embracing the aspect of things, and perfectly well aware of all that had been done. "However," he added, "we will see if we can't bring it home to you. Keep the door, lads!"

"What do you mean by coming into a respectable house like this?" demanded the head croupier, assuming the indignant.

"Come, Mr. Jameson, none of your nonsense," said the inspector. "You know very well that I am acquainted with you and up to all your dodges. Respectable house indeed! Very respectable, when it's so barricaded down below that we are obliged to force our way in by the attics; and even *there* you have got a man posted on the look-out. I suppose you will have an electric telegraph laid on next?"

"Thank you for the hint," said the principal croupier, bursting out laughing; and he winked knowingly to his comrades.

"Now let us look at this machine," continued the inspector, advancing up to the coffee-mill.

But the pedestal stood so firm that it seemed to resist all his attempts to move it. He however retreated a pace or two, and applying his foot with a backward kick, broke it clean off on a level with the floor; so that what had appeared to be a pedestal, was in reality nothing more than a hollow tube, or pipe, which passed completely through the flooring and down which the crushed objects went.

"Where does your coffee go when you have ground it?" asked the inspector, ironically.

"All the way down into the sewers, for the benefit of the poor devils who search those places," coolly answered the croupier. "If you want a sample of the coffee, you will have to go down into the sewer to get it; and then there's the chance of it's having been all washed away."

"Well, I shall take this with me," said the inspector, lifting up the mill and the piece of the tube on the top of which it was fixed; "and I shall take all you along with me likewise."

"What does the fellow mean?" cried Saxondale. "Take us with him! What *me*, Lord——"

"Hush—nonsense!" exclaimed Harold: "you are Mr. Jenkins, and I am Mr. Tomkins. So now away to the station-house! We will send and get bail in half-an-hour."

"Oh! if that's all, it will be a capital lark," cried Saxondale; "and to-morrow when we give our names as Jenkins and Tomkins, we shall puzzle the magistrate a bit."

To be brief, the whole party were marched off to the station-house, which was close at hand; and there the two young noblemen waited while they sent for persons to bail them. Four of Lord Saxondale's tradesmen were speedily found for the purpose: and soon after midnight the liberated aristocrats were strolling arm-in-arm down to Covent Garden to pass an hour at a "free-and-easy" nightly held by an hotel-keeper in that neighbourhood. It was two in the morning when Edmund, most particularly drunk, was helped out of a cab at the door of Saxondale mansion—helped into the house by the hall-porter—helped up to his chamber by a footman—and then helped into bed by his own valet.

On the following morning he awoke with a more awful head-ache than ever, and though he could scarcely drag himself from his couch, was nevertheless compelled to repair to the Marlborough Street Police-office in discharge of his bail. When the case was called on, the magistrate expressed an opinion that he could do nothing, as no evidence was produced to show that the house was one for gaming, much less that the prisoners were illegally gambling at the time of their arrest. They were all therefore discharged: and our two young noblemen quitted the office arm-in-arm, laughing heartily at the adventure.

Lord Harold now informed his friend that he had received a note from Mr. Gunthorpe accepting the invitation; whereupon Edmund declared that he should go home and lie down for two or three hours for the purpose of "getting all right," so as to enjoy himself in the evening. They accordingly separated for the present, Lord Harold proceeding to Jermyn Street, and Lord Saxondale to Park Lane.

But on arriving at the mansion, the latter was informed, when about to ascend to his bed-chamber, that his mother desired to speak with him upon a very important subject. His first impulse was to send a message to her ladyship to the effect that he would see her in the course of the day: but on second thoughts he fancied it better to adopt a more conciliatory policy, in case the Gunthorpe project might fail and he should find himself compelled to have recourse to her ladyship after all for the replenishment of his purse. He accordingly proceeded to the drawing-room where she was seated.

CHAPTER VII.

DOMESTIC SCENES IN HIGH LIFE.

LADY SAXONDALE was now forty years of age, and was perhaps one of the most splendidly handsome women belonging to the aristocracy of this country. Her's was a style of beauty which although so precocious in the spring-time of its youthful developments, was that which preserves the best; and without having expanded into corpulency or stoutness, her form had acquired just a sufficiency of *embonpoint* to set off that matronly stateliness which so well became her. Thus her fine figure, still preserving the proper symmetry of proportions, was not luxuriant so as to destroy its grace, nor of contours too full to be compatible with elegance; while it gave her all that majesty of demeanour and queenly dignity of look which

so admirably suited the haughty cast of her aquiline countenance. The pearly whiteness of the teeth remained in all its earliest perfection—the fires of youth still seemed flashing in her large dark eyes—and no streak of silver marred the raven blackness of her shining hair.

Her ladyship was clad in a dark dress trimmed with the richest lace. The room in which she was seated was spacious, lofty, and splendidly furnished. The heavy crimson draperies at the windows subdued the powerful lustre of the sultry sun; and vases of flowers gave a freshness to the hot and languid atmosphere of that summer-day's noon. To the walls were suspended several fine pictures; and all objects in the apartment were reproduced in the splendid mirrors that appeared on every side.

When Edmund entered the room he found his mother seated in an arm-chair near the centre table; and the grave severity of her look, as well as the drawn-up stateliness of her demeanour, at once convinced him that he was about to have what he termed "a scene."

But, for the reasons specified at the conclusion of the previous chapter, he resolved to adopt a conciliatory policy, if it were practicable; and therefore he somewhat mitigated the air of insolent defiance with which he had lately been wont to meet the maternal remonstrances or reproaches. Still his temper was on the point of failing him when he beheld the deep severity of his mother's looks—a severity not altogether unmingled with an expression of loathing and disgust, as her scrutinizing regards embraced at a glance all the evidences which his appearance furnished of the previous night's debauchery.

"Sit down, Edmund," said her ladyship; "for I wish to speak to you upon some matters of importance."

"Well, my dear lady-mother," answered the youth, sinking languidly down upon a sofa, "let us hear what you have got to say, and you shall find me the most attentive of listeners."

"Be so good as to divest yourself of this most unbecoming flippancy of manner," proceeded Lady Saxondale, fixing her eagle eyes almost sternly upon the youth, "for it amounts to an impertinence which I do not choose to tolerate."

"Now, upon my soul, this is too bad!" cried Saxondale, his affected voice thrilling into a positive screech. "I made my appearance with the most dutiful demeanour that I could command for the occasion: so if there's to be any quarrel, it will be of your picking."

"Quarrel, sir! how dare you make use of this language to me?"

"Come, mother, don't put yourself into a passion——"

"Silence!—and listen to me. You have lately been pursuing a career of the most degrading and revolting debauchery——"

"You have told me this over and over again, if that's all you wanted me for."

"Again I enjoin you to silence," interrupted Lady Saxondale fiercely, "for remember, you are not yet your own master—and during the year and ten months which have yet to elapse ere you attain your majority, your guardians and myself are determined to do our duty in the endeavour to reclaim you from these vicious courses which you are pursuing. Now, Edmund," she continued, in a somewhat milder tone, "I have besought—I have entreated—I have implored——I have likewise scolded, threatened, and menaced——but all to no purpose. With the deepest affliction do I behold you daily plunging more profoundly into the vortex of dissipation—constantly absent from home—remaining out late at nights—spending your money heaven only knows how—and, I fear, frequenting the worst society."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Edmund, sharply. "Lord Harold Staunton is my constant companion: and he is the brother of the young lady whom you yourself selected as my future wife."

"Florina is an amiable, excellent, and well-principled girl," said Lady Saxondale; "but I regret to add that her brother is very different. She herself knows not—nor is it proper that she should learn, the extent of the dissipations into which he plunges. She thinks him rather too gay, wild, and extravagant; but she does not suspect that he is a confirmed gambler, a reckless spendthrift, and an inveterate debauchee. Nor at the time when it was arranged that you should become her suitor, was I myself aware of the profligacy of his character: or else perhaps I might have hesitated to initiate and sanction an engagement which thus threw you into such evil companionship. But it is now too late to retract from that engagement——"

"Besides which it would be rather difficult to do so without my consent," interjected the youthful lord, flippantly. "I am deuced fond of the girl, and am quite willing to marry her to-morrow if you choose, instead of waiting for my majority."

"No, sir," interrupted Lady Saxondale sternly. "I have on a former occasion stated to you that by an addition to your father's will—an addition that was made within the month following your birth—it was chronicled as his solemn wish that you should not marry until you had obtained your majority, but that you should *then* enter the wedded state as early as might be convenient."

"No doubt my father had a very high opinion of the wedded state," observed Edmund, piqued by his mother's tone and manner, "since he himself twice entered it. But pray continue your observations: for to tell you the truth, I have got a thundering head-ache and want to go and lie down."

"Unhappy boy! you are adopting a suicidal course, by these profligacies and dissipations," cried Lady Saxondale. "But beware! Tractable and obedient as Florina is to the will of her aunt, yet if her delicacy be shocked by a discovery of the full extent of your vices, she may assert her right to have her own happiness considered, and thus withdraw from the engagement."

"No—I don't think it at all likely," rejoined the young man superciliously. "In the first place I know she is desperately fond of me: and in the second place, it is too good a match for her, poor and portionless as she is, to break off."

"I hope that your opinions are indeed well founded," said Lady Saxondale. "But I will now come to the point and explain to you the purport for which I desired this interview. Your guardians, Lord Petersfield and Mr. Malton, paid me a visit yesterday; and we had a long and serious conversation together. They positively insist that I withdraw you for a time from the temptations of a London life; and I therefore propose that we repair to Saxondale Castle to

pass some time—perhaps the whole interval until your majority. Lady Macdonald and Florina will be our visitors there, so that you may enjoy the company of your intended bride."

"What! go and bury myself in that out-of-the-way place!" exclaimed Edmund starting up from the sofa. "No—I'll be hanged if I do!"

"In that case," responded Lady Saxondale, endeavouring to maintain her dignified calmness, but all the evidences of her ill-suppressed indignation betraying themselves in her flushing cheeks, her fire-darting eyes, and her quivering lips—"in *that* case," she repeated, with strong accentuation, "it is Lord Petersfield's resolve to obtain for you the post of Attaché to some distant and petty embassy, so as to remove you from London."

"And what if I refuse to go—eh? what then?" demanded the young lord, with mingled insolence and malignity.

"Then, as it is in her Majesty's service," replied Lady Saxondale, "you will be *ordered* abroad, and at your peril will you refuse."

"Well, we shall see," was Edmund's dogged answer.

"Ah! but this is not all! Your guardians will stop your allowance," continued Lady Saxondale, her lips now ashy with the pent-up rage that filled her bosom.

"Well then, I must raise money with the bill-brokers in the City," rejoined Edmund.

"Wicked and preverse boy!" cried Lady Saxondale, now no longer able to repress her wrath; and starting up from her chair, she stamped her foot violently upon the carpet; "do you mean to defy me altogether?"

"I told you at the beginning that if there was a quarrel, it would be of your provoking!"

"Quarrel, sir!—a mother cannot quarrel with her son. She orders—and he obeys."

"The deuce he does! I think rather differently," exclaimed Edmund, with a taunting laugh.

"Vile and detestable disposition that you possess!" exclaimed the lady, whose haughty beauty now looked terrible in her anger. "If you only knew how much I suffered on your account when you were an infant—if you only knew how much I have done for you——But, no: you are incapable of appreciating it!"

"Oh! this is the old story over again," interrupted Edmund, with so heartless a flippancy that his words and his manner were but too well calculated to plant daggers in the bosom of Lady Saxondale. "Because I was lost or stolen when an infant, and you discovered me again, you are always flinging it in my teeth."

"Edmund! Edmund! do for heaven's sake treat me with more kindness, more respect!" said the unhappy lady now bursting into tears. "Oh! again I tell you that if you only knew all I have suffered on your account, you would not treat me thus! Consider!—reflect! your behaviour is most unnatural—most ungrateful——"

"Then why can't you leave me alone?" demanded the young man, entirely unmoved by the spectacle of that proud and haughty woman thus melting into the humiliation of tears and entreaties in his presence and through his conduct.

"Ah! I see that you are indeed heartless, thoroughly heartless!" she exclaimed, suddenly drawing her handkerchief across her eyes and in a moment recovering the stern stateliness of her demeanour. "Never again will I appeal to you, Edmund, for kindness and respect!—never again will I seek to touch your sympathies! Preverse boy, instead of imploring or entreating, I will act and command."

"Well then, I suppose it's a war to the knife," he observed with flippant disdain; "and we shall see who will get the better of it."

Thus speaking he gave another taunting laugh and lounged out of the room. The moment the door closed behind him, a terrible change came over Lady Saxondale; her entire appearance altered — her countenance became positively ghastly—her lips ashy white — and her whole frame convulsed with the inward working of the fiercest passions.

"Viper, that I have cherished in my bosom to sting me!" she said aloud: and the words came hissing from between her parched lips. "I hate him—yes, I hate him!"

But then she stopped short and glanced with a sudden start of uneasiness towards a door at the extremity of the apartment: for it struck her that a sound, resembling a cry of dismay, penetrating thence, had been wafted to her ear. Instantaneously recovering all her self-possession she approached that door—opened it abruptly—and beheld her two daughters quite near enough and in an attitude to show they had been listening.

That inner room was one where the young ladies were not wont to sit at this period of the day; and therefore it had never occurred to Lady Saxondale throughout the preceding interview with her son, that Juliana and Constance were by any probability so near. She fancied that they were in a more distant apartment, occupied with their music, drawing, or embroidery; and consequently their presence in that room, as well as the indications above mentioned, naturally struck her with the suspicion that they had penetrated thither on purpose to listen to what was taking place between Edmund and herself. We may add that Juliana, the eldest, was a perfect likeness of her mother — with the same haughty aquiline profile, hair of the same raven glossiness, eyes of the same dark splendour, a complexion of the same clear delicate skin, and a figure modelled with a like voluptuous symmetry of proportions. Constance, the younger, though possessing the same Hebe-proportions of shape, was in all other respects of a different style of beauty, having light hair, a complexion of dazzling transparency, and blue eyes; while the outline of her features was more delicate and more strictly classical, with nothing of that haughtiness of expression which characterized both her mother and her sister.

"What means this?" demanded Lady Saxondale sternly. "Is it not sufficient that I should possess an undutiful and rebellious son? but am I also doomed to find that my daughters are playing the part of spies upon their mother's actions?"

"Spies!" echoed Juliana, the elder, her delicate brunette complexion suffusing with the glow of indignation at the charge.

"Oh! do not be angry with us, dear mother," cried Constance, the younger, bursting into tears.

The difference of the manner in which the two young ladies received their mother's reproach, must at a glance afford the reader an accurate insight into their respective dispositions—showing

that whereas the former was characterized by the proud and haughty spirit of Lady Saxondale, the latter was all gentleness, meekness, and affectionate submission.

"Explain this conduct on your part," said the indignant mother: and though her two daughters were tall, yet her own stature was elevated above them to the majestic height of Diana the Huntress.

"It is somewhat too hard," returned Juliana, almost in a tone of defiance, "to be taunted with having wilfully played the part of spies, when it was really all the result of accident;" and having thus spoken, the Hon. Miss Farefield walked towards the window.

"Constance," said Lady Saxondale, addressing her younger daughter in a milder tone than she had previously used; "you will at least give your mother a satisfactory and respectful answer."

"It is as Juliana has said," replied Constance—"the result of accident. Tired of our music and drawing, we each resolved to commence a piece of tambour-work, and thought of copying two of the pictures in this room. So we came hither with our frames, which are there,"—and with her white hand she pointed in the direction to which her sweet blue eyes also glanced. "But scarcely had we entered—not five minutes ago—when we were startled by hearing high words in the next room; and recognizing Edmund's voice, we instinctively approached the door to listen. The action was so quick on our part, that I did not pause for a moment to reflect that it might be wrong; and I am sure it was the same with Juliana."

"And what did you hear?" demanded Lady Saxondale. "Come, speak, Miss!—tell me what you heard?" she added more sternly, seeing that her daughter hesitated and looked frightened.

"Oh, my dear mother!" exclaimed Constance, bursting into tears: "I heard you beseech and implore Edmund to treat you with kindness and respect——and it cut me to the quick to think that you should have thus to speak to my brother?"

"Ah! then you were ear-witnesses, young ladies, of your mother's deep humiliation—her utter degradation?"—and as Lady Saxondale spoke with accents of bitterness and implacability, her countenance grew pale with the fierce feelings that raged within her bosom, and her fine majestic form trembled from head to foot.

"Dear mother, is it something so terrible—something so unpardonable, that we have done?"—and Constance turned aside to weep more bitterly than before.

"Juliana!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale; "come hither—approach me, I say! Wherefore do you thus stand aside and lounge listlessly in that window-recess, as if you were indifferent to what is passing?"

"Because I think that your ladyship," answered the Hon. Miss Farefield, "is treating us with unnecessary harshness for a very venial offence—if an offence it be at all;" but as she spoke she advanced towards her mother, of whom she still stood in just sufficient awe not to dare defy her altogether.

"There can fall upon a mother's head no curse more withering than that of having disobedient children," said Lady Saxondale in a strange deep voice. "You, Constance," she continued, placing her hand caressingly upon the shoulder of her fair-haired younger daughter, "are penitent for this transgression on your part; and you at least treat me with respect. But you, Juliana," she added, turning towards the dark-haired elder girl, "are inclined to display that same rebellious spirit which your brother has dared assume. However, understand me well! I am not only the mistress of this house, but am likewise your parent, and you are dependent upon me. Therefore, once for all, take heed how you manifest any undutiful conduct towards me."

"One would think that I had committed some grievous crime by the language which your ladyship uses:" and as Juliana thus spoke, the rich red blood mantled upon her cheeks and her eyes flashed fire.

"Insolent girl, beware how you provoke me!" cried Lady Saxondale.

Juliana drew herself up haughtily, and turned away with an air of complete defiance.

At this moment a door communicating with the landing outside, was flung violently open; and a woman, whose age appeared to be fifty, and who was dressed in the matronly garb of a housekeeper, entered the room, exclaiming in a sharp querulous voice, "It is abominable, and I am determined to have satisfaction. My lady, I demand protection at your hands! I cannot be insulted any longer in this way; it exceeds all human patience. The impertinent coxcomb! the petty tyrant! the cowardly hound!"

"Mabel, what in heaven's name does all this mean?" cried Lady Saxondale, rushing towards the old housekeeper—for such was the situation occupied by the woman at the mansion. "Compose yourself—tranquillize your feelings: you know that I will not suffer you to be insulted with impunity."

"But this is constantly going on," Mabel again burst forth, advancing farther into the room, and both speaking and looking as if she were desperately angry with everybody and everything. "He is always insulting me—he hates me, just because I possess your ladyship's confidence, and have been in the family for so many years. What did he mean by calling me an old beldame when he met me on the stairs? Was it that on account of my rheumatism I couldn't get out of his way quite quick enough to please my lord? But I will teach him better manners, I will! he shall respect me, the impudent puppy!"

"Mabel, Mabel, mind what you are saying!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, evidently much agitated. "You must not speak thus of his lordship."

"This woman's conduct is perfectly disgusting," said Juliana, tossing her head indignantly. "Your ladyship just now spoke in the harshest terms to me and Constance for a very trivial thing; and yet you put up with the astounding insolence of a wretched dependant."

"Dependant indeed!" yelled forth Mabel, her spiteful eyes darting reptile-looks of malignity upon the Hon. Miss Farefield. "How dare you speak of me in this way? I tell you that you are a vain and haughty minx, as your brother is a contemptible coxcomb."

"Mabel, I insist upon your holding your tongue," said Lady Saxondale, but rather in a voice of entreaty than command. "Juliana—

Constance—retire! I must have some private conversation——"

"Private conversation indeed!" echoed Mabel with increasing rage. "What I want is justice—and I mean to have it too. To be bullied and badgered by that petty tyrant, is beyond all endurance. I hate him—the whole household hates him—everybody hates him: he is a wretched cur!"

"Mother!" cried Juliana; "if you do not call the lacqueys to turn this woman out of the house——"

"Silence, miss!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, stamping her foot with rage. "Retire I say!"

Constance, the younger girl, was already retreating to the door, both frightened and amazed at this scene with the old housekeeper—a scene which, though not altogether new, was still far more serious than any displays of the kind that had ever previously taken place. Juliana, the elder young lady, flung a look of unmitigated contempt upon Mabel, and walked with all her mother's stateliness and haughty grandeur out of the room, closing the door with some degree of violence behind her.

What then took place between Lady Saxondale and her irate housekeeper, we know not. Suffice it to say that they remained alone together for nearly half-an-hour; and when the old woman emerged from that room again, it was with the mingled sullenness and vixenish acerbity of countenance which plainly indicated that though she had suffered herself to be appeased somehow or another, yet that it was with a very bad grace she had received such satisfaction or apologies as might have been offered, and that in her heart the sense of insult was still rankling bitterly.

Meanwhile, as they were ascending the staircase to their own chamber, the sisters had encountered one of the pages of the household, whom we may at this moment introduce to our readers. He was a youth of about eighteen, and of the most extraordinary beauty. Not very tall, his figure was slight, but as perfectly symmetrical as that of a Grecian statue representing Apollo; and the tasteful livery which he wore, consisting of a jacket tightly buttoned up to his throat, and trousers with two thin red stripes down each leg, set off his elegant shape to the utmost advantage. He had chesnut hair, which he wore long, and was naturally curling and wavy; his forehead was high and as white as that of a maiden; his brows were dark, pencilled in two thin arching lines; his eyes were of deep hazel, large and liquid, but bright as if with subdued fires. He had little colour upon the cheeks—no whiskers, nor beard upon his chin—but he was suffering his moustache to grow, and which, delicately pencilled like his brows, relieved his countenance somewhat from its otherwise girlish appearance. His lips were somewhat full; and if they had belonged to a woman, would have been denominated pouting. Being slightly apart, they always afforded a glimpse of a most beautiful set of teeth. Though already described as not of tall stature, yet his graceful length of limb, set off by the becoming apparel which he wore, made him appear taller than he really was; and altogether there was a gracefulness and a gentility about this youth which, when united with his extraordinary personal beauty, rendered him a being who though clad in a menial garb could not possibly fail to attract the notice of any one who passed him by. His name was Francis Paton—familiarly called Frank in the household; and he had been in Lady Saxondale's service for about a year.

Such was the youth whom the two sisters encountered upon the stairs as they were ascending to their own chamber to talk over together the scenes which had just occurred in the room below. Constance, the fair-haired girl, who was proceeding first, passed him by with no more notice than a young lady in her position was likely to take of one of the household domestics: but Juliana, the elder damsel, bent upon him for a moment the full power of her magnificent dark eyes; and though the youth immediately flung his own looks downwards and passed rapidly on, yet was the colour mantling upon his cheeks, and he seemed to be quivering with the excitement of the feelings which that rapid regard had so suddenly conjured up.

The sisters ascended to their chamber, where they remained together for about an hour; at the expiration of which time one of their maids came to announce that Mr. Deveril was waiting below to give them their lesson in ivory-painting.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. GUNTHORPE.

In the evening of the same day, punctually at half-past six o'clock, a loud double-knock was given at the front door of the house in which Harold Staunton occupied handsome lodgings. He and his friend Lord Saxondale were together in the drawing-room; and at the sound of that knock they approached one of the windows.

"As I live!" cried Edmund, "he has come in a Hansom Patent Cab!" and he turned away with a grimace expressive of immitigable disgust.

"I wonder whether Alfred will be able to keep his countenance as he shows him up?" observed Lord Harold: "I am sure I could not blame him if he did not. But then," he immediately added, "Alfred is so very discreet and prudent. But what on earth is the old fellow stopping to parley with the cabman for? I do believe he is disputing the fare. Good heavens! what will the people of the house think? what will the neighbours think? what——"

"Yes—and now the quarrel is waxing warmer," cried Saxondale, returning to the window and looking down into the street. "By jingo, this is devilish pleasant! A crowd is already collecting."

"You are nothing better than a reg'lar old bilk," were the words which, being vociferated forth by the indignant cabman, now reached the ears of the two young nobles who were gazing aghast from the first-floor windows. "What do you think?" pursued the cabman, turning round and appealing to those whom the disturbance had already collected: "this old fogy, with his great shirt-frill, wants me to take sixteen-pence for driving him from the *Bell and Crown* right away up in Holborn, down here to Jarmyn Street; and I say my fare's two bob, and I won't hate a farden. He's gived me eighteen-pence in silver, and demands tuppence change."

"Yes—and I mean to have it too," said Mr.

Gunthorpe, with a most imperturbable coolness. "I asked the landlord of the *Bell and Crown* what your fare was, and he told me sixteen-pence: but I should have given you the eighteen if you were not insolent about it. So now I take your number."

"And pull me up afore the beak, eh?" vociferated the cabman. "Well, so do; and I'm sniggered if I don't have the ground measured at your expense too, old boy! Look at that hoss! d'ye think he wor made to go all this distance for sixteen-pence?"

"No—certainly not—nor any distance at all," answered Mr. Gunthorpe, still cool as a cucumber. "His next drive should be to the knackers' yard:" and thus speaking, the old gentleman entered the house, the door of which Alfred, who had stood the while aghast as the two nobles up-stairs, immediately shut in the face of the enraged cabman.

Mr. Gunthorpe, duly escorted by Alfred, was ushered into the drawing-room, where Lord Harold received him with as good a face as he could possibly put on; but Lord Saxondale scarcely attempted to conceal his own feelings of horror and disgust at the visitor's conduct.

"I am sorry now that I did not take the omnibus, as I first intended to do," remarked Mr. Gunthorpe, when he had paid his respects to the two noblemen. "The insolence of your London cabmen is perfectly intolerable—has not your lordship found it so?"

"I never patronize street cabs, Mr. Gunthorpe," replied Harold Staunton.

"For my part I understand they swarm with vermin," said Lord Saxondale.

"In which case they must be catching," said Mr. Gunthorpe coolly: "so your lordship had better not come near me."

There was now a pause; for neither of the two young men knew exactly what next to say. They were immeasurably disgusted with their visitor; but as their aim and hope were to make him useful, they dared not give too manifest a display of their feelings. Lord Saxondale therefore adjusted his neckcloth before the looking-glass; and Lord Harold hummed an opera-air, while contemplating the spotless polish of his patent-leather boots as he sat lazily lolling back in his chair.

"You see I was punctual," said Mr. Gunthorpe, drawing forth a huge old-fashioned gold watch about the size of a turnip, and having a massive chain with at least a dozen large seals and keys by way of appendages. "I have also brought a pretty good appetite with me. I took a chop in the City at one, and have had nothing since."

"Dinner will be served up almost immediately, Mr. Gunthorpe," said Lord Harold, conquering his aversion as much as he was able, so as to behave civilly towards the old gentleman. "Have you been very busy in the City to-day?"

"Very busy indeed," was the response. "I and Snuffley—that's my attorney—have had a great deal to do together. If I had not thought it would have been too great a liberty, I should have brought Snuffley with me: but——"

"I should have been charmed to have entertained Mr. Snuffley on *your* account," said Lord Harold: but he could not prevent himself from speaking in a cold and reserved tone.

"What a funny name," tittered Lord Saxondale. "Snuffley!—he! he! he! But I have noticed that many City men and middle-class people have very queer names."

"One name is as good as another, for anything I know," observed Mr. Gunthorpe curtly: "and I am sure that Snuffley's name is better at the bottom of a cheque than many a name which has descended to its West-End bearer from the Norman Conquest."

"Ah! I date my family back to the time of the Tudors," said Lord Saxondale, drawing himself up with an air of the most consummate conceit.

"And mine is derived from a cellar in Clerkenwell," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "My father, God rest his soul! was a poor shoemaker: and my mother used to take in washing, go out charing, and do little odd jobs of that kind. Such as you see me, my lords, I was educated at a charity-school, and have fought my way up in the world from being a muffin-boy to what I am now:" and Mr. Gunthorpe looked complacently round upon the two young aristocrats.

They were aghast. Mingled horror and dismay were depicted upon their countenances, no consideration of any ulterior objects having the power at the moment to cause them to master those feelings. Indeed, they could not; it was the natural expression of haughty aristocratic prejudices terribly shocked by the plain unvarnished tale of Mr. Gunthorpe's earlier history. He did not however seem to notice the consternation which his narrative had excited, but looked as if he felt far more proud of the position which by his industry, as he represented, he had carved out for himself, than the two young aristocrats could possibly be of their lengthened genealogy and ancestral honours.

The folding doors at the extremity of the drawing-room were now pompously thrown open; and the dinner table appeared in the midst of the apartment thus revealed. The noblemen and Mr. Gunthorpe took their seats. The former, having somewhat recovered from their shock, were rather curious to observe how the old gentleman would conduct himself at table, and were terribly afraid that he would be guilty of some awful solecism in etiquette so as to horrify the fastidiousness of Alfred and the footman. They were therefore most agreeably surprised and considerably relieved when they found that he at once appeared as well versed as themselves in all the refinements and niceties of the dinner-table,—not tucking his napkin up to his chin, nor eating fish with his knife, nor biting instead of breaking his bread, nor asking for malt liquor, nor falling into any of the little errors which they had expected. He took wine with them, too, in the approved manner; and though he spoke but little, yet so long as the domestics were in the room, he did not give utterance to a single syllable at all calculated to shock the aristocratic pride of Lord Harold Staunton or Lord Saxondale.

Thus the dinner passed off agreeably enough: the dessert was placed upon the table, the valet and the footman withdrew, and the decanters began to circulate.

"Do you propose to make a long stay in England, Mr. Gunthorpe?" asked Lord Harold, as he sipped his claret.

"I think of settling here altogether now," was the reply. "I believe your noble uncle the Marquis of Eagledean informed you in the letter of introduc-

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tion which I presented to your lordship, that I have retired from business——"

"Yes—from banking."

"Well, from banking then, if you prefer it. I suppose that the term *business* is a *leetle* too vulgar?"

"Between you and me, my dear Mr. Gunthorpe, it *is* vulgar—excessively vulgar."

"Grates upon one's nerves, eh?" said the old gentleman, seeming to laugh good-naturedly.

"Oh, terribly!" cried Lord Saxondale. "To me it's just like cutting iron with a file."

"Well then," proceeded Mr. Gunthorpe, "as I was observing, I have retired from banking, and mean to settle down somewhere in England. I told Snuff——I beg your pardon—my attorney I mean—I won't mention his name, because that also will most likely grate upon your nerves: but I told him to look out and see if he could purchase me an estate——"

"Ah! but mind what you are doing, Mr. Gunthorpe," exclaimed Lord Harold. "Don't leave it to your solicitor——"

"Solicitor?" echoed the old gentleman. "Is that the fashionable name?"

"Yes—we never say *attorney* at the West End—always *solicitor*. But as I was going to remark," continued Lord Harold, "don't for heaven's sake let this solicitor of your's have the looking out after an estate for you. He would only think of buying you some tract of land over which a railway is going to run, so that he may have the job of proceeding against the directors for compensation on your behalf. Besides, his taste cannot possibly be good. There would be no pineries and vineries, no hot-houses and greenhouses, no artificial pieces of water, upon the estate of a lawyer's choosing: and very likely he would buy you a brick-field, so that you might speculate in houses that he might draw up the leases and sue the tenants for their rent."

"Then what would your lordship advise?" asked Mr. Gunthorpe, seeming to acknowledge all the seriousness and gravity of the young nobleman's objections.

"Why, since my revered and respected uncle the Marquis has recommended you so especially to my attention," answered Lord Harold, "I feel it a duty to offer my services in this matter."

"Ah! then your lordship would undertake to find me a suitable estate?" said Mr. Gunthorpe.

"With the greatest pleasure in the world. But the wine stands with you."

"Thank you, I am getting on uncommonly well. The fact is," added Mr. Gunthorpe, "not being accustomed to English wines—or rather, I should say, the wines you drink in England—your lordship's champagne, madeira, sherry, and port have already got up into my head."

"Oh! they won't hurt you," exclaimed Lord Harold. "So help yourself."

"Hurt you—not they!" cried Lord Saxondale. "I can get as drunk as an owl on good wine, and never feel the effects next day. It's only bad wine that plays the very devil with one."

"Your experience is doubtless great," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "How old is your lordship? Thirty or five-and-thirty?"

"Thirty be hanged!" ejaculated Saxondale. "I am only nineteen and a few months: but I have seen a little of life though—have I not, Staunton?——and it's this experience that perhaps makes me look older than I really am."

"Very likely," said Mr. Gunthorpe, as he helped himself and passed the decanter. "But as your lordship," he continued, again addressing himself to Harold, "was so kind as to offer me your advice and assistance in settling myself down, perhaps you will sketch out some little plan that you would have me adopt? If I do not follow the whole details, yet some of them may at least prove valuable suggestions."

"First, let me ask your exact position, my dear Mr. Gunthorpe," said Lord Harold, flinging a significant look across the table at Saxondale, as much as to imply that they were getting the old gentleman into the right line to make him useful. "You are very rich, of course? *that* we can pretty well guess. But are you married—any children——"

"I am a widower, and all my children are grown up and provided for," returned Mr. Gunthorpe: "so I have only to think of myself."

"Good!" observed Lord Harold. "In the first place, then, you must leave that insufferable place the *Bell and Crown*, the very name of which raises up odours of pea-soup and boiled beef——"

"I can assure you it is a most excellent hotel," interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe; "and I had serious intentions of asking you and Lord Saxondale to dine with me to-morrow. Their bitter beer is excellent."

"We never touch malt," answered Lord Harold: "nor must you, Mr. Gunthorpe, in future—for we mean to launch you out into fashionable life. So you must leave this *Bell and Crown*, and come up for the present to some first-rate West End hotel."

"But it must be in a line of omnibuses to the City," observed Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Oh, fie! omnibuses indeed!" exclaimed Lord Harold. "You must have a drag of your own."

"Leave me to find our friend a suitable trap," observed Saxondale.

"Drag—trap?" repeated Mr. Gunthorpe, looking bewildered. "Those words sound very vulgar indeed to my ears."

"Perfectly fashionable and correct, I can assure you," rejoined Lord Harold. "Well then, we are agreed so far that you come up to the West End, establish yourself at an hotel, and set up your drag. Then you must have a tiger——"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe, turning pale. "I have an abhorrence for wild beasts. But why not a boa constrictor at once?"

"You don't understand," replied Lord Harold "we mean an elegant little livery servant. And then you must have your valet and your groom. These will do in the shape of slaveys for the present. Then as to horses, leave me and Saxondale to procure them for you: we know the sort of thing you require. But this is not quite all. You must have your box at the Opera; and by rights, in order to be quite fashionable—but I don't do more than just hint at it—you ought to have——"

"What?" asked Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Your mistress," was the response.

"Will you undertake to find that also?" inquired the old gentleman, refilling his glass, and seeming

to sway a little to and fro in his chair, as if the wine had indeed got up into his head.

"Oh, certainly! We will find you everything; and while you are making a perfect round of pleasure at the West End, we will be looking out for an estate with a splendid mansion upon it, beautiful grounds, a deer-park, and everything proper. We must also have you presented at Court; and I don't know—but I dare say it can be contrived," added Lord Harold, with a mysterious air and knowing look, "to get you a baronetcy."

"Ah, indeed!" cried Mr. Gunthorpe. "Well, I don't know but that I should like a handle to my name. How my poor father and mother, the cobbler and charwoman, would stare if they could only get up out of their graves in Clerkenwell Churchyard and see their son a baronet!"

"I am sure you deserve a baronetcy," said Lord Harold, with a slight grimace at that reference to his guest's parentage, "for having made so fine a fortune. How much did you tell us just now?"

"I don't think that I mentioned the amount," responded Mr. Gunthorpe, now beginning to hiccup: "but when I went into the whole affair with Snuff—my attor——solicitor I mean, we found it a little above half a million."

"Well, that's not bad," said Lord Harold, sipping his wine coolly, as if he were quite accustomed to contemplate such fortunes. "But what is your christian name?"

"Jonathan," answered the old gentleman, with a somewhat vacant stare.

"Sir Jonathan Gunthorpe," observed Harold. "Excellent! It would look well enough in the *Court Guide*. Edmund, you must introduce our very intimate and particular friend Gunthorpe to Lady Saxondale and your sisters."

"Oh! Lady Saxondale will be delighted to see him," exclaimed Edmund: and as he spoke he could not help smiling at the idea of presenting that queer-looking figure to his haughty and brilliant mother,—with whom, by the bye, he was on no terms to present anybody at all.

"I am sure your lordships," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "are uncommon kind; and if in return I can do you any little service, I shall be glad."

He spoke these words with much apparent difficulty, swaying from side to side on his chair—hiccupping—and surveying first one of the young noblemen, and then the other, with the dull and vacant gaze of complete inebriety.

"Well, I hope that this friendship which has begun so pleasantly," observed Lord Harold, "will continue for ever. But when I look at you, Mr. Gunthorpe, I really think you might marry again. A hale, active, intelligent, good-looking gentleman like yourself——"

"But I am sixty," said Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Pooh, nonsense! you make a mistake. You can't be more than forty-five."

"Well, perhaps I am not," observed the old gentleman, looking uncommonly bewildered and owlish. "My father and mother must have deceived me; and I will go and consult the parish-registers to-morrow. But about this marriage? In addition to all the other things you are going to find me, can you manage a suitable wife?"

"I have no doubt of it," replied Harold. "I have already got a Dowager-Countess in my eye for you; and if she won't do, then there's a splendid Baroness with eight thousand a-year."

"Oh! between the two I am pretty sure to be suited," observed Mr. Gunthorpe, refilling his glass again, while Harold looked across the table to Saxondale with a glance that implied what a precious old fool their companion was.

"And what fun we will have at the wedding!" cried Edmund.

"But again I say that you overwhelm me with obligations," observed Mr. Gunthorpe, appearing to speak with more and more difficulty, and to be troubled with more frequent hiccups.

"Well," said Lord Harold, assuming quite a careless, indifferent tone, and speaking in an off-hand manner; "it does so happen just at the present crisis that I am pressed for five thousand. In fact, I have overdrawn my bankers, and if you would accommodate me for six weeks or a couple of months——"

"Oh, certainly! replied Mr. Gunthorpe; "with the greatest pleasure in the world. Five thousand is a poor loan to advance to one who is going to assist me in buying estates, horses, carriages, and so on, and who is first to provide me with a mistress and then with a wife. Give me pen and ink."

Mr. Gunthorpe had made this speech in a somewhat more fluent and collected manner than he had been talking for the last hour; and indeed both Harold and Edmund were for a moment seised with a little uneasiness as they thought they observed a vein of sarcasm running through his words. But as his looks corroborated not this suspicion, they grew perfectly satisfied again, and rapidly exchanged glances of delight as the old gentleman asked for the ink. Writing materials were speedily supplied; and Mr. Gunthorpe, diving his hand deep down into one of his capacious pockets, drew forth a cheque-book, which to the two noblemen was mighty pleasant to behold. Laying it open upon the table before him, Mr. Gunthorpe proceeded to fill up one of the draughts: but it seemed that he had no small difficulty in steadying his hand to write, while his head kept bobbing down as if his wig would bob off also into a dish of strawberries just before him. However, he succeeded in writing the cheque for five thousand pounds; and then tearing out the leaf, handed it to Lord Harold, who, folding it negligently up, thrust it with true aristocratic listlessness into his waistcoat pocket.

"By the bye," he said, "I will just give you my note of hand for this."

"Don't trouble yourself. I dare say it will be all the same in the end," answered Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Well, I will give it to you next time we meet. And now I suppose you mean to make a night of it with us? What shall we do? It's just ten o'clock," added Lord Harold, looking at his watch. "Shall we go and lounge in to some hell?"

"Don't you think it's better to wait till you are compelled to go there?" asked Mr. Gunthorpe, apparently with amazing innocence.

"I mean the gaming-house," rejoined Harold. "Not that I should propose to *you* to play, Mr Gunthorpe. Oh, no—not for the world! But it struck me that if you would like to see a little of London life——"

"I don't think it was exactly for that purpose your uncle gave me letters of introduction to you

Besides, this wine has got into my head; and so, if you will be good enough to send and order me a cab, I will take my leave."

"Well, if you insist I won't detain you," said Lord Harold Staunton, ringing the bell: for the truth was that now he had got as much as he required out of the old gentleman, at least for the present, he did not care how soon the said old gentleman took his departure. "But I say," he observed, as a thought struck him, when he had issued instructions to the footman who answered his summons, relative to the cab, "if you happen to be writing to my uncle, you won't let him know anything that we have been saying or doing this evening?"

"Why, is there any harm in it?" asked Mr. Gunthorpe, rising from his seat and tottering somewhat.

"Oh, no!—no harm!" replied Harold: "only it's just as well to avoid touching upon such matters. You see, the Marquis is a precious eccentric old fool, and might put a very different construction on things from what they really out to bear."

"So he might—so he might," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Therefore, if your lordship wishes it, I certainly will not mention anything at all upon the subject when I write to the Marquis of Eagledean."

"That will be best," rejoined Staunton.

The footman now re-appeared; but as he could not possibly bring himself to mention the vulgar name of *cab*, he, with much delicate forethought for the aristocratic feelings of his master and Lord Saxondale, announced that "the conveyance was at the door."

"Well, good evening, my lords," said Mr. Gunthorpe, shaking them both with such violence by the hand that they very nearly cried out. "I am much indebted to you for your hospitality. It is an evening which I shall not forget in a hurry; and I hope that time will show how I can appreciate your conduct."

"Good night, old fellow," said Lord Saxondale. "You are a regular trump after all."

"It makes me proud to think that I have your lordship's good opinion," answered the retired banker with a low bow.

"Now, when are we to meet again," asked Lord Harold, "to begin putting into force the various things we have been talking about?"

"I will write to your lordship to-morrow—from the *Bell and Crown*," answered Mr. Gunthorpe: and he thereupon took his leave, walking out of the room a trifle more steadily than the young noblemen thought he would be enabled to do.

And then this same mean old gentleman, who had quarrelled with the cabman for his fare and insisted upon having twopence change, dropt a guinea into the hand of the tall stiff footman who held the front door open; so that the flunkey became all in a moment as obsequiously polite as possible—handed Mr. Gunthorpe into the vehicle—and having ascertained the place of destination, felt himself by no means shocked at having to bawl out, "All right, cabman! *Bell and Crown*, Holborn!"

Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale knew not exactly what to think of their friend Mr. Gunthorpe. The five thousand pound cheque seemed certainly an evidence that he was by no means the keen, cautious, and sharp-witted individual they had at first expected: but on the other hand, there appeared to have been a slightly perceptible undercurrent of sarcasm in many of the observations he had made. However, the two young aristocrats came to the conclusion that though sharp in one sense, he was "green" enough in others; and that he was most anxious to become introduced to the sphere of fashion.

On the following morning, long before Lord Harold had risen, a letter was delivered at his lodgings; and when he perused it, he found the contents to run thus:—

"*Bell and Crown*, Holborn.

"My dear Lord Harold,

"Having maturely reflected upon your various kind propositions of last night, I feel myself so utterly unworthy of such an overwhelming mass of bounties that I am compelled to decline them. I know that I am but a vulgar citizen, and consequently but little fitted for the perfumed atmosphere of your aristocracy. I think that Mr. Snuffley's idea of an estate will come up to the standard of my ambition; and until I succeed in procuring one, I feel too comfortable at the *Bell and Crown* to render it necessary to change my quarters to a West-End hotel. As for a *drag* or *trap*, I am of opinion that a coach-builder in Long Acre may be safely entrusted with the order, and until it is completed I shall doubtless find the omnibuses commodious enough for my purposes. In respect to horses, the hostler of the *Bell and Crown* is an excellent judge, and will put me in the way of getting what I want. Relative to an Opera-box, I am not formed to shine in one; and being conscious of my own defects, do not wish to make myself ridiculous. As for a mistress, with which fashionable appurtenance your lordship so generously offered to supply me, I do not wish to deprive you of your own, nor yet have to support one for the benefit of my noble friends. With regard to presentation at Court, I am too much occupied with Snuffley for the present to think of kicking my heels at St. James's. The Baronetcy, which your lordship volunteered to obtain for me, will be quite in time when I reach the rank of Lord Mayor of London, or something of that sort. Lastly, in respect to a wife, I should be truly sorry to deprive your lordship of the chance of obtaining the fair hand of the Dowager-Countess, or hooking the splendid Baroness with £6000 a-year.

"I remain, my dear Lord Harold,

"Your most obliged and obedient Servant,

"JONATHAN GUNTHORPE."

Lord Harold Staunton was at first inclined to be angry on reading this letter: but as he glanced over it a second time, he could not help bursting out into a laugh,—which had scarcely subsided when his friend Lord Saxondale made his appearance.

"Well, after all," exclaimed Harold, "the old fellow saw through us completely. Here, read this letter! The sarcasm that marks it is beyond mistake."

"But why on earth did he lend you the money?" cried Saxondale, when he had perused the letter which his friend handed to him.

"Oh! I suppose merely through purse-proud vanity," was the response. "But after all, it is perhaps just as well that we should be quit of him: for it would have been a horrid bore to introduce such a comical old blade as that to our friends. So let us think only of enjoying ourselves with his money, and leave him in peace to his boiled beef and bitter ale at the *Bell and Crown*."

CHAPTER IX.

ANGELA VIVALDI.

IT was Saturday night again, and the Opera was once more crowded to excess. Bright and joyous was that scene, presenting a wondrous contrast to the care-fraught world without, where the turmoil of jarring interests never ceases and the struggle of conflicting passions is never at rest.

And yet, when surveying that immense amphitheatre, thronged with the highest in rank, the proudest in title, the richest in wealth, the most elegant in attire, and the loveliest in personal charms,—must not the thinking observer ask himself whether if his eye could penetrate beneath that brilliant surface and read deep down to the innermost recesses of the heart, he would find bliss, contentment, and joy in every soul? Alas, no! In those festooned alcoves many a smiling lip and radiant brow served but as a mask to conceal cares the most poignant, anxieties the most intense, jealousies the most fierce, envies the most torturing. Where flowers were upon the brow and diamonds upon the hair, the brain might throb beneath; and within those bosoms that were decked with costliest jewels, might the darkest and ignoblest passions be raging. Nor less did looks of seeming kindness that were exchanged and honied words of greeting that passed between acquaintances and friends, serve to conceal most bitter, rancorous, and implacable hostilities. Amongst those beings who appeared the fairest and gentlest, were some whose bosoms burnt with the devouring fires of insatiable passion: amongst the most envied and the most worshipped, were some whose unrequited love or betrayed affections had already made a ruin and a desert of their hearts. There too, amidst the galaxy of splendour, rank, and fashion, were the vain repinings of beauty on the wane, concealed beneath flashing gems, the artifice of cosmetics, and studied smiles. Oh! if the polished surface of that bright and joyous scene were dazzling, and thrilling, and overpowering to contemplate,—yet were the veil which shrouded the secret thoughts drawn aside and the interior of every heart exposed, the eye would perhaps have recoiled in amazement and in horror from the chaos of feelings and pandemonium of passions thus revealed to the gaze. Might it not then be said that the stage-lights served but to separate two sets of actors—the audience and the performers?

As on the former occasion when we introduced our readers to the Opera, Lady Florina and some female friends were there, accompanied by Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale. In the pit, occupying one of the foremost seats just behind the orchestra, was William Deveril, the young professor of drawing and painting whose name has been before mentioned. In the Royal Box Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Kent were seated: behind them stood several lords and ladies in waiting—those obsequious hangers-on of Royalty who are more contemptible in their grovelling sycophancy than the most servile toad-eaters and lick-spittles are in a less elevated sphere of life. In a neighbouring box to the Royal one, was a German Prince—the reigning Duke of some nameless State consisting of a few beggarly acres—and who was attended by some very queer-looking persons, whom the newspapers next day represented as "a brilliant suite." Indeed, this Illustrious Prince had paid the present visit to England attended by the principal officers of his Court and the staff of his Army,—his coachman being at the same time Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief, his valet the Prime Minister of the Duchy, his head cook the Lord Chamberlain, and his butler the Master of the Horse. All these high functionaries of State were dressed in splendid uniforms; and their most Serene and Illustrious master was covered with stars, orders, and decorations. It was a very brilliant suite indeed!

We have already said that the house was thronged to suffocation: we may add that it was crowded as it had never been before. When the doors were first thrown open and the crush took place, the German Prince had got his head so jammed against a pillar that if it had not been of a thickness truly enviable on such an occasion, it would have been squeezed as flat as a pancake. Immense was the injury done to white waistcoats, neck-ties, and other articles of apparel—feet were trodden into jellies—and one or two elderly gentlemen lost their wigs in the crowd. But despite these and other similar misadventures, the throng had kept pouring on until the whole house was filled, as above stated.

We do not intend to speak of the opera that was performed on the occasion, nor to notice the enchantments of the singing or the music. Our object is to introduce to the reader the cynosure of the evening's attraction—the inimitable and charming Angela Vivaldi. To say that she was beautiful were to say nothing: she was lovely almost beyond all power of description—fairer than the fairest image which painter ever drew, sculptor ever modelled, or poet ever dreamt. Her age was about eighteen; and without exception she was the most ravishing embodiment of female charms that ever burst upon the delighted vision. When she appeared upon the stage, enthusiastic was the reception she experienced; and whatever cares, or torturing feelings, or malignant passions that might have before been agitating in even the unhappiest hearts and most racked of souls, were temporarily forgotten now, in the contemplation of that divine creature.

Her countenance was of the most illuminating beauty. The high-arched brows—the straight chiselled nose—the small ripe mouth—the rounded chin—and the oval outline of the face, were all of classic faultlessness. Her eyes, large and dark, were full of fire, and yet had nothing bold in their expression: but bright as her glances were, there was still a sweetness in them that bespoke a purity and an innocence of soul,—so that her looks warmed the feelings without inflaming them. Her shining dark hair clustered about her well-shaped head, and shone with a natural glory of its own brighter than the blaze of light which flooded the whole scene. Her complexion was dazzlingly pure and transparent; and the mantling colour upon her cheeks derived not its carnation hue from the effect of art, but was the rich vermeil bloom shed there by nature's own hand. The swan-like neck sloped off to shoulders just rounded sufficiently for plumpness, and expanded into a bosom full enough for feminine beauty, without marring the statuesque perfection of the entire bust. She was tall, and though slender, not thin:

nor while replete with bayadere elasticity and willowy litheness, her figure still seemed filled out to all its just proportions. Thus aerial grace was blended with a sculptural richness of contours: sylphid elegance was united with a rounded fulness of charms. Had she been bred in some far-off western forest, like a fawn, she could not have been of more unconscious elasticity of carriage, nor of more unstudied gracefulness of mien. Upright as a dart, the suppleness of her form and elegant freedom of her gait would have shown her at once, though robed in flowing drapery, to be a creature of perfect make. But now her short raiment, reaching only to her knees, revealed the sweeping length, the straightness, and the beautiful symmetry of the limbs. Nature had given her an instep finely arched; and this, united to an exquisite foot and a delicate ankle, completed that air of high-bred gracefulness which may be observed in the figure of a woman as well as in an Arabian courser.

But all that we have as yet said of Angela Vivaldi can convey to the mind of the reader but a faint idea of her ravishing charms. Let us behold her now, as she moves in the bewitching dance. Here again the power of language altogether fails us, either to depict the winning graces of her style, the beauty of her attitudes, or the sylph-like delicacy of her movements. It was the poetry of motion expressed and personified in a being of beauty to embellish it and of soul to comprehend it. Now, as her shining dark hair clustered over her high and polished brow, she shook it away with the sweetest and most innocently coquettish toss of the head imaginable: then, as she appeared to warm alike to the excitement of the dance, the influence of the music, and the rapturous applause which incessantly burst forth from the crowded house, a beaming smile appeared upon her budding lips, suggesting the idea of a young love cradled in a just opening rose. And looked she not the Queen of Love herself, come down upon that earth which she scarcely seemed to press with her aerial feet?—treading indeed so lightly that, still likening her to Venus, she seemed to stand on the froth of a fresh-broken wave. The spectacle was delicious. Every muscle and limb of the enchanting creature appeared to be in harmonious motion. Blooming with youth and shining with divinity, she resembled the Medicean statue wakened by the Pygmalion-inspiration of love into the full glow of voluptuous yet ethereal existence. To gaze upon her, invested as she was with the most ravishing charms—to behold her starry eyes sparkling more bright than the diamonds on any high-born maiden's brow—to mark the graceful curves and dreamy waving of her arms—to follow the easy undulations of her sylphid shape, the gentle bendings of her head and neck, the movements of her graceful limbs, and the play of her exquisite feet,—it would seem as if all the Goddesses and Graces had sent their brightest charms and most ravishing fascinations to concentrate all their power in that one being who thus moved in loveliness and glory before thousands of enraptured eyes!

Amongst that almost countless throng of spectators, many and varied were the feelings with which the beautiful *danseuse* was contemplated. There was however one prevailing sentiment of ravished admiration on the part of all—and likewise one universal feeling as to the beauty of Angela Vivaldi. An angel in name—she seemed an angel in form likewise,—a truth which not even envy or jealousy dared hesitate to acknowledge! But apart from those common feelings of admiration for the exquisite dancer's art and of the woman's perfect beauty, there were individual sentiments which in a few instances we must pause to define. Lord Harold Staunton, for example, was more perfectly smitten on the present occasion with Angela Vivaldi's personal charms than he was on the first night of her appearance; and he regretted having encouraged his friend Saxondale to think of winning her for himself. As for this young nobleman—the conceited and unprincipled Edmund—he had not even the good taste to conceal in the presence of Florina the ardent passion with which the lovely dancer inspired him. Elsewhere, in another box, was some old Marquis, rolling in riches, but with one foot in the grave, who was revolving in his mind whether it should be fifty or a hundred thousand pounds that the very next morning he would send to offer this Signora Vivaldi as a proof of his admiration, a symbol of his hope, and an earnest of his liberality; while in an adjacent box was a middle-aged Duke, likewise settling plans to win the favour of the charming Angela. Farther on still, was another of England's titled peers—a widower and immensely rich—who had already made up his mind to offer his hand in marriage to Signora Vivaldi, and thus, as he flattered himself, with one bold stroke carry off the prize in the presence of all competitors. Even the German Prince had his cogitations upon a similar subject, and whispered to his head cook—or rather Lord Chamberlain—that he had serious intentions of taking the *danseuse* as his morganatic spouse.

But there was one individual present who seemed animated with far different feelings from all that we have yet described, as he gazed upon Angela Vivaldi. This individual was William Deveril. It was not with the devouring eagerness of passion—nor with the wonder of admiration—nor with the hope of conquest—nor with aught akin to an impure feeling, that he followed the bewitching girl in all her sylphid movements: but it was with a beaming satisfaction upon his countenance, as if he experienced the purest and kindest sympathy in those feelings of triumph which glowed in her own bosom. There was still one other person in the house that night, who seemed to take no ordinary interest in the performance and success of Angela Vivaldi—and this was Mr. Gunthorpe. Like Deveril however, the old gentleman surveyed not her beauties with gloating looks—nor did he devour her charms through the medium of an opera-glass: but seated at some distance from the stage, and in the humblest part of the house, he contemplated her with a sort of benevolent satisfaction, as if it did his heart good to witness the triumph of a young creature whose virtue was reported to be as pure as her beauty was ravishing.

At length the performance was over, and Angela Vivaldi received the floral crowns which aristocratic hands threw upon the stage. Handkerchiefs waved—the house rang again and again with plaudits—the enthusiasm was immense. When she retired, it seemed as if the source of all the lustre which flooded the vast building had disappeared from the view, although that dazzling light itself still remained. Then, as the throng began to pour forth

room the house, several of those hoary profligates and titled aspirants who had conceived designs relative to Angela Vivaldi, endeavoured to avail themselves of the license, previously enjoyed by them, of passing behind the scenes. But they experienced a peremptory refusal. In vain did they remonstrate: they were told that on the first night of the Signora's appearance, several persons had been thus admitted to that privileged region, but that their presence was distasteful to the fair *danseuse* and she had stipulated against a repetition of what she had regarded as an annoyance. One or two noblemen threatened and blustered: but the stage-authorities were inexorable, and the claimants for admission behind the scenes were compelled to retire in dudgeon and mortification.

Outside the theatre, however, the astute Alfred, Lord Harold Staunton's valet, was keeping watch. Handsomely dressed, and without appearing to have any particular object in view, he was smoking his cigar in the most finished style of indolent dandyism, so that no one could have fancied that he was any other than one of the rakish loungers who infest the Opera-colonnades from seven in the evening until past midnight. Pacing thus leisurely to and fro in the neighbourhood of the stage-door, he presently beheld some of the minor performers and ballet-girls issuing forth, either singly or in twos and threes, and looking very different indeed in their own habitual garb from what they were when bedecked in their stage-costumes. Anon, some underling rushed out to order a cab, into which one of the superior performers or better paid actresses stepped; and away the vehicle rolled. A few minutes passed, and then a private carriage being summoned to the stage-door, Grisi, the Queen of Song, was handed forth by some male companion, with whom she took her departure in the splendid equipage. Then several more street cabs were called into requisition by the dispersing *artistes:* another private carriage or two likewise drew up, received their well-paid owners, and dashed away again.

All this time Alfred was lounging about with as much seeming listlessness as heretofore, but in reality keeping a keen watch upon every female who issued from the stage-door, in the expectation of recognizing the charming countenance of Signora Vivaldi. But when a long interval had elapsed and she did not make her appearance, he began to think she must have taken her departure by some other means of egress from the theatre. Still however he resolved to watch the stage-door until it closed; and presently a neat little equipage was summoned from the adjacent street leading out of the Haymarket, by the theatrical underling before alluded to. This equipage consisted of a light and unpretending carriage of the kind which has taken its name from Lord Brougham; it was drawn by one horse, and was driven by a coachman neatly dressed in plain clothes. The stage underling opened the door of this vehicle; and in a few minutes a lady passed rapidly out of the theatre, with an ample cloak flung negligently over her shoulders. She had on a simple straw bonnet, and a veil was drawn over her countenance. She was attended by a middle-aged gentleman, whom Alfred knew to be connected with the management of the Opera, and who was now exhibiting a most respectful attention towards this lady. The valet could not obtain a satisfactory view of her countenance through the dark veil; but from the partial glimpse which he did gain, he felt assured that she was none other than the one for whom he was watching. Besides, her height—the graceful ease and elegant dignity of her walk—and her entire appearance, so far as he could judge of it muffled up as she was, left no doubt in his mind that the fair one was Signora Vivaldi.

The gentleman who had escorted her to her carriage, assisted her to enter—closed the door himself—paused for a minute to say a few words to her at the window—then shook hands with her, and stopped for an instant on the curb-stone of the colonnade to gaze after the little equipage as it drove rapidly off. Alfred hastened up to a street cab, leapt on the box by the side of the driver and bade him follow the vehicle which had just rolled away from the stage-entrance.

The neat little equipage, followed by the cab passed up the Haymarket—then threaded the Quadrant—proceeded up Regent Street—continued its way along Portland Place—and entered the Regent's Park. Alfred thought to himself that the fair *danseuse* probably lived in this salubrious quarter of London: but he was deceived—for the little equipage still continued rolling on, turning out of the Regent's Park into Camden Town, across which it cut towards Brecknock Hill, which at that time, though now pretty nearly covered with buildings, had scarcely a house upon it. Up the ascent of the hill the brougham went at a good pace, the cab still following; and Alfred thought that if the pursuit were to last much longer, the coachman's suspicions could not fail to be excited. Indeed, it seemed as if something of this kind were already the case; for on reaching the brow of the hill he drove down the descent on the other side at a rattling pace, already beginning to distance the very inferior animal which was dragging the street-cab. The night however being very beautiful and clear, Alfred and the cabman had no difficulty in keeping in sight the equipage which they were pursuing, and which was now entering the district of Holloway.

"We must not lose it after all this trouble," said Alfred to the cabman. "Spare not the whip upon that miserable hack of your's! Your reward shall be in proportion to the success that I experience."

The cabman whipped his horse, and it regained some of its lost ground as the neat little equipage in front, crossing the broad road of Holloway, dashed into what was then a beautiful lane with a green hedge on each side, and which bore, as it indeed still bears, the name of the Seven Sisters' Road. Ultimately the equipage stopped at a little villa some distance up this road, and standing in a somewhat lonely situation. Alfred made the cabman drive past, so as to create the impression that his destination lay farther on; and he beheld the lady emerge from the brougham and enter the villa. Having caused the cabman to drive on as far as he thought it necessary for the sake of appearances, the valet bade him turn back; and at a late hour, or rather an early one in the morning, he reached his master's lodgings in Jermyn Street.

Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale were sitting up, drinking punch and smoking cigars, in expectation of the valet's return; and the moment

Alfred made his appearance in the room, they saw by his countenance that he had been successful. He at once gave the two young noblemen an account of his proceedings; and they applauded the perseverance and skill which he had exhibited in tracing the fair one to her suburban abode.

"But now, my dear Harold," said Lord Saxondale, when the valet had retired, "we have not yet settled who is to avail himself of the information just obtained. You say that you are considerably smitten with the Signora, and that her brilliant appearance this night has made a much deeper impression on you than it did on the first occasion. On the other hand I am equally mad in love with her——no disparagement to Florina——for you know, of course, that when I say *love*, it is a very different sort of thing from what one feels for the young lady one is going to marry."

"Well, well, you need not sermonise upon it, Edmund," said Lord Harold. "We don't want to be rivals in this business; and our pretensions are equally great: that is to say, it is nothing but pretension altogether on either side. So the fairest thing will be to toss up who is to avail himself of the information Alfred has brought us."

"By all means!" cried Lord Saxondale, delighted with the course proposed, which he thought had something manly and of a sportsman-like character about it: then taking a sovereign from his waistcoat-pocket, he tossed it up in the air, crying, "Heads or tails?"

"Heads!" exclaimed Lord Harold.

"'Tis tails!" actually shrieked forth Saxondale, with childish delight.

"It is for you, then," rejoined Lord Harold, with a slight accent of pique and vexation, "to do the best you can in this matter:"—but instantly recovering his good-humour, he refilled his glass and said, "Here's success to your love-suit with Signora Vivaldi!"

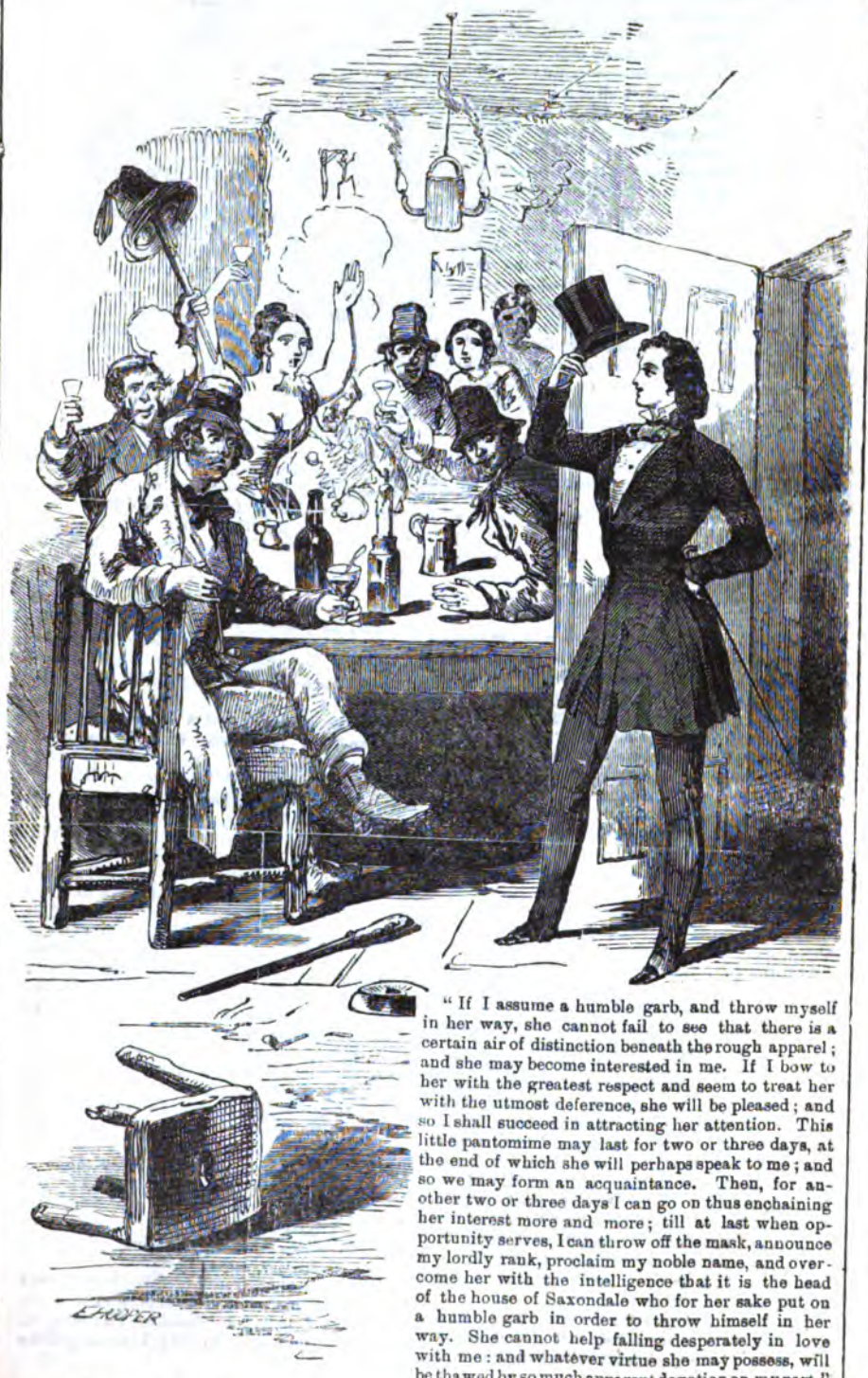
CHAPTER X.

THE COTTAGE.

THE next day Lord Saxondale did not go near his friend Lord Harold Staunton: but he sent a brief note of excuse, stating that he meant to devote himself to the new enterprise which he had in hand. Having taken his breakfast in his own room, so as to avoid encountering his mother, with whom he did not wish at the present time to have any fresh "scene," he remained secluded there all the morning to deliberate upon the course he should adopt in order to obtain admission to the presence of the fair Angela Vivaldi. From what he had heard concerning her, he saw that it would be useless to write her a note beseeching her to grant him an interview: for during the week which had elapsed since he first discussed the subject with Lord Harold, he had learnt from several quarters sufficient to convince him that it was not by any of the usual means of gallantry that the beautiful *danseuse* was to be won. It may be remembered that he had originally thought of addressing a note to Angela Vivaldi at the Opera itself; but Harold had assured him then, that if he did so his missive would only be treated with contempt. He had since ascertained that such had been the fate experienced by several other aspirants in the same quarter, and who had adopted those vulgar means of imparting their hope and their proposals to the object of their passion. Saxondale therefore saw that some other plan must be chalked out, and that the whole affair must be managed with the utmost delicacy and caution.

But how was it that after all the reports he had heard relative to Angela's virtue, he could possibly be vain and arrogant enough to expect that he himself was the fortunate being whose aspirations were to be crowned with success? It was for the very reason of his being thus vain and arrogant, that he entertained such a hope. Conceited to a degree, he had the highest opinion of himself, and would not believe the truth which the mirror told him, that he was very far from good-looking. On the contrary, he flattered himself that he possessed every qualification for becoming a perfect lady-killer—that wherever he chose to smile, hearts must be won—and that it was impossible for any female to resist his powers of fascination. In addition to the high opinion which he entertained relative to himself, he had a very mean one of feminine virtue in general; and we have already seen that in his first conversation with Lord Harold respecting Angela, he flippantly ignored the possibility of chastity in connexion with any female figuring upon the stage. From his earliest infancy, also, he had been so fawned upon, "my-lorded," toadied, and flattered that he really believed there was something talismanic in the name of Saxondale, and that the brilliancy of his rank, the immensity of the fortune which would soon be at his entire disposal, the splendour attached to his long line of ancestry, and his own personal qualifications, would prove altogether overpowering if he had but an opportunity of playing off the whole artillery of these attractions upon the young *danseuse*.

But what plan was he to pursue in order to obtain access to her? He had decided upon not writing to solicit an interview; and he reasoned that it would be equally useless to present himself at her suburban villa and send in his card with the hope of being admitted to her presence. He thought that in the first instance he had better *reconnoitre* her abode, and endeavour, if possible, to scrape acquaintance with her lady's-maid, or any one of her domestics who might furnish him with hints for prosecuting his scheme: he might also ascertain if she walked out at all in the neighbourhood during the day; and if she did go out alone for a ramble, he might trust to the chapter of accidents to furnish means for an introduction to her. But then, on the other hand, he reasoned that if a well-dressed, elegant, and aristocratic-looking young gentleman (as he flattered himself to be) were seen lounging and loitering about the fair one's villa, her suspicions would be excited, she would be placed upon her guard, and his projects might be defeated. How then was he to proceed? Suddenly an idea struck him. What if he were to disguise himself in a far humbler apparel than he was wont to wear, and thus pursue his inquiries and researches in the neighbourhood of her abode? The thought delighted him: there was something in the adventure which tickled his fancy; and he fell into a train of reflections perfectly consistent with his miserable narrow-mindedness, frivolity, and self-conceit.



"If I assume a humble garb, and throw myself in her way, she cannot fail to see that there is a certain air of distinction beneath the rough apparel; and she may become interested in me. If I bow to her with the greatest respect and seem to treat her with the utmost deference, she will be pleased; and so I shall succeed in attracting her attention. This little pantomime may last for two or three days, at the end of which she will perhaps speak to me; and so we may form an acquaintance. Then, for another two or three days I can go on thus enchaining her interest more and more; till at last when opportunity serves, I can throw off the mask, announce my lordly rank, proclaim my noble name, and overcome her with the intelligence that it is the head of the house of Saxondale who for her sake put on a humble garb in order to throw himself in her way. She cannot help falling desperately in love with me: and whatever virtue she may possess, will be thawed by so much apparent devotion on my part."

Mightily pleased with the scheme he had thus resolved upon, and the dramatic results to which he had made up his mind it was to lead, Edmund lost no time in putting his most sapient project into execution. It was rather late in the afternoon when he had finally digested all his plan of proceedings; and being Sunday, he did not exactly know where to obtain such a dress as he required. But it struck him that there would be no harm in proceeding at once in his wonted apparel to the neighbourhood of the villa, in order to *reconnoitre* it from a distance. He need not approach near enough to the windows to be noticed in such a way as to endanger future recognition; and at the same time something might be gained and the first step taken by ascertaining the exact whereabouts of the beautiful creature's abode. He accordingly sallied forth; and not choosing to afford any of the domestics the slightest clue as to his proceedings, he did not order either horse or carriage to be prepared for his use on the occasion. Taking a cab from the nearest stand—in spite of his denunciation of street-vehicles in the presence of Mr. Gunthorpe—Lord Saxondale directed himself to be driven to the Seven Sisters' Road; and in about three-quarters of an hour he was set down at the place of destination.

Dismissing the cabman, he walked up the road till he came within sight of the villa which Lord Harold Staunton's valet had described. It was a pretty little cottage-residence, very recently built, and standing about thirty yards back from the road, the intermediate space being occupied by a flower-garden. It had also a garden in the rear of larger extent; and had coach-house and stables attached to the building itself. Several branching evergreens, tastefully arranged, formed a just sufficient screen to prevent passers-by from being able to peer into the ground-floor rooms; and altogether it was a picturesque little dwelling, isolated enough to be quite in the country, and yet not too far from the houses in the Hornsey Road to be altogether lonely.

Having made these observations from a short distance, Lord Saxondale struck into the adjacent fields, so as to ascend a gentle eminence—the same on which *Hornsey Wood Tavern* is situated—and whence he might contemplate at his ease the abode of his charmer. But as he was proceeding thither, he observed a cottage at a little distance, and it occurred to him that he would proceed thither to make some few inquiries relative to the Signora,—such as how long she had lived at the villa, how many servants she kept, and such other matters as he was interested in knowing.

The cottage stood completely away from all the other habitations thinly scattered about in that neighbourhood. It was old, dilapidated, and poverty-stricken,—standing in the midst of a little garden showing but small signs of culture, and surrounded by a low fence broken in many places. On reaching the door, Edmund knocked; and ere the summons was answered he observed that the dingy blind was partly drawn back from the little window, and some one looked through the dirty panes for an instant. But almost immediately afterwards the door was opened by a woman of not very prepossessing appearance.

She was of middle stature, and seemed about forty-five years of age. Her hair had evidently once been of jetty blackness; but it was now turning with grey. Her features were strongly masculine in their outline, harsh and coarse; her dark eyes shone with an exceeding brightness; and her brows, which were very thick, met above the nose. Her look was alike bold and repulsive; and the lines upon her countenance seemed rather to have been traced by strong passions than to be the wrinkling effects of time. Her apparel was of a humble and sordid description; she had a dirty white cap on her head; and her appearance altogether was negligent and slovenly.

On opening the door the woman said nothing but seemed to wait until the visitor should explain the object of his presence there; but she gazed upon him with mingled astonishment and curiosity, evidently wondering that so well-dressed a young gentleman should have called at her abode. Saxondale himself knew not exactly what to say; for previous to knocking at the door he had prepared in his mind no excuse for stopping at that wretched-looking place. However, being of an effrontery and a self-possession which with such individuals and in such cases often serve the purpose of ready wit, he said in as civil a tone as he could assume, but still with a patronizing kind of air, "My good woman, I have been rambling about here till I am tired; and with your permission will walk in and sit down a little."

"There is *Hornsey Wood Tavern* over yonder," she replied in a harsh voice; "not much more than half a mile distant, and there you can be accommodated better than you can here."

"But I am too tired to walk even that half mile," said the young nobleman. "Besides which, I see a lot of working-class folks all in their Sunday gear, wending their way in that direction, and I can't bear to mingle with such vulgarity."

"And yet you seek out a miserable-looking place like this?" the woman at once answered, fixing her dark eyes keenly upon Lord Saxondale; then as a thought seemed to strike her, inspired perhaps by something which she read upon his countenance, while thus scrutinizing him, she added, "But I suppose you have some object in view? and therefore you can walk in."

Thus speaking, she threw the door wide open, and stood aside for the young nobleman to enter the habitation. It consisted of two rooms on the ground-floor, divided by a little passage, and the same number of rooms above, which were reached by what might by courtesy be termed a flight of stairs but was in reality only a dilapidated ladder. The room into which the woman conducted her visitor, was furnished in the most wretched manner—a crazy table, three or four chairs the rush bottoms of which were broken in, and some few articles of crockery upon a shelf, constituting the principal features of that part of the dwelling. A glance into the other room as he entered, had shown Edmund a scanty bed upon the floor, and one or two chairs almost as useless as those in the room to which he was introduced. The woman appeared to be alone in the house—at least Lord Saxondale saw no other person in either of the two rooms on the ground-floor, nor did he hear any one moving overhead.

"You see the place into which you have invited yourself," said the woman: "but such as it is you are welcome to make it a convenience for resting in. For what other purpose you have sought the

cottage, you will perhaps explain at your leisure:"—and once more she fixed her eyes upon him with a scrutinizing look.

"What makes you think that I have some other purpose in view?" he asked, observing how she gazed at him.

"Because a young gentleman like you," she at once answered, "does not knock at such a place as this without a motive. If you did not choose to mingle with the working-class people that you seem to despise so much, you would have lain down on the dry grass to rest yourself——"

"I see that you are a very shrewd woman indeed," interrupted Edmund, laughing: "and perhaps if I confess that I *had* an object in knocking at your old tumble-down hut, you will not mind giving me the information I want—especially as here is something to oil your tongue for you."

As he thus spoke, he drew forth a well-filled purse, the contents being a portion of the proceeds of Mr. Gunthorpe's cheque; and taking out a sovereign, with true aristocratic indifference in respect to the value of the money, he tossed it into the lap of the woman who had seated herself at a little distance from him.

"Now then, tell me what you want," she said, taking up the coin coldly and leisurely, as if it were by no means so great a godsend as from the poverty of the place one might have suppposed it to be.

"That pretty little villa which you see yonder, about three quarters of a mile across the fields—who lives there?" asked Saxondale.

"I do not know her name. It is a young lady——"

"Very beautiful, is she not?"

"Very. I have seen her once or twice, and she struck me as being very beautiful."

"But do you not know who or what she is?" asked Edmund.

"No: I have never had the curiosity to make any inquiries," replied the woman.

"Have you not lived long here? or perhaps I should rather ask whether she has not lived long at that villa?"

"I can answer both questions. In the first place, I have lived here for many years: and in the second place the young lady at Evergreen Villa has only lived there a few weeks—perhaps not more than a month."

"Ah! then it is not surprising you should know nothing about her," observed Edmund. "I think I will go and make inquiries elsewhere:"—and he rose from his seat as he spoke.

"Stop!" said the woman; "you may not be more fortunate in learning elsewhere the particulars you have sought here; but if you like, and are not in a very great hurry for a day or so, I will ascertain everything you want to know. And besides," she added, with another meaning look, "perhaps I may assist you in the design you have in contemplation."

"What design?" demanded Saxondale, sharply, afraid of trusting the woman too far or suffering her to penetrate his views too deeply.

"You must not think I am a fool," she replied, a momentary expression of contempt flitting over her harsh features. "For what earthly reason can a young gentleman like you come making inquiries about a beautiful girl, unless it is that you have an ulterior object in view? In the same way that I saw it was only pretence that made you say you were tired when you knocked at my door, so can I read the motive of your questions relative to the girl at Evergreen Villa."

"Well, at all events there is a bluntness and frankness about you that I like," observed Edmund, who began to think that so shrewd, penetrating, and cunning a woman as this evidently was, might be made a most valuable instrument in the furtherance of his design. "To speak with equal candour, then, I must admit that I do feel a very great interest in the beautiful girl of whom we are talking: and if you will consent to serve me——"

"I have already said that I will," interrupted the woman. "Come now, do not beat about the bush—tell me what you want. I see that you have gold with which you can repay my services; and it's very sure the young lady at Evergreen Villa will not come and bribe me to act against you."

"In the first place," rejoined Saxondale, "you must find out how many servants she keeps—whether she has a maid who, like most of her class, will accept a bribe and enter into my interests——"

"That is a point which may be almost reckoned upon with the fullest confidence," observed the woman. "But go on. What other inquiries am I to make?"

"Whether the fair one goes out for a walk by herself at all—and if so, which direction she usually takes—what her habits are—whether she sees any company or lives retired——"

"In fact, you want to know everything about her," again interrupted the woman, "and to glean all such circumstances as may suggest the plans that you are to adopt. All this I understand at a glance."

"Then I am very certain that I could not have alighted upon a more able assistant," remarked Saxondale. "But I have not altogether explained myself. The truth is, I wish to throw a little spice of romance into this proceeding: for I have the outline of my plan all cut and dried—but as a matter of course the substance of it must be filled up according as circumstances may suggest."

"Now then for the romance part of it?" said the woman interrogatively: and again that transiently contemptuous expression deepened for a moment the lines of her harsh countenance. "Romance is pleasant enough for a fine young gentleman of your age, and perhaps for a sweet young girl such as she is at yon villa; but I question whether my matter-of-fact assistance will not in the long run prove more useful to your aims than all your romance. However, go on."

"What I require is a sort of disguise," answered Saxondale—"the rude dress of a mechanic—not too greasy or dirty, lest it should make me sick——"

"You want gentility in the workman's garb?" interrupted the woman. "Well, if you leave it to me I will procure you that dress to-morrow. I observe your height—you are not very tall—but you are nicely made."

"Yes—I flatter myself," observed Saxondale, caressing his beardless chin, "that I am not altogether amiss."

"On the contrary," said the woman, whose eagle eyes penetrated the frivolous weak-minded young nobleman's wretched conceit and vanity at a single glance, "you are in every respect a

most fit and suitable admirer for such a charming creature as the occupant of Evergreen Villa."

"But you must understand it is not marriage that I mean."

"You need not tell me that. A man who means marriage does not go beating about the bush in such a style as this. You long to possess that girl; and I do not hesitate to declare that you shall succeed."

"Ah! you promise me that?" exclaimed Saxondale, rejoiced at the tone of confidence and the air of assurance with which the woman spoke. "But really, when I look at you, I do recognize a certain superiority about you underneath that poverty-stricken garb——"

"Yes: the superiority of intellect," at once replied the woman: and for a moment she drew herself up haughtily. "I was not always what I now seem. But no matter—we will not touch upon that point. Relative to your own affair, I promise that your aspirations shall be gratified shortly; and in the meantime I will not let the grass grow under my feet. This very evening will I institute the inquiries you have suggested, and such others as I deem it necessary to make; and to-morrow I will procure the mechanic's dress. You shall have everything complete."

"And do you think," asked Saxondale, "that if I took it into my head to stay a week or ten days altogether in this neighbourhood, I could obtain a decent lodging near, so that I might be close at hand to avail myself at any moment of whatsoever circumstances might transpire?"

"I suppose," said the woman, "that if you mean to throw your spice of romance into this love-affair, you could content yourself with rough accommodations for a little while? Because, if so, I could make up a bed here——Ah! you need not turn up your nose so hastily. When I go into town to-morrow to procure your mechanic's dress, I can get you clean sheets and blankets at the same time, and a new mattress too into the bargain."

"Well, I don't know but what it would be advisable to make preparations for a shake-down upon the floor: and you could get me some refreshments from the tavern yonder. All this will be amusing enough; and when the charming creature comes to know what I have done for her sake——"

"She will of course view you with an interest all the greater," rejoined the woman.

"Then be the arrangements as you suggest," said Lord Saxondale. "Here is the wherewith to increase the comforts of your place and procure the things that I require. It is also an earnest of what my liberality may be, if through your assistance I succeed in the accomplishment of my aims."

Thus speaking, Edmund again drew forth the well-filled purse and tossed ten sovereigns upon the table. The woman did not utter a word of acknowledgement, but deliberately gathered up the coins and dropped them into her pocket. She then asked her visitor at what hour he would return on the morrow.

"When do you think that you will have anything of consequence to tell me?" he asked. "Mind, I am very impatient in this matter; and the sooner it is put in train the better."

"I have already promised that the grass shall not grow under my feet," replied the woman. "If you come up to-morrow evening after dusk, I may perhaps have tidings of a more satisfactory nature to communicate than you are likely to dream of. At all events I will do my best."

"Then I will be here after dusk," rejoined Saxondale, perfectly delighted at the tone of confidence in which the woman spoke and the business-like way in which she treated the whole affair.

He then took his departure, congratulating himself upon having been led by accident to that cottage, where he had found so valuable an agent to assist him in his designs. On retracing his steps towards Holloway, he kept at a prudent distance from Evergreen Villa; and taking the first cab he could find, sped homeward.

CHAPTER XI.

AGAR TOWN.

Every one at all acquainted with London knows King's Cross, where until very lately stood the Fever Hospital, behind which was the quarter we are about to describe. But ere entering upon this description, we must observe that the Fever Hospital has been pulled down, and at this present time the principal station of the Great Northern Railway is being built upon the spot. The railway itself, running through the district which is about to occupy our attention, has necessarily led to some innovatory improvements therein: but many of the worst features of that densely populated neighbourhood still exist just as they were in the year 1844, the date of this portion of our tale. At that time Agar Town might be described as a sort of peculiar colony or independent settlement, cut off as it were from the adjacent quarters.

Turning out of the King's Road close by St. Pancras Workhouse, the explorer of that region ascends a narrow rising pathway—passes by a row of wretched little huts, with little pieces of garden, the borders of which are edged with large stones—and continuing his way, is speedily in the midst of a maze of streets and alleys constituting Agar Town. A canal intersects the district: some of the houses overhang the towing-paths, and the little back-yards of others are walled or fenced off on the brink of the cutting through which the stream flows. From the appearance of the place it would seem as if no such things as paving-rates were known there; or if they be, it is a downright robbery to levy them in a quarter where not a bit of pavement is to be seen. Yet the unpaved thoroughfares cannot even be described as roads: for so far from being kept in order, it does not seem as if the slightest trouble had ever been taken to level them. In dry weather it is one succession of little hillocks and holes; so that no vehicle, whether the lightest carriage or the heaviest waggon, could possibly pass along without being jolted to pieces. The impression at once made upon the mind is that of a number of the most wretched huts and hovels built upon a ploughed field, where all the heaps of earth thrown out from the shallow foundations had been left to find a level for themselves as best they could. In very rainy weather these thoroughfares are knee-deep in mud; and then the impression is that of an assemblage of habi-

tations built in the midst of a perfect swamp of mud. Such is Agar Town even to the present day, —the little improvements above alluded to as arising from the formation of the railway, being confined to the springing up of a few cottages of a better description than the old ones, but which being dotted about here and there, only serve to throw the squalor and wretchedness of the surrrounding dwellings into a bolder and more sickening relief.

From all that has just been said, the reader will be able to comprehend that eight years ago, before the formation of the railway in that district, Agar Town must have been one of the lowest, most miserable, and likewise most dangerous regions within the circumference of London. It was indeed the refuge of pauperism—the hiding-place of crime—the abode of wretchedness and squalor—and therefore one of the most prolific hotbeds of demoralization, disease, vice, and profligacy that could be found in the metropolis. Containing but very few shops, and those such as are only to be seen in the poorest neighbourhoods, Agar Town chiefly consisted of lodging-houses, where the avarice of landlords or the poverty of the tenants led to the grouping together of as great a number of occupants as could possibly be squeezed into the smallest imaginable compass. Throughout the whole region the size of the rooms averages about ten or twelve feet square; and at the time of which we are writing, four or five beds, to be occupied by as many different families, were crowded into each room. These beds, consisting only of a wretched flock mattress and a blanket black with grime, were necessarily so close to each other as almost to touch. Thus it might be said that the whole flooring of each room was covered over with bedding as straw is littered down in a stable; and there did several separate families, comprising persons of both sexes and all ages, huddle together beyond the possibility of any regard for modesty or decency. The same horrible system prevails to a great extent in Agar Town at the present day: but at the time of which we are writing, ere the presence of railway workmen introduced some little civilizing improvements into the place, that herding together of whole families was carried to a frightful extent.

In the year 1844 Agar Town was like a morass where the noxious weeds and poisonous plants had attained to the fulness of their rank growth. It was then swarming with human reptiles—the scum, the outcasts, and the rejected of all society. It was under no parochial care, and appeared to be beyond the reach of any civilizing influences. We do no not believe that even the Sunday-morning distributors of tracts, who generally poke their noses everywhere, ventured within the precincts of Agar Town: certainly the parson of no adjacent church ever thought it worth his while to visit the inhabitants of that strange colony, which in every respect was an isolated spot of utter barbarism in the midst of the shining lights of London civilization. It was one of those cesspools into which the moral filth of this modern Babylon regularly and continuously flowed, but which no legislative prudence, nor parochial intervention, nor philanthropic care ever thought of emptying. Having no gas laid on, no street-lamps of any kind, and but very few shops to throw out even the feeble glimmerings of tallow-candles through their dingy panes, Agar Town in dark nights was enveloped in almost utter gloom; and as by the very nature of its few and narrow approaches from the surrounding thoroughfares it stood in the position of a sort of fastness, it necessarily afforded a most convenient asylum for any offender against the law to whom the police might be giving chase in that part of London at the time. Suppose, for example, a thief or other malefactor, disturbed in his depredations anywhere within a small distance of Agar Town,—if he could only manage to keep ahead of his pursuers until he dodged off into that maze of dark and dangerous defiles, he might at once relax his speed, take breath, and congratulate himself upon having reached a place that was as good as a sanctuary.

It must not however be thought that the police never made incursions into Agar Town, because such an impression would be erroneous. What we have meant to convey by the preceding remarks, is that from the peculiarity of its situation and the defile-nature of its approaches, it afforded advantages, or at all events chances of escape for fugitive offenders, which no other low neighbourhood of London could present. Amongst the various scenes of demoralization and depravity which characterized the place, were "penny gaffs,"—or in plain terms penny theatres; and occasionally the police got scent of the existence and the whereabouts of these cheap dramatic representations. Then, perhaps, just at the moment when an audience of the most dissolute and profligate description, including boys and girls of even a very tender age, were enjoying the dozen murders that formed the plot of some terrible tragedy, or devouring in rapt admiration the insane rantings of a banjo-looking *Othello* or a seedy *Hamlet*, the door would burst open, a posse of police rush in, and the whole assemblage of audience and actors be comfortably marched off to the nearest station, to undergo such penalties as the magisterial wisdom might choose to inflict next morning. But these were not the only occasions on which the myrmidons of the law would make an irruption into Agar Town. Now and then they received information that some of those chemical experimentalists termed "illicit distillers" were working a private still in a secluded nook of that isolated region,—for which commerce indeed the whole locality, with the convenience of the canal and barges thereon, was well adapted. Then, in the silence of the night, when the still was in full operation, the abrupt invasion of the police would startle the unlawful experimentalists aforesaid, the genuine product of their industry would be confiscated, and they themselves sent with all the usual circumstances of ignominy to vegetate for a period in prison. But these little variations in the monotony of Agar Town were not of such frequent occurrence as might be expected, considering the almost incessant violations of the law that were taking place in the ways thus specially described.

Such was Agar Town in the year 1844: such too it had been for a long time previous—but at that particular epoch it was in the very height of its ignominious glory and the full blow of its pestilential rankness. There, at the corner of one of the little streets,—if the rough unpaved thoroughfare, defined only by a couple of rows of squalid-looking habitations, could be denominated a street at all,—stood a public-house bearing the sign of the *Billy Goat*,—the same where Ralph Farefield

nineteen years back had been wont to meet Chiffin the Cannibal and his desperate associates. This public-house was altogether of a character such as might be expected in such a region: it was in fact a boozing-ken of the lowest description, where the liquor was as poisonous as the morals of the company that frequented it. It was kept by an old couple called Patch,—the landlord's christian name being Solomon, although it was not clear that he belonged to the Jewish race. These people had thriven and even grown rich in that place, not altogether by the sale of adulterated liquors, but by acting as recipients for the stolen goods brought thither by some of their principal customers. They likewise lent money at usurious interest; and indeed it was proverbial that there was scarcely any means which Solomon Patch would hesitate to adopt in order to increase his gains.

We are now about to introduce our readers into the tap-room of the *Billy Goat*, on the evening of that same Sunday on which Lord Saxondale pursued his inquiries in the neighbourhood of Evergreen Villa, as described in the last chapter. It was about ten o'clock—the shutters were closed—a couple of candles stood upon the table in the tap-room, and the flame of their unsnuffed wicks seemed to burn dimly, like marsh-lights in a mist, through the haze of tobacco-smoke that filled the place. Seven or eight men were seated round the table, with long pipes in their mouths, and with pewter-pots or glasses in front of them. Three or four women were likewise present: and though the company was not very large, yet the noise they made was very great. They seemed all talking at once—some relating anecdotes, others disputing upon mooted points, and others indulging in boisterous shouts of laughter. The characters of all were written upon their countenances. If any one of this motley group had been placed in the dock of the Old Bailey, charged with an offence, no evidence as to respectability of character—even though all the bankers of Lombard Street could, for supposition's sake, be brought forward to give such testimony—would have outweighed with the jury the still more positive evidence of the individual's sinister looks.

At the head of the table sat Chiffin the Cannibal, who by acclamation had been voted into the chair to preside at the orgie. Though nineteen years had fled since we first introduced him to our readers, yet the lapse of time had effected no very striking change in his outward appearance, unless it were to stamp his features still more indelibly than in his younger days with the impress of ferocity and crime. Indeed, it were impossible to conceive a more finished air of ruffianism, or a more consummate aspect of cold-blooded brutality, than this dreadful man presented to the view. His dress was of the same character as that which he was wont to wear when we first spoke of him—namely, a rough shaggy coat, a battered white hat with a rusty black crape twisted round it, corduroy trousers all greasy and stained, dirty stockings, and great clumsy shoes. His inseparable companion, a stout bludgeon, lay before him on the table; and in the depths of his capacious pockets were a couple of pistols, which he constantly kept loaded. Of all the company present—good heaven! such a company as it was—he alone abstained from much talking or uproarious noise,—his habit being rather of that sullen reserve which usually belongs to the cruel and cold-blooded disposition. At the same time, he by no means discountenanced the hideous mirth and horrible hilarity that were going on around; and from time to time he expressed his approval of some obscene anecdote or desperate exploit by a grim smile, which enhanced rather than relaxed the dark ruffianism of his features.

It was when the mirth and jollity were at their highest, that the trampling of a horse's hoofs suddenly approaching, and then stopping at the door of the public-house, reached the ears of the revellers in the tap-room; and one of the women exclaimed, "There's Lady Bess!"

"Oh! then she's sure to order us a bowl of punch," cried another of the females, clapping her hands joyfully. "Lady Bess always flashes her money about when she comes amongst us."

"Yes—*when* she does," growled Chiffin the Cannibal, in a deep bass voice that had something cavern-like and sepulchral in its tones; "but how often is it that she *does* come? She's a deuced sight too proud to suit me."

"Ah! but if she's proud she's so generous," at once rejoined the first female who had spoken.

Chiffin was about to make some farther observation, when the door opened and in walked a person who at first sight would have been taken for one of the male sex, but whom on a nearer survey it was not very difficult to discover to be a woman in man's apparel. For a female, she was of a commanding height, being at least five feet ten inches, and was remarkably though somewhat coarsely handsome. Her features were large but regular: her complexion was of a clear olive, and had the flush of excitement upon her cheeks. Her eyes were large, of the deepest black, and strangely bright: they had an exceeding boldness in their glance, and could look any one full in the face—not frankly, but with a hardihood and audacity altogether unbecoming her sex. Yet her look was not that of wanton impudence nor of lustful passion, because it was fixed just the same upon every one who came for the first time within its reach—whether male or female, handsome or ugly, old or young:—it was a look, in short, which seemed meant to penetrate whatever disguise the object of its scrutiny might wear or whatever thoughts were passing in the depths of the soul. It was a strange and overbearing look—not only scrutinizing, but also full of a bold defiance, and as much as to say that though the possessor of those large dark eyes was a woman in sex, yet that she was a man in daring and in dauntlessness.

Without being at all inclined to stoutness, her figure was largely and finely made—upright as the form of an amazon, without the slightest appearance of that gentle inclination or stoop of the shoulders which belongs to feminine grace, and with an elevated carriage of the head which completed her erect appearance. She was dressed in a handsome frock-coat, buttoned round the waist, but open at the bosom, so as to display the fine cambric shirt-front and the exquisite frill. This frill, by occupying as it were the interval between the swell of the bosoms, concealed their fullness and thus aided the general effects of the apparel in giving a masculine air to the female wearer. The edges of a figured silk waistcoat

were seen under the lappels of her coat: she wore a stand-up shirt collar, and had a shawl neckerchief tied with a care that Beau Brummel might have envied. She had on black pantaloons; and possessing a remarkable straightness and evident symmetry of limbs, that portion of her masculine garb became her admirably. Patent-leather boots, the brilliant gloss of which even now shone brightly through the dust that was upon them, set off her long narrow feet to great advantage; and the clinking spurs gave her a sort of semi-military appearance. Her hair which was of raven blackness, appeared when she took off her hat to be combed back from the high and open forehead, and though not worn very long, fell in rich and natural waves over her ears and to the lower edge of the collar of the coat, so that in fact it was not longer than the hair of many fashionable youths at the West End of London. She wore a pair of delicate buckskin gloves, and carried a handsome riding-whip in her hand.

We have already said that this woman's features, though exceedingly handsome, were largely chiselled and somewhat coarse. This was especially observed in the mouth, the lips being full, yet not with that sweet pouting expression which gives a charm to such fullness of lips in woman. Of a rich and moist red, they were not merely luscious but strongly sensual lips; yet when parted they revealed teeth faultlessly even and white as ivory. When first casting the eye upon her, and ere the delusion as to her sex was thoroughly cleared up, the absence of beard or whisker was not immediately noticed in consequence of the olive duskiness of her complexion, which gave her a masculine air: and then too that bold and hardy gaze which she invariably fixed upon any stranger the moment she encountered one, likewise tended to sustain the idea of the sex whose apparel she had assumed. Her age might be about twenty-five or twenty-six; but when considered in her male apparel, she at once struck the beholder as being a young man of one-and-twenty. When she spoke, it was in a voice that was strong without being coarse or harsh; it had all that flute-like power of tone which was also calculated to deceive the observer as to her real sex and sustain the delusion. Who or what she was will hereafter transpire in due course: but at present we can only introduce her to the reader as Lady Bess.

On entering the wretched tap-room an expression of disgust flitted across her features: but almost instantaneously throwing aside that look, she said with a careless smile and in an off-hand manner, "Well, you are all deep in your orgie. I suppose it began ere sunset and will last till at least sunrise?"

"Will you sit down and join us?" asked Chiffin the Cannibal.

"No—I have not time," responded Lady Bess, beating one of her legs negligently with the horsewhip as she surveyed the group through the haze of tobacco-smoke.

"You never have time," growled Chiffin in a surly manner.

"But I have had time, though, to do you a service," immediately rejoined Lady Bess: "and when you had just recovered from a long illness I gave you assistance in the hour of your need. I have never asked it back again—I have never wanted it—I would not take it even were it offered: but what I do look for, is civility in return."

"Lady Bess is right!" exclaimed several voices, all the females joining in without exception.

"Come, we will have no disputing," said the amazonian beauty: then opening the door, she cried out, "Solomon! Where is that scoundrel old Solomon?"

"Here I be, my lady," answered a fawning obsequious voice from behind the bar outside. "What's your ladyship's orders? Bill's holding your ladyship's horse——"

"A truce to so many ladyships," exclaimed the woman in male attire; "and bring in two crown bowls of punch: and then bid your old wife prepare such supper as her larder affords—and charge the whole to me."

"There! didn't I say her ladyship would come down handsome?" cried the female who had previously predicted the regale of punch that had just been ordered. "But wouldn't it be a greater treat still if Lady Bess would sit down and drink it with us?"

"To be sure! to be sure!" cried many voices.

"But while thanking you for the compliment," said Lady Bess, "I have already told you that I have no time. Now, who is there here that will do me a service?—I mean amongst the men—for it is a message that I wish to send."

Several of the male revellers volunteered; and Lady Bess sweeping her bright eyes over them, as if to select the one whom she most fancied for the purpose, said, "I choose you, Tony Wilkins."

The individual to whom she thus addressed herself, was a young man of not more than three or four-and-twenty, but whose looks fell very little short of those of any of his companions in their sinister expression and evil nature. He was clad in a squalid garb, and his appearance altogether was such that it seemed scarcely credible any person in his senses would have trusted him out of sight to get change for even half-a-crown. Yet it appeared that Lady Bess knew her man, and saw something in him which convinced her that he would faithfully execute her commission. This surmise on her part seemed fully corroborated by the zeal with which he had at first volunteered, and the evident pleasure with which he found himself the select object of her choice.

"Now, Tony," continued Lady Bess, drawing forth a small sealed packet from her pocket, "you must take this, and run as hard as you can down to King's Cross. There you will see a tall gentleman enveloped in a cloak, and with his hat slouched over his features. He will be lounging about near the statue. You must accost him, and say, '*The night is dark.*' He will answer, '*But it can be made brighter.*' If he gives you this reply you will at once thrust the little packet into his hand and speed off instantaneously. But should he not give that reply, you will know he is not the individual whom you seek; and you must look out for another answering the description I have given. However, as it is not likely on this warm summer night that any individual, unless for a particular purpose, would wrap himself up in a cloak, it is next to certain that the first whom you meet thus muffled, will be the one for whom the packet is destined. Having performed your commission, you can come back and enjoy your share of the supper I have ordered,

and here is a guinea to indemnify you for your loss of so much of the punch as will be disposed of in your absence."

Tony Wilkins promised to acquit himself faithfully of his errand; and taking the little parcel he secured in the pocket of the greasy coat that hung loose about his person. He then stuck a battered hat upon his head, and was about to hurry forth, when Lady Bess stopped him for a moment,—saying, "I do not question your honesty towards me, Tony, because I know that all of you here would do me a service if you could—yes, even Chiffin who growled at me just now:"—and as she spoke she bent her eyes with a perfect blaze of lustre upon the Cannibal, who evidently shrank from their overawing power. "But still I may as well hint, Tony," she continued, again turning round towards her messenger, "that there is nothing in the packet of any value to a soul save the individual into whose hands you are to give it; and therefore if the devil should tempt you, it will not be worth your while to sneak out of your way and open it in the expectation of finding money or bank-notes."

"I wouldn't do it—I wouldn't do it," answered Tony Wilkins, with an air of sincerity which for an instant rose dominant above the sinister expression of his countenance; and without another word he darted away.

The old landlord and his wife now made their appearance with the two steaming bowls of punch; and when they were placed upon the table, Lady Bess filled a wine-glass, saying, "I drink success to you all. Come, Chiffin, I am determined to put you into a good humour, and you shall pledge me in a glass."

"Well, I don't know how it is, but you make us all do just as you like, Lady Bess," said the Cannibal, half good-humouredly and half-sullenly. "You've got a power over us—I suppose it is because you are so superior to the general run of of us folks——"

"Never mind what is the reason," exclaimed the amazonian lady, laughing. "Drink your punch, Chiffin, and do try to look good-natured for once."

The Cannibal, as if obeying a sort of magical influence which he could not resist, did as he was ordered; and as he put down the emptied glass he smacked his lips, while a grim smile expanded completely over his hang-dog countenance, as he said, "I do really think that if I saw anybody trying to do you an injury, Lady Bess, I should give them six inches of my clasp-knife, even though I swung for it."

"Well, it may be useful to have such a champion as you, Chiffin," exclaimed the dashing lady, with a merry laugh which displayed her ivory teeth to the utmost advantage. "But now I must be off."

"Will you not wait," inquired one of the women, "to see if Tony comes back all right?"

"I know he will," replied Lady Bess. "He is one of the greatest scamps amongst you and therefore the best to be trusted. And now good night."

With these words she quitted the room—paused at the bar outside to pay for all she had ordered—and then issuing forth, mounted her steed which the pot-boy was holding. It was a splendid animal, of dark chesnut colour, with a proudly arching neck, and of Arabian fineness of limb. Lady Bess tossed the pot-boy half-a-crown, and then gently walked the noble animal, which she bestrode with the most perfect experience, over the rough uneven road till she emerged from Agar Town; and entering Maiden Lane, galloped away in the the direction of the country.

In about a quarter of an hour after her departure, Tony Wilkins returned to the tap-room of the *Billy Goat*; and to the inquiring look which his friends, both male and female, flung upon him, he answered, "It's all right. I met the gen'leman in the cloak: he give the watchwords—and so I gived him the packet."

"What sort of a looking feller was he?" asked one of the women.

"I'm blowed if I could see his face," replied Tony: "he took precious good care of that. But he was tall and dressed like a reg'lar gen'leman."

"Perhaps he's Lady Bess's lover?" suggested another of the women.

"Lover indeed!" growled Chiffin, contemptuously: "I don't think such a woman as Lady Bess knows what love is. She's altogether above common things——In short she's a strange creature, and I'm hanged if I can half understand her. Since first——"

The Cannibal's observations were here interrupted by the opening of the tap-room door, and the entrance of a woman who was at once welcomed by all present and saluted by the name of Madge Somers. She was between forty and fifty years of age, had very harsh features, and dark hair turning grey. She wore an old cloak, the hood of which was drawn partly over her head, but not so much as to conceal a dingy white cap with great frills very much tumbled, as if she were wont to sleep in it at night as well as wear it in the day-time.

"Well, Madge, what's brought you here just now?" asked Chiffin.

"To speak to you," was the response. "Something has turned up to-day that promises a harvest: so I want you to help me to reap it."

"Well, you sha'n't have to ask twice. But are we to talk it over now?"

"Yes—at once; because I want to be getting back homeward:"—and the woman, who had not sat down, beckoned Chiffin to follow her from the room.

He did so—and they ascended to a private apartment on the upper floor, where they remained together for half-an-hour in earnest conversation. At the end of this interview Madge Somers took her departure from the *Billy Goat*, while Chiffin the Cannibal rejoined his companions in the tap-room to partake of the supper for which Lady Bess had paid.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COTTAGE AGAIN.

It was about nine o'clock on the following evening, when Lord Saxondale, in pursuance of the appointment he had made with the woman at the cottage, knocked at the door of that lonesome habitation. His summons was at once answered by the woman herself; and he was admitted into the same sordid little room where he had held his conference with

her on the previous day. A single candle was burning upon the table, but so dimly that it made the place look so gloomy as at first to send a very unpleasant sensation thrilling through the entire form of the young nobleman.

"Well, what news?" he hastened to demand, fixing his eyes upon the woman.

"I told you that I should have some favourable intelligence to report," she at once answered. "But sit down and listen to me."

Saxondale had been drinking pretty freely, according to his wont, ere he quitted the dining-table to keep his present appointment; and his transient fears at finding himself in that gloomy-looking place, now vanished in a moment. He accordingly sat down, already inspired with hope and rekindling passion at the encouraging words which the woman had uttered.

"Last evening," she resumed, "I managed to get into conversation with the lady's-maid down at Evergreen Villa; and finding that she was naturally talkative, I began to draw her out. Without telling you everything that took place, or how I wormed myself into her confidence, I may at once proceed to state that I told her how an elegant and rich young gentleman was very desperately in love with her mistress. The lady's-maid grew deeply interested on hearing this: for she no doubt at once saw a rich harvest of bribes for herself. So we pretty soon began to understand each other. She told me that her mistress belongs to the Opera——"

"To be sure—I knew that already," exclaimed Saxondale. "But still I am glad to find the thing confirmed in this way, and that it is really she who does live there; so that there can be no mistake about it. But go on. What next did the maid tell you about her charming mistress?"

"In the first place, that she sees very little company," continued the woman,—"only a few friends connected with the Opera; that she regularly walks

out in the fields every morning when it is fine, immediately after breakfast—sometimes alone, but generally attended by her maid——"

"Ah! and at what o'clock is that?" demanded Saxondale impatiently.

"Between nine and ten o'clock," replied the woman; "quite in the cool of the morning."

"Capital!" ejaculated Edmund. "I will throw myself in the way of my fair one to-morrow. Have you got the disguise?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes—here it is," responded the woman, as she pointed to a large brown paper parcel. "The maid is already initiated with respect to your intentions, and she will not fail to draw the notice of her young mistress to you in your mechanic's dress. Oh! I warrant you she will know how to manage the thing cleverly enough, bidding her mistress observe what a genteel, elegant-looking young fellow it is for a working man——"

"Nothing can be better!" exclaimed Saxondale, rubbing his hands together joyfully with the anticipations of success. "I tell you what I think I shall do—I shall go up to the tavern, pass the night there, and come back here early in the morning to put on the artisan dress——"

"And stand the risk of being recognised by the people of the tavern," interrupted the woman, "so that it will get spread all over the place like wildfire, that there's a young gentleman going about sometimes in the clothing suitable to his station, and at others in a humble garb. Thus you will be watched, and dogged, and have all your motions pryed into—so that all hope of carrying out your romantic plan will be effectually destroyed."

"You are right, my worthy monitress," observed Edmund. "I must do nothing foolish to mar the plot."

"Besides," she immediately continued, "I had a room up-stairs all nicely cleaned out for you to-day and put into the best possible order. There's a comfortable bed that I bought—a washing-stand—and everything requisite, though in a humble way. It's true the bed is upon the floor, as there was no time to get a bedstead put up—and besides I did not like to make too many preparations for fear of attracting notice."

"Enough," my good woman!" exclaimed Saxondale. "I had forgotten at the moment our understanding of yesterday afternoon, that I was to have a shake-down bed here. At all events I can try it for one night."

"And then," added the woman, "if you feel yourself uncomfortable, you might take some little obscure lodging in the village, passing yourself off as a mechanic."

"To be sure!" cried Saxondale: "your advice is in all repects excellent. It shall be as you say: and now, as the night is remarkably fine, I will just take a stroll for half-an-hour, smoke a cigar in the fields, and then on my return go to bed. I suppose you have got such a thing as a drop of spirits in the house?—for wine is not to be thought of here."

"On the contrary," said the woman, "I have done my best to make you as comfortable as I can:"—then opening a cupboard and taking forth three bottles, she said, "I brought these with me in my basket from town to-day."

She likewise produced a corkscrew, some glasses (evidently *newly* purchased), and a jug of fresh water. Saxondale uncorked the bottles and tasted their contents one after another: then repudiating the wine, he mixed himself a tumbler of brandy-and-water. This he quickly imbibed, and then lighting his cigar, strolled forth from the cottage. For about three quarters of an hour he sauntered through the fields, enjoying the fragrance of his havannah in the calm freshness of the evening, and thinking over the brilliant conquest he felt certain of achieving. It was about half-past ten when he returned to the hut, where he was immediately admitted by the woman; and on being again conducted into her little room, he found the table spread with a clean napkin, and a little supper consisting of a cold fowl, a lobster, a new loaf, and some bottled porter, arranged upon the board. Everything looked perfectly clean, notwithstanding the sordid appearance of the place itself and the untidy aspect of the woman. The walk had given the young nobleman an appetite—the romantic adventure, as he considered it, had put him into good spirits—and so he sat down and did justice to the fare. Another tumbler of brandy-and-water exhilarated his spirits still more; and when he had thus concluded his repast, he felt every inclination to retire to rest, so that he might rise early in the morning and prepare for the "love campaign," as he called it.

"I do not know," said the woman, as she lighted another candle ere conducting him to the chamber up-stairs, "whether it is an oversight on your part, or whether you have purposely forborne from telling me who you are. If you desire to keep your name secret, of course I do not wish to know: it cannot be any business of mine. But if otherwise, and you have no reason for hiding your name, you may as well tell it to me."

"I have not the slightest objection," answered the young nobleman, "because I have every reason to believe that you are as discreet as you are astute. I am Lord Saxondale."

"I felt convinced you were a young gentleman of rank," said the woman; "and I told the lady's-maid so last night. And now excuse me for hinting that it will be as well to give the complaisant abigail a bribe as early as possible; and if you like, I can manage to see her the very first thing in the morning before she accompanies her mistress in her walk."

"Oh, to be sure!" exclaimed Saxondale. "By all means put the lady's-maid in a good humour:"—and as he thus spoke he drew forth his purse which had a quantity of gold in one end and several bank-notes in the other. "Here, give her this note," he continued, selecting one for ten pounds. "But, no—gold is better. The fair sex always prefer gold. So you shall present her with these ten sovereigns as an earnest of still more liberal rewards:"—and he tossed the money down upon the table.

"The maid shall have this before eight o'clock to-morrow morning," said the woman.

"I see that you will not let the grass grow under your feet," observed Saxondale, with a smile. "And now for this room where I am to sleep. But, by the bye, let us take up the garb in which I am to appear to-morrow."

"Your lordship would embellish even the most wretched rags," said the woman, knowing how to flatter him; "and therefore you cannot possibly look otherwise than well, even in this rough suit."

Thus speaking, she took the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other, and led the way up the ricketty ladder-like staircase to the storey above. There she introduced Lord Saxondale into a room the wretched appearance of which contrasted strangely with the splendidly furnished chamber to which he was accustomed at home. Still was it evident that all attempts had been made to render it as habitable as possible. A quantity of hay, having a very fragrant odour, had been thickly spread upon the floor; and on this the mattrass was placed. It was quite new, as were also the sheets and blankets. Nevertheless Lord Saxondale made a somewhat wry face as he inspected these accommodations; and he was about to remark that although they would do for one night, yet he could not put up with them for a longer period,—when it struck him that he had better not risk the chance of offending a woman who not only seemed to enter heart and soul into his projects, but who had likewise done the best she could to make him comfortable. Suppressing therefore any display of ill-humour, he allowed his features to brighten up, and even laughed as he exclaimed, "Only think of the descendants of a family dating its origin back to the time of the Tudors, plunging headlong into such an adventure as this!"

"The little hardships which you thus endure, my lord," replied the woman, "should be considered as adding to the romance of the whole adventure."

"True!" cried Saxondale: "that is at least a consolation. And now open the parcel and put out my rough garments in readiness for me to assume in the morning."

The woman accordingly placed the mechanic's garb upon a chair near the humble bed, and leaving the candle on the washing-stand, bade her guest "good night." As soon as she had left the room, Saxondale disapparelled himself and lay down to rest. Being much wearied, he did not find the bed altogether so uncomfortable as he had anticipated; and while in the midst of imagination's revels respecting the transcendant beauties of Angela Vivaldi, he soon sank off into a profound sleep.

It was about midnight when the woman, who had not yet retired to rest, put on her old ragged cloak, and drawing the hood over her head, stole very gently forth from the hut. Traversing the field, she looked about her as she neared the hedge that formed its boundary; and in a few moments, from the dark shade thereof the form of a man emerged into the clear starlight.

"Well, Madge, is it all right?" said Chiffin the Cannibal: for he the individual was.

"All right," she answered. "The young fellow is fast asleep. I stole up to the door of his room ten minutes back, and could hear by his measured respiration that he was in a deep slumber."

"And what about the booty?" demanded Chiffin. "Is the game worth all this trouble?"

"Shall you be content with a hundred pounds or so, for your share?" inquired the woman, as she recrossed the field, accompanied by the Cannibal, in the direction of the cottage.

"I believe you, old gal. But have you made sure?"

"I told you last night at the *Billy Goat*," responded Madge Somers, "that the jewellery he wears about his person is worth a good fifty pounds, even in the way that we shall have to sell it. Solomon Patch will give that sum: for to buy it in the shops it would cost three times as much. There's his watch and chain, diamond studs, and three beautiful rings on his fingers. Then his purse is well lined, I know; for I managed to make him pull it out, so that I might judge of its contents. There's a lot of gold in one end, and ever so many bank-notes in the other. I caught a glimpse of a fifty and a twenty; and there are others besides, the amount of which I could not catch at a glance."

"Well, this looks promising," remarked the Cannibal, grasping his club with a firmer gripe. "I've got all my tools about me," he added with a diabolic leer,—"pistols, clasp-knife, and so on. But what about the shovel to dig the grave?"

"I have not forgotten it," responded Madge: "it is there, at the hut. I procured it along with the other things in town this morning. And I'll tell you, moreover, what I have done——I have made his bed upon a thick layer of hay——"

"I understand," exclaimed Chiffin: "to save the floor from the blood when we draw a knife across his throat or stick a dagger into him—eh? Well, it's a good precaution: there's nothing so dangerous as blood-marks—for I've heard say they can't be washed out. But have you ascertained who the young spark is?"

"Suppose he is a lord—should you flinch?" asked the woman.

"Flinch!" repeated the Cannibal, with savage contempt: "why should I? What the deuce is a lord to me?"

"To be sure—what indeed?" said the woman. "Well then, this young blade is Lord Saxondale."

"Lord Saxondale!" exclaimed Chiffin in astonishment.

"Yes," answered the woman, struck by her companion's manner, which she was evidently at a loss to comprehend. "Do you know anything of him?—why did you seem so surprised at the mention of his name?"

"Only because I once had something to do in connexion with that there family," replied Chiffin. "But that was nineteen or twenty years ago and then my services was engaged by a chap named Farefield. However, all that's gone and done; and if there's money to be got here to-night, I don't care what the young fellow's name is."

By the time this colloquy was ended, Madge Somers and the Cannibal had reached the door of the cottage; and the woman gently lifting the latch, passed into the place, followed by her male companion. She then shut the door again with equal caution, while the Cannibal, who seemed perfectly familiar with the habitation, at once entered the ground-floor room, where the food, wine, and spirits still remained upon the table. The night air had sharpened his appetite; and without a moment's hesitation he sat down and began making a hearty meal, not forgetting to pay his respects to the brandy-bottle, wine being no favourite beverage with him. He did not take above ten minutes thus to satisfy his appetite, which the idea of the horrible crime he had come thither to perpetrate by no means marred, while the fiery alchohol added if possible to the ferocious ruffianism of his mood.

"Now," said the woman, who, without taking off her cloak, had seated herself and remained perfectly

silent while her companion was eating, "let us not lose another moment——for the body must be disposed of before morning," she added in a very low voice.

With these word she approached the cupboard and took forth a dagger, the point of which she tried with one of her fingers.

"You mean to play your part in it, then," said the Cannibal in a whisper and with a grim look.

"What matters it who does the work?" she demanded. "We are neither of us squeamish, I suppose. But in case he should happen to awake as we enter the room, and either cry out or offer any resistance, it will be better for us both to be prepared."

"All right!" observed Chiffin. "And now to business."

Madge Somers took up the candle with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, led the way from the room. As noiselessly as possible did she ascend the steps, with Chiffin close at her heels. On reaching the door of Saxondale's chamber, they stopped and listened; and the regular and even respiration of the young nobleman convinced them that he still slept profoundly. They accordingly opened the door and stole in. Madge, who led the way, advanced straight up to the bed; and as the flaring candle which she held in her hand threw its light upon the countenance of Edmund, both she and her murderous companion saw, as they suspected, that he was wrapped in the profoundest slumber. But just as they were about to do the work of death, a sudden ejaculation of mingled horror and amazement burst from the lips of Madge Somers; and dropping the candle in the fearful excitement which had so abruptly and strangely seised upon her, the chamber was plunged into darkness.

That ejaculation to which she gave vent and the noise of the candlestick falling, startled young Saxondale with galvanic effect from his slumbers; and springing up from the mattrass, he cried out "Thieves! murder!" as loudly as he could vociferate.

Madge Somers, recovering her presence of mind the very instant she had dropped the candle, clutched Chiffin with nervous violence by the arm: and in a quick but low whisper said, "Go!" The ruffian, astounded at what had just happened,—but having not a moment for reflection, and being too much bewildered to act of his own accord,—at once obeyed the woman's command, for which it no doubt struck him there must be some good and excellent reason. She at the same time banged the door violently behind him as if to enforce with additional energy the order she had given for his retreat; and then hastening towards Saxondale, who had begun vociferating as ere now described, she said, "Hold your tongue! it is nothing!"

"But that noise—what was it?" asked Edmund, quaking and quivering all over. "For God's sake don't hurt me! Take my purse, if you want it—but—but——" and his teeth chattered audibly.

"I tell you that you have nothing to fear," exclaimed Madge Somers. "I would not hurt you—and I do not want your purse."

"But what has happened? what is the disturbance?" inquired Edmund, still with tremulous voice and quivering limbs, as he stood upright by the side of the bed from which he had leaped. "Tell me—what are you doing here?—what noise was that? Did I not see something glitter in your hand?"

"No—nothing——only the candlestick that I dropped," at once replied Madge, who had already concealed the dagger under her cloak.

But here we should observe that although the light had been extinguished by the fall of the candle, yet the room was not enveloped in total obscurity; for the glimmering of the starlight through the small and dingy window rendered objects somewhat discernible: therefore the young nobleman could perceive the figure of the woman standing near him; and observing that she was not undressed, naturally argued that she had not been in bed at all. But he likewise perceived that she had no one with her, and this latter circumstance somewhat reassured him.

"It was only a drunken man who would force his way into the house," continued Madge. "But make haste and dress yourself! You must go away from this place at once. Ask me no questions—and do as I tell you without delay. You must manage to resume your apparel in the dark; and in a few minutes I will come up to you again. But fear nothing, I repeat: no harm shall befall you."

Then, snatching up the candlestick, and without waiting for a reply,—much less to answer any of the questions which the young nobleman might think fit to put relative to all these singular proceedings—she abruptly quitted the room, closing the door behind her. On descending the ladder-stairs she found Chiffin waiting below with eager impatience to learn the cause of those sudden emotions on her part which had not merely made her cry out and drop the candle, but also abandon all in a moment the murderous intent that had been harboured against her guest.

Having hastily lighted the candle again, in the room where the supper-things were, she said in a low but resolute tone, "Remain you here quietly, and I will explain everything. I cannot tell you now—but when he is safe out of the house——"

"What?" asked Chiffin, his countenance becoming as dark as night: "do you mean that he is to escape us?"

"Yes—I do mean so," returned the woman, in whose looks there was a strange firmness mingled with a sort of wild agitation. "You have known me well enough, Chiffin—and I should think too well not to be aware that I am acting for the best."

"Well, it may be so," growled the Cannibal, savagely; "but it seems a strange way of doing things."

"It is nevertheless *my* way," rejoined Madge, with a still more dogged air of determination. "So sit down—take some brandy to put you into a better humour—and wait till I return. I shall be with you again in three or four minutes. Here, lend me the candle—you can manage for yourself in the dark till I come back."

Having thus spoken, Madge Somers took up the candle and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Meanwhile Edmund, considerably relieved from his terrors by the assurances of safety which the woman had given him—but thoroughly bewildered

by the strangeness of the whole proceeding—had lost no time in resuming his apparel; and he had scarcely dressed himself when she re-appeared with a light in her hand. He immediately fixed his eyes upon her to see whether she came with any hostile intent; and though there was certainly little to glean of an encouraging character from a countenance naturally sinister and repulsive, yet at the same time he beheld naught in her looks to belie the assurances of safety she had ere now given him. She nevertheless gazed upon him with a singular earnestness, that had however nothing threatening in it: and yet her regards were of a nature which he could not comprehend.

"You doubtless wish for explanations why you must depart so abruptly and in the middle of the night," she said, at length breaking silence, and speaking in that curt, blunt, and imperious manner which seemed habitual to her: "but you will receive none from my lips. It suits me to act in this way. But there is one point on which I may as well enlighten you at once—which is, that all I told you about my having seen or spoken to the lady's-maid at Evergreen Villa is pure invention on my part. I never took any trouble at all in the matter, and know nothing more of the young lady or her concerns than what I told you yesterday when you first came to the cottage. And now depart."

"But this is most singular—most unaccountable!" exclaimed Saxondale, his courage reviving in proportion as he saw that there was actually no ground for alarm.

"Depart, I say!" cried Madge Somers, stamping her foot impatiently. "If you stayed here for an hour, you would not drag from my lips a single word more than I choose to tell you."

Lord Saxondale, perceiving that it was utterly useless to stand arguing the point with this singular woman, no longer hesitated to obey her command; and he accordingly followed her from the room. She descended the stairs with the candle in her hand, and held open the cottage-door, her entire manner evincing an unaccountable impatience for him to begone. He accordingly went forth without another word; and speeding across the fields, entered the Seven Sisters Road.

Meanwhile Madge Somers closed the front door and returned to her companion Chiffin, whom she found seated near the table and drinking large draughts of brandy-and-water, to which he had managed to help himself by aid of the glimmering light that peeped in through the window.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

WHATEVER intention Madge Somers might have had a few minutes back, of entering into full particulars with Chiffin the Cannibal as to the cause of her singular behaviour towards Lord Saxondale, she had come to a very opposite resolution by the time she returned to him. In short, for reasons best known to herself, she had entirely changed her mind, and determined to keep her own counsel. At the same time there were certain particulars to which he had briefly alluded when they were crossing the field together, and respecting which she was anxious to obtain the fullest and completest explanations. Madge Somers therefore felt that she had a difficult game to play with the formidable Chiffin, and that it would require all her arts of diplomacy to effect the double object of satisfying him in respect to her own conduct, and at the same time gleaning what she wanted to know from his lips.

"You are enjoying yourself," she said, flinging off her old cloak and sitting down near the table.

"Well, I think it wants something to put one in a good humour after this disappointment," growled the Cannibal. "But it wasn't for a glass of brandy-and-water that I came up here to-night, I can tell you," he added. "Who's to pay me the hundred pounds I have just lost by your silly nonsense in letting that young fellow go? For I hav'n't forgot that you said just now my share would come to that amount."

"Now, Chiffin," answered Madge Somers, "you have known me some years, and I have never deceived you in business matters—have I?"

"No—I can't say that you have," responded the Cannibal sullenly. "We have done a few things together, and you have always been fair and straightforward enough—there's no denying that: and now, what next?"

"You will believe me, then, if I make you a certain promise?" said Madge interrogatively.

"Yes—I think I may," replied Chiffin: "for we all know you are a strange kind of a creature, and there's some of the folks down at Sol Patch's really fancies you are a witch. I don't mean no offence, Madge——"

"Witches need not have recourse to the means I adopt for a living," rejoined the woman abruptly. "But about this promise of mine. If I tell you that to-morrow evening at nine o'clock I will bring you a hundred pounds to the *Billy Goat*, or any where else you choose to appoint, will you be satisfied for the loss of your booty this night? And I think you ought to be," she added ere he had time to answer; "for it will be a hundred pounds earned by you without risk, whereas if this work had been done to-night there would have been risk, although everything was so nicely arranged to make all traces disappear."

"Well, if I was sure of having the blunt to-morrow night," said Chiffin, slowly suffering himself to be pacified, "I shouldn't care much about that young fellow being allowed to walk clean off under my very nose, as one may say."

"Then you shall have the hundred pounds to-morrow night, Chiffin," said Madge Somers, with the confidence of one who knows that the promise will be fulfilled.

"And now you will tell me," asked the Cannibal, "what the deuce all this means—why you dropped the candle and called out—why you pushed me from the room and banged the door as a signal that I wasn't wanted—and why you let the young chap escape at all."

"Did you not see that he opened his eyes all in a moment, just as we were bending over the bed?" asked Madge.

"No—that I didn't!" replied Chiffin gruffly; "and if he did open his eyes like that, then all I

can say is I can't believe mine—because it seemed to me that he was asleep as sound as a rock."

"Well, then," rejoined Madge doggedly, "I can tell you that he did. I was closest to him and I saw him open his eyes."

"And suppose he did," exclaimed Chiffin, "what then? why did that prevent us from doing his business?"

"I don't know how it was, but a sudden weakness came upon me," answered Madge. "I could not find it in my heart——"

"Oh! that be hanged!" growled Chiffin, "I don't believe it for a minute—it's all nonsense. A sudden weakness over you, Madge? Why, you must take me for a downright fool——"

"Never mind what I take you for, Chiffin," interrupted the woman, with a look and manner which showed that she was not to be frightened by him: "I tell you that some strange feeling of remorse, or pity, or fear—I dont know which it was—but perhaps all three united—came over me at the time, and I could not possibly do the deed or yet let it be done. It seemed as if an invisible hand was stretched out to save him——"

"Well, I don't know what to think of it," observed Chiffin sullenly: "it's a strange story, Madge, to come from your lips."

"And I am a strange woman too—am I not?" she demanded abruptly. "You yourself said so just now."

"And so you are—and it's perhaps on that account you suddenly took it into your queer head to let the young fellow go. Well," he continued, refilling his glass with brandy-and-water, "I suppose what you say must be the case; and if you only keep your word and come down with the blunt to-morrow night, I shan't bother myself any longer about your strange conduct of just now."

"You may rely upon my punctuality," said Madge. "At nine o'clock I will be in Agar Town. But while we were crossing the field, you said something about having done business for one of the Saxondale family several years ago."

"And so I did," answered Chiffin; "and now I recollect, it was just about this time nineteen years back. But it wasn't exactly for any one bearing the name of Saxondale—the old lord was alive then—and this covey who was here to-night was only just born."

"I recollect you mentioned the name of a person called Farefield," said Madge.

"Yes—Ralph Farefield," rejoined Chiffin: "it was him that employed me. Ah! it is a rum affair altogether, and I never could make out how that Ralph Farefield came by his death."

"A strange affair, was it?" said Madge Somers. "Come, Chiffin, your glass is empty; and although it's late you are accustomed to sit up, and we may as well have a friendly chat while we are about it. Besides, I mean to have a glass myself. So come, refill your own."

"I don't mind if I do," said Chiffin, suiting the action to the word.

"Let's see—what were we talking about?" said Madge, who had likewise brewed a glass for herself. "Oh! I remember—that strange story of the Saxondale family nineteen years ago. Come, I am just in a humour for a good gossip to-night."

"Then it's a very strange humour of yours, Madge," said Chiffin: "for generally speaking you ain't accustomed to talk more than is necessary."

"Oh! but people are not always in the saying humour," said the woman.

"Well, that's true," remarked Chiffin. "I myself don't generally chatter and talk about my exploits, except when I am preciously in the wind—and then I let out everything. Did I ever tell you," asked the ruffian, on whom the frequent potations of brandy-and-water were producing an effect, "how it was I come to be called the Cannibal?"

"Yes—you have told me that story," returned Madge; "and it is precisely because you told it so well, that I want to know about this other business of which you are speaking—I mean the Saxondale affair."

"Well, come, I will tell you all about it," said the Cannibal. "You must know that Ralph Farefield was the old lord's nephew, and was a sad wild fellow, who ran through a lot of money and spoke ill of his uncle. So the old lord was resolved to cut him out, and went and married a young girl all in a great hurry. By her he had three children—two daughters and a son. Now this didn't suit Mr. Ralph's book at all, because the little Edmund would succeed to the peerage and estates. So Ralph determined to have him made away with; and somehow or other he found me out. Well, I wasn't over particular, and Ralph had gold enough to tempt me: besides which I looked to the future, and thought that if through me Ralph got to be Lord Saxondale it would be as good as a pension as long as I lived. So I soon fell into Ralph's plans, and agreed to act. I and some of my pals were to go down into Lincolnshire, carry off the brat, poison it, and then leave the body in some public place where it was sure to be seen: because, don't you understand, Mr. Ralph could scarcely claim to be the heir unless the death of little Edmund was proved? Well, me and the pals went down into Lincolnshire; but for some days we didn't succeed—and as I began to fear that so many suspicious-looking fellows lurking about might cause an alarm and spoil the whole game, I told them to pack off to Gainsborough, which was only a few miles away, and there wait for me."

Here Chiffin paused to imbibe some more alcoholic fluid, which having done, he pursued his narrative in the following manner:—

"The moment I began to act alone, I had good luck: for I succeeded in carrying off the child from its nurse. I had a black mask on my face and frightened the poor girl terribly—so that she fell down in a fit, while I ran away as hard as I could with the baby in my arms. I soon slipped the mask off my face, and made straight for a grove that I saw at a distance. Having reached it, I sat down to rest, and also to do the remainder of my work—which was to kill the child and strip it of its outer clothes so as to give Ralph Farefield a proof that I had fulfilled his mission. But when I felt in my pocket for the little phial of poison, I found it broke; and so I thought to myself there was nothing left to do but to tie a string round the little creature's neck and strangle it. However, I began stripping the clothes off first, stuffing them into my pockets as I did so; and then I noticed that the child had the mark of a strawberry on its neck. A very singular mark it was—so singular that I couldn't help looking at it, though it was but a tiny

mark, not so big as a sixpence. Well, I had just torn off a string from the child's petticoat and was going to fasten it round his neck—for he was crying a great deal and I wanted to put an end to the business at once—when all of a sudden I heard the voices of several men close by: but I could not immediately see who they were, on account of the thickness of the foliage. Well, thought I to myself, there was a chase after the child, and if I was caught stripping it and with its clothes in my pocket too, I should swing for it! So dropping the brat in a jiffey, I started up and rushed away quite in a different direction from the one where I had heard the voices. Just as I got out of the grove, however, I ran against a great tall hulking gipsy-man with a large stick in his hand. He cried out in a savage manner, asking what the deuce I meant by running against him like that; and then he gave me a good tap with his stick—in return for which I knocked him down with my bludgeon. But the next moment I had four or five other gipsy-men at my heels, who came rushing out of the grove on hearing the disturbance. So, not choosing to stay and fight with such numbers, I cut off as fast as my legs would carry me. They did not pursue me far; and I got clear away. I then sat down and began to reflect what I should do—whether I should go back and endeavour to regain possession of the child or not; for I now felt quite sure that the voices which had alarmed me were those of the gipsy-men and not of any persons in search of the bantling. But then I thought that if I returned into the grove the gipsies would either beat me to death for having knocked down their comrade; or else out of revenge, and perhaps with the hope of reward, go and hand me over to the constables of the nearest town for having stolen and stripped a child. So I was obliged to come to the resolution of leaving things to take their chance, and telling Ralph Farefield the most plausible story I could invent to satisfy him. I accordingly made the best of the way to Gainsborough, and joining my companions at the boozing-ken where they had put up, told them what had happened. We then took separate roads, and hastened back to London. There I told Mr. Farefield that I had killed the child, and left it in a place where it was very likely to be discovered. As a proof of the story I displayed the clothes stripped off the bantling, and which fortunately were marked with the name of the *Hon. Edmund Farefield*. I also told him about the strawberry-mark—and altogether he was satisfied."

Here the Cannibal again paused to refresh himself with more brandy-and-water; and having refilled his glass ready for farther use, he went on thus:—

"A month passed away after the adventure down in Lincolnshire, and as it seemed that nothing was heard about the child, and it did not turn up, I felt pretty sure that either the gipsies had taken it away with them without stopping in the neighbourhood to ascertain whose child was lost, or else that they had left it to its fate in the grove. Or again, it likewise occurred to me that they might not have seen it at all. However, certain sure it was that the child continued missing, as I learnt from Ralph Farefield, who came to question me more particularly about the business. It was a little more than a month after the adventure, when I one day saw in a newspaper that old Lord Saxondale was lying at the point of death down at the castle in Lincolnshire: so I went off to Mr. Farefield's lodgings to let him know: but I found he had gone down into Lincolnshire the day before. Then it struck me that if the old lord should not happen to die of that bout, it might answer Ralph Farefield's purposes if me and my pals were to get into the castle and knock his venerable lordship on the head in the middle of the night. Away we went therefore into Lincolnshire to offer our services to Ralph in that respect: but on arriving in the neighbourhood we heard that the old lord was dead, that Lady Saxondale had recovered her child, and that Ralph Farefield had gone away suddenly in the middle of the very same night of his arrival. Well, I was not over much surprised at hearing that her ladyship had got back the child, knowing what I did about its original loss. I was however terribly put out to think that it was all up with Mr. Ralph: so me and my pals consulted what we should do rather than go back empty-handed to London. In short, we determined upon a crack in the castle, and accordingly broke in at night. An alarm was raised—we found our way to some vaults underneath the chapel—and there what do you think we discovered? You would never guess. The dead body of Ralph Farefield, floating about in the water that had flooded the vaults!"

"Had he been murdered, then?" asked Madge Somers, who listened with a deep interest to the narrative.

"There was no appearance of it," responded Chiffin; "and indeed from what a surgeon afterwards said, there was every reason to believe the contrary—I mean to say, that it was an accident by which he was drowned. But how he came into the vault, heaven only knows! Me and my pals took from about his person all he had in money and jewellery, and left the body lying on the steps leading down into the vault. We then got out of the castle as best we could, and betook ourselves to Gainsborough, where we put up at the boozing-ken that I mentioned just now, and which was kept by a fellow of the right sort. You recollect I told you that when me and my pals were first down in Lincolnshire about Farefield's business, I sent them to Gainsborough while I tried my hand alone at carrying off the child. On that occasion they put up at the boozing-ken I am speaking about; and there they happened to fall in with a resurrectionist chap, whom they had known in London and who had been doing a stroke of business at his trade—body-lifting, I mean—down in Lincolnshire. It was to try and find this fellow again that we betook ourselves to the boozing-ken after our adventure inside Saxondale Castle: because at that time stiff'uns were very scarce in the market and fetched a deuced good price. The laws were very severe then against resurrection-men; and enterprising surgeons who wanted a *subject*, didn't mind giving twenty, thirty, or even forty guineas. Now you begin to understand why me and my pals stopped at Gainsborough to find out Bob Shakerly the body-snatcher. Well, we did succeed in meeting with him, and told him that we knew of where there was a nice stiff'un, pretty fresh, and we thought might be had with a little trouble. So he then told us that there was a young doctor from London stopping in Gainsborough

at the moment—of the name of Ferney, and who had quite a mania for *subjects*. Well, Bob Shakerly went and saw the doctor, and told him what a prize might be had if he chose to give a decent sum for it. This he at once agreed to do; and our arrangements were made accordingly. Me and my pals determined to penetrate once more into the castle and get out the body; for we saw the means of doing it without running any particular risk of discovery. On his side Bob Shakerly agreed to be in the wood close by the castle with a horse and cart in the middle of the night; and things being thus settled, we set to work without delay. You have never been down in that part of Lincolnshire, have you?"

"No—never," answered Madge.

"Well, Saxondale Castle is an immense building, and at least half of it was shut up in those times," continued the Cannibal. "I don't know anything about it now. All we learnt the first time of our breaking in had taught us how to do things better on this second occasion: so we clambered up to one of the windows that overlooked the River Trent, and got into the uninhabited part that way. We went down into the vaults and found the body just where we had left it lying on the steps. One would have thought the rats must have begun to make a meal upon it: but it was quite otherwise—the stiff'un was as fresh and as perfect as when we dragged it out of the water two nights before. Well, we got it up the stone stairs into a sort of vestry-place opening out of the chapel. There we put it into one of those precious big sacks that resurrectionists have for the purpose, and lowered it by ropes out of the window by which we had got in. Our own escape was made without exciting any alarm in the building; and we got the stiff'un safe away into the wood, where Bob Shakerly was waiting with a horse and cart. He then drove off to Gainsborough, while me and my pals followed on foot. Dr. Ferney paid the price agreed upon; and though when it came to be divided amongst us all, our shares wern't very great, yet it was a matter of eight pound apiece—and that was better than nothing. Me and my pals came back to London, and sold Ralph Farefield's jewellery to Solomon Patch. So, all things considering, we did not return quite empty-handed."

"And that is all you have to tell me?" observed Madge Somers, as Chiffin the Cannibal left off speaking.

"Yes—that's all, and enough too I should think," he answered with one of his grim smiles. "Wasn't it a precious string of adventures? But by the by, I may tell you that the Dr. Ferney I have been speaking about, has since become a very celebrated man. Bob Shakerly told me so. Ah! Bob's an old man now, and does nothing in the resurrection line: *subjects* have got so precious cheap since the law was altered, and doctors can get hold of poor people that die in hospitals, and workhouse paupers, and convicts. But Bob is doing pretty well though, in another line: he keeps a knacker's yard down at Cow Cross—Sharp's Alley, I think it is——you must know whereabouts I mean? So having dug up human bodies for the doctors to dissect, he now buys old horses which he dissects himself for cat's-meat and sausages. But it's precious late, Madge, and I think I have had quite enough brandy-and-water: so I will be off. But don't forget to be down at Patch's to-morrow night at nine o'clock—or else you and me are very likely to fall out."

"You know that when I promise I always fulfil my undertaking," replied Madge Somers.

"To be sure: I don't doubt you," said Chiffin. "And now good night."

"Good night," answered the woman: and the Cannibal took his departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE ADVENTURES ON THE SAME NIGHT.

We left Lord Saxondale at the moment when, having quitted the hut in the precipitate manner already described, he had gained the Seven Sisters Road. It was not in a very lonely part that he now found himself: for *Hornsey Wood Tavern* was within five minutes' walk in one direction, and ten minutes would bring him to the houses in Hornsey Road in another direction. He thought the best thing he could do would be to proceed to the tavern, knock the people up, and procure a bed for the remainder of the night. But while he paused for a few moments in the middle of the road to reflect whether he should adopt this course, or make the best of his way back into London, his ear caught the quick tramplings of a steed approaching from the direction of the metropolis. Almost immediately afterwards the horseman came up to the spot where Saxondale was loitering; and although proceeding at the time at full gallop, he suddenly reined in his steed so that it came to a dead halt.

The reader will remember that it was a clear starlight night; and Saxondale was therefore enabled to perceive that the stranger who had thus stopped so abruptly, had the appearance of a young man very handsomely dressed: but he could see little of his countenance, inasmuch as a great shawl-kerchief, tied round the neck, reached almost up to the nose—while the hat, which had large brims, was drawn low over the forehead. The steed which the traveller bestrode was a magnificent animal; and though evidently docile and obedient to the will of its rider, it nevertheless began pawing the ground with some little degree of impatience at thus being checked in the full career which seemed best suited to its high mettle.

"You are out late to-night, sir," said the horseman, whose voice, though sounding with somewhat muffled accents through the folds of the shawl-neckerchief, was nevertheless mild and agreeable.

"Yes," answered Saxondale, who was just in that frame of mind to be by no means displeased at meeting some one to talk to, after an adventure which had been fraught with so much terror, and the influence of which still lingering upon his mind, made the road seem more lonely and the silence of the night more ominous than under other circumstances they would have appeared. "But I may make the same observation in respect to you. We are both late. It must be considerably past twelve o'clock:" —and pulling out his watch, he examined it by the starlight. "Near one, I declare!"

"Which way lies your road?" inquired the tra-

veller, scrutinizing the young nobleman from beneath the overhanging brim of his hat.

"To tell you the truth," answered Saxondale, with a laugh, "I am benighted, as it were, and was just thinking of going up to the tavern yonder and procuring a bed, when as I was crossing the road you galloped up to the spot."

"It is ten to one that the people will not open their place for you up there at this hour," rejoined the horseman, pointing with his riding-whip towards the tavern upon the neighbouring eminence. "But my house is little more than a mile hence; and if you will condescend to accept such hospitalty as I can afford, a bed is cheerfully at your service. I may observe that I have as pretty a little villa-residence further along the road here, towards Edmonton, as you will see anywhere in this district."

The offer was made with such frank courtesy, and the traveller altogether seemed to be of such genteel and prepossessing appearance, though little of his countenance could be discerned, that Lord Saxondale at once accepted this kind proposal.

"If you like to get up behind me," said the new friend, with still increasing affability of manner. "a few minutes will bring us to our destination;

and at this hour of the night it is by no means likely we shall encounter any one to notice the singularity of the proceeding. By the bye," he exclaimed, ere pausing for the young nobleman's answer to this last proposition, "I ought perhaps to inform you that I am Captain Chandos, of the British army—unattached at present."

"The circumstances under which we have met, and your kindness, Captain Chandos," returned Edmund, "lead me to express a hope that we shall be better acquainted. I am Lord Saxondale, and shall be most happy to return your civility by receiving you in Park Lane."

"I have heard of your lordship," said the Captain, "as of course everybody has—and am proud at thus enjoying the honour of your company. Now, my lord, catch hold of my arm—I have left the stirrup free for you—and spring up behind me."

This was immediately done; and now behold Lord Saxondale mounted upon this beautiful high-spirited steed, behind its rider, round whose waist he was of course compelled to throw his arm in order to sustain his balance. Captain Chandos just touched the flanks of the horse with his spurs; and the animal started off at a easy gallop. A little further on the steed suddenly shied somewhat at a mile-stone which stood out in white and ghastly contrast against the dark hedge: and this little incident, by disturbing Lord Saxondale's equilibrium for a moment, led him to cling all the more tightly to the Captain. But he was suddenly seized with a strange feeling of astonishment when his hand encountered a remarkable fullness about the breast of the Captain's surtout-coat—so that the impression naturally made all in a moment upon Edmund's mind, was that his companion must be a woman in disguise. So bewildered was he by this discovery that he knew not what to say or do; and as the steed was galloping along the road towards Edmonton, the young nobleman rapidly experienced the most unpleasant doubts and misgivings springing up within him. At length, when he had made up his mind to turn the matter off in a laugh and inquire "who the fair unknown was that thus in male apparel played the part of Captain Chandos in her Majesty's service," the gallant officer himself—for we had better continue to speak of the rider in the masculine gender—suddenly reined in his steed in the most lonely part of the road; and clutching Lord Saxondale by the arm which encircled the slender waist and had been pressing against the tell-tale bosom, he gave him such a sudden whirl and jerk that the astounded Edmund was swept clean off the horse and landed upon his feet in the middle of the road.

"Now, my lord," said the audacious Captain, suddenly producing a pistol from the holster of his saddle, "your purse—your watch—and those rings from your fingers!"

Lord Saxondale was very far from being the most valorous young man in existence; and the sight of the pistol gleaming in the argentine splendour which poured down from the heavens, at once filled him with dismay. He cast an anxious look rapidly up and down the road—but no succour was nigh, nor did a sound of approaching horse or vehicle meet his ears.

"Come—quick, quick!" exclaimed Captain Chandos, the accents of whose voice, though still somewhat muffled by the thick shawl-kerchief, nevertheless sounded peremptory enough. "Keep me not waiting as you value your life!"

"But—but—you are joking, Captain—I mean fair unknown—whoever you are," stammered Saxondale, still with a faint hope that it might prove a frolicsome jest after all.

"If you keep me talking here another minute, you will find it to be no joke, I can assure you," at once rejoined the bold amazon. "Now then, my lord, quick!—your purse, and so forth!"

The wretched Saxondale, perceiving that the fair unknown was indeed terribly in earnest, drew forth his purse with trembling hands and craven demeanour: then he surrendered up his watch, with the gold chain—and lastly he took the rings from his fingers.

"You have handsome diamond studs in your shirt," said the amazon, "but I will leave you them. I do not wish to strip you altogether:" —and a merry kind of laugh sounded from behind the muffling shawl-kerchief. "Now, my lord," added the false Captain, "I need scarcely enjoin you to hold your tongue relative to the adventure you have just experienced: for your pride will prevent you from proclaiming to the whole world that you have been robbed by a woman."

With these words, the female highwayman put spurs to her steed, which started away at full gallop; and in a few moments the amazonian desperado disappeared in the distance.

Discomfited, abashed, and devoured with shame, young Lord Saxondale stood transfixed to the spot in most wretched bewilderment. The spiteful elements of his character being aroused, he gnashed his teeth with impotent rage—and then he actually shed tears of vexation and annoyance. There he was, at a considerable distance from London—penniless—at an advanced hour of the night, or rather an early one of the morning—and so exhausted with fatigue that he trembled at the idea of the long walk which seemed before him. The whole night's adventures had been but too well calculated to terrify, harass, weary, and humiliate him. First startled up from a very short sleep—compelled to dress in haste and go forth to look for a bed elsewhere—then taken at least another mile farther out of his way, to be plundered and put to shame by a female in masculine attire—and now left to manage as best he could for the remainder of the night—these were the unpleasant topics of Lord Saxondale's reflections!

However, he must not only put the best face on the matter, but also the best foot foremost. Full truly indeed had the female highwayman observed, with a mocking laugh, that he would only be too anxious to keep the adventure as close as possible within his own breast: for were it to transpire that he had suffered himself to be thus depoiled of his purse, his watch, and his rings, by a woman, he would be so unmercifully laughed at as to be ashamed ever to show his face in society again. Therefore, as to keeping his own counsel relative to the robbery, his mind was made up in a moment; and with regard to his present predicament, the only alternative was to get back into London as best he could. So he walked on towards the Seven Sisters Road again, and which he soon reached. In a little while he paused at the corner of the narrow lane leading

up to *Hornsey Wood Tavern*; but recollecting that he had not a farthing in his pocket, he dared not bend his steps thither to knock the people up. He accordingly walked on, and in another quarter of an hour arrived opposite Evergreen Villa, which he could not help regarding as the origin, so to speak, of all his manifold adventures and misfortunes of this night. Indeed, so thoroughly sickened, dispirited, depressed, and humiliated did he feel—so thoroughly wretched too in every sense of the word—that as he stood gazing upon Evergreen Villa for a few moments, he was almost inclined to make a vow that he would abandon his previously enthusiastic designs in that quarter.

But while he thus paused opposite Evergreen Villa, he suddenly observed through the somewhat thick screen of trees in the front garden, a light glimmering from one of the windows on the ground-floor. To the best of his calculations (for he had no watch to refer to) it was now nearly two o'clock in the morning.

"Monday night," he said to himself, thus mustingly refreshing his memory; "and Angela Vivaldi was not advertised to dance: so they cannot be sitting up for her to return from the Opera. Besides, she would be home before this. And yet why should she not have been out at some party?"—and as these reflections swept through his brain, he suddenly experienced some little revival of his passion for the fair *danseuse*.

As he still lingered hesitatingly in front of the villa, he heard a door open: and then a much stronger light suddenly shone from behind the screen of trees. He advanced up to the gate opening from the footpath, and perceived a female descending the steps of the front-door, which stood wide open and whence the light of the hall-lamp was streaming forth. The female had the appearance of being a lady's-maid, or domestic of a similarly superior grade; and as she came slowly along the gravel-walk leading towards the gate, Saxondale had an opportunity of observing that she was young, rather good-looking, dressed with a coquettish gaiety, and having the arch mischievious look of a confidential *soubrette*.

Here suddenly seemed to be an opportunity of doing for himself all that the old woman had undertaken to perform, but in which she had so grossly and unaccountably deceived him; and feeling his spirits somewhat revive by the hopefulness of the occurrence which was thus transpiring, he waited in the shade of the trees near the gate until the lady's-maid, as he presumed her to be, came near enough for him to address her. Then she stopped, and seemed to listen as if in expectation of some one's approach.

"Well, my pretty maid," said Lord Saxondale, suddenly showing himself, "you are taking a late walk in the garden here."

"Oh, dear! how you have startled me," exclaimed the Abigail, with a half-suppressed shriek: but as she immediately perceived that the cause of her more than half-affected alarm was evidently a gentleman by his dress, the self-sufficiency of his speech, and the diamond studs which gleamed in the starlight, she did not see any necessity for hurrying away from the spot; on the contrary, advancing close up to the gate, she rather appeared to court the little chat which accident thus threw in her way.

"What are you doing out here so late?" asked Lord Saxondale.

"Well, it's like your impudence to question me in this manner!" said the young woman with an arch toss of her head, though evidently being very far from offended. "And suppose I was to ask how it is *you* are out so late?"

"Well, then, I should at once tell you," returned Saxondale. "I have been dining up at the tavern yonder, with a parcel of friends of mine; and we have swallowed no small quantity of wine. Then we had cards and dice; and if I had not lost a matter of three or four hundred guineas, I should at once slip a ten-pound note into your hand as an earnest of future rewards if you lend me your aid in a certain enterprise I have in view."

"Oh! I am sure you must indeed have been drinking a great deal of wine to talk to me in this way," said the lady's-maid, with an affected giggle, which showed that if Lord Saxondale were really earnest in what he said he was at perfect liberty to go on and explain himself without the fear of giving offence.

"I can assure you that I speak the truth," he immediately rejoined, "But though I have lost all my money at cards, as I tell you, there is nothing to prevent me from coming up to this neighbourhood to-morrow and making it twenty guineas instead of ten, that I design as a little present for your acceptance."

"Oh, yes—I dare say! It is all very pretty to talk in this manner," cried the maid, with another laugh, as if she pretended to regard his behaviour only as a mere pleasantry. "But I should like to know in the first place who you are, that you speak so fine and make such magnificent promises?"

The young nobleman had not been despoiled of his card-case by the female highwayman: he accordingly took it forth from his pocket, and producing one of its pasteboard contents, handed the same to the lady's-maid, who was enabled by the clearness of the night to read the name upon it.

"Well, my lord," she said, with a somewhat more respectful tone—though all along her manner had been affably familiar and flippantly gracious enough—"I of course begin to believe that you are serious in what you have said; for of course a gentleman never breaks a promise—and a lord is more than a gentleman."

"Now tell me who you are waiting for?" said the young nobleman.

"For my mistress, whom I expect home every minute," was the reply. "I got so tired of waiting that I came out hoping to hear the sounds of the carriage-wheels. And, by the bye, the moment we do catch them, your lordship must hasten away."

"Would your mistress chide you for speaking to me?" asked Saxondale.

"I don't exactly know that she would—for she is indulgent enough," was the response: "but at the same time if any one came home with her, it would look so odd for me to be seen talking to a gentleman at the gate. Besides——"

"Besides, what?" inquired Saxondale, as the *soubrette* suddenly stopped short. "Tell me, what were you about to say?"

"Oh, nothing!" rejoined the young woman, with an arch smile through the bars of the gate. "Only——"

"Only what? You have got something at the very tip of your tongue and do not like to say it."

"Well, my lord, I am speaking to a stranger," returned the young woman, somewhat more seriously than before: "and of course I do not like to gossip about my mistress's affairs to everybody."

"Your mistress belongs to the Opera?" observed Saxondale.

"Ah! then you know something about her?" at once exclaimed the *soubrette*. "And now I remember your lordship did say something about entertaining certain views and requiring my assistance. Was that said for fun or in earnest?"

"Quite in earnest," answered Saxondale; "and it was for that purpose I promised you a reward. Indeed, if I had not been robbed——"

"Robbed! I thought you had lost your money at cards?"

"To be sure! I said so. But cannot a person be robbed at cards as well as on the highway?"

"Certainly. However, I have your lordship's promise for a proof of your kindness; and as I consider your word to be your bond, I am just as ready to listen to what your lordship has to say as if I had the gift in my pocket."

"From something that has escaped my lips," resumed Edmund, "you have seen that I know a little about your mistress. I have seen her at the Opera—and to see is to admire. But there is still another step which is to be explained by stating that to admire is to burn to possess. Now, in plain terms, is there anything to hope?"

"It all depends, my lord," replied the *soubrette*.

"Depends upon what?" inquired Saxondale.

"Terms—offers—settlements—and so forth," was the answer.

"Then, is your mistress mercenary?"

"Not exactly mercenary—but she loves money, just as a great many other ladies do, as a means of procuring pleasure, to live in good style, keep her carriage and servants, and so forth—all of which she could not do with her salary at the Opera."

"And yet she is handsomely paid, according to report," remarked Edmund.

"Not so well as people think, perhaps," rejoined the *soubrette*. "But you asked me if there were any hope? It is for you to get acquainted with my mistress, and see what she says. You do not seem too bashful, my lord, in making known your wishes; and certainly she will not be too bashful in giving you an answer. Of course I shall say everything I can in your favour; and you know that a lady's-maid in these cases possesses great influence with her mistress."

"Undoubtedly. You *are* her lady's-maid, then? I thought so the very first moment I saw you. One can always tell a lady's-maid——"

"Yes—we have a certain air," remarked the young woman, tossing her head conceitedly. "But why, my lord, do you not come and call to-morrow? or else write a very tender and affectionate billet?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Saxondale; "*is* it possible that your mistress would either receive me as a visitor without any introduction, or take notice of any letter I might send her?"

"Well, considering that you are a lord," responded the *soubrette* slyly, and with a sort of mysterious confidence, 'I think it very probable my mistress might dispense with the usual formalities. Indeed, if she were to come home alone presently, I am not quite sure but that you might be pardoned for your boldness in introducing yourself to her at once."

"Is this possible?" exclaimed Edmund, now so elated that he forgot all the previous misadventures of the night.

"It is so possible," was the response, "that I should advise you to make the attempt. Or if you are too bashful, you can just walk a little way up the road and leave me to say a few words to my mistress. Then, if I were to come down to the gate and ask you to walk in and take supper with her—for she always has supper when she comes home, and it is now ready served in the drawing-room——"

"If you are not trifling with me," exclaimed Edmund, "and if you could really manage what you have just proposed, it should not be merely twenty guineas that I would put into your hand to-morrow, but fifty."

"Well, my lord," answered the *soubrette*, "it all depends upon whether a certain person comes home presently with my mistress. And that, to tell you the truth, was what I alluded to just now when you told me I had something at the tip of my tongue that I did not like to speak out."

"But who is this certain person?" inquired Saxondale.

"Mr. Walter, at the Opera."

"What, one of the great authorities of the establishment?" ejaculated Saxondale. "Oh! I know him tolerably well. I have frequently spoken to him behind the scenes—a stout, elderly gentleman——"

"The same," responded the *soubrette*. "He's a nice enough man in his way, but very particular indeed; and that was why I was fearful that if he did come home presently with my mistress, he would be angry on finding me talking to any one at the gate. Oh! he is so particular," repeated the abigail, "and treats my mistress just as if she were his wife—hands her in and out of her carriage with the greatest respect——"

"But what, then, has he to do with your mistress?" demanded Saxondale. "Is he related to her?"

"Oh! my lord, how stupid you are! Can't you guess?"—then with another sly look, and once more in a mysterious tone of confidence, the *soubrette* added, "He is just as much related to her as your lordship wishes to be."

"Do you mean to tell me she is living under his protection?" demanded Edmund in astonishment.

The *soubrette* nodded her head affirmatively.

"Oh, the sly puss!" ejaculated Saxondale: "and rumour speaks so highly of her virtue! Well, after all, I was right," he observed, musing audibly, "in what I said to my friend Staunton, when I declared that I had no great opinion of the virtue of any female upon the stage. But still I did think that she was virtuous as yet—although I fancied that her virtue was not an impregnable citadel. And you tell me," he continued, again addressing himself to the *soubrette*, "that your mistress is living under the protection of this Mr. Walter?"

"Yes. Is there anything astonishing in it?"

"Oh, nothing at all! But *is* she much attached to him?"

"No—far from it: and between you and me, my lord, the conquest will not prove altogether so difficult as you may fancy. But here she comes! Hasten away for a few minutes!"

Lord Saxondale, whose ear had suddenly caught the sounds of an approaching vehicle at the same time as the lady's-maid's, at once acted in obedience to her suggestion, and hurried higher up the road. Then stopping and looking back, he perceived a brougham drive up to the gate of the villa-garden. The lady's-maid immediately issued forth—the coachman leapt down—and one person only emerged from the carriage. That person was a female—and she at once entered the precincts of Evergreen Villa.

"Now then," thought Saxondale to himself, as he experienced a thrilling exultation of the heart, "it is about ten to one that within a very few minutes I shall have the happiness of being in the presence of Signora Vivaldi. That *soubrette* of her's is an artful hussey, and is pretty sure to manage the business cleverly. Ah! now the coachman takes the vehicle round to the stables. I wonder how long I shall have to wait here? Perhaps the maid is already opening the matter to her mistress. But if the world only knew what I have discovered to-night—that the beautiful Angela Vivaldi, whose virtue has been paraded off as immaculate as her loveliness is transcending, is nothing more nor less than the kept mistress of one of the great Dons of the Opera, what casting up of eyes, and holding up of hands, and lifting up of voices there would be! Well, after all, it will be a conquest of its kind—because I know she has refused so many offers and has treated so many letters with contemptuous silence. And yet, if she should all of a sudden receive me into favour it will be rather astonishing. But the *soubrette* spoke confidently enough! Ah! I know what it must be! This Signora has her pride and has refused two or three Marquises, four or five Earls, and a whole score of Barons, just because they were not of ancient family; and I presume that cunning *soubrette*, knowing that I am descended from ancestors who lived in the time of the Tudors, is very well aware beforehand that her mistress will not say nay to *me*."

In these and similar musings did half-an-hour pass, while the conceited young nobleman was kicking his heels to and fro in the road. At length he became uneasy. Was it possible that the lady's-maid had been laughing in her sleeve at him the whole time? He began to fear so. But if it were the case, would it not add the crowning ignominy to all the previous humiliations of this memorable night? Saxondale was rapidly falling into despondency. But ah! the front door of the villa opens—a female form trips forth and speeds down to the gate! With hope suddenly reviving—not merely reviving, but soaring up into exultation—Lord Saxondale hurries thither; and the first glance he obtains of the lady's-maid's countenance, is the harbinger of happiness.

"Well, what news have you for me?" he impatiently asked.

"Let this be the reply," responded the *soubrette:* and she opened the gate.

Edmund hastened in: the young woman shut the gate—and hurriedly conducted him into the hall. There, as she closed the front door, she threw upon him a look full of arch meaning, and whispered "Did I not tell you that I should succeed? did I not promise a triumph?"

Lord Saxondale could scarcely retain his joy as he breathed the most liberal promises in the ears of the young woman.

"Walk in, my lord," she said throwing open a door leading out of the hall. "My mistress will be with you immediately. She is merely making some change in her toilet."

Saxondale entered an apartmtment that was not merely elegantly, but even luxuriously furnished. A table in the centre was spread with a supper consisting of several cold dainties and choice wines. The curtains had been drawn closely over the windows; and the room was lighted by a lustre suspended from the ceiling.

"Now," thought Lord Saxondale to himself, "in a few minutes—perhaps in a few seconds—I shall have an opportunity of gazing close upon those charms which I have already devoured from a distance. But hers is a loveliness which cannot diminish by a near view. Ah! what happiness!"—and he literally rubbed his hands with delight.

At this moment he heard female voices whispering in the hall: then the door opened—and then a lady of tall stature, great beauty, and elastic walk, entered the room. She was clad in an elegant wrapper thrown loosely around her; and in her appearance there was not merely that negligent abandonment of one who has just put on a deshabillée, but also a meretricious exposure of her charms.

She was *not* the Signora Vivaldi—and therefore Lord Saxondale at once took her to be either a guest or a relation of a fair *danseuse*. He accordingly bowed with the politest courtesy, but volunteered no explanation of his object in obtaining this interview.

"Your lordship will doubtless think me very indiscreet and very imprudent," said the lady, motioning him to be seated, as she threw herself listlessly upon a sofa placed near the supper-table, "in receiving you at this time of night—or rather, I should say, at so early an hour in the morning: but from all that my maid told me of your lordship's anxiety to form my acquaintance, I was vain enough to suppose——"

"Your maid?" echoed Lord Saxondale, with unfeigned astonishment. "Surely there must be some mistake? It was the fair mistress of the villa to whom I was desirous of paying my respects."

"And I, my lord," answered the lady, reddening with mingled indignation and wounded pride, "am the mistress of the villa! If your lordship is disappointed, and expected to meet some other person, your lordship can retire. It was not I who sought this interview: and therefore the humiliation of the mistake will not rest with me."

"Do not be angry, I beseech you!" cried Saxondale, scarcely recovering from his bewilderment. "It is true that I had been led to imagine another lady lived here: but the one in whose presence I have the honour to find myself, is so charming a substitute that it is as if were only finding myself in one part of Paradise when I had fancied that I was being led to another."

"Your lordship at all events has the art of turning a compliment most prettily," said the young lady, smiling so as to reveal a set of very beautiful

teeth. "But pray whom did you expect to meet here on the present occasion?"

"To tell you the truth, it was the Signora Vivaldi," answered Saxondale.

"Oh, the prude!" instantaneously cried the fair one, with an indignant toss of the head. "But I begin to understand how this mistake originated. It is doubtless because I also belonging to the Opera——"

"Just so!" exclaimed Lord Saxondale. "And now tell me at whose feet I have the honour of kneeling?" he added, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down upon his knees before the lady whose hand he took and pressed to his lips.

"You may know me as Emily Archer, if you like," was the response, accompanied by a sweet seductive smile: "but at the Opera and to the world I am known as Mademoiselle D'Alembert."

"Oh! then, if I have lost one beautiful *danseuse*, I have obtained another!" exclaimed Edmund, as he again pressed her hand to his lips: then rising from his knees and seating himself by her side, he said, "How foolish in me not to have recognized you at once! I have often admired you—and between ourselves considered you a much finer *artiste* than the Signora Vivaldi——"

"Ah! my dear Lord Saxondale," exclaimed Miss Archer, "it is only jealousy, and bad taste, and envy, and want of discernment, and all kinds of nasty feelings, that have put me second instead of first. But come, let us take some supper—and a glass of champagne will enliven our discourse."

Lord Saxondale and the meretricious beauty of the Opera-ballet accordingly placed themselves at table; and by the time the young nobleman had imbibed his third glass of champagne he had not merely forgotten the beautiful Angela altogether, but found himself breathing the most extravagant proposals in the ears of the seductive Emily Archer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

TURN we now to the residence of Lady Macdonald in Cavendish Square.

It was six o'clock in the evening of the day that followed the night of Lord Saxondale's many adventures; and Lady Florina Staunton was seated in her own private apartment adjoining her bedchamber. The room was splendidly furnished; and the ornaments were of a character which displayed the refined taste of its presiding divinity. Several exquisite alabaster statues were dispersed about—there were vases filled with flowers which exhaled a delicious perfume—and on a side table were scattered drawing-materials, with a few exquisite specimens of the art in water-colour.

Florina was dressed for a party. Her beautiful hair was arranged in ringlets, and ornamented with pearls and a single camella that seemed typical of her own virgin purity. She was seated at a table, whereon lay a book and a letter, both of which she had been reading. The former was a volume of Scott's Poems, of which she was a great admirer: the letter was one that had been received by her aunt that same afternoon from Mr. Gunthorpe, and which had been given to our fair heroine to read.

But at the moment when we thus afford the reader a glimpse into that splendidly furnished apartment, Lady Florina was neither reading book nor letter, but was plunged into a deep reverie. Exquisitely beautiful did she seem as she sat, statue-like, in her rich dress and with her looks bent pensively downwards,—so exquisitely beautiful indeed, that it appeared a sin to allow the heart of so fair a creature to experience the slightest source of vexation or sorrow! And yet sorrow did lurk in that gentle bosom of hers: for the young lady could not blind herself to the circumstance that in being regarded as the future wife of Lord Saxondale, she was to be sacrificed to the wretched conventionalisms of high life, and that her hand was to be bestowed upon one whom she could not possibly love and who even inspired her with aversion and disgust. But there was another circumstance to which Florina could not close her convictions: and this was, that if she did not love Lord Saxondale she nevertheless loved another!

"Yes," she thought to herself in the depth of that reverie in which we find her plunged, "*he* is one of nature's true aristocracy and needs no factitious ornament of rank nor accidental advantage of fortune to render him truly estimable. I feel that I love him! I can no longer shut out this truth from my mind. But in thus admitting it unto myself, is it not the same as acknowledging my own unhappiness? Alas, yes! for it is in vain that I love him——I never can be his. Oh! that he loves me in return, I know—I am convinced! Yes, William Deveril loves me!"—and as she thus spoke his name even to herself, she suddenly started as if with the consciousness of some guilty thought or deed. "And now," she continued, in her silent reverie, "I am decked to go forth into the brilliant saloons of fashion—to smile with my lips while my heart is weeping—to look happy in my face while my my soul is dark with sorrow!"

At this moment a door opened at the extremity of Lady Florina's apartment; and galvanized as it were from her deep absorbing reverie, she started and looked round, as if fearful lest the person now entering, whoever it were, might read in her features the thoughts that had been agitating in her mind.

"Ah, my dear aunt!" she exclaimed, rising from her chair: "is the carriage at the door?"

"Yes, Flo dear," responded Lady Macdonald—an elderly woman, superbly dressed, but the artifices of whose toilet could not conceal and scarcely even mitigate the ravages of time upon a beauty that in her younger days had been of no common order. "It is half-past six—Lady Saxondale dines at seven—and you know that she is so particular, she is always punctual."

"I am ready, aunt," replied Florina. "But surely it will not take half-an-hour," she added, smiling. "to reach Park Lane?—and I know that you do not like to be there much before the time."

"True," observed Lady Macdonald: "we will wait five minutes. Have you read Mr. Gunthorpe's letter which I sent into you just now?"

"I have read it with some degree of astonishment," answered Florina. "The other night, when he first introduced himself to me and Harold at the Opera, he said that he should be delighted to pay you a visit; and I assured him that you would be well pleased to show him every attention. And

now," added Florina, taking up the letter from the table and glancing her eyes over it, "he says that his numerous occupations in the City and the attention which he has to devote to certain business-matters, have compelled him to decide upon resigning for the present the advantages he would otherwise have been delighted to reap from Uncle Eagleden's letters of introduction. He dined with Harold the other day," added Florina, speaking hesitatingly; "and I do hope that my brother treated him with civility."

"Mr. Gunthorpe appears to be a singular kind of person," remarked Lady Macdonald. "However, he can act as he pleases. By the bye, talking of Harold—is he to be at Saxondale House this evening?"

"I believe so," responded Florina: "but I have not seen him to-day."

"And Edmund—has he called?" asked Lady Macdonald.

"He has not been here since Saturday, when he came with Harold to take me to the Opera."

"What! and this is Tuesday evening?" exclaimed Lady Macdonald, in a tone of vexation. "Three whole days without coming to pay his respects to you!—that is rather too bad——And yet," she immediately added, "it is nothing in high life. The sphere in which we move is in many respects different from the other grades of society in its usages and customs."

"Then I wish that I had been born in another sphere," observed Florina, in the lowest and most melting accents of her fluid voice.

"Niece, I do not like remarks of this kind," exclaimed Lady Macdonald, in a tone of remonstrance.

"But my dear aunt," replied the gentle girl, "surely the satisfaction of expressing my fanciful wishes is left to me, even though all other power of free-will be denied."

"What means this language, niece?" demanded Lady Macdonald. "Ah, I understand! It is one of those covert reproaches which you sometimes throw out against me, for having studied your best possible interests by arranging with Lady Saxondale that her son was to become your accepted suitor. I hope that you will not prove ungrateful——"

"Ungrateful!—no, not to you, my dear aunt!" cried the young lady, approaching her elderly relative and looking affectionately up into her countenance. "To me you have supplied the place of a lost mother; and I know that all you do is done for the best. Still——"

"Hush, my dear child!" exclaimed Lady Macdonald, who really loved her niece: "I know what you would say. You would tell me the old story—that you cannot love Edmund: but in the sphere in which we move," continued her ladyship, making use of a phrase which was a great favourite with her, "love has very little to do with marriages. If I had a fortune to leave you, my dear girl, it would be different: but as all I possess dies with me, it was absolutely necessary for me to think of settling you well in life—and with all his faults, Lord Saxondale is a very eligible match. Besides, these faults of his are only the invariable frolics of youth; and it is better that he should sow his wild oats when young, before he marries, so that after he does marry he may settle down into a steady and quiet husband. But while we are talking here the time is slipping away, and we must be off."

Lady Macdonald and her niece thereupon descended to the carriage that was waiting, and in which they were borne to Park Lane. On arriving at Saxondale House, they were conducted up-stairs to the magnificent drawing-room, where Lady Saxondale, with her two daughters, was waiting to receive her guests. Her ladyship was sumptuously apparelled, and looked as if invested with a perfectly imperial dignity. Juliana, the elder daughter, likewise shone in the glory of that proud and haughty beauty which she inherited from her mother: while the delicate and interesting loveliness of Constance appeared to greater advantage by the contrast.

"Where is Edmund?" asked Lady Macdonald, when the usual greetings had been exchanged on all sides.

"I expect him every moment: I should hope that he will not fail to make his appearance," responded Lady Saxondale, a cloud lowering upon her grandly handsome countenance, as if she felt that it was too bad for her son not to be there already. "He knows that there is a dinner-party this evening——"

Her ladyship's sentence was interrupted by the opening of the door; and Lord Petersfield was announced. This was one of Edmund's guardians, and was therefore received with very great attention and extreme politeness by Lady Saxondale. He was an old man—stout, but not exactly corpulent—tall and stately—and dignified even to solemn pomposity both in his manner and speech. He was a diplomatist, and had been ambassador to several of the principal European Courts; but for certain political reasons which it is not worth while to enter into here, he at present held no office although the party to which he belonged was at the time in power. The most common observer could not be five minutes in his company without discovering him to be a diplomatist, though previously uninformed of the fact: for Lord Petersfield never spoke a word that was not duly measured, and scarcely ventured to perform the most trivial action without appearing to reflect whether it were a wise one or not. Ever invested with that solemn and indeed awful air of gravity which he had contracted during a long career in diplomacy, Lord Petersfield constantly looked as if the weight of the whole world's affairs were upon his shoulders, and that the slightest unguarded word would plunge them into ruin. Sometimes, if he could not make up his mind what answer to give to even the most trivial question put to him, he would remain scrupulously silent. Thus, if anybody observed that "the weather was very fine," and Lord Petersfield on casting his eyes upwards beheld the least cloud upon the heavens, he would prudently shut himself up in a solemn silence rather than stand the chance of compromising his judgment by admitting that it was fine when it was just possible to rain. If his opinion were asked upon any passing event or current topic, he was very seldom able to bring his mind to give an immediate response: he was not aware—he had not thought upon it—or it was a subject that required the deepest consideration. If he were met in the street proceeding to his Club or to the House

of Lords, and being asked whither he was going, he would not immediately reply—it was possible he might be on his way to the one place or the other—but he would not pledge himself to the fact · he would rather not compromise himself by the assurance that it was so—many things might happen in the interval. Indeed, Lord Petersfield had a holy abhorrence of all downright questions, and never could give a prompt or straightforward answer. He even once, when accosted at a party and asked if he were not Lord Petersfield, looked positively dismayed at such a pointed question, replying that he did not exactly know—he had not considered upon it—he would rather not compromise himself—he might be Lord Petersfield—it was possible—but still no man ought to be called upon to answer in a hurry a query of such grave personal importance. Nay, it was even whispered that when his lordship (who married late in life, conducted his intended to the altar, and was asked "whether he would take that woman to be his wife," his countenance grew awfully grave and his looks profoundly solemn, while he assured the clergyman that he was not prepared to speak decidedly upon the point—he did not like to compromise himself—and had a very particular aversion to such pointed queries.

Such was Lord Petersfield, one of Lady Saxondale's guests on the occasion of which we are writing. Mr. Marlow, Edmund's other guardian (of the firm of Marlow and Malton), was also invited; and a very different person he was from his colleague in the trusteeship. For precisely as Lord Petersfield was slow, pompous, and heavy, was the solicitor quick in action, glib in speech, and volatile in motion. When the door was thrown open and his name was announced, he rushed in all in a flurry, just as if he were late for an important case coming on before the Judges at Westminster; and in the space of three minutes he would talk more than Lord Petersfield ever spoke in three years.

A quick succession of guests soon followed the arrival of Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow,——Lords and Ladies, Right Honourables and Honourables—in short, a brilliant company to the number of fifty: for this was a very grand dinner-party that Lady Saxondale was giving on the present occasion. Lord Harold was amongst the guests: but it was not till the very last minute, and just as Lady Saxondale was beginning to despair, that Edmund made his appearance.

It was now just five minutes past seven o'clock, and Lady Saxondale, who liked to be very punctual, felt happy as she glanced around, and rapidly counted to herself all the guests who were present, saw that their number was complete. That elegant-looking page whom we have especially noticed in a preceding chapter, now entered the room, and gliding noiselessly over the thick carpet, approached his noble mistress, who, fancying that he came merely to receive the usual order to serve dinner up at once, nodded in a significant manner to that effect. But it appeared that the page's object in accosting Lady Saxondale at the moment was of another kind: for he bent down and whispered, "Please, my lady, a woman is waiting in the hall to speak to your ladyship upon very important business."

"Did you not give her a proper answer?" asked Lady Saxondale, in a low tone, but with an angry look, as if she thought the page had not done his duty.

"I assured the woman," was the whispered response, "that your ladyship would see no one now; but she desired me to say that she must have an interview if only for a minute, without delay too, for she has got to be quite at the other end of London by nine o'clock. Please, my lady, those are the woman's own words."

Lady Saxondale seemed struck by an astonishment not unmingled with dismay at this intelligence, and for a moment she hesitated how to act—murmuring to herself, "Who can it possibly be?" Then suddenly making up her mind, she said, "Go and show the woman into the parlour down stairs, and I will come to her in a moment."

None of the guests overheard this rapid and brief colloquy between her ladyship and the page: nor was the emotion of the former, on receiving so insolent a message, observed by any one present in the drawing-room, save her elder daughter Juliana—and this young lady's attention was only drawn to the incident by the circumstance that from under her long eye-lashes she was bending stealthy and sidelong glances towards the beautiful page the whole time that he was in the room. Thus was it that Juliana was led to observe that something had transpired to vex and alarm her mother: but though suddenly animated with a deep curiosity to learn what it was, she did not dare follow her parent from the room for the purpose.

Lady Saxondale, with a gracious apology to those guests who were seated near her for her being compelled to leave them for an instant, quitted the apartment, and proceeded down stairs to the room where the obtrusive visitress was waiting to see her. Her ladyship remained absent for about a quarter of an hour, during which interval Juliana was puzzling herself to conjecture what on earth it could be that had thus evidently troubled her mother. At the expiration of that time Lady Saxondale returned to the drawing-room · and still from beneath her long dark lashes did Juliana intently watch her mother's countenance She at once saw that it was pale, and bore the traces of very recent agitation—an agitation, too, which was evidently still heaving within her ladyship's bosom, but all outward appearance of which she was endeavouring with a mighty effort to conceal. Returning to her seat, she at once entered with high-bred ease and graceful courtesy into the topic of the conversation that was going on around her; but in the tones of her mother's voice the keen and cunning Juliana perceived the evidences of that inward trouble which she had already observed reflected in her looks.

Dinner was announced; and the aristocratic throng proceeded to the banquetting-room, which presented a magnificent appearance to the eye. It was comptetely flooded with the dazzling light shed from two lustres each containing at least forty wax-candles; the table literally groaned beneath the massive services of plate; and twenty domestics in gorgeous liveries were in attendance. The dinner passed off as all such banquets in high life usually do—that is to say, heavily,—all real enthusiasm of feeling and true sense of enjoyment being weighed down and chilled by the petrifying influence of formality. Lord Petersfield was, if possible, more reserved, guarded, and cautious in all he said and

did than ever; and his air of diplomacy hung about him with a truly awful effect. When asked which soup he would prefer, he gave the domestic such an overwhelming gaze that the unfortunate footman wished the floor would open and swallow him up: but when pointedly asked by Lady Saxondale which part of the turbot he preferred, he looked as if he thought there was a design to entrap him into some snare or take an advantage of him. In this way his lordship helped to render the ceremonials of the dinner-table more coldly ceremonious still, and the formalities more icily formal. As for Lady Saxondale, she did the honours of the table with the dignified grace and well-bred courtesy becoming her rank, and also her position as mistress of the house: but despite all her efforts to throw a veil over the thoughts that were agitating within her brain, there were nevertheless moments when the keen eye of Juliana could detect a sudden expression of anguish flitting over her mother's proud countenance; and she likewise noticed the almost preterhuman effort which on those occasions her ladyship exerted to rise dominant as it were above the internal agony that was torturing her. More than ever, therefore, was Juliana's curiosity excited; and in the secret depths of her own mind did she resolve by some means or another to penetrate the mystery.

It was not till past nine o'clock that the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen were left at table to drink a few more glasses of wine ere summoned to partake of coffee. Thank heaven! the disgusting and bestial system of sitting for hours over the wine after the ladies have retired, has of late years been rapidly falling into desuetude, English habits in this respect yielding to the civilizing influences of French examples. But still, at dinner-parties, the gentlemen persist in remaining a little while to enjoy a jovial glass until coffee be served up in the drawing-room; and so it was upon the present occasion. Mr. Marlow, glad to be relieved from the shackles of those formalities which had hitherto prevailed, began to rattle away with his wonted volubility, and quite alarmed Lord Petersfield by suddenly asking that nobleman which his lordship preferred, generally speaking, the French or Rhenish wines? The cautious diplomatist gave Mr. Marlow an awful look, as if he shrewdly suspected the cunning lawyer meant to take some advantage of him by so pointed a question: then in grave and solemn tones, he announced that it was a subject which, considering the rival interests that existed in respect to wines between France and Germany, he could not possibly be expected to give an opinion upon, until he had examined all the most recent parliamentary documents bearing on the point. Indeed, his lordship more than hinted that the very stability of existing treaties might be jeopardized by hasarding too rash an opinion on such a grave and important subject.

Lord Saxondale and Lord Harold Staunton, who had hitherto been separated during the dinner, now took advantage of the comparative freedom which the withdrawal of the ladies permitted; and getting together they began to chat in a low tone upon affairs interesting only to themselves.

"Well, how have you got on with the beauteous Angela?" asked Lord Harold.

"Not at all," was the response. "But such an adventure! I cannot tell it you all now. Your valet Alfred, despite his cleverness, was quite wrong——"

"What do you mean? Did he not put you on the true scent?"

"At this very moment," returned Saxondale, "I am as ignorant as ever I was of the abode of Signora Vivaldi."

"Then she does not live at the place to which Alfred followed her?" observed Lord Harold, with unfeigned surprise.

"It was not she whom Alfred followed at all. But mind, it was not poor Alfred's fault; and so I do not blame him The lady whom he did follow, is just of the same height as Angela—and when wrapped up in a cloak and veiled, might in the hurry of the moment be easily taken for the Signora."

"Then who in heaven's name was she?" asked Staunton, scarcely knowing whether to believe his young friend's story or not.

"You know—at least by sight—Mademoiselle d'Alembert?"

"What, Emily Archer? of course I do—and so do a dozen others."

"Isn't she a splendid creature?" asked Saxondale, his ear not having caught Staunton's last words nor his eye having noticed the somewhat sarcastic smile which appeared on his friend's lip. "Having been disappointed in my hope of meeting Angela, it was an immense consolation to fall in with Emily Archer as a substitute. Well, to be brief, she and I have made certain arrangements together; and this morning, after breakfast, she wrote the prettiest, sweetest, and genteelest little billet in the world, telling her friend Mr. Walter that she thanked him for all past kindnesses, but was compelled by circumstances to give him his dismissal."

"Then you have taken her under your protection?" asked Staunton: and as Saxondale nodded an affirmative, he immediately added, "Of course you have abandoned your love-campaign in respect to Signora Vivaldi?"

"Oh, certainly! Miss Archer stipulated that as one of the conditions——"

"And therefore you will not consider it treacherous or unfair on my part if I take up the pursuit which you have thus renounced?" continued Staunton.

"By all means do so," rejoined Edmund. "I am so well pleased with Miss Emily that it is with no great pang I abandon my hopes of the Signora. And now I wish you good luck in the affair you are taking in hand."

There was a passing smile upon Lord Harold's countenance, which seemed to imply that he thought Edmund a very great fool for his pains: but as at this moment Lord Petersfield addressed some particular question to Saxondale, the latter did not notice Staunton's look.

Soon afterwards the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room where coffee was served round; and then the whole magnificent suite of state-apartments was thrown open for the dance. Carriages kept rolling up to the doors of Saxondale House, depositing their aristocratic burdens, and then rushing away again to make room for fresh arrivals: so that by ten o'clock the brilliantly-lighted rooms were thronged with an almost countless company; and a

splendid band being in attendance, the alternate quadrille and waltz soon sounded most inspiritingly throughout the mansion.

Lady Saxondale performed the part of a hostess with that dignified but quiet air which belongs to high breeding; and truly magnificent did she appear with her grand beauty set off by all the advantages of a superb toilet. The white ostrich plumes waved gracefully above the head which she carried with a statuesque elegance slightly commingled with hauteur; and no one who now gazed upon that proudly handsome countenance would have for a moment fancied that its serene dignity was but a mask veiling the inward troubles of the soul. In a suite of apartments thronged with splendid specimens of the female sex, Lady Saxondale was assuredly the most superb. There were others more sweetly and interestingly beautiful—such, for example, as the captivating Lady Florina Staunton, or even Lady Saxondale's younger daughter Constance: but there was not one who in Juno-like majesty of form and splendid pride of glorious womanhood, could be pointed out as a rival to Lady Saxondale. Behold her as she now stands, for a few moments a little way apart from the brilliant throng, with one fair hand lightly resting upon the marble-slab of a side-table, surveying the crowds of elegantly dressed men, stately dames, and lovely girls whom she has assembled there; and even the veriest anchorite would be compelled to confess that it were a pity to retire from a world embellished by so superb and magnificent a beauty.

It was during an interval between the dances that Juliana, Lady Saxondale's elder daughter, slipped unperceived from the ball-room; and going forth upon the landing, cast a rapid and scrutinizing glance around. Two pages were standing a little way down the staircase, conversing with each other. One of them was Francis Paton, that beautiful youth of eighteen whom we have already described. Juliana called the other page to her, and sent him away on some trifling errand which suggested itself at the moment, and which indeed was a mere pretext to enable her to snatch an opportunity of saying a word to his good-looking companion. The moment he had disappeared down the stairs, Juliana beckoned Frank to approach; and the colour mantled in vivid scarlet upon the youth's countenance as he hastened to obey that summons.

"Frank," said Juliana, her own countenance likewise blushing as she bent upon him the flashing light of her superb dark eyes, "tell me, what was that message you delivered to her ladyship before dinner? I noticed that she seemed annoyed and uneasy; and it has troubled me much."

Juliana might have said, if she had told the truth, that the only trouble she had experienced in the matter was that of the most lively curiosity,—a curiosity, indeed, so intense that she had not been able to restrain herself until the morrow ere she sought to gratify it.

"It was a woman, Miss, who called," replied Frank, almost overcome with bashfulness; "and she would insist upon seeing her ladyship."

"A woman to be thus impertinent!" exclaimed Juliana, her curiosity still more piqued. "What did she want?"

"I do not know, Miss," returned the page, raising his large liquid hazel eyes for a moment to the mantling countenance of the patrician young lady, and then casting down his looks again in greater confusion than before.

"But what sort of a woman was she?" asked Juliana, in a soft tremulous voice that quivered with the same emotions which made her heart throb; for she felt consumed with a devouring passion as she fixed her regards upon the beautiful youth before her.

"She was a very common woman, Miss,—wretchedly dressed—with a cloak and cap. She had no bonnet on——Altogether, I did not like her looks. But I suppose she was some poor woman asking charity or a favour, and not knowing very well how to behave herself."

At this moment the sounds of footsteps ascending the stairs were heard; and Juliana, flinging upon the page a look as expressive of a fervid passion as looks could possibly be, turned hurriedly away and passed into an ante-chamber, where she paused for a few minutes to compose herself—for she felt the blush of her fevered sensations still upon her cheeks. Then, with the image of the beautiful page still uppermost in her mind—but also still continuing to wonder what the meaning of that mysterious visit to Lady Saxondale could possibly be—she returned into the state-apartments, where her hand was immediately solicited for the ensuing dance.

We have already said that Mr. Marlow, one of Lord Saxondale's guardians, was a guest at the banquet. His partner Mr. Malton had also been invited; but through pressing business, this gentleman had been unable to reach Saxondale House until the saloons were thrown open for the ball. Though somewhat resembling his partner in personal exterior, he was not of the same bustling and volatile character, but far more precise, cool, and sedately business-like. Shortly after he had made his appearance, Mr. Marlow drew him aside; and they conversed together for a few minutes upon some private matters of their own.

"I shall be unable to come to the office to-morrow," said Mr. Marlow, "as I have got something particular to do at home. And yet you and I, Malton, must manage to have an hour's conversation in the morning relative to that law-suit:"—alluding to the business of which they had been conversing, and which was of great importance to their clients, though of none to the reader.

"Shall I run down to you very early?" asked Mr. Malton.

"Why can't you come home with me to-night?" suggested the bustling Marlow, taking off his kid glove and displaying a splendid diamond ring as he ran his fingers through his hair. "Sleep at my house, and then we can talk over the whole thing at breakfast-time to-morrow. You are a bachelor," he added, laughing, "and have no account to give of your conduct to anybody."

"Well, be it so," responded the junior partner after a few moments' consideration. "When my carriage comes, I will order it to be dismissed."

"And you will take a seat with me in mine," was Mr. Marlow's prompt rejoinder. "We shall leave at midnight: for I can't stand late hours:"—and he played somewhat conceitedly with his superb gold guard-chain.

"Nor I either," responded Mr. Malton.

This little arrangement being entered into, the

two lawyers separated, and proceeded to different parts of the room to mingle amongst the gay and brilliant groups of Lady Saxondale's guests. But we need not extend this chapter nor dwell at any greater length upon the details of the splendid entertainment; but will at once proceed to turn the reader's attention to a place and a scene contrasting marvellously with the sumptuous mansion and the glittering throng whereof we are now taking our leave.

CHAPTER XVI.

LADY BESS.

TRUE to her appointment with Chiffin the Cannibal, Madge Somers crossed the threshold of Solomon Patch's boozing-ken in Agar Town, just as the clock in the tap-room was striking nine, on the same evening on which Lady Saxondale's entertainment took place.

The Cannibal was drinking with a party of his friends when Madge made her appearance in the tap-room; but laying down his pipe and tossing off the remnants of his liquor, the Cannibal at once rose from his seat and followed her up into the room above. This room was specially devoted to the private conferences of the persons frequenting Solomon Patch's house. It was here that many a dark and desperate deed was planned,—here that the perpetrators thereof were wont to assemble afterwards and divide the fruits of their iniquity,—here also that Mr. Patch himself transacted business with his friends when stolen property was to be disposed of. It was a wretched place, Solomon Patch's love of money and niggard disposition preventing him from laying out the few shillings that might have rendered it somewhat decent. But then, on the other hand, it answered the purpose very well: no one grumbled at its rude furniture—its dirty floor and blackened walls: nor were the persons who were accustomed to use the room, of that delicate constitution likely to suffer by the draughts from the broken windows or the places where the absent panes were indifferently stopped up with old rags thrust through. A rude sort of staircase led up to an attic above; and this attic was provided with a bed for the accommodation of any one of Mr. Patch's friends whom circumstances might compel to seek a temporary retirement until some menacing storm was blown over.

It was into the conference-room above described that Madge Somers and Chiffin the Cannibal ascended, the former having obtained a candle from the old landlady.

"Well," said Chiffin as he took a seat upon a rude stool, "I suppose you have brought me my blunt according to promise? I have been thinking a good deal over that adventure of last night——"

"Then I beg you will not think any more of it," interrupted Madge peremptorily. "An agreement is an agreement: the business of last night has ceased to be your affair altogether, and is now mine; so I will thank you not to interfere in my concerns, if you wish us to continue good friends."

The Cannibal was about to give some surly reply, when Madge, thrusting her hand into her pocket, drew forth a quantity of sovereigns which she placed upon the table. The sight of the gold at once made the horrible countenance of the ruffian clear up——that is to say, it cleared up as much as the murky gloom of a thunder-cloud can be said to brighten when the sun shines forth from another part of the heaven upon it.

"Here are your hundred pounds," said Madge: "and now be contented."

"Well, the look of this precious metal, as romance-writers call it," said Chiffin, "is enough to soften a fellow's heart:"—and while he thus spoke he began to finger the gold pieces, counting them over first of all to see that they were right, and then weighing them in his hand. "You have kept your promise, Madge," he continued as he secured the money about his person; "and I have nothing more to say—unless it is to offer to stand a bowl of punch down stairs if you will come and partake of it."

But ere the woman had time to give the negative answer which she was about to return, the door opened, and Lady Bess sauntered with graceful ease into the room. She was apparelled exactly in the same manner as when we previously described her,—her fine person being admirably set off by the close-fitting frock coat, the well made pantaloons, and all the other accessories of her masculine garb. For a moment her magnificent large eyes, with so bright a lustre shining in their black depths, were flung scrutinisingly upon Madge Somers and the Cannibal, as if to penetrate their proceedings at a single glance; and then with that off-hand air of easy negligence and graceful listlessness which generally characterised her, the female highwayman took a seat at the table.

"I hope I am not intruding," she said. "That old scoundrel Solomon told me you were up here closeted together; and as I have got a little business to transact with him I thought there would be no harm in joining you."

"Ah! I suppose it doesn't suit your gentility," growled Chiffin, "to stand lurking about down at the bar, or to go and sit amongst my pals in the tap-room."

"Is it not strange, Chiffin," cried Lady Bess, laughing good-naturedly, and thus displaying the two splendid rows of teeth that graced her rich mouth, "that you always have something complimentary to say to me? And yet I invariably treat you with as much civility as possible."

"Perhaps, you think, more than I deserve," remarked Chiffin, somewhat softened by Lady Bess's open-hearted frankness.

"Under circumstances it certainly is," she responded: "for you scarcely ever say a civil word to me."

"I don't know how it is, but I can't say that I dislike you," resumed Chiffin; "and yet I don't altogether feel myself at home in your presence. You are too fine and grand for me. Besides, you and I never act together."

"Our avocations are so different," exclaimed Lady Bess, with another merry laugh. "But what if I were going to propose something of a grand and startling nature, in which you can assist? Now, Madge, you see the Cannibal's eyes glisten; and he is actually excited with the hint I have thrown out."

"It's because in his heart he feels honoured by this confidence you are going to show him," ob-

served Madge, who keenly and skilfully read the real feeling which had inspired the Cannibal at the moment.

"Honour be hanged!" said Chiffin surlily: then immediately adopting a more conciliatory tone, he hastened to observe, "But come, Lady Bess, if there's anything you can really put in my way, I shan't refuse to accept it; and it might make us better friends."

"Very good: I will explain myself presently," replied the female highwayman: for at this moment old Solomon Patch entered the room.

He was an ill-looking man—shabbily dressed, of sordid appearance, and with a sneaking slyness in the expression of his countenance. The love of gain was as clearly traced in every line of those angular features and that wrinkled face as if his character had been written thereon; and it required no great depth of observation to perceive that there was scarcely any villany from which Solomon Patch would shrink so long as he beheld the certainty of a commensurate reward.

"Am I intruding?" he asked, as he slowly and hesitatingly entered this room—this deferential question not being addressed to either Chiffin or Madge, but to the amazonian beauty.

"Intruding—no!" she exclaimed. "All I want you to do is to take these trinkets which I picked up on the road last night, and give me what according to your ideas you think they are worth." Thus speaking, Lady Bess, with an indifferent and careless air, took from her pocket a watch and chain and three or four finger-rings. "I might have added some beautiful diamond studs to this little parcel of jewellery if I had chosen," she observed with a smile upon the fulness of her ripe and luscious lips: "but I let the poor frightened fellow keep them."

While she was thus speaking, the watch and rings which she had laid upon the table had suddenly become the objects of an earnest and intense gaze on the part of Madge Somers, who at once recognised them as having belonged to her guest of the preceding night—young Lord Saxondale. Chiffin the Cannibal was also contemplating the trinkets—not because he knew them, for he did not—but because it was in the man's nature to feel an interest in anything that was the produce of plunder or other illicit proceedings. Lady Bess was herself looking carelessly at the same objects at the moment; and therefore she did not perceive the attention with which Madge Somers was fixing her eyes on them.

Solomon Patch took them off the table, and bent down towards the light in order to examine them as closely as possible with a view to ascertain their value: then after a long and careful scrutiny, he said in a stammering, hesitating manner, "Well, I don't know—I always like to deal with your ladyship—you are so good and generous: but I really couldn't say more than thirty pounds—and that would be quite a stretch, to oblige you."

"Oh! never mind," said Lady Bess carelessly: "I do not intend to take less than fifty—and as I am in no particular want of money at this moment, I will keep the trinkets till I am. Or perhaps I may take a gallop down to Gravesend one of these fine mornings and see what your brother Israel will offer."

"Stop, stop, my lady!" exclaimed old Solomon, evidently not wishing to let a good bargain slip out of his hands. "I—I—don't mind saying forty—and that's the very outside."

"Give me over the things, you old scoundrel," said Lady Bess, more good-naturedly than angrily. "I am resolved not to part with them under the fifty."

Solomon Patch continued turning the watch and chain over and over in his hand: then he examined the rings one after the other: then he recurred to the watch—opening it, examining the works, and in short scrutinising it most minutely in every point. At length, after several fruitless attempts to beat down Lady Bess in her price, he gave her the fifty pounds she demanded and walked off with the spoil.

"Now," said Chiffin, as soon as Solomon Patch had quitted the room, "what about this little business that you have been talking of? Something that you and I can do together, you know, and which is to make us better friends than we have yet been?"

"Oh! you must not think," exclaimed Lady Bess, somewhat haughtily, "that I want to curry favour with you, Chiffin. But if I should be able to let you into a good thing," she added with her wonted frankness of humour, "perhaps you will in future adopt a more civil tone towards me?"

"Well, I don't know but what I should give you my vote if the whole lot of us that frequent Sol Patch's were to elect a captain. So you see I hav'n't really any particular dislike to you, Lady Bess:"—and as Chiffin thus spoke he endeavoured to look as pleasant as possible.

"There!" said Madge, addressing herself to the female highwayman: "I am sure after *that* you won't refuse to throw a good thing in Chiffin's way."

"Not I!" exclaimed Lady Bess. "And now then to the point. Somewhere near Edmonton there lives a lawyer named Marlow. He is very rich—thinks a great deal of himself—and bedecks his person with very valuable jewellery. He has got a diamond ring on his finger that was presented to him by some lady to whose son he is guardian; and this ring is said to be worth two hundred guineas at least. Then his watch is set round with brilliants—he has a splendid diamond pin in his shirt-frill—and in his pocket-book he always carries a good round sum in bank-notes. Now, all these particulars I have ascertained direct from his coachman: no matter how. Well, this Mr. Marlow has gone to a party to-night; and I have positive information that he has got all his splendid jewellery about him—because it is to a first-rate house at the West End that he has gone—indeed to the very lady's to whose son he is guardian. In a word, between twelve and one o'clock this night it is my intention to ease him of those splendid jewels as well as his purse and pocket-book, on the road to Edmonton."

"And you want me to help you, I suppose?" asked the Cannibal, with a grim smile of satisfaction at the prospect thus held forth.

"Precisely so," returned Lady Bess. "But all the assistance you need render will be merely a pretence, just for the sake of keeping up appearances."

"Ah, I see!" observed Chiffin. "I must make believe to keep the coachman in awe while you do the rifling business with his master——isn't that it?"

"You have read my purpose exactly," responded Lady Bess. "And now, do you agree? The booty shall be disposed of to old Solomon, and of course we will divide the produce equally—that is to say, leaving a third share for the coachman."

"I like the business, and the business likes me," responded Chiffin. "But is it a safe place to do a thing of this sort? I mean along the road there, down towards Tottenham or Edmonton?"

"Safe!" echoed Lady Bess, her full lips wreathing in scornful contempt of danger: then as a sudden recollection struck her, she laughingly exclaimed, "Why, those things that I have just sold to old Patch were picked up on that very same road last night. Ha! ha! ha! it was one of the finest adventures you ever heard of in the whole course of your life. I was galloping out of London along the Seven Sisters Road, when I met a young fellow —never mind his name, although he told it to me— who was wandering about in a benighted state. So I offered him a bed at my house——"

"Where do you live, then?" asked Chiffin, who with his arm resting on the table and his head bent forward, was listening attentively to the amazon's tale.

"Never mind where I live," she responded with an arch smile. "Suffice it for you to know that I pretended for the nonce to live in that neighbourhood, and invited the youngster home. He accepted the invitation, and got up behind me on my horse. I could perceive that when he held me round the waist he discovered that I was not exactly of the sex I at first seemed: for I felt him trembling like an aspen leaf. How I laughed in my sleeve! But our ride did not continue very far: for in a few minutes we reached a convenient part of the road, where it is quite lonely, and there I threw my gentleman off and made him surrender up those trinkets which I have just handed over to Solomon."

At this moment Lady Bess, who had been talking in a careless off-hand manner, without addressing herself particularly either to the Cannibal or Madge, suddenly raised her eyes and was perfectly struck by the singular look which that woman was fixing upon her. Lady Bess could not possibly penetrate the meaning of that look: it was so strange—so sinister—so unfathomable.

"Ah! then it was a good night's work for you?" exclaimed Madge, instantaneously resuming her wonted aspect, and endeavouring to appear as if she had not been excited by any extraordinary emotion.

"Yes—a tolerably good night's work," answered the female highwayman, not choosing to question the woman—at least on that occasion—as to the cause of the strangeness of her manner a moment back. "Besides this gold," she went on to say, leisurely gathering up the money she had received from Patch, and which she had until now left lying upon the table with a careless indifference concerning it, "I got a well-filled purse from my deluded companion of that double ride on horseback. Poor fellow! he was frightened out of his wits; and I am very sure that he will not go and confess to his mamma," she added, laughing ironically, "that he was robbed by a woman. But now I shall take my departure. Chiffin, you will meet me at the bridge over the canal half-an-hour after midnight. You know where I mean—in the road leading to Tottenham."

"I know," responded Chiffin; "and I shall be there before my time. It won't take much more than an hour's walk: so if I leave here at a quarter past eleven it will be all right."

Lady Bess now quitted the wretched-looking room; and descending the stairs, issued from the public-house: then mounting her horse, she rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAWYERS.

It was a rather dark night—for there was no moon, and the clouds that were flitting over the face of heaven, borne on the wings of a somewhat strong breeze, obscured the beams of the twinkling stars. The lamps of Mr. Marlow's carriage were however lighted; and rapidly was the vehicle proceeding along the Tottenham Road, driven by the treacherous coachman through whose agency the contemplated robbery had been suggested. The carriage was of that kind which in a former instance we have already described as a *brougham*: it therefore had no footman either standing or seated behind, the coachman being the only servant attached to it.

Inside, Mr. Marlow and Mr. Malton were lounging comfortably back, conversing upon the gaieties which they had so recently quitted at Saxondale House, and intermingling their discourse with a few business-remarks relative to the various matters which their extensive office had to conduct. For the firm of Marlow and Malton was one of the most eminent as well as the wealthiest in London,—all their business being chiefly with clients belonging to the highest orders of society.

The equipage had just crossed the canal bridge, and was proceeding at a slower pace down the somewhat steep slope which the road takes in the direction of Tottenham, when the two lawyers were suddenly startled by the quick trampling of a horse galloping up to the side of the carriage, and a peremptory command to the coachman to stop. At the same instant they saw a fellow with a huge club bound from the side of the road and spring up on the box; where, seizing upon the coachman, he warned him with terrible threats not to offer the slightest resistance. The coachman did not mean to do anything of the sort, he being well prepared beforehand for this facetious portion of the drama.

Mr. Malton, who was on the side nearest to the mounted highwayman, instantaneously let down the window, and with a quick glance surveyed the daring individual whose person was plainly visible by the light of the carriage-lamps. Nevertheless, the keen eyes of Mr. Malton did not detect the real sex of the highwayman; nor could he even catch the slightest glimpse of Lady Bess's countenance, inasmuch as she had put on a black mask just before stopping the carriage. But Mr. Malton *did* perceive that the mounted bandit was of somewhat slender make, and at all events afforded no outward indications of any extraordinary degree of physical strength. Such was the idea that immediately

struck him as the result of the first few moments' survey: and he had little leisure to regard her any longer—for he was almost instantaneously called upon to some prompt and decisive course of action by the demand which Lady Bess at once made for the surrender up of purses and jewels.

She had not expected to find two gentlemen seated inside the vehicle; and on discovering that there were two she immediately apprehended resistance. Therefore, drawing forth a pocket-pistol, she presented it at the window, saying in the roughest tone to which she could possibly disguise her voice, "Quick, quick, gentlemen! Your purses, your watches, and so forth!"

"No—by heaven! not without a struggle for it!" exclaimed Mr. Malton, who was a man of undaunted courage; and as he spoke he dashed open the door and sprang forth from the vehicle with a gold-headed cane in his hand.

The abrupt opening of the door made Lady Bess's horse suddenly shy and veer round; and she, being at the instant unprepared for such a movement, was thrown heavily. Mr. Malton, with admirable presence of mind, clutched the horse's bridle with one hand, while with the other he snatched up the pistol which Lady Bess had let drop and which had happened not to explode. Mr. Marlow, the elder partner, encouraged by the resolute bravery of his friend, likewise sprang forth; and perceiving at a glance that the highwayman who lay upon the ground was either stunned or killed by the fall, he seized upon the legs of Chiffin the Cannibal who had mounted to the box.

"This scoundrel is killed!" ejaculated Mr. Malton, alluding to Lady Bess, who lay quite motionless.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Chiffin: and violently disengaging himself from the hold which Mr. Marlow had fastened upon him, he sprang down from the box and rushed away as fast as his legs would carry him.

Mr. Marlow was thrown to the ground by the sudden violence of the Cannibal: but instantly rising to his feet, he shook himself, not merely for the purpose of casting off the dust which his garments had gathered by rolling in it, but likewise to assure himself that he had no broken bones. While however he was still somewhat uncertain on the latter point, his thoughts were quickly startled into another channel by an ejaculation which burst from the lips of his partner.

"Why, by heaven, it is a woman!" exclaimed Mr. Malton, who had just stooped down to ascertain whether the highwayman was actually killed or only stunned by the severe fall experienced from the horse.

"A woman!" echoed Mr. Marlow, likewise stooping down. "Aye, and a very handsome one into the bargain!"—for his partner had plucked the black mask from her countenance. "But, dear me! I am very much mistaken if I don't know this face ——yes, and that horse too——why, to be sure, I cannot be deceived! I have seen this woman—a lady I always thought her—riding about Tottenham and Edmonton on that very horse—but not in this attire though—in a proper female riding-habit. John, hav'n't you seen this lady?"

"Never mind asking any questions now," said Mr. Malton somewhat impatiently. "See, she lives—she opens her eyes!"

And it was so. Lady Bess had been merely stunned by the fall; and consciousness rapidly returning, she became aware of the position in which she was placed—a prisoner in the hands of the two attorneys.

"Are you hurt, young woman?" demanded Mr. Malton with a sternness that was only tempered by a feeling of humanity.

"No—I think not," answered Lady Bess, rising to her feet: then, while she was rapidly calculating the chances of escape, Mr. Malton seized her by the coat-collar while Mr. Marlow clutched her by the arm.

"This is a deed on your part which we cannot overlook," said the former.

"Certainly not," promptly added the latter. "As lawyers we must obey the law; and the law forbids us to let a felon escape."

"I can scarcely expect any forbearance at your hands under the circumstances," responded Lady Bess; "and I am not going to ask it. Do with me as you will:"—and she not only spoke in a firm tone, but likewise displayed a resolute dauntlessness of manner which quite astonished the two lawyers

"What on earth are we to do with her?" asked Mr. Marlow.

"Take her on to Edmonton and give her to the police," was Mr. Malton's reply.

"You are known, young woman—you are known," said Marlow, as talkative as he was bustling, and now labouring under the greatest excitement. "I have seen you galloping about on this splendid dark chesnut of your's—but in a costume more befitting your sex. Why, 'pon my soul! I took you for a lady. I say, John, I have often noticed her to you—and I remember you mentioned her name once. What was it?"

"Sir," immediately interposed Lady Bess, who was chivalrously resolved to screen the treacherous servant, and thus save him from the perplexity of having to answer questions by the replies to which he might fear to compromise her, and thus in his hesitation draw suspicion on himself; "I will at once candidly and frankly inform you that I live near Tottenham—close at hand indeed—and that I pass by the name of Mrs. Chandos."

"Chandos, to be sure!" ejaculated the volatile Marlow: "that is it!"

"And now," Lady Bess immediately went on to observe, "although I seek no forbearance at your hands, I will request this little favour—that you permit me to call at my abode ere you consign me to the custody of the authorities, so that I may acquaint my servant with the position in which I am placed."

"Well, I see no harm in that," exclaimed Mr. Marlow. "Eh, Malton—what do you say?"

"I do not wish to behave harshly or cruelly to the unhappy young woman," was the latter gentleman's more measured response.

"My house is yonder—the white cottage which you see amongst the trees in that lane to the left:"—and Lady Bess extended her arm in the direction which she indicated.

"Well then, how shall we manage?" exclaimed Marlow. "Oh, I know! We will fasten the horse by the bridle to the carriage, and take our prisoner inside with us. Here, you hold her tight, Malton,

while I dispose of the horse. 'Pon my soul, it is a splendid animal! I have often admired it—but little thought it was ridden by a highwayman—or rather a highway-woman."

While thus chattering, Mr. Marlow attached the horse's bridle to the back of the carriage; and that being done, Lady Bess was desired to enter the vehicle. This she at once did without the slightest indication of any failure of courage. Then the two lawyers being likewise ensconced within the vehicle, the equipage drove away.

In a few minutes it reached the bottom of the slope; and passing out of the main-road, entered the lane in which Lady Bess's residence was situated. This was soon gained; and the carriage, with the dark chesnut trotting behind it, stopped in front of a neat cottage almost embowered in trees and having a very picturesque appearance.

"Who the deuce would have thought," exclaimed Mr. Marlow, as he bustled out of the vehicle, "that this beautiful place was occupied by so lawless a character? 'Pon my soul, it appears like a dream! Young woman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—such a good-looking person as you are——"

"Come, come, Marlow, don't let us reproach her," interrupted Mr. Malton, as he held tight hold of Lady Bess's arm while she descended from the vehicle. "She will be punished enough, I dare say."

"Will you let me take my horse to the stable?" she inquired: "for I have no groom on the premises. A man who lives at yon hut"—and she pointed to a little cottage at a short distance—"is in the habit of coming to attend upon it."

"Oh! yes—we are not warring against the horse," ejaculated Mr. Marlow. "Here—I will soon help you——where is the stable?——round at the back?"

At this moment the front door was opened; and a woman of about thirty, and exceedingly respectable in appearance, came out. By the light which streamed forth from the passage of the house and which blended with that of the carriage-lamps, this woman exchanged a rapid glance with Mr. Marlow's coachman: but although Lady Bess perceived and understood it, neither of the two lawyers did.

"Rosa," said Lady Bess, "do not be frightened—I am in some little trouble, and shall have to go away with these gentlemen. I have had a sad fall from my horse too, and have wounded my right leg. I feel that it is bleeding—and indeed the blood has run down into my boot. But never mind."

"Oh, my dear, dear mistress!" exclaimed Rosa, rushing forward and clasping her hands as if in despair: then stooping down, she felt the amazon's pantaloons, exclaiming, "Gracious! you are indeed bleeding!"

"In that case," said Mr. Malton, "we must allow you time to let your servant examine your injury and dress it. I have already said that we do not wish to use unnecessary harshness."

"I thank you, sir, for you courtesy—or I should say your generosity:"—and Lady Bess appeared to speak with a sincere feeling.

The horse was now speedily led round to the stable, where the saddle and bridle were taken off by Mr. Marlow's own hands: and then the two lawyers, Lady Bess, and the servant entered the house. An elegantly-furnished parlour received them; and Messrs. Marlow and Malton could not help exchanging a look of astonishment at the evidences of a refined taste which the room presented to their view. Several good pictures, three or four beautiful little alabaster groups of statues, vases of flowers, and musical instruments, ornamented the place. Rosa hastened to light the wax-candles on the mantel; and then Lady Bess said, "You will permit me, gentlemen, to ascend with my servant to my chamber for a few minutes?"

"Ah! but what guarantee have we against your escape?" at once cried Mr. Marlow.

"I know not," returned the female highwayman, with an appearance of the utmost frankness: "unless you station yourselves on the landing outside."

"Well, this we must do then, I suppose," exclaimed Mr. Marlow.

"Yes—there is no alternative," added Mr. Malton, who, though really regretting to be compelled to proceed to extremities against this extraordinary woman, was nevertheless one of those scrupulous and punctilious individuals who imagine that severity in such cases is a duty which they owe to society.

"Lead the way, Rosa," said Lady Bess; "and I will follow with these gentlemen."

The servant accordingly issued from the room, holding in her hand the chamber-candle with which she had previously lighted the tapers on the mantel; and the two lawyers, keeping Lady Bess between them, proceeded up a handsomely carpetted staircase to the landing above.

"This is my room," said the amazon, pointing to the door which Rosa had just opened; "and you will perhaps convince yourselves that it has no other outlet."

"Yes—that I will do," said the volatile Mr. Marlow: and he hastened into the chamber while Lady Bess remained outside on the landing with Mr. Malton.

"It's all right," exclaimed the senior partner as he came forth again: "there's no possible escape, unless she leaps out of the window or gets up the chimney: but the former is too high from the ground, and the latter too narrow."

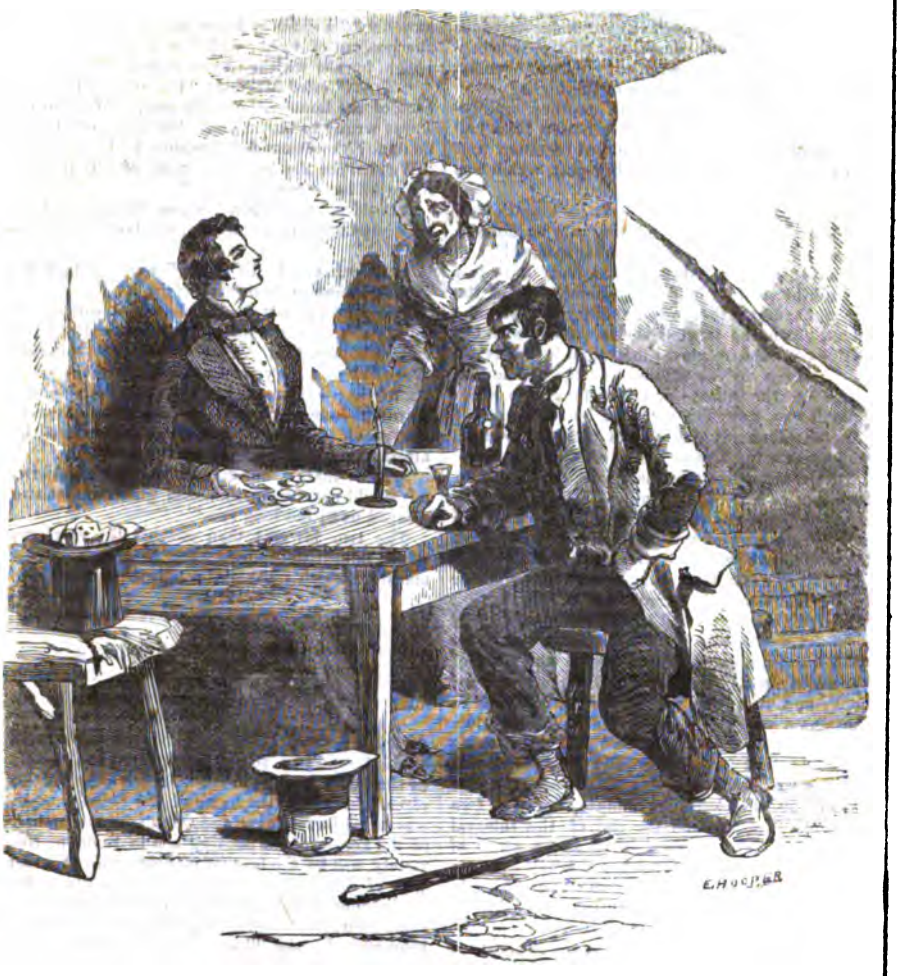
"Then we leave you for a few minutes with your servant," said Mr. Malton.

Lady Bess accordingly passed into the bed-chamber, while the two lawyers staid outside upon the landing.

"Fear nothing," said the amazonian lady, in the lowest possible whisper to her servant the instant they were thus alone together. "Your cousin is unsuspected—I have screened him. My plans are all arranged. And now at once begin talking loud, as if you were lamenting my misfortunes while dressing my wound."

The truth is that Lady Bess had no wound at all—nor had she sustained any injury beyond a slight contusion or two from the fall in the road. The idea of the wound and the ghastly story of the blood streaming into her boot, was a ready invention on her part, and which Rosa had at once comprehended, for the purpose of obtaining this opportunity of ascending to her chamber in company with the servant.

"Oh, my dear, dear mistress!" exclaimed Rosa, affecting a voice of lamentation and distress: "what



scrape you have got yourself into! How did all this happen? What does it mean? Well, well, poor dear lady, I won't worry you. I dare say you will tell me all about it another time. But, O dear me! what a wound! Why you must have cut yourself with a sharp flintstone, or something. You would certainly have bled to death if you had gone without having the wound dressed. And the boot too—almost filled with blood! the stocking dripping wet! dear me, dear me!"

In this strain did Rose go on talking, at the same time treading about the room and making a clatter with the things just as if she were in the excitement of a tremendous bustle to get all that was necessary under the circumstances. But in the mean while what was Lady Bess herself doing?

The instant she had given those hurried and softly whispered instructions to Rose, she delayed not in carrying into execution the plan which had suggested itself to her while she was arriving thither in the carriage. She looked at her watch: it wanted exactly twenty-five minutes to two o'clock. No time to lose! Taking a very small scrap of paper, she wrote thereon the following lines:—

Deletsyd—azodpd.

Ozgpc—Oz dzxpestyr ez acgzp * bld je jafc asfdp estp trae.

Ehpyej xtyfepd es ehz.

Having folded up this little scrap of paper into the smallest possible compass, she tied a small piece of silken thread around it; which being done, she hastily whispered to Rose, "Make some good rattling noise while I open the window."

Rose, instantaneously obeying this order, commenced no inconsiderable din with the basin and jug and other things on the washing-stand, during which clatter Lady Bess opened the casement, the noise thereof being drowned in the din of the crockery-ware. She now reached forth her hand, and took in a large wicker bird-cage which hung just outside the window. This cage contained

two beautiful doves of the carrier-breed. One of these doves the amazonian lady took forth from the cage, and in less than a minute tied the little scrap of paper with the silken cord under its wing. She then opened her hand, and the messenger-bird flew out of the window, instantaneously disappearing in the obscurity of the night.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of another rapidly-whispered command from her mistress, Rosa had fastened the two sheets of the bed together, and had tied one extremity to the bed-post, which was near the casement.

"In two or three days I shall be back again, safe and sound. Don't fear; nothing can be done to you—and your cousin John is unsuspected!"

Having whispered these words, Lady Bess lost not another instant in passing herself out of the casement; and with wondrous agility and skill, she glided down the twisted sheets, so that with but a slight fall she reached the ground in safety.

To hasten to the stable—put the saddle and bridle on the horse—and lead forth the noble animal, was now the work of but a couple of minutes; then vaulting on its back, Lady Bess was borne away like an arrow shot from a bow.

In the meantime Rosa had gone on talking in the room in the same strain as before, and precisely as if her mistress was still there. The two solicitors, who were out on the landing, failed not to catch most of what the woman uttered, although for delicacy's sake they had not approached nearer to the door than the narrowness of the landing rendered necessary. All that we have described from the moment Lady Bess entered her chamber with Rosa, until she flitted away on the back of her noble steed, barely occupied a quarter of an hour; and that was no great length of time to examine a wound—wash it—fasten bandages on it—and allow for taking off and putting on those garments that it was necessary to remove and change. At least such was the calculation made relative to the lapse of minutes by the two lawyers. Yet, towards the end of the interval named, a feeling of uneasiness and a sense of misgiving began to creep into the minds of both. Not that they thought Lady Bess was too long in her chamber; but those continuous outpourings of lamentations, ejaculations, and comments on the part of Rosa, added to to the din she had created with the crockery-ware, struck them as being suspicious: for it all looked as if the woman were playing a part,—a part too which she was now overdoing. They were therefore just on the point of knocking at the door, and insisting upon Lady Bess coming forth, when they were struck with consternation on hearing the sudden trampling of the horse's feet as he was being led from the stable.

"By heaven, we are tricked?" exclaimed Marlow: and without ceremony he rushed into the bed-chamber.

The open window and the rope of sheets which Rosa was just dragging in, told the tale.

"Wretch!" cried Marlow, "you have aided your mistress's escape! But you shall go to prison for her!"

"Let her alone," exclaimed Mr. Malton. "We will punish the guilty one yet:"—and he rushed down the stairs, closely followed by his partner.

"Why did you not stop her? Don't you see that she has escaped?" cried Marlow, addressing himself fiercely to the coachman.

"I saw some one, sir, gallop round from the back of the house and bolt away like a shot," answered the coachman: "but how could I possibly stop her? I scarcely knew who it could be till she was out of sight: and then it was only suspicion, for she whisked by at such a rate."

"True!" cried Marlow; "the window is at the back of the house—the stable also. Well, John, I was wrong to blame you. But now, what is to be done?" he demanded, turning to his partner. "We shall be the laughing-stock of all London if we let her escape us thus."

"Besides," added Mr. Malton, "it is more than ever imperative that the outraged laws should be satisfied."

"But what *is* to be done?" again asked Mr. Marlow, more excited than before.

"Depend upon it she means to get out of the country," responded the junior partner after a few moments' reflection. "I tell you what we must do. We will go on to your house, and snatch a few hours' sleep—then off by the first trains in the morning—one of us to Dover and the other to Liverpool. France and America—these are the alternatives for this desperate woman!"

"Yes—that is our course," returned Marlow. "I would not for a thousand guineas that she escaped us in the long run."

The two lawyers then entered the carriage, which immediately drove away to Mr. Marlow's mansion, which was about a mile distant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

A LITTLE beyond Gravesend there stood a small public-house, in a somewhat lonely spot, though by the side of the main road. The landlord of this place, which bore the name of the *Dancing Bear*, was called Israel Patch, and was a younger brother of the keeper of the boozing-ken in London. Not merely was he the brother of Solomon, but Israel was of kindred character and pursuits,—his public-house being the resort of all the desperate characters of the district, especially the smugglers belonging to the Thames and Medway. The *Dancing Bear* had long been the object of suspicion on the part of the local authorities; but so cunningly had Israel managed matters, that he had never done any overt act, which could be positively brought home to him.

Israel Patch was a widower, but had a grown-up daughter living with him to superintend his establishment. She was a woman of about thirty, remarkably ugly, and in every way of a character fitted to aid her father in his money-making and nefarious pursuits. Her Christian name was Rebecca; but she was universally known amongst the frequenters of the house by the diminutive of *Becky*.

We must now observe that Israel Patch slept in a little room behind his bar on the ground-floor: but Becky slept in an attic quite on the top of the house. This attic had no flat ceiling to separate it from the sloping roof, but may be described as being covered only by the roof itself—in plain terms, it was just beneath the tiles. On a flat portion of this roof there appeared a very

singular contrivance—namely, a little trap-door of a foot square, made of a piece of wood not much thicker than a good stout cardboard. It was retained by two little hinges on one side; and as it opened downward, it had a very slight and flexible steel spring fixed underneath to keep it shut. As a matter of course, if this spring were taken away the little trap-door would drop downward; and it must likewise be understood that the spring was so slight that while it was but just strong enough to sustain the door, the slightest weight touching the door on the uppermost side would make it sink down. But this was not quite all; for a little bell was suspended to the rafters close by the trap-door; and by another simple contrivance it was so arranged that if the trap-door opened by being pressed downward it caused this bell to ring. Every night, before retiring to rest, Rebecca Patch opened the little trap-door; and thrusting her arm through to the roof, drew in three small saucers. One she filled with water—the second with tares or parched peas—and the third with salt; then having done this, she put the saucers out upon the roof again in a little sort of wooden recess or hutch, the object of which was merely to prevent the salt from being saturated with wet in case of rain. This was Rebecca's nightly duty, and which she fulfilled with the utmost regularity.

We may now continue our tale. It was two o'clock in the morning, when Becky Patch was suddenly startled from her sleep by the tinkling of the little bell; and though its sound could scarcely have awakened any person under ordinary circumstances, yet by dint of habit the least note thereof would arouse up Israel Patch's daughter as effectually as if a cannon were fired close by her ears. Springing from her couch, Becky instantaneously lighted a candle, and coaxingly extended her arm towards a pigeon which now appeared perched on the upper rail of a chair immediately under the little trap-door. The bird, with instinctive tameness, seemed to recognise a known friend, and immediately flew on the woman's wrist. She caressed and addressed it in fondling terms: then she refreshed it with water—and having done this, looked beneath its wing. Thence she unfastened the little scrap of paper which was tied there; and calculating for a moment the day of the month, muttered to herself, "The letter L is the key."

Then she hastily glanced over the contents of the billet, upon which she made a cross with a pen; and having forthwith folded it up again, she replaced it under the bird's wing. This being done, she gave the feathered messenger some peculiar kind of food which she always had in readiness in the room; and the little carrier being thus refreshed, was put forth through the trap-door again. It immediately took wing and sped away on its important errand.

"Twenty minutes to two when the bird was sent off," muttered Rebecca to herself: then as she took an old silver watch from under her pillow and saw that it was now about ten minutes past two, she observed, "There's plenty of time."

She then put on some clothing, and descending the stairs, proceeded to the little room where her father slept.

"Well, what is it?" exclaimed Israel Patch, as he started up in his couch.

"A message," responded his daughter. "Lady Bess has sent it. You must have a horse in readiness. The despatch is dated twenty minutes to two—and it is now nearly a quarter past."

"What a time the bird has been in coming!" ejaculated Patch.

"No such thing," rejoined his daughter. "The dove was here in twenty minutes after it was sent on the wing; and that is doing more than a mile a minute, taking the distance from Lady Bess's to this place. It is me that have delayed somewhat in coming down, as I saw that there was no hurry. Besides, I had to feed the bird—hadn't I?"

"Well, you can go up to bed again. I will dress myself, get the horse in readiness, and wait."

Rebecca Patch left her father the candle which she had brought with her; and then remounting the stairs, gained her attic and lay down to rest once more.

Rapid as the flight of that pigeon which bore the mysterious billet beneath its wing, must we transport the reader to another public-house much farther along the same road. Indeed, this latter was about four miles on the London side of Canterbury. It was situated on the summit of Boughton Hill, at no great distance from a village, but completely isolated therefrom. The sign raised upon the top of a tall post, was daubed with such an effigy of a *Red Dragon* as the painter's imagination had suggested. The house was of sombre and dilapidated appearance, with so suspicious a look that no solitary traveller with a well-filled purse in his pocket would choose such a hostel as a resting-place for the night. It was kept by a man and his wife named Dean; and they, as the reader may suspect, were not a whit more particular how they made money than either Solomon Patch in London or his brother Israel, near Gravesend. They had a son—a lad of about eighteen, whose Christian name was Joseph. He was an intelligent, shrewd, keen fellow, having well profited by his parents' example in such wrong-sided experiences of the world as he was likely to glean therefrom.

This lad slept by himself up in a garret—or rather a sort of loft on the top of the house; and here might be observed precisely the same curious apparatus fixed in the roof as we have described in reference to the attic at the *Dancing Bear*. There was the little trap-door lightly sustained by the steel spring—the small bell—and the hutch with the three saucers on the tiles outside. With the same regularity as Rebecca Patch observed in replenishing those saucers, did Joe Dean perform the same duty; and with equal sensitiveness was he ready to start up from his slumbers at the slightest summons of the metallic tongue of the monitor-bell. Above the head of his truckle-bed a common pinchbeck watch was suspended by a dirty riband to a nail fastened in the wall.

The hands of that watch indicated that it was exactly half-past two o'clock, on that same night—or rather morning—of which we are speaking, when Joe Dean was suddenly awakened from his sleep by the tinkling chime of the bell. He started up lighted his candle, and took the messenger-bird which having alighted on the trap-door, had sunk down with it into the room. Then ensued precisely the same process as we have already de-

scribed at the *Dancing Bear*. Joe Dean, having first of all given the bird some water, detached the billet from beneath its wing—read its contents—made a mark upon it with a pen—folded it up again—and attached it once more to the pinion of the feathered messenger. Having fed and caressed the dove, he let it loose again through the trap-door; and away it sped on the third and last stage of its aerial journey. The lad, having noticed the time by his watch, thereupon went down stairs and communicated to his father the nature of the message which had just been received.

Again must we transport the reader's attention to some distance; and this time we halt at Dover. There, in one of the principal streets, was a tavern of respectable appearance, bearing the sign of the *Admiral's Head*. It was kept by an old man named Marshall, who in his younger days had served on board one of the privateers which Dover in the war-time was wont to send forth to prey upon the French maritime commerce. His father had been the owner and captain of the privateer, and had amassed some little money, with which at the Peace he had established himself at the *Admiral's Head*. Robert Marshall, the present owner of the place, was considered to be a respectable man enough. His house was well frequented; and he was known to be comfortable in his circumstances. He was always regular in his attendance at church—subscribed to charities—sent the clergyman of the parish a handsome present at Christmas—and never had any complaints made against his house on the score or irregularity or disorder. He therefore stood uncommonly well with the leading persons in the town; and if a whisper did now and then circulate that old Bob Marshall had excellent French brandy in his establishment which had never passed the Custom House, or that his wife and daughters went to church on Sundays in French silks, gloves, and shoes, upon which no duty had ever been paid to the British government,—Bob Marshall was not wanting in influential friends to take up the cudgels on his behalf and defend him against what they declared to be a most scandalous imputation.

Mr. Marshall had three daughters, whose ages averaged from about eighteen to twenty-four; and very fine, good-looking, and genteel young women they were. The eldest, whose Christian name was Catherine—familiarly abbreviated into Kate—had from her girlhood been very fond of keeping poultry, pigeons, and other favourites of the feathered tribe in the large stable-yard in the rear of the tavern. Especially had she a very choice and beautiful breed of doves, to which she was greatly attached; and though some of the neighbours found that these birds were wont to get upon the tops of their houses and displace the tiles, they never complained angrily, because old Marshall was invariably so ready to have any such damage repaired at his own expense, and Miss Kate was sure to make compensation by sending a fat turkey or a brace of pullets as a propitiation at Christmas. But of all the friends and acquaintances of the Marshalls who were aware of the eldest young lady's fondness for the feathered tribe, not one of them was ever admitted to the knowledge of the circumstance that she had a bed-chamber prettily fitted up in the highest storey of the house, and that in the roof of this chamber there were precisely the same contrivances as those which we have already explained at the *Red Dragon* on Boughton Hill, and the *Dancing Bear* near Gravesend. Yet such was the fact: and in that neat little but somewhat airily situated chamber, did Kate Marshall sleep; and whenever the tinkling bell sounded she was as ready to spring from her couch as either Joe Dean or Becky Patch at their respective habitations.

An elegant little French time-piece standing upon the chest of drawers, intimated that it wanted ten minutes to three o'clock, when the tinkling summons was given; and Miss Kate was suddenly startled from a very pleasant dream in which the image of her intended husband—the captain of a small trading vessel—was conspicuous. Leaping from the couch, she at once perceived by the aid of her night-lamp, which she always kept burning, a beautiful carrier-pigeon upon a rail a couple of feet below the trap-door. Her plump white arm was immediately outstretched to receive the little messenger; and the next moment the sweet bird was fondly nestling in its kind friend's bosom. Then she gave it water; and detaching the little billet from beneath its wing, hastily opened it. A small manuscript-book which she took from a drawer, and which was filled with dates, references, and initial letters, promptly refreshed her memory so as to supply the key to the reading of the scroll, which without such a clue would necessarily have been a mere jargon as incomprehensible as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Having made herself acquainted with the words upon the paper, she proceeded to administer food to the bird. This being done, she fondled and caressed it again for a minute or two, and then let it escape through the trap-door in the roof of her chamber.

Kate Marshall now hastily slipped on some clothing, and stealing down stairs, knocked gently at the chamber where her father and mother slept. Mr. Marshall immediately rose, put on a dressing-gown, and admitted his daughter.

"A message, I suppose?" he at once said as he entered the room.

"From Lady Bess," responded Kate. "Here it is. The key is the letter L. The pigeon was sent off at twenty minutes to two, and arrived here at ten minutes to three—one hour and ten minutes in all!"

"And what's the distance, Kate?" asked Mrs. Marshall.

"Why, mother, by the road, Dover is seventy-two miles from London, you know," responded the daughter; "and then allowing that Lady Bess's cottage is five miles from London, the whole distance would be seventy-seven. But then, as the bird flies, it would not be much more than seventy, making a mile a minute, inclusive of the short stoppages at the two stations on the road."

While Miss Kate was thus speaking, her father had decyphered the scrap of paper, and had then burnt it by the flame of the candle.

"Well, there is plenty of time to tutor your sisters and the servants what to say," the old man immediately observed. "Some hours must elapse before she will be here, although with the relays she has ordered she will no doubt gallop

like the wind. The little bird has performed its message well: for the two marks were made in; the corner of the paper—were they not?"

"Yes—in the usual way," responded Kate "and therefore there is no doubt that the pigeon stopped both at Gravesend and Boughton."

"Well, you can go up to bed again, Kate," said her father. "But be up by six o'clock, and then we will arrange what is to be said."

"Yes—but did you not observe," asked the young woman, "that something is to be done at once, to prove——"

"To be sure! I have it," exclaimed the estate Marshall. "I know what I will do. Leave it all to me—and you go up to bed, Kate."

His daughter accordingly left the room, and Mr. Marshall at once proceeded to dress himself with the utmost despatch. He then quitted the chamber, telling his wife that he should not be many minutes absent. Descending the stairs, he opened the front door of the tavern, taking the key in his pocket so as to be able to let himself in again; and hurrying along the street, at length stopped at a house where the coloured lamp burning over the door indicated the abode of a surgeon. Marshall rang the night-bell with some degree of violence; and in a few minutes the door was opened by the medical man's assistant.

"Hallo! is that you, Mr. Marshall?" he exclaimed, immediately recognising the tavern-keeper. "Is there anything the matter up at the *Admiral's Head?*"

"Yes—a lady who arrived last evening has been seized with a fit. She's a little better now, as my daughters are attending upon her: but I want you to give me a composing draught, or something of the kind, so as to prevent a relapse. I am sorry to have disturbed you——"

"Don't mention it, Mr. Marshall," immediately exclaimed the assistant: "it's all in the way of business. Come into the surgery, and I will see what I can do for you—unless you think it is a case for which I had better call up Mr. Hood:"—alluding to his master.

"No, not at all," rejoined the tavern-keeper. "I dare say you can give something that will answer the purpose, if I describe what sort of a fit it was."

"Oh, certainly!" replied the assistant; "and then Mr. Hood will call round in the morning and see the lady."

While thus speaking, the assistant led the way into the surgery; and old Marshall described the ordinary symptoms of an hysterical fit. The assistant speedily compounded a draught; and as he wrote out the label to put upon the bottle, he asked, "What name shall I say?"

"Mrs. Chandos," was old Marshall's prompt answer.

The name was accordingly written upon the label; and Marshall, thanking the assistant for his attention, took his departure. Returning to his house, he ascended to his chamber, undressed himself again, and went to bed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JOURNEY.

We must now return to Lady Bess, whom we left at the moment when seated on her gallant steed she fled from her cottage in the manner already described. Making the best of her way into London, she crossed Blackfriar's Bridge, and proceeded straight for the Kent Road. In an hour and a quarter from the time she had quitted the cottage she entered upon Blackheath. There she walked her horse—although the noble animal, as if instinctively aware of its mistress's need, appeared impatient to career onward again.

The dauntless amazon was in the highest possible spirits, not only at the achievement she had already performed in effecting her escape from the lawyers, but likewise at the measures she had taken to disentangle herself in the long run from the meshes of the law and be able to turn round and laugh in their faces. She thought of Turpin's memorable ride to York—an exploit which had saved him from the strong arm of justice on that occasion, it being held impossible for a man who appeared at York at daybreak to have committed a crime in London on the preceding evening—the distance being close on two hundred miles! But Lady Bess's stratagem, as she had devised it, was if possible still more ingenious; and the evidence to be eventually given in her favour, would be still more conclusive, as the reader will presently see.

It was now three o'clock in the morning—and she had sixty-four miles to ride! But this distance she was confident of being able to achieve within a very few hours, although it formed no part of her plan to imitate Dick Turpin in the astounding feat of accomplishing the journey with the same horse.

Having breathed her gallant courser for a few minutes on Blackheath, Lady Bess gave it the rein; and away, away it flew with an astonishing velocity.

"Fifteen miles from this point to Gravesend—or rather sixteen hence to the *Dancing Bear*—and I must do the distance in an hour!"

Thus she spoke aloud, her flute-like voice sounding melodiously through the fresh air of morning. The twilight was glimmering in the east—very faintly as yet, but still it was appearing: and she thought to herself that she would yet ride many a mile ere the sun rose—aye, and many a long mile more too, ere it should be very high above the horizon. The exhilaration which she felt amounted almost to an intoxication. She was as happy as if not the slightest danger hung over her head,—happier indeed, for it was in consequence of that danger she was now pursuing an adventure so thoroughly congenial to her daring, dauntless, reckless character. Her horse needed not the touch of spur or whip: an occasional caress with the hand and the encouraging voice of its mistress impelled the animal to the development of all its powers of swiftness—and never did the lithe and graceful Arab courser dash with a more lightning speed over the arid desert than Lady Bess's gallant horse along the high road to Dover. The weather at that hour in the morning and in the genial month of June was

delicious, with just a sufficient freshness of breeze to cool down the perspiration of the flying animal, and to heighten into the richest glow the bloom upon its rider's cheeks. She felt a buoyancy of spirits and a lightness of heart such as she had never experienced before. Though always of a free, and jovial, and careless disposition, yet now her happiness was a delirium—a whirl of bliss—an ecstacy. The blood ran like lightning in her veins; and from time to time her merry laugh rang through the air like a peal of silver bells, as she thought of the glorious feat of outwitting the two keen and cunning lawyers.

Now the town of Dartford is reached: she somewhat relaxes the speed of her horse, so as not to excite suspicion, should any loiterer or early riser be about, by dashing through the street at too tremendous a pace. But scarcely are the limits of the sleeping town cleared, when away she flies again along the well-beaten road. Now she has a glimpse of the Thames as it winds its way past Greenhithe—then she loses sight of it again; but in a few minutes more she obtains a fuller view of the broad and ample flood as she passes over an eminence near Northfleet. Onward still, with an unrelaxing speed, the dark chesnut flies—Gravesend is reached—again she checks the noble animal in his career—but not a soul appears in the street, and in a few minutes more she dashes up to the front of the *Dancing Bear*. She looks at her watch—'tis four o'clock—and she is exultant!

At the same moment that she springs from her steed the stable door of the public-house is thrown open, and Israel Patch comes forth leading another horse ready caparisoned. If not quite so elegant in its appearance as the dark chesnut, the relay-courser is but little inferior, and gives promise of no mean capacity for the work that is to be done. Few and rapid are the words which pass between Lady Bess and Israel Patch; and the moment her own steed is conducted into the stable, she bids him bring her forth a draught of ale—a command which he loses no time to obey. The amazon drinks but a portion of the tankard's foaming contents: then springing upon the fresh steed, away she flies again.

"Twenty-nine miles hence to Boughton," she exclaims aloud; "and I must do the distance within a few minutes of two hours! Yes—it can be done—it *shall* be done!" she cries with enhancing exultation, as she is now well assured of the capabilities and powers of the steed which she at present bestrides.

The sun has risen—light has broken with gradual step upon the earth, and breathed the breath of life into the hitherto pulseless veins of slumber-locked creation. The orb of day breaks out in glory upon the world—nature is wakening from her trance—but all the night-dews remain upon her breast, like sparkling gems on the bosom of an Oriental sultana aroused by the break of morning from the voluptuous cushions whereon she has reposed.

The loveliness of the scene—the freshness of the morn—the gay caroling of the birds—the myraid tiny voices in which the insect world was speaking—all had the effect of elevating Lady Bess's spirits to the highest point. Onward speeds the horse—by heaven! she begins to think that its powers, its energies, its action are all equal to those of her own gallant dark chesnut! Now she reins him in for a moment to walk him through a road-side pond—and twice she leaped down to wash his mouth with a bunch of long grass damp with the pearly dew. He seems to recognise these attentions—to know that he is made much of—and also to be aware that he has a duty to perform in return. Yes—for a specific task is set—that good steed must be at Boughton ere the hand of his rider's watch marks the hour of six. On, on, then—there is not an instant to lose!—on, on! Ah! the goal is in view—there is the tall signpost—and in a few moments more the panting steed halts in front of the *Red Dragon*. Again does Lady Bess look at her watch; bravo! it still wants ten minutes to six o'clock!

At the public-house which she has now reached a fresh horse is in readiness. The man Dean has not neglected the message delivered through the agency of the carrier-pigeon. A few rapid words are exchanged—another sip of ale taken—and away speeds Lady Bess on the last stage of her journey. Nineteen miles are before her—it will take an hour and a quarter to accomplish that distance; but she will enter Dover a few minutes after seven o'clock!

Away she speeds—four miles are soon dashed over—and then she reaches the outskirts of Canterbury. But as at this hour many persons are astir and she does not chose to court observation, she makes a slight circuit so as to avoid passing through the place altogether. She knows all that part of the country well—each lane, each turning; and in a few minutes does she emerge upon the high road again on the furthermost outskirts of Canterbury. The relay-steed which she obtained at the *Red Dragon* was equal to the former—equal too as near as might be to her own; and thus she gallops on like the wind. Without impediment—but in exultation, in almost frenzied joy—in a perfect delirium of delight—is mile after mile passed over;—and now at length the towering heights and gloomy fortalice of Dover Castle break upon her view.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" her voice rings out in swelling harmony to the breeze that already seems fresh with the salt taste derived from the sea.

Dover is reached: she looks at her watch again—it is ten minutes past seven! She has ridden from the northern outskirts of London in five hours and a half!

Immediately on her arrival at the *Admiral's Head*, Lady Bess was hurried up-stairs by Kate Marshall and her sisters to a bed-chamber; and there the three young women embraced her in the enthusiasm of admiration for the feat which she had performed. They then assisted to disapparel her of her male garments; and Lady Bess was by no means sorry to stretch her stiff and wearied limbs in the comfortable couch. Kate sat down by the bed-side, and explained to her the stratagem which her father had adopted the moment the carrier-bird brought the despatch upwards of four hours previously. One of her sisters hastened down stairs to procure breakfast for the intrepid traveller; while the other sister bustled about to put the masculine garments out of the way, and substitute for them a female garb which Kate's wardrobe furnished; and as the elder Miss Marshall was nearly as possible of the same height and figure as Lady Bess, there was no fear of the raiment proving unsuitable. The bottle of medicine which had been procured from Mr. Hood's assistant, was emptied, and then conspiciously

placed on the table near the bed, just as if its contents had been duly imbibed by her whose name appeared on the label.

Breakfast was speedily brought up; and Lady Bess did most ample justice to it. By the time she had finished her meal and the things were cleared away, it was eight o'clock; and in order to render the stratagem in respect to the surgeon as complete as possible, old Marshall stepped down the street to fetch him.

In a few minutes Mr. Hood was duly escorted by Mrs. Marshall into the pretended invalid's chamber. The surgeon was a middle-aged man, of rather a benevolent countenance, and of pleasing address. He had been long established in Dover and was much respected. If he had a fault, it was in a certain sneaking affection which he cherished for money; and therefore when he observed a well-filled purse lying upon the table close by his empty bottle, he could not help feeling pleased at having a patient evidently so well able to remunerate him for his services.

Lady Bess put on the most lugubrious look it was possible for her handsome and healthy countenance to assume; and if the doctor had only seen her playing so fine a part with the breakfast a quarter of an hour previous, he would assuredly have fancied that a lady possessed of such an appetite must be endowed with an iron constitution.

"Well, how are we this morning?" he asked, in his blandest tones, as he took Lady Bess's hand. "Pulse somewhat feverish—eh?"

Lady Bess thought that Mr. Hood's pulse would be very likely to beat quickly if he had ridden nearly eighty miles in five hours and a half: but though she experienced an almost irresistible inclination to burst out into the merriest laugh, she nevertheless so far controlled herself as to subdue that desire and modulate her voice into faint and languid tones, as she said, "I feel somewhat better now, doctor. But I was very, very ill in the night; and I feared that the fit was coming on just now again when the landlord went to fetch you."

"Ah! you must have another draught," said Mr. Hood. "No appetite, I suppose?"

"Not in the least," answered Lady Bess; and she thought it would be very odd if she had after the quantities of cold fowl, ham, and buttered toast she had partaken of within the past half-hour.

"Well, you must have a little gruel presently, with a piece of dry toast," said Mr. Hood.

"I am convinced I never should be able to take it," rejoined Lady Bess; and Kate Marshall turned away to the window in order to prevent herself from bursting out into a laugh in the doctor's face.

"Oh! you must take some sustenance," exclaimed Mr. Hood; "but of a light character, for you are still feverish. When did this indisposition commence?"

"The lady arrived here last evening about seven o'clock," Mrs. Marshall hastened to observe; "and she complained very soon afterwards—didn't she, Kate?"

"Yes, mother," was the response given by the eldest daughter.

"And then it was a little after three in the morning, I suppose, that you got so bad, ma'am?" said the doctor, addressing his patient; "for I learn from my assistant that it was about that time he was rung up."

"I really took no note of the hour," answered Lady Bess; "but I know that I had been suffering ever since I went to bed, before the fit seized upon me."

Mr. Hood remained a few minutes longer with his patient, asking her certain requisite questions—or we should rather say, certain questions which he considered requisite; and then he took his leave, promising to send another draught in the course of the forenoon, and desiring that he might be fetched if any change should take place in her condition.

When the doctor had fairly quitted the room, Lady Bess gave vent to her long pent-up mirth in peals of the most joyous laughter, wherein she was joined by Kate, who remained with her, Mrs. Marshall having left the room with the doctor to escort him down stairs.

"And how do you really feel?" inquired Kate, when the paroxysm of that convulsive merriment was over.

"I feel somewhat tired and stiff," responded Lady Bess, wiping away the tears which had rolled down her cheeks in the excess of her mirth: "but in all other respects I never was better, and certainly never happier. I am not one, my dear Kate, who after an extraordinary exhilaration of the spirits, receives a reaction leading into a proportionate despondency. I am pretty nearly always the same—sometimes more elated perhaps—but very seldom, if ever depressed. And now let me give you the history of that pleasant little adventure of mine which has compelled me to perform this feat."

The amazon thereupon recounted the incidents of the previous night, which are already known to the reader; and Kate laughed heartily at her friend's ludicrous description of the discomfiture which the two lawyers had experienced.

"Now I do not think they are positively vindictive," added Lady Bess; "but they are keen, sharp fellows, and have got it into their heads that, being lawyers, they must vindicate what is called the majesty of the law. So, it is highly probable that they will have instituted a hue and cry, or else a chase after me. Perhaps, even, they may make their appearance in Dover presently, in the idea that I shall endeavour to escape into France. Well, let them come: I most cordially hope they will—for it is better to have the thing examined into down here and have done with it, than have to wait till I return to London and then send for all you as witnesses. But what time is the first train down?"

"About eleven o'clock for the French mails," replied Kate.

"And it is now about half-past eight," said Lady Bess, referring to her watch which lay upon the table by the bedside. "Well, I can at least reckon upon two or three hours' good sleep."

"For which purpose I will therefore leave you," said Kate; but as she was about to open the door, she turned round, and with an arch smile upon her very good-looking countenance, said, "Shall I bring you up the gruel and toast at eleven?"

"Rather say a good luncheon, my dear friend," responded Lady Bess, with another merry laugh: and then as Kate Marshall closed the door, the

female highwayman turned round in her couch and composed herself off to sleep as calmly and tranquilly as if there were not even the remotest chance of being brought into collision with the authorities.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESULT.

It was a little after mid-day when a short, elderly, bustling gentleman, accompanied by one of the Dover police-constables, entered the *Admiral's Head*, and proceeding straight up to the bar, inquired for the landlord. Old Marshall, who from the window of his parlour behind the bar immediately observed the visitors and of course guessed their errand, came forth with the coolest self-possession imaginable; and the police-officer at once said, "Mr. Marshall, we want to have a few minutes' conversation with you, if you please."

"To be sure: step in here," responded the landlord: and he accordingly admitted the bustling gentleman and the constable into the bar-parlour, where his wife and three daughters were seated. "But if it's private," the old man immediately exclaimed, "we can go into another room."

The constable looked at Mr. Marlow,—for he the gentleman was,—for him to give an answer; and the London solicitor at once said, "I presume these ladies are of your family?"

"My wife and daughters, sir," responded old Marshall.

"Then there can be no harm in my putting before them the questions which I have to ask. In a word, do you happen to have an individual —or to be more explicit, a woman in male attire, beneath your roof?"

"Well, I never!" whispered Miss Kate to her sisters: but purposely loud enough to be heard by the lawyer and constable.

"A what, sir?" exclaimed old Marshall, affecting the utmost astonishment.

"Well, then, I see that she is not here," observed Mr. Marlow, turning to the constable. "This is the eighth or ninth tavern we have visited, and everywhere the same negative answer. But I am determined to inquire at all the taverns in Dover, sooner than give up the chase."

"But why do you persist in thinking, sir," asked the constable, "that she *is* in Dover?"

"I have no reason beyond my belief that she will try and get over to France. However, we have set a watch for the railway trains——"

At this moment the doctor's boy made his appearance at the bar; and depositing a bottle on the counter shouted out, "Mrs. Chandos!" and then hurried away to deliver the remaining contents of his basket.

"Mrs. Chandos?" ejaculated Mr. Marlow. "By heaven, it is she!"

"Yes, sir," old Marshall promptly observed, "there is a lady of that name in the house."

"Enough, enough!" cried the excitable attorney. "Show us up to her room! Come along, constable—the bird's caught at last!"—and he was already rushing with frantic haste out of the bar when old Marshall's voice called him back.

"Where are you going, sir—and with this constable too? The lady is in bed and ill? But is there anything wrong about her? I'm sure I took her for a most respectable person——"

"Wrong about her? respectable person?" ejaculated Mr. Marlow. "Why, she's a robber—a thief——"

"Good heavens, girls!" shrieked forth Mrs. Marshall; "do go and count the plate. A thief did you say, sir?"

"Yes—but a most daring thief, too—a highwayman—or rather a highway-woman!"

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Marshall, appearing to be dreadfully alarmed. "Only think of our having had such a desperate character in the house all night!"

"It's fortunate we have not every one had our throats cut," said Kate, making herself shudder from head to foot, while her two sisters likewise gave vent to their pretended feelings of terror and dismay.

"Oh! if she's all that!" said old Marshall, "the sooner she's out of the house the better. Go up, one of you girls, and show this gentleman and the constable which is her room. But I hope she will pay her bill, though—and her doctor's, too, for that matter."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. Marlow, who for the last few moments had been looking quite bewildered. "One of you talked of her having slept here all night. Why, she can't have been in the house above an hour or two, even if she travelled post the whole way from London: for we know she didn't come by the railway—we have already made inquiries about her there."

"There *must* be some mistake then," said old Marshall; "for the Mrs. Chandos we are talking of, has been here ever since six or seven o'clock last evening."

"Then it's not the same," ejaculated Marlow. "How singular!—a coincidence of names! But what sort of a looking woman is she?" The Mrs. Chandos I mean must be about six-and-twenty—though when dressed as a man, she of course looks several years younger. Complexion, delicate olive—a rich colour on the cheeks —large black eyes—very bright black hair, beautifully curling—full lips, the least thing coarse—splendid teeth—stands about five feet ten, I should think—excellent figure, upright as a dart—and fine voice, strong for a woman but not harsh!"

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Kate, knowing that Lady Bess wanted to be arrested at Dover so as to get the affair terminated in that town, "this description exactly answers the lady up-stairs."

"The dence it does!" quickly ejaculated Mr. Marlow. "Then I am on the right scent again. But she didn't come in male attire?"

"Oh! no, sir," responded Kate, with an indignant toss of the head; "or I am sure that she wouldn't have been received into this house. The constable there can tell you that the *Admiral's Head* is of the highest respectability."

"Yes, Miss—that I will warrant," remarked the officer, who had received many a gratuitous drink at the bar of the establishment.

"Well, well, I meant no offence, young lady," quickly rejoined Mr. Marlow. "But do let us endeavour to clear up one point—when did this lady arrive?"

"It was between six and seven last evening, sir," answered Kate; "as we have already told you."

"Yes," immediately observed old Marshall, opening an account-book: "here's the entries of what she has had. Tea—Supper—Bed—and Breakfast."

"Which last she didn't touch though," added Kate, "because she's so ill."

"So ill indeed," observed old Marshall, "that I was called up in the middle of the night to go to the doctor and get her a draught."

"What o'clock was that?" demanded Mr. Marlow, quickly.

"What o'clock?" responded the landlord, appearing to reflect: "why, I should think about three in the morning."

"Yes, it was just three," immediately interjected Kate; "because I had been sitting up with the poor lady!"

"Oh! then, decidedly it is *not* the Mrs. Chandos I mean," said Mr. Marlow, wonderfully perplexed and bewildered. "And yet that extraordinary likeness which appears to exist——But I say, is it possible that I could obtain a glimpse of this Mrs. Chandos of yours without giving her any offence, supposing that it is really not the same?"

"I will go up and see whether she is dressed," said Kate: then suddenly appearing to hesitate, she exclaimed with a frightened look, "But if it should be the highway-woman after all——"

"Then the sooner we get rid of her the better," replied old Marshall. "Come, this thing must be cleared up for our sakes."

"To be sure, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Marlow.

"At all events she can't eat you, Kate," said her father.

"Well, I will go," cried the young woman, as if mustering up all her courage.

She accordingly issued from the bar-parlour, and proceeding up-stairs, went at once to Lady Bess's room. This heroine had risen about half-an-hour previously, much refreshed by a sound and uninterrupted sleep. She had nearly finished her toilet, and was just putting on the gown which Kate had supplied her in addition to all other requisite articles of female raiment, when the young woman herself thus made her appearance.

"You needn't tell me what it is that has brought you," said Lady Bess, laughing; "for I see by your countenance that the crisis is at hand."

Miss Marshall forthwith explained everything that had just taken place below; but somewhat apprehensive as to the result, and entertaining a very sincere friendship for Lady Bess, she said to her, "Now, my dear Elizabeth, if you really are at all uncertain about the possible ending of this adventure, do for heaven's sake let me get you out of the house unperceived."

"My dear girl," exclaimed Lady Bess, taking Kate's hand and clasping it warmly, "do I look like a person who entertains any alarm on the subject? Quite the contrary! I am rejoiced that what I wanted to occur has so speedily taken place. And now tell me, how do your garments seem to fit me?"

"Perfectly well," replied Kate, altogether cheered and encouraged by the tone of confidence in which Lady Bess had spoken.

The amazonian lady surveyed herself in a full-length mirror when Kate had fastened her dress; and the reflection of the image which she beheld on the polished surface of that glass was one whereof she might well be proud. Lady Bess now appeared as a most splendid woman. Her commanding height was relieved by the fine developments of her form, the closely fitting dress setting off the rich feminine contours to the utmost advantage. It was true that so far as her features were concerned, they now appeared largely chiselled and therefore somewhat coarse: but it was impossible to gaze upon those splendid dark eyes—the richness of those moist and luscious lips—the teeth faultlessly even and without the faintest blemish—and the nose of perfect straightness, without being compelled to admit that if the sweetness of beauty were not there, yet that the countenance was one of a strikingly handsome appearance.

Inasmuch as to suit her male apparel Lady Bess had been accustomed to wear her hair somewhat short—that is to say, long for a man but short for a woman—she had now made the most of it by arranging it in bands; and in its extraordinary luxuriance it seemed that if let loose it would flow down in the richest redundancy upon her shoulders. Shining in its rich natural glossiness, that magnificent raven hair was parted above the high and open forehead which seemed capable of enthroning the noblest thoughts.

From her waist down to her feet the flowing skirt of her dress afforded indications of the sweeping length of those limbs which the drapery now concealed: but as she turned away from the mirror, a glimpse was allowed of the well-rounded ankles, and the admirably shaped feet with their arching instep. Altogether she was a superb creature; and pity it was that she was what she was!

"Now, have you furnished me with a bonnet, shawl, gloves, parasol, and all those kind of things?" she inquired, with a merry laugh flowing in the flute-like tones of her melodious voice.

"Everything is here," responded Kate, pointing to a chair in the corner where the articles which Lady Bess mentioned had been deposited. "I have chosen the things from my own wardrobe that I thought would best suit your complexion, figure, and appearance. Do let me congratulate you upon your looks in that garb!"

"You like me better, then, as I am now than in the other dress?" said the amazonian lady.

"Yes: I think I do: and yet there is something so dashing and fine in your man's apparel. But you must not put on the bonnet and shawl now! Remember that you are an invalid—on gruel and dry toast," added Kate Marshall in a merry voice. "Seriously speaking, however, what are you going to do?"

"See Mr. Marlow, to be sure," at once responded Lady Bess. "Now show me to your best furnished private apartment, Kate; and I will lie down upon the sofa with as languishing an air of interesting indisposition as I can possibly assume. Then you can introduce Mr. Marlow."

"But upon what pretence?" inquired Kate: "for he scarcely believes now, I think, that *our* Mrs. Chandos is *his* Mrs. Chandos."

"Tell him that you have very candidly explained to me as much as you thought fit of all that has taken place down stairs; and that I at once, with equal candour, informed you who I am—namely

Mrs. Chandos residing at the cottage near Tottenham in the neighbourhood of London. Then he is sure to take the business before the mayor; and that is just what I want."

"Come then, Elisabeth," said Kate Marshall; and she forthwith conducted the heroine to a well-furnished parlour on the same storey as the bed-chamber where this colloquy took place.

Having seen the heroine deposit herself with the air of an invalid upon the sofa, Kate sped down stairs and returned to the bar-parlour.

"Well," cried Mr. Marlow, with that nervous excitement which was habitual to him, "what have you done?"

"I very candidly informed Mrs. Chandos," returned Kate, "that a solicitor from London and a police-officer belonging to this town had come to inquire for a lady of the same name—and that the lady thus inquired for was represented to be a highway-woman."

"And what did she say?" demanded Mr. Marlow.

"She looked indignant at first, when she thought that allusion was made to herself," continued Kate: "but when I assured her that no one had positively charged her with being the highway-woman thus alluded to, she ceased to be angry. Then, of her own accord, she at once declared that so far as she herself was concerned she was a highly respectable lady, of independent means, and living on the outskirts of London somewhere near Tottenham, I think she said—or Edmonton."

"Then, by heaven! it must be the same, after all!" cried Mr. Marlow. "Tottenham and Edmonton join each other——But go on: what else took place?"

"The lady, with the utmost candour," rejoined Kate, "requests that you will walk up to her room and take the officer with you if you like."

"I shall most assuredly do so," exclaimed the solicitor. "Now, Miss Marshall, be pleased to lead the way."

Kate accordingly retraced her steps up-stairs, closely followed by Mr. Marlow and the constable. On reaching the parlour, Kate opened the door; and the very first glimpse which the keen-sighted attorney caught of Lady Bess, he cried, "It is the same—I know it is! Unless indeed she has a sister as like herself as one pea is like another! Pray, ma'am," he added, advancing towards Lady Bess, "have you a sister?"

"No—I have not, sir," she at once replied, raising herself up to a sitting posture on the sofa where she had previously been reclining.

Mr. Marlow surveyed her for nearly a minute with the most scrutinising earnestness. He had seen her on many occasions riding about the neighbourhood of Edmonton and Tottenham in female attire; and he had likewise observed her very attentively indeed on the preceding night, during the few minutes he and his partner were in her own elegantly furnished parlour at the cottage. Now, therefore, when he examined her from head to foot with the keenest scrutiny—observed her superb dark eyes—her strongly-marked features, especially the rich fullness of the lips—when he noted, too, the figure, and calculated what must be the stature of this lady on whom he was now gazing, it was impossible he could come to any other conclusion than that he saw before him the female highwayman who had escaped from his clutches during the past night. Therefore, without pausing to reflect any longer upon the astounding evidence he had heard in the bar-parlour to disprove this identity, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, I am decided! At all risks I give this woman into custody."

"Me, sir, into custody!" exclaimed Lady Bess, with an indignation that was admirably assumed: and her eyes flashed fire upon the attorney.

"Yes—you," he answered: then turning abruptly round towards the officer, he said, "Constable, do your duty."

"Ma'am, you must consider yourself in custody," said the police official to Lady Bess.

"Oh, very well!" she exclaimed. "Who ever this gentleman is—if a gentleman he be—he shall smart for it. There is such a thing as an action for damages in this country."

"We will not bandy words here," said Mr. Marlow. "I suppose the case can be heard at once before the Mayor. You can bring your prisoner along with you; and I will inquire my way to the Town-hall. We will go separately."

With these words Mr. Marlow put on his hat and whisked out of the room.

"Miss Marshall," said Lady Bess, addressing Kate in the presence of the constable as if speaking to a stranger and an inferior, "fetch me my bonnet and shawl; for I can assure you that I am in as great a hurry to have this matter investigated as the individual who has just quitted the room can possibly be."

Kate accordingly repaired to fetch the things which Lady Bess required; and when our heroine had put on the pretty bonnet, and the new French shawl (never before worn) with which Kate likewise supplied her, she looked so superbly handsome that the police-officer could not help gazing upon her with admiration.

"As this is an affair," observed Kate, pretending to be very serious, "which, as my father says, to some little extent involves the respectability of his establishment, he and my mother, myself and sisters, are all going to the Town-hall."

"Very well, then—you can do as you like," exclaimed Lady Bess, affecting to be somewhat offended by the remark: "but I will proceed thither at once with the officer. Of course," she said, addressing herself to the constable, "you do not wish to subject me to any ignominious treatment: for I can assure you that this is all a mistake, and will speedily be cleared up."

The policeman naturally thought from all he had heard in the bar that it really was a mistake; and he had been much surprised at Mr. Marlow determining to give the lady into charge. Besides, when he looked at her he could not possibly fancy for a moment that a female with a certain elegant and fashionable air of distinction, could be nothing more than a robber. He therefore assured the lady that he did not wish to subject her to the slightest inconvenience, and that if she would walk in front of him, he would keep at such a distance from her as to prevent the people in the streets from observing that she was in his custody. Therefore, ere quitting the tavern, he gave her a few directions which turnings to take so as to reach the Town-hall. These little arrangements being made, Lady

Bess issued forth, the constable keeping in her track, but at an interval of a dozen or fifteen yards.

The Town-hall was reached; and Mr. Marlow, who had got there first, stopped the Mayor from quitting the magisterial seat, as he was about to do, the morning's business being over. So quietly had the whole thing been managed that nothing of what was going on had got wind through the town; and there were consequently but very few loiterers in the court when Lady Bess was introduced to the presence of the magistrate. Almost immediately after her arrival, old Marshall and his family, accompanied by Mr. Hood and his assistant, made their appearance: for the tavern-keeper had called for the medical men on the way to the Town-hall, telling them what had occurred, and intimating that from all which had transpired in his own bar-parlour he thought their evidence would be wanting. Of course Mr. Hood and the assistant were very much surprised to hear of their patient being in custody on such a serious charge; and they felt assured it must be some extraordinary mistake.

Lady Bess was compelled to enter the dock, the accusation being one of felony against her. But she sat down there with an aspect of calm dignity and of placid confidence, in which however there was not the slightest tinge of bravado nor unseemly hardihood. The Marshalls and the medical men placed themselves on a bench reserved for witnesses; while Mr. Marlow entered the witness-box.

The proceedings then commenced by the prosecutor being sworn. He stated that his name was Sidney Marlow—that he was a solicitor carrying on business in Parliament Street, Westminster—and that his private abode was at Edmonton, also in the county of Middlesex. He then proceeded to describe the circumstances of the attempted robbery, just as they are already known to the reader—not omitting the details of Lady Bess's escape from the cottage: that is to say, so far as he was acquainted with them.

At this stage of the proceedings the Mayor, addressing Lady Bess, said, "The present is so very serious a charge that perhaps you would like to have the case remanded in order that you may procure the assistance of counsel?"—and as he spoke he could not help gazing upon the prisoner in astonishment blended with compassionate interest; for he naturally felt both surprised and grieved that a female of such a prepossessing appearance should have placed herself in what seemed to be a most threatening dilemma.

"I thank your worship for this kind suggestion on your part," answered Lady Bess; "but I think that after your worship has heard a statement which the landlord of the *Admiral's Head* can make, and which all his family can corroborate, you will perceive that I shall have no need for any legal advice."

"Then let Mr. Marshall stand forward," said the Mayor.

The landlord of the *Admiral's Head*, with the blunt honest look that was characteristic of him, and which was calculated to deceive the Evil One himself, stood up and was sworn.

"Now, Mr. Marshall," said Lady Bess, "will you have the kindness to tell his worship at what hour I arrived at your establishment?"

"It was between six and seven o'clock last evening," responded Marshall, with imperturbable gravity.

The Mayor was evidently struck with astonishment; and turning towards Mr. Marlow, he said, "At what hour of the past night was it that your carriage was stopped in the manner you have described?"

"It must have been, as near as I can guess, close upon one o'clock," replied the solicitor.

"Then, do you not clearly see," asked the Mayor, "that a perfect *alibi* is proven?"

"I confess, your worship, that I am bewildered," responded Mr. Marlow. "But I should like this young lady"—pointing to Kate—"to be sworn."

"To be sure," said the Mayor. "Miss Marshall, stand forward."

Kate, with as much resoluteness and self-possession as her father had just shown, stepped into the witness-box and unhesitatingly took the oath.

"Now, Miss Marshall," said Mr. Marlow, "what communication did the prisoner make to you relative to her place of abode?"

"She told me, sir," was the response, "that she lived at a cottage somewhere near Tottenham and Edmonton."

"And your worship will observe," exclaimed Mr. Marlow, "that it was at a cottage near Edmonton and Tottenham whence the prisoner, as I maintain, escaped from me in the manner I have described. I submit that the identity is proven."

"At what o'clock, Mr. Marlow," asked Lady Bess, "do you allege that I escaped from you? You have stated that the attack upon your carriage was made about a quarter to one: will you be kind enough to mention how long afterwards it was that the escape took place?"

"About an hour afterwards," responded Marlow: "it was getting on for two."

"At which hour, your worship," said Lady Bess, "I was lying in bed very ill at the tavern kept by Mr. Marshall in Dover. I therefore leave it to your worship to decide whether I could have been at the cottage near London and at the hotel in Dover at one and the same time."

"I think, your worship," said Mr. Hood's assistant, now stepping forward, "that I can give some important evidence in the matter: for though I never saw the prisoner at the bar before in my life, yet I would not for the world remain silent when the character and liberty of a fellow-creature are at stake."

The assistant was accordingly sworn; and he deposed that shortly after three o'clock in the morning, he had been rung up by Mr. Marshall, to furnish a composing draught for a lady who was lying ill at the *Admiral's Head*—that he was told the lady's name was Mrs. Chandos—and that he had written that name on the label accordingly.

Mr. Hood now also requested to be sworn: and this being done, he deposed that at eight o'clock in the morning he had visited Mrs. Chandos, the prisoner at the bar, at the hotel—that he had seen her there—and was confident she was the same lady who now stood in the dock.

"This is the most extraordinary case," said the Mayor, "that ever came before me. Mr. Marshall, you are quite positive that the prisoner arrived at your house last evening between six and seven o'clock?"

"I am as certain, your worship, as that I am now addressing you," was the reply. "My wife and daughters can all prove it. And here," he added, producing a day-book, "are the entries of what the lady had at the hotel. Your worship will perceive that there are entries of tea and supper under yesterday's date. I make up this book every night before I go to bed."

The book was handed up to the Mayor, who examined the *items;* and then turning to Mr. Marlow, he said, "Really, sir, I think you ought to be satisfied that this is a case of mistaken identity. Has the lady a sister at all resembling her?"

"That, your worship," responded the attorney, "was the very question I put to her in the presence of the constable: and she emphatically replied in the negative. Now observe, your worship—the woman who made the attempted robbery on me and my partner, told me her name was Mrs. Chandos; and the prisoner at the bar says she is Mrs. Chandos. Again, the woman who attempted the robbery took me to a cottage which has been described; and the woman at the bar admits that she lives at that cottage. Then again, I have often seen the woman who attempted to rob me riding about Edmonton; I also scrutinised her well between one and two o'clock this morning when she had on her male attire: and I am convinced that the woman at the bar is the same that I have seen *riding* about Edmonton and whom I beheld in male *attire* during the past night. Therefore I maintain, that so far as I am concerned, I have proved the identity. I confess that I am staggered and even bewildered by the counter-evidence that has been given; and without for a single instant impeaching the veracity of the Marshalls, of Mr. Hood, or of his assistant, I can only say that if the woman at the bar is not the female highwayman who attempted to rob me and my partner, then from this time forth I shall not be able to put faith in the evidence of my own senses. Under all the circumstances, I think your worship will admit that this is a case which ought to be sent before a superior tribunal; and therefore I ask your worship to direct that the prisoner at the bar be sent up to London in charge of some officer of your court, with a view to a farther investigation before the magistrate of the district in which the felony was committed. And before I conclude I will observe that a great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of your worship at the present moment: because if your worship refuses my demand, the proceedings must drop altogether here, as I should feel too disgusted and have too little confidence in the force of truth—and I may also say in the evidences of my own senses—to have the case re-opened or the investigation renewed elsewhere. Therefore, as the fairest course which can be adopted, and that there may be no chance of a guilty person escaping punishment in consequence of testimony of a somewhat inexplicable nature, I repeat my demand that the prisoner be sent up to London."

"I have little trouble," said the Mayor, after a few minutes' consultation with his clerk, "in giving my judgment in this matter. There are two views that may be taken of the case. Firstly, it is shown by the evidence of a most respectable hotel-keeper of this town that the prisoner at the bar arrived at his house by seven o'clock last evening; and granting that fact to be established, it is totally impossible the prisoner could have committed the assault upon the prosecutor in the middle of the night. Secondly, we have the evidence of a gentleman of unquestionable veracity—Mr. Hood—that he saw the prisoner at the bar at the hotel this morning at eight o'clock. Now, even setting aside Mr. Marshall's evidence altogether, can we suppose that the prisoner, if she had escaped from the cottage near London at a little before two in the morning, could have been at Dover at eight? There was no railway-train by which she could arrive. Had she travelled post the whole distance, which I compute to be from Edmonton to Dover nearly eighty miles, she could not have done it in the time. As for her performing such a journey on horseback in so short a period, the idea is out of the question. Such a feat could only be accomplished by frequent relays, ordered and arranged beforehand: for to obtain several consecutive changes of horses at such hours, when road-side inns are all shut up and their inmates asleep, would occasion a waste of time far beyond what can enter into the present computation. In addition, however, to the evidence of Mr. Marshall, proving that the lady was at his hotel at seven o'clock last evening—and to that of Mr. Hood, proving that she was there at eight this morning—we have the circumstantial evidence spoken to by the assistant, proving that she was there soon after three this morning. Therefore, taking all these facts into consideration, I can only come to one conclusion: namely, that it is a case of mistaken identity under very extraordinary circumstances; and I have no alternative but to declare the *alibi* most satisfactorily established, and to discharge the prisoner from custody."

Mr. Marlow slapped his hand violently down upon the ledge of the witness-box, and exclaimed, "Well, sir, I can scarcely blame you for the decision to which you have come, considering all that has transpired: and here therefore the matter drops. But in future I shall believe in nothing I hear, see, or touch. If anybody tells me at noonday that the sun is shining, I shall answer that it may possibly be so, but it is not certain."

Having thus spoken with excited volubility, Mr. Marlow bowed to the Mayor and hurried out of the court.

Lady Bess then returned to the *Admiral's Head* in company with her friends; and immediately on their arrival at the tavern, Mr. Hood earnestly counselled her to take her composing draught and go to bed, or the excitement which she had undergone would be very likely to bring back her hysterical fits. The amazonian lady promised to follow this advice: but so soon as the surgeon and his assistant had taken their leave, she sat down to an excellent luncheon with the Marshalls; and heartily did they all laugh at the discomfiture of the bustling Mr. Marlow.

Before we conclude this chapter, we must give a few requisite explanations. The scrap of paper, written by Lady Bess, and sent by the carrier-pigeon, contained the following lines:—

Stations—horses.
Dover—Do something to prove I was at your house this night.
Twenty minutes to two.

The first line was a command merely referring to

the two stations of Gravesend and Boughton Hill: the second, by having the word *Dover* prefixed, showed that this portion of the message was intended for the Marshalls: the third indicated the exact time when the bird was despatched. At Gravesend Rebecca Patch made a cross on the billet, to show that the bird had halted at one station: at Boughton Hill Joe Dean did the same thing, as an indication that the second station had been touched at. If, for instance, the bird had reached Boughton Hill without the proof that it had stopped at Gravesend, Joe Dean would have still let it proceed on to Dover: but would have at once despatched a carrier dove of his own to Gravesend to give the order for the relay-horse that was needed: and if the bird had reached Dover without the proofs (indicated by the two marks on the scrap of paper) of having stopped at the intermediate stations, then Kate Marshall would have sent the bird back with another note conveying the requisite orders for the relays.

With regard to the secret of the writing, the clue to the reading thereof depended, as a matter of course, upon a preconcerted arrangement and understanding known to all the parties concerned: and the clue to the mystery lay in the possession of the key to a certain transposition of the alphabet. Each day in the year 1844 had its particular initial letter thus definitively settled; and we have seen that on the present occasion the letter L served that purpose. This letter, then, became for the occasion, the *first* in the alphabet. Our meaning can be better conveyed by placing in juxta-position the proper alphabet and the alphabet according to which Lady Bess's note was written:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z a b c d e f g
w x y z
h i j k

Thus *l* served for *a*, *m* for *b*, *n* for *c*—and so on. We must likewise observe that instead of the capital letter I, when expressing the first person, a star (*) was used in the hieroglyphic calligraphy.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE lounger through the Opera Colonnades in the Haymarket and Pall Mall can scarcely form a conception of the vast magnitude of the establishment by which he is passing: nor when the house is crowded of an evening, do those present—unless previously initiated—entertain the slightest idea of the multiplicity of the appliances and the complication of the machinery requisite to produce all the scenic effects which they behold upon the stage.

With regard to the size of the establishment, it is enormous, and in addition to the performers, furnishes employment for an almost countless host of persons who are never seen within the sphere of that blaze of light which fills the place when open to the public. The approaches to the vast amphitheatre—the corridors and staircases—the crush-rooms, where the visitors wait for their carriages when the performance is over—the refreshment-saloon—the enormous theatre itself, capable of containing three thousand persons—and the stage with its ample width and still greater depth—all these compartments of the premises, which are familiar to the visitor, fill up an enormous space. But in addition to those parts of the building which are thus well known, there are others which help to swell the magnitude of the edifice. For example, there are the private apartments in which the lessee and other authorities of the place may live entirely if they choose: there are numerous offices where clerks conduct the business-matters of the establishment in as regular and laborious a manner as in any great mercantile firm of the City; and in the precincts of the stage there are the numerous dressing-rooms for the performers, whether belonging to the opera or ballet. The leading characters of either department enjoy the privilege of separate dressing-rooms: but the minor performers dress three or four in a chamber—a due regard to the distinction of the sexes being of course maintained. There is an immense concert-room belonging to the building, and which in itself is larger than many of the minor theatres. Then there is the scene-painters' room—a place of considerable extent and of great height, as may be imagined from the extent of canvass that has to be spread out for the purpose of designing and colouring. There is the room where the theatrical properties are kept, comprising all the costumes and the various articles which have to be introduced on the stage to suit particular performances. Moreover, immense space is required for the mechanism of which we shall almost immediately have to speak; and thus from this mere fleeting and imperfect glance at the principal departments and divisions of the establishment, some idea may be formed of its magnitude.

But at night, when the vast amphitheatre is one blaze of light and crowded with spectators from pit to roof, how *few* who are then present can form an idea of the mechanical power that is brought to bear upon all those shifting scenes which produce such splendid effects upon the stage. Perhaps it is a beautiful landscape which is thus represented—with trees, and fields, and water, and houses, and with the clouds above: but all the various portions of painted canvass that enter into the formation of that scenery are moved and put into their place by means of countless ropes and numbers of wheels, levers, and windlasses, so that to the eye of the visitor who is allowed to peep behind those scenes, it appears as if he were on board an immense ship and involved amidst the complications of its rigging. What hosts of carpenters and scene-shifters are likewise employed in the management and execution of all those arrangements which are thus unseen, and the extent of which is little suspected by the brilliant company sitting in front of the foot-lights! Underneath the stage it is apparently one confused and jumbled mass of mechanism, beams, posts, wheels, levers, and all imaginable contrivances for trap-doors, drops, and the numerous other artifices, devices, and ingenious arrangements which often produce such startling effects to the eyes of the audience.

From those dark profundities beneath the stage, high up to the very summit of the building—far above what appears to the spectators to be the top of the stage—a circular iron staircase winds its way, only just wide enough for one individual to thread it at a time; and during the performance constant communications are kept up between the

persons above and the persons below. Then, when scenes are to be shifted, all is haste and bustle—yet no confusion. Every one has his allotted task—every one knows what he has to do. But still the brilliant ladies lounging in their boxes, and the fashionable elegants whispering soft nonsense in their ears during the brief intervals of the scenes or the longer ones between the acts, little imagine the amount of activity which is prevailing behind the curtain, from the depths under the stage to the heights to which the iron staircase leads, in order that the next scene on which that curtain shall rise may be presented with an accuracy so as to produce the most perfect effect.

Such is the Opera—a little world in itself, and the management of which involves an expense so enormous that it is no wonder lessees require high prices and well-filled houses in order to maintain it. And when we pause to reflect upon the colossal salaries that are exacted by the Stars of the Song or the Dance—when we count the numbers of musicians in the orchestra and the hosts of minor characters who appear upon the stage,—remembering that all must be paid certain salaries, be they lesser or greater,—we cannot fail to be struck by the enormity of the whole outlay required, and the commensurate risk that has to be run on the part of the speculative individual who undertakes the management of the Opera.

There is no apartment at this establishment bearing the name of the *Green Room*, as at the great national theatres. Certain noblemen and aristocratic fashionables have the privilege of passing behind the scenes; and in the precincts thereof they lounge and loiter about on the nights of performance, chatting with the ballet-girls, and dispensing their platitudes, their impertinences, or their flippancies to those of the female *artistes* who come in their way. But few of the opera-dancers, when beheld close, display even the shadow of the charms which they appear to possess when viewed from a distance. They are for the most part exceedingly thin: for it must be remembered that they invariably practise for several hours each day. The ballet-master is almost constantly in attendance; and if a visitor, escorted by some official of the establishment, peeps into the place any time between eleven in the forenoon and five in the evening, he will see a bevy of those girls dancing, pirouetting, bounding, and practising other saltatory exploits upon the stage, to the notes of a violin. This constant exercise therefore keeps the dancers thin, and renders many of them positively emaciated. Their's is the hardest life—their's the most wearying toil, of any amongst the theatrical contingents. Then, too, though the Stars of the Ballet are handsomely remunerated, the ordinary dancers are but indifferently paid—the lowest in rank wretchedly enough! When the performance is over, these ill-paid creatures may be seen issuing forth from the hot and feverish atmosphere of the theatre, having just thrown off their gauzy raiment and huddled on their own clothing, too often poor and scant even to wretchedness; and thus from that torrid region they emerge into the chill of the night air, perhaps to face a deluging rain, or at some seasons a nipping frost. Their health suffers—their constitutions are undermined—and thus with the constant wear and tear of practice, and those liabilities to sudden variations of atmosphere, with their accompanying rheums and coughs, whatever personal beauty the ballet-girl may have originally possessed soon wanes, fades, and disappears. Some of them too, with sorrow be it said, lead a course of life which is of a nature to aggravate all the above-mentioned evils; and thus, when viewed close, they are very different from what they appear to be when seen from the house, bounding amidst a blaze of light upon the elastic boards of the stage. That bloom which appears to rest so naturally upon their cheeks as they are thus viewed from a distance, looks but a mere daub when beheld close—a thick coat of rouge; yet not always so thick as to prevent the haggard traits of the countenance from appearing through!

But we will not extend this picture to a length intruding upon the current of our tale. Having ere now stated that there is no Green Room at the Opera House in the Haymarket, we may observe that at the time of which we are writing the Concert Room, above mentioned, sometimes served as a lounge for the performers, and likewise for those privileged aristocrats and fashionables who penetrated behind the scenes.

One evening, a week after the incidents related in the preceding chapters, the Concert Room was more than usually crowded by such visitors. The opera performed that night was *I Puritani*; and during an interval between the Acts, Grisi, Lablache, and other eminent *artistes* engaged at the establishment, were gathered in a group conversing together in that Concert Room. Dispersed about, were the other performers in the Opera, and likewise the dancers in attendance upon the ballet. Although we have stated that as a general rule the ballet-girls will not bear a very close inspection—or at least that such near view is likely to produce some feeling of disappointment—yet there are of course exceptions to this rule; and a few beautiful creatures may be seen amongst them. Nor was it otherwise on the night to which we are specially referring; and those who were best-looking, as a matter of course, engrossed the principal share of attention on the part of the privileged loungers from outside. Rest assured, reader, that Angela Vivaldi was not present in the Concert Room. Though engaged to dance that evening, she remained in her own dressing-chamber until the appointed hour came; and then all intruders from before the curtain were compelled to retire. Such was her positive stipulation; and the rule was as rigorously observed as it could possibly be.

But Mademoiselle D'Alembert was very far from being so particular; and she was conspicuous amongst the Stars of the Dance congregated there. Apparelled in a Spanish dress, her fine figure was set off by that costume to the utmost advantage: so that the somewhat luxurious fullness of her shape was well displayed. She was not one who grew thin, much less emaciated, by her avocations: for being a thorough proficient in the dance she practised but little; and having a carriage to convey her to or from the scene of her Terpsichorean displays, and good clothes to muffle herself up in, she ran no chance of impairing her health through colds and coughs. Having a table, too, well supplied with every luxury, and being addicted to gormandising, she maintained herself in a comfortable condition of

plumpness; though at the same time the most punctilious critic of female beauty would not have pronounced her too stout. She possessed magnificent dark dair—a pair of fine bright eyes, with nobly arching brows—and a beautiful set of teeth. Thus, altogether, Emily Archer—or Emile D'Alembert, which was her theatrical pseudonym—was a very handsome and attractive young woman.

At the moment when we thus particularly notice her amidst the throng in the Concert Room on the night in question, she was looking somewhat angry; inasmuch as young Lord Saxondale, who had promisod to see her there that evening, had not as yet made his appearance. Several other gay gallants had accosted Miss Archer: but she gave them no encouragement to continue discoursing with her. The fact was, she was mightily pleased with her new conquest—knowing him to be the heir to immense estates on attaining his majority; and therefore she was too anxious to retain him in the silken chains of her fascination to risk losing him by a flirtation with other aspirants. Thus, if Miss Archer remained faithful to Lord Saxondale—and meant to do so, as long as it suited her convenience—it was through no love of him, but because her self-interest was gratified.

Suddenly her countenance brightened up, as she beheld the young nobleman enter the Concert Room; and nodding familiarly to three or four fashionable acquaintances whom he recognised, he passed amidst the throng and speedily joined Miss Emily Archer.

"How late you are to-night!" she said, affecting to pout her lips as she gave him her hand. "I thought you were not coming."

"My dear girl," responded Saxondale, "I was dining with my friend Lord Harold Staunton and a number of other men, and after dinner we had cards—so that really the time slipped away without my noticing it. But when I did see how late it was, I hurried off at once—and here I am. Now pray be so kind as to look as pleasant as you can."

"I will, since you have made an apology," answered Emily, who could judge pretty well from his manner that he had found the means of complying with a certain request she had made in the morning.

"There now! you look quite radiant," said the infatuated Edmund.

"But mind," she immediately rejoined, in a low whisper and with an arch smile, "that you do not fall in love with Angela Vivaldi again to-night; for you were desperately enamoured of her before you knew me. Indeed, you told me so."

"My dear Emily, it only required to know you in order to put the Signora Vivaldi altogether out of my head. Besides," added Saxondale, in a very low and mysterious whisper, "my friend Lord Harold Staunton——you know him?"

"Yes—I think I do," replied Miss Emily, appearing to reflect for a few moments: though, in good truth, it was very far from necessary—for she was full well acquainted with that nobleman, as of course he was with her. "Well, what about him?"

"Oh! he intends to pay his court to Angela."

"She is a prude—a veritable prude," observed Emily Archer: "but the stillest water is sometimes that which runs the deepest. And now tell me, my dear Edmund, have you thought of the little commission I gave you this morning, when you so kindly insisted upon doing something as a proof of your affection?"

"I have it here," he responded, significantly tapping his waistcoat-pocket. "Ah! I dare say you thought I had gone and lost it all at cards to-night: but you see you are mistaken."

"Then I suppose you called upon old Musters, as I told you?" observed Emily.

"Yes—to be sure: or else how could I have obtained the money? As for getting such a sum in addition to my allowance from old Lord Petersfield or those scurvy fellows Marlow and Malton, it was out of the question—particularly as that blessed mother of mine has been making mischief between me and my guardians. Would you believe it? they want me to go abroad as Unpaid Attaché to an Embassy; or else to go and bury myself down in that dreadful old castle in Lincolnshire."

"But you will not, though?" said Miss Archer, somewhat alarmed lest the young nobleman should be suddenly removed from beyond the sphere of her influence.

"Don't be afraid, my dear Emily," responded Saxondale: "I am not quite such a fool. Besides, since you have given me this introduction to the old money-lender, and he is so exceedingly complaisant, I shall feel myself perfectly independent of my guardians and my mother. I got a couple of thousands from old Musters this morning; and here is the thousand," he added again tapping his waistcoat-pocket, "that you require. But shall I give it to you now?"

"No—you are coming home with me presently, I hope," answered Miss Emily, with her most bewitching smile. "I ordered supper to be in readiness, and champagne to be put in ice. Besides, I have got my new carriage——"

"Ah! is it come home?" asked Saxondale. "The coach-builder promised me it should be at Evergreen Villa by noon to-day."

"And he kept his word, my dear Edmund."

"And the two cream-coloured horses, with their splendid new harness?"

"They also were sent down this morning. Oh! I am so glad to have got rid of that sober-looking brougham, which was all that Mr. Walter would allow me. And by the bye," added Emily, "the coachman has got his new livery; so that the equipage altogether is quite charming. And now that I think of it, my dear Edmund, I have to thank you for the case of champagne which came down to the villa last night, and the new service of plate from the silversmith's in Bond Street."

We will not however prolong our details of this conversation. Enough has been already recorded to show that the shrewd and cunning ballet-dancer had succeeded in enmeshing the foolish young aristocratic pigeon in her toils, and that she intended to pluck him most unmercifully so long as this infatuation on his part should continue.

But turn we now to another part of that Concert Room; and there, in the remotest corner—retiring bashfully from the gaze which the lounging gallants insolently flung upon her as they passed—was a young creature of about sixteen, and whose beauty was rather of the pensive and interesting character than of the striking or dazzling description. Indeed, at first sight, there was nothing particularly

attractive about this young ballet-dancer: it was only when at a second look the observer noticed her more attentively, the impression gradually forced itself upon his mind that he beheld a very pretty and interesting creature. For her's was a beauty the sense of which stole imperceptibly upon one,—a beauty half the charm of which lay in its own retiring modesty. Yet nothing could be sweeter or purer than the look which beamed forth from those mild blue eyes, when she raised them, and before they were bashfully veiled again by their thick dark fringes:—nothing could be more softly melancholy or touchingly plaintive than the expression which grew upon that young girl's countenance, when all her thoughts, being withdrawn from the gay and busy scene around her, were concentrated on some source of affliction that lay deep in her soul. Her figure was slight and delicate, but beautifully symmetrical; and in her very shrinking from the rude and insolent looks that were flung upon her by the privileged loungers as they passed her by, there was an unstudied elegance and a natural grace which made her seem at those moments sweetly captivating in spite of herself.

This young girl was named Henrietta Leyden. She had been a ballet-dancer only during the present season; and her salary was a mere pittance—eight shillings a-week! But wherefore did she thus stand apart from the rest? Why did she shrink from the libertine looks that were fixed upon her? Because that young girl was still virtuous—still uncontaminated, even in the atmosphere of contamination. Yet, heaven knows she was not virtuous for want of temptation—but because she was superior to it. She had been well brought up: her family had seen better days: but misfortunes had suddenly entered their house, ravaging it like an army; for death had taken away her father at a moment when his affairs required the utmost attention to rescue them from ruin—and thus that ruin had come. As

an only resource wherewith to earn bread for her mother and a little brother, poor Henrietta had been forced to turn her accomplishment in dancing to the best possible account; and thus was it that she became one of the juniors in the ballet-corps.

Those fashionable loungers who gazed upon her with libertine looks, but who did not stop to speak to her now, had nearly all on former occasions whispered words of temptation in her ear, and had been repulsed. They therefore regarded her as a silly little prude, not good-looking enough to be worth any particular trouble: for it is not the retiring and modest beauty which steals into the souls of such men—it is the dazzling brilliancy or bold effrontery of charms which thrust themselves forward to be admired and courted, that exercise the greatest influence on the passions—for we will not say the *hearts*—of fashionable rakes and aristocratic libertines.

But presently an old man, at least four or five years past sixty,—yet dressed in the very height of fashion, and made up with all the artifices of the toilet so as to give as youthful an appearance as possible to his lean and shrivelled form—accosted Henrietta Leyden. He wore a wig as punctiliously curled as any that may be seen in a hairdresser's shop in the Burlington Arcade: the set of false teeth fixed in his mouth, had cost five hundred guineas: his eye-brows were stained with a black dye; and he affected to walk with a jaunty and debonnair gait, just as if all the fires of youth were still animating his frame and the vigour of health giving elasticity to his limbs. But this old man was one of the richest nobles of the day; and it would be difficult throughout the ranks of a profligate aristocracy, to discover one *more* profligate than Lord Everton.

"How is it, pretty Miss Leyden," said the old nobleman, smiling as blandly and affably as he could through the agency of his false teeth, "that you are standing thus apart? Every young lady has her friend, or admirer, or gallant, to converse with save yourself."

"My lord," replied Henrietta, "I do not seek such companionship as that to which your lordship has alluded:"—and the blood mantled upon the girl's cheeks so as even to be visible through the rouge that was upon them; for this was not the first time she had been subjected to the persecutions of Lord Everton.

"Come, my dear, you must not be so short and abrupt in your answers to me. I seek to be your friend. Why can't you hold up that pretty face of your's, and let me see you smile?"

"Smile!" ejaculated the girl, with an accent of bitterness: then as if vexed at having allowed herself to betray for even an instant the feeling that was dominant in her heart, she turned abruptly away.

"Stop one moment, Miss Leyden! I wish to speak to you," said the old lord. "It is serious—very serious indeed."

Henrietta, surprised at these words, did turn back: and now her deep blue eyes were fixed with a sort of curiosity upon Lord Everton's countenance.

"I wish I could see you happy," he said, affecting a deep sympathy for the young creature. "Look around you—what gaiety is upon every countenance! Observe Emily Archer, for instance—or Mademoiselle D'Alembert, as she chooses to call herself—how she and young Saxondale are laughing together! I am told that she is now under his protection, and it is natural she should be happy."

Henrietta Leyden was again turning away in mingled disappointment and disgust at the words which Lord Everton thus addressed to her, when he desired her to stop once more; and she, timid and bashful as she was, and fearful of drawing attention to herself by creating "a scene," shrank back into the corner where she had previously been standing: but at the same time she murmured in a supplicating voice, "My lord, I beseech you to leave me!"

The old nobleman beheld not that look of earnest entreaty which, as she spoke, she raised to his countenance: he saw only the beautiful blue eyes of the young ballet-girl—and thence his glances wandered to the pearly teeth that were visible between the virginal freshness of the lips, and to the white shoulders and neck which the scant gauzy drapery left bare.

"You know," he said, "that I am very rich, and I can be as liberal as I am wealthy. I told you that I had something very serious to impart—and it is so. The other night you thought, perhaps, I was speaking mere unmeaning phrases, and addressing you in idle flatteries; and therefore you turned away just as you were turning away a minute ago. But I am serious in offering you a mansion—splendid equipages—gold beyond all counting! I will surround you with luxuries—you shall quit the stage, and become a lady—nay, more, I will even settle upon you an annuity, so that at my death you will continue well off. All this I will do for you, Henrietta Leyden; and I came hither this night for the purpose of making you these proposals."

The young girl actually shivered from head to foot as she felt herself gradually yielding to the influence of these temptations. Wealth was suddenly placed within her reach: the dismal word *poverty* need never ring in her ears again, nor the spectral shade of want rise in its ghastly leanness and lankness before her affrighted view. She thought of the wretched garret from which she had come forth a few hours back to the brilliant scene of the Opera, and to which she must return when her part was played amidst the blaze of light upon the stage—that garret where she had left her revered and idolised mother stretched upon the bed of sickness, destitute of every comfort, wanting even many of the bare necessaries of life, and where also her poor little brother whom she loved so fondly and who loved her so affectionately in return, was clothed in rags and had naught save dry bread to eat! Of all this she thought—and it was no wonder if the young girl suddenly found herself sorely tempted. Oh! if that old lord had appeared before her in the light of a generous benefactor, proffering her succour with even the minutest portion of that colossal wealth which he lavished upon profligacies and dissipations, but which she could turn to so many useful and noble purposes,—if it were thus as a disinterested friend that he had addressed her, she could have fallen down at his feet—she could have worshipped him—she could have

bathed his hand with her tears, or have pressed it, all shrivelled as it was, to her lips! Nay, more—forgetting his ugliness, and utterly losing sight of the loathsomeness of his made-up appearance, she could have embraced him as a daughter might fling her arms round the neck of a kind old grandsire! But, alas, it was not in the light of a benefactor that the old nobleman—as old in iniquity as he was in years—stood before her: but it was as a tempter—and though ready and willing to lavish countless showers of gold upon her in return for her virtue, yet not a single piece of the glittering metal would be placed in her hand through pure friendship!

The young girl had shivered and shuddered as if she had felt herself standing on the edge of a dizzy precipice, over the brink of which the touch of a feather or the breath of the lightest zephyr would precipitate her: and for a few moments she felt herself falling.

But the feeling was only transient: the golden vision was suddenly put away from her view by the strong hand of her own immaculate virtue; and if for an instant she had thought of succumbing for the sake of her afflicted mother and her poor little brother, it was now the image of that parent and the recollection of that sweet boy which suddenly armed her with all the strength to resist the temptation!

"My lord," she replied, in a calm tone of decision, "you are privileged to obtrude yourself in this place—privileged also to utter what language you choose to the poor ballet-girl: but she also has her privilege—the only one she possesses—which is, to reject your offers with scorn, as I do now."

And having thus spoken, Henrietta Leyden passed abruptly away; and gliding amidst the throng that filled the Concert Room, she hastened to one of the dressing-chambers, where she remained alone with her own thoughts until the bell rang to summon her to that stage where her dance was to be feathery light though her heart was leaden heavy, and her countenance to be wreathed into smiles though inwardly her spirit was weeping the bitterest, bitterest tears!

Contrast for a moment the behaviour of Emily Archer and Henrietta Leyden—the former a Star of the Ballet, with a handsome salary that was in itself sufficient to provide her with luxuries as well as comforts—the latter an obscure novice in the corps, with a wretched pittance that did not allow her even the bare necessaries of life: the former plunging into dissipation and vice without an excuse—the latter avoiding temptation though with every excuse to succumb: the former selling her charms for superfluities—the latter preserving her virtue though in want of necessaries! Truly, Henrietta Leyden was an exception to the general rule. Yet, thank God! for the credit of humanity and the honour of the female sex, there *are* such exceptions; and it is the proudest moment of the author's power when he can illustrate them, as it ought to be the happiest one in the reader's recreation when he can contemplate them.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRIETTA LEYDEN.

The Ballet had commenced; and Angela Vivaldi, more brilliant and more beautiful if possible than ever, was received with enthusiastic plaudits. Her's was a style of dancing which combined so much exquisite refinement of modesty and such winning grace, that she appealed far less to the sense than to the sentiment of those who possessed souls capable of being moved by the dancer's more chastening effects. Never with her was it a study to adopt voluptuous attitudes, nor make meretricious displays of her charms. There was a purity of soul shining as it were through her—a halo of innocence and chastity surrounding her—a perfume of virginal freshness filling the atmosphere in which she moved. She danced not to please the libertine, but to chasten him: not to excite the passions, but to absorb them as it were in the more elevated feeling of a poetic refinement.

At first she danced alone: then she was joined by two other leading members of the Ballet; and the three together, personifying the Graces, performed a measure which by its elegance and its tasteful simplicity enchanted all the spectators. The beauteous Angela, with her long dark hair playing in ringlets upon her ivory shoulders, held a garland of flowers in her right hand—while her two companions made a gauzy scarf float high above their heads. The three threw all the lyrical sweetness of poesy into their performance, so that while their airily bounding and flitting forms displayed every grace for which the dance affords such admirable scope, there was nothing in gesture, movement, attitude, or look, to shock the most punctilious observer, if any such were present. But then Angela's companions caught as it were the chastening spirit which animated herself; and never had they themselves performed with such magical effect.

But when the Signora Vivaldi retired from the stage, and was succeeded by the full corps of the ballet, how different was the dance which took place! Then meretricious looks were thrown around—then voluptuous attitudes were studied—and then, too, was it naught save an appeal to the sensuousness instead of the sense of all the spectators. Unless, perhaps, in the case of Henrietta Leyden: but she, poor girl, played too obscure a part in the mazy and intricate routine of the ballet, either to attract any particular degree of attention to herself or to give effect to the chastity of her own style. Suddenly, in the midst of the dance, so quick and violent a paroxysm of intense feeling seized upon her—all the tenderest emotions surging up as it were to the very lips and to the eyes of the poor girl—that it seemed as if she must burst into tears: and catching the opportunity of being close by the wings she retreated from the stage. To the angry demand of the ballet-master, whom she at once encountered there, she replied in a broken voice that she had been taken with indisposition; and as she was but a mere accessory easy to be dispensed with, and whose absence would not be missed, he said no more. Nor did he trouble himself any farther about the poor girl or her indispo-

sition the next instant after she had disappeared from his view.

The tears had now gushed forth from her eyes, and she sped to the nearest dressing-room, anxious to escape from the notice of those amongst whom she hurriedly passed—performers, carpenters, scene-shifters, and others. In the confusion of her feelings and in her haste to conceal them, she did not notice that she had opened the door of a chamber which was not her own; and rushing abruptly in, she perceived not her mistake until all in a moment she found herself in the presence of Angela Vivaldi. Then, casting through her tears a rapid glance around, the poor girl discovered that she had entered the wrong room.

Starting back, Henrietta began to stammer forth some words of apology: when Angela said, in the kindest voice and with the sweetest manner possible, "You have given no offence: it was a mistake on your part. But heavens! you are weeping. Surely it is not because you are afraid——"

"No, signora," Henrietta hastened to exclaim, "I am not afraid of having offended you: for you have spoken kindly to me," she added, in a lower voice and with a more deliberate tone: "and it is so seldom—so very seldom that any one speaks kindly to me!"

Angela Vivaldi's heart was melted by the poor girl's words and manner, and also by the melancholy look which, with her soft blue eyes, Henrietta bent upon the brilliant *danseuse;* and turning round to her lady's-maid, who was in attendance, Angela motioned her to shut the door, near the threshold of which Henrietta was still lingering.

"Now sit down," continued Signora Vivaldi, taking the girl's hand, and literally compelling her to occupy the chair to which she led her: for though they were both dancers, yet as the reader has seen, the ballet has its aristocracy, and while poor Henrietta was in the lowest plebeian rank of the corps, Signora Vivaldi occupied the highest patrician eminence—and therefore the former felt as timid and bashful in the presence of the latter as a milliner's apprentice when waiting upon a duchess. "Now tell me why you were weeping," resumed Angela Vivaldi: "has something annoyed you? Even now your heart is full, and you are sobbing. Maria," she added, turning to her lady's-maid, "give her a glass of wine—she is unwell."

Maria, who was a good-natured, steady, respectable woman, midway between thirty and forty years of age, hastened to place a decanter of wine and some biscuits upon the table: then filling a glass, she handed it to Henrietta, saying, "Take this, my poor child—it will do you good."

Miss Leyden raised the glass to her lips, and was about to sip the wine—for she did indeed feel faint and ill: but at that same instant the idea flashed across her that if her poor mother had but the single glass of wine which she now held in her hand, it would cheer her—it would do her good! And as for that plate of cakes, how the poor girl would have liked to take some of them home to her little brother! Suddenly bursting forth into a fresh paroxysm of grief, she put the untasted glass down upon the table: and then, unable to prevent herself from giving full vent to the anguish which had now fairly broken down all the last remaining barriers which had hitherto kept it pent up, she covered her face with her two small thin hands and sobbed bitterly.

Angela Vivaldi did not immediately attempt to console the poor girl: she knew that this outpouring of affliction would disburthen her heart of the severity of the woe that weighed upon it. But at length she said, in that soft and gentle voice which makes woman a ministering angel even unto one of her own sex, "Tell me what it is that afflicts you—and perhaps it will be in my power to alleviate your sorrow."

"Oh, signora!" exclaimed Henrietta Leyden, suddenly removing her hands from her countenance and gazing with her tearful eyes upon the eminently beautiful features on which she read an expression of the sincerest sympathy, "it is so hard to be compelled to dance when the soul is filled with anguish. Besides, it seems to be such a dreadful mockery to play one's part in a performance that is intended only for the gay and happy, when the heart is ready to break."

"And is such your case, poor girl?" asked Angela, upon whose long dark lashes the diamond tear-drops were now glittering.

"Alas, yes!" was the mournful reply. "It was in the middle of the ballet that I was seised with such a sudden sensation of indescribable woe, as the contrast was all in a moment forced upon my mind between the brilliant scene spreading out before me and the sorrowful one which I had left at home, and to which I am about to return."

"Now tell me your name, and everything that relates to you," said Angela, in the kindest and most soothing manner.

Henrietta answered the question by giving those few particulars concerning her mother and her brother which we have already lightly sketched forth: then she added, with a sudden outburst of impassioned feeling, "Ah! signora, it is not only cruel to suffer thus, but dreadful to think that through such sufferings the gold of the tempter often prevails! I have resisted hitherto: but heaven alone knows——"

She stopped suddenly short, and cast down her eyes in shame at having even so far given an expression to the dread apprehension that there was a possibility of her ultimately succumbing.

"Miss Leyden," said the eminent *danseuse*, taking Henrietta's hand, "you must allow me to be of some service to you. But no one need know anything about it; and if you do not wish to continue your present avocation——However," she observed, suddenly checking herself, as she felt that it would be imprudent to promise too much to one who was almost a total stranger to her—for Angela knew little or nothing of the generality of the ballet-dancers: "however, we will talk more upon that subject on a future occasion. Have the kindness to give me your address—there are writing-materials on the table before you—and to-morrow you will receive a visit from some one who may perhaps be inclined to assist you."

With these words Angela Vivaldi rose from the seat which she had taken close to Henrietta; and advancing to a chest of drawers where her purse lay, she took out some money, wrapped it up in a little piece of paper, and then returning towards the table where Henrietta was writing down her

address, she bent over her and said whisperingly, "This will suffice, poor girl, for your immediate wants."

Miss Leyden, whose heart was now swelling almost to bursting, but with emotions very far different from those which she had so recently experienced, pressed to her lips the hand that had placed the little packet in her own; while she endeavoured to murmur forth some words expressive of her gratitude—but her utterance was choked, and beyond a few broken syllables she could say nothing.

"Hasten home to your mother, my young friend," said Angela; "and do not be afraid that I shall forget you."

Henrietta went forth from the presence of Signora Vivaldi with feelings which can be better understood than described. It was not so much because the eminent *danseuse* had put money into her hand—for she knew not yet how much the paper contained: but it was because such compassionate sympathy had been shown her—because she had been treated with kindness—and because at parting Angela had called her by the name of "friend." Oh! for the humble and obscure ballet-girl, with eight shillings a-week, to be suddenly admitted to the friendship of the renowned *danseuse* whose path was paved with gold and strewed with flowers! Oh! to have won the sympathy of her whose high and brilliant position she had so often envied! It appeared to be a dream—a vision from which there would be the sad wakening of disappointment.

On hastening to the dressing-room which she and all the inferior members of the ballet had in common amongst themselves, Henrietta lost no time in putting off her gauzy raiment, washing the rouge from her cheeks, and resuming her own apparel. But, ah! how different now did the young girl look! Her countenance was pale—very pale, even to sickliness; and yet she seemed far more sweetly interesting in her pallor than when the rosate tint of art was spread upon her cheeks to mock the pensiveness of her beauty. But her attire—how plain, how scant even to meanness, was it! Nevertheless her clothes were as scrupulously neat and clean as their dire poverty would permit them to be. The cotton dress was faded—the shawl was worn threadbare—the ribbons of the cheap straw-bonnet showed that they had been long in use. Poor girl, what more could she do for herself upon eight shillings a week — with an invalid mother, and a little brother of seven years old, too young to earn aught on his own account!

Henrietta had concealed Angela's gift in her bosom, because several other ballet-girls were changing their apparel in the dressing-room at the same time; nor even when beyond the threshold of the Opera House and in the street, did she pause to ascertain to what extent Angela's generosity had gone. Her heart was so full of the new emotions which such unlooked-for and unusual sympathy had excited, that she felt they were even too sacred to be disturbed by the selfish and worldly-minded proceeding of counting the contents of the paper: and so she sped on homeward, without enlightening herself upon that point, or even experiencing the wish to do so. It was a luxury, novel and ineffable, for the poor girl to think of the kindness whereof she had been the object, so that the circumstance of the money-gift was for the moment of the least importance in her thoughts.

Let us now turn our attention for a few minutes to the interior of a room, or rather an attic, belonging to a house in one of the confined, dirty, and gloomy-looking courts leading out of Little Pulteney Street, Soho. Although two o'clock in the morning, yet a light burnt in that attic: but it was only a miserable rush-candle, which just alleviated the darkness and shadowed forth the poverty-stricken appearance of the room. The little window had originally possessed six panes of glass, of a very small size: two of these alone remained, and the vacant squares were covered with paper. A crazy bedstead with a flock bed—two chairs—a small table—a washing-stand—and a few cooking utensils, comprised the whole of the furniture of the wretched attic. Yet everything was scrupulously clean.

In the bed lay a female of about forty, and whose pale and emaciated countenance, sunken eyes, and thin wasted arms, denoted the invalid. Indeed, it appeared as if the hand of death were already upon her. She was awake—and with her head supported on one arm, was contemplating the countenance of a pretty but delicate-looking little boy who lay fast asleep by her side. The child, who was about seven years old, had the most beautiful chesnut hair that ever was seen;—curling naturally about his well-shaped little head, it was as soft and silken as that of a girl. The poor mother, as she bent over her sleeping darling, showed by the nervous compression of her lips that she could scarcely subdue an outburst of grief; and unconsciously on her part did two tears drop from her eyes upon the cheek of the child. It was not till she perceived them that she felt that she was weeping; and she kissed away from her boy's face the tears she had thus let fall.

"Poor child!" she thought to herself, "what is to become of thee? I shall not long remain to watch over you: I feel that death will soon come to claim me as his own! O Almighty God! have mercy upon this poor innocent child, who has done no harm—who is incapable of doing harm! Alas, alas! if it were not impious, I could wish, my darling little Charley, that you had never been born. Oh! how strange it is that according as we are rich or poor, do our children prove the objects of pleasure or of pain. Had I the means to make thee happy, poor child, how rejoiced should I be to possess thee; but now that I am steeped to the very lips in poverty, and that within the four narrow walls of this wretched chamber hunger is often our guest, I sorrow that thou, my poor child, wast ever born to so much misery! Your sister has to toil for us both,—for thee, helpless little one—and for me, her equally helpless mother! O, my God!" exclaimed Mrs. Leyden aloud, as a terrible idea flashed across her mind, "extend thine all-protecting influence over my poor Henrietta! I shudder when I think of the temptations to which she is exposed,—temptations which her own exalted sense of virtue makes her recoil from, but to which, alas! a prolongation of so much misery may in a moment of despair drive her to succumb. Oh! how I tremble every time she goes forth to the fulfilment of her arduous duties. I think to myself, '*Thou leavest this abode of poverty pure and chaste, my Henrietta; but is it not to be dreaded that the day may come when you*

will return with the blush of shame upon your cheeks, and not daring to meet the gaze of thy mother!'"

Overpowered by the thought, the unhappy woman threw herself back upon the bolster—for pillow there was none; and covering her face with her emaciated hands, she sobbed aloud. Little Charles, being disturbed by the sounds of his mother's grief, awoke and began to cry. Throwing his arms about her neck, he said, "Don't be unhappy, dear mamma:"—and in his own pretty childish way he did all he could to console her.

Now, the very endearments of that child, so far from pouring balm into the heart of the unhappy woman, were like so many daggers plunging down into it: for with irresistible force rushed a thousand harrowing reflections to her mind. Was it not shocking that a child of such a sweet and affectionate disposition should be doomed to the sad fate of poverty and misery, and perhaps want?—for though the mother and daughter had hitherto managed, even by dire self-privation, to give the poor little fellow enough bread to eat, yet how long might their ability to do so last? Suppose that Henrietta lost her engagement at the Opera, what would become of them? and when the season was over, if she should fail to obtain another engagement, what then were they to do? Oh! all this was more than the poor woman could endure to think of; and yet the terrible questions were incessantly forcing themselves upon her! No wonder, then, that as she now took that dearly-beloved child in her arms and strained him to her bosom, his very endearments and caresses should make her feel all the more acutely the anguish and agony of her position, and dread all the more poignantly for his own future destiny. The little fellow sobbed himself off to sleep again upon his mother's breast; and then, as she once more contemplated his sweetly beautiful countenance—all the more beautiful because replete with childhood's innocent expression—and as she lovingly played with his silken chesnut hair, she again found herself giving way to her despondent musings.

"Poor child! passing the greater portion of your days in the sickly atmosphere of this wretched room, perhaps art thou imbibing the seeds of disease and death from that mother who gave thee life! Alas! is it indeed a mortal sickness which has fastened itself upon me? must I die soon? am I sinking and fading away? or is it through want, and privation, and sorrow that I am thus stretched upon this sick-bed? My sweet boy, how cheerfully would I surrender up my life this moment if it would ensure thine happiness and prosperity! Thou, thy poor mother's darling—how rejoiced should I be if I had the means of giving thee toys to play with, and pretty clothes to wear, and an airy wholesome room to sleep in, and good food to eat. But thy cheeks are pale, my poor little fellow, for want of proper nourishment and fresh air. Oh! if we had but a cottage in the country, were it ever so humble, that you might frolic about in the green fields and that the colour should come back to your cheeks——But, no no—this may not be—this never will be! Poverty has laid its hand upon us—penury is our doom—wretchedness our fate. May God grant, my poor boy, that all these evils blight not the purity of your sweet sister. Oh! let us suffer all that we do suffer, with resignation—aye, even with cheerfulness—so long as my own Henrietta remains the good and virtuous girl that she is at present. But when I think of the temptations to which she is exposed—the heartless libertines who frequent that place—and the sufferings which she sees her mother and her brother experience, I tremble—Oh! how I tremble, lest when in her despair she stretches out her hand to God, the infamy of man may drop gold into that appealing palm!"

At this moment Mrs. Leyden's ear caught the sound of a light step ascending the stairs,—ascending too more lightly and with a greater elasticity than ever, light and elastic though that step always was; and it was also with a greater precipitation than usual that Henrietta threw open the door and made her appearance. Her cheeks, that were wont to be so pale, were glowing with excitement—her eyes, habitually so mild and soft in their pensive expression, had dancing light in their looks—and her sweet lips were wreathed into a sunny smile. The poor mother instantaneously caught some faint reflection of that joyousness which invested her daughter: for it struck her that the poor girl had received a little increase of salary—perhaps a shilling or two; and such a circumstance would indeed be fraught with hope and bliss for a family that had to count and weigh well the pence that it daily disbursed.

"Oh, my dear mother!" exclaimed Henrietta, flinging her arms about Mrs. Leyden's neck, "such good news! I have found so kind a friend!"

"A friend, my child?" echoed Mrs. Leyden, with a sudden paroxysm of affright: for what friend was a pretty young girl of sixteen, belonging to the ballet, and therefore regarded as a legitimate object for every libertine overture,—what sort of a friend was such a girl likely to find?

"Yes, dear mother—a good and generous friend, who took compassion upon me," continued Henrietta, with rapid and excited utterance; and she perceived not the sudden alarm which had struck with so sickening a sensation to the heart of her mother. "I have money about me—I know not yet how much it is: but let us see."

"Money, child?" murmured Mrs. Leyden, sinking back upon the bolster.

"Yes—look, dear mother!" cried the exultant Henrietta, as she took the little packet from her bosom and opened it. "Heavens! gold! five sovereigns! Oh!"—and the poor girl, overcome by her feelings at finding pounds where she had perhaps only thought of shillings, burst into tears.

"Henrietta!" almost shrieked forth her mother, now springing frantically up on the wretched couch: "answer me as you would reply to your God! That gold——"

"Good heavens, mother!" cried the damsel now all in an instant comprehending what was passing in Mrs. Leyden's mind: "do you think so ill of your daughter? No, no—thank God, it is not so!"

And with a cold shudder at the bare idea—likewise with a cruel revulsion of feeling produced by her parent's dishonouring suspicion—she sank down on her knees at the side of the bed, and wept bitterly. Little Charley, awakened by these rapid ejaculations on the part of his mother and sister, sat up and began to cry.

"Henrietta—my dearest child," exclaimed the unhappy woman, "if I have wronged you, forgive me—Oh, forgive me!"

"Alas, alas!" cried Henrietta hysterically: "I am virtuous, and pure, and innocent: and yet for all this I obtained not credit even with my own mother!"

"Dearest child, this reproach tortures me almost to madness!"—and Mrs. Leyden wrung her hands bitterly.

"Miserable gold!" exclaimed Henrietta, springing up from her knees with a look of despair: "the want of it produces misery, and the possession of it brings a darker misery still! Mother, you have wronged me—and this from you—O God! I should never have expected it!"

"Sister, dear sister," said poor little Charley, frightened at what was passing; "do not speak so to dear mamma!"

"Oh, my beloved brother!" exclaimed Henrietta, straining the little fellow to her bosom, "but a few minutes back I was dreaming—fondly dreaming, of brighter days for you: but now all is dark—darker than ever! Perish that gold since it has made my very mother suspect me!"—and suddenly relinquishing the fervid clasp in which she had held her brother, Henrietta snatched up the five sovereigns which she had thrown upon the bed, and was about to dash her hand through the window to fling them forth, when a hollow groan from her mother's lips suddenly made her pause. "Heavens! what have I done? Dear mother, you are fainting!"

"No—I shall be better in a few moments. Give me some water, my dear child."

The gold dropped from Henrietta's hand, as she flew to fill a cup with water and place it to her mother's lips. Then she sprinkled a few drops upon that pale and emaciated countenance, while little Charley sat up in the bed gazing in blank consternation upon what was passing: for the child could not possibly understand the nature of this scene—but the terror of which hushed his crying and made him speechless."

"Dear Henrietta," said Mrs. Leyden, now somewhat recovering, "I have wronged you—I see that I have most fearfully wronged you; and till the last day of my life shall I regret it. But, Oh! it is misery which warps our hearts—misery that fills us with suspicion—misery that changes our very natures—misery that blights all the freshest feelings of confidence——"

"My dear mother, let us say no more upon the subject," interrupted Henrietta—but yet in a voice which showed how deeply shocked her soul had been and how cruel was the wound that her mother's suspicion had inflicted on her heart. "The friend whom heaven has sent us, is Angela Vivaldi, the kindest, the best, the most generous of beings!"

"Henrietta, can you forgive me—can you pardon your poor mother? Oh! that I could recall the incidents of the last few minutes!"

"Forgive you, dear mother? do not speak to me thus!"—and the gentle girl again flung her arms about her parent's neck.

Then little Charley began crying once more; but now it was rather in joy than otherwise, when he beheld his sister and mother embracing.

Henrietta proceeded to inform Mrs. Leyden of everything which had occurred to her that night at the Opera, and with which the reader is already acquainted. Frankly did she explain the overtures made to her by Lord Everton—the feelings which had seised upon her when in the middle of the dance—and then the scene that had ensued in Signora Vivaldi's dressing-chamber. Mrs. Leyden embraced her daughter again and again: and again and again too did she implore that good girl's forgiveness on account of having even for an instant mistrusted her purity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VISITOR.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon that Henrietta ascended the stairs leading to the attic, having been out to make some purchases. Her step was light, and there was gladness in her heart: but there would have been more elasticity in the former and a purer bliss in the latter, if that distressing scene had not taken place a few hours back with her mother. For though the poor girl had freely and frankly forgiven her parent—and though she resolved to appear to think no more of that occurrence—yet was the wound still bleeding in her heart; for she could not help saying to herself, "My mother suspected me—and therefore she has no confidence in my virtue!"

Yet, when she entered the attic and began to display her purchases upon the table, the disagreeable impression left upon her mind by the incident just referred to temporarily vanished; because she experienced so true and heartfelt a pleasure at beholding the joy which beamed in the eyes of her pretty little brother. From her basket Henrietta took out a variety of provisions and other articles, including many little comforts for her invalid mother; and then she produced a complete new suit of clothes for Charley. Mrs. Leyden, half sitting up in the bed, watched her daughter's proceedings; and when the basket was emptied, she said, "Henrietta, you have bought nothing for yourself?"

"Oh, I require nothing at present!" exclaimed the young girl. "Now, Charley, let me put you on your new things."

Then, with what heartfelt pleasure did Henrietta disapparel her brother of his old garments, and substitute the tasteful though modest suit she had brought him in. And he, poor boy, exhibited all that childish delight which is so joyous to contemplate on the part of the young! Then, having finished dressing him, Henrietta took a comb and arranged his beautiful chesnut hair in a way to set off his sweet but delicate countenance to the utmost advantage.

Scarcely had all this been done, and while Henrietta and Mrs. Leyden were still admiring little Charley's appearance in his new clothes, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and a man's voice saying, "There, my good woman, you need not come any farther: I shall find my way. The door at the top, you say—the one facing the stairs? There, you need not follow me, I tell you. Oh! I suppose you want something for your trouble? Stop—here's a shilling—and now pray let me find my way alone. Indeed, I must insist upon it."

These words were addressed to the landlady of

the house—an officious, obtrusive, inquisitive kind of person, who, seeing that the visitor was evidently a man of substance, had endeavoured to push her way along with him in order to ascertain what he could possibly want with the Leydens. But he had got rid of her as much by his peremptory manner as by the donation of the shilling; and almost immediately afterwards Mrs. Leyden and her children heard his footsteps halt at their door, at which he immediately knocked.

Henrietta opened it, and found herself in the presence of an old gentleman with a brown scratch-wig, a red face, a large double chin, and a short stout figure.

"Your name is Henrietta Leyden, I suppose?" said the gentleman: then catching sight of the invalid woman in bed, he observed in a blunt off-hand manner, "Don't mind me; I come with no hostile intent—it may be otherwise:"—and he unceremoniously walked into the room.

Henrietta shut the door, and at once placed a seat for the visitor's accommodation: for it struck her that this was an emissary from the kind-hearted Angela Vivaldi. Mrs. Leyden, who, the moment the knock sounded at the door, had settled herself in bed so as to be prepared for the presence of any visitor, entertained the same idea; and little Charley stood gazing upon the gentleman with childish wonder as to what he wanted.

"You expected a call from some one this morning?" said that individual, addressing himself to Henrietta. "I know all that took place last night between you and Signora Vivaldi, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted; and she told me of your position—also of what she had given you. I suppose a part of the money has gone to dress this little fellow out in these new clothes? Well, he's a pretty little boy. What's your name, sir?"

"Charley Leyden, please sir," responded the child.

"And I suppose you are very fond of your sister?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh! yes, sir—she is so good and kind to me—and she gave me these new clothes just now."

"And parted your hair for you, and made you look smart——eh, my boy?"

For a moment Charley was at a loss to understand whether the gentleman spoke in a scolding manner or not; and he looked up with a somewhat frightened glance towards his sister.

"Oh, I am not angry!" exclaimed the visitor, drawing the boy towards him and smoothing down his hair: "you are a nice little fellow—but you ought to have more colour upon those cheeks. Well, we shall see. Madam," he continued, turning towards Mrs. Leyden, "you are an invalid. Pray, have you been ill long?"

"I have been suffering much for several months past," replied Mrs. Leyden; "and if it were not for that dear sweet girl, I know not what would have become of me and her little brother," she added, the tears trickling down her cheeks.

"How much do you earn a-week?" asked the gentleman, somewhat abruptly fixing his eyes on Henrietta.

"Eight shillings, sir," was the reply.

"Well, you had five pounds given you by Signora Vivaldi last night. Let us see what you have done with it?"

"First of all, sir," returned Henrietta, "I paid three weeks' rent, which we had unfortunately fallen in arrear——"

"How much was that?"

"Seven shillings and sixpence, sir. We pay half-a-crown a week for this room——"

"It would be dear at a gift," ejaculated the visitor, whose principal characteristic seemed to be a strange and almost uncouth sort of bluntness. "Well, go on—what did you do next?"

"I paid the chemist, sir, who had been kind enough to give us credit for some little medicines that my mother required. Then I bought some tea and sugar, some sago, and a few other little things that I thought would do my mother good. I also redeemed some linen from the pawnbroker's," added Henrietta, in a trembling voice and with blushing cheeks.

"Linen? I suppose for your own wear?"

"No, sir—to make my mother more comfortable," answered Henrietta, with a look that showed she was somewhat hurt by the question.

"Well—and then you bought these fine clothes for the little fellow here—eh?"

"Yes, sir; he was almost in rags. The suit he has now on cost fifteen shillings. I know it was a great deal to give in our condition: but, poor child, I could not bear to see him as he was:"—and the tears rolled down Henrietta's pale cheeks.

"Now you have told me all you bought for your mother and the boy—what did you buy for yourself? Come," exclaimed the gentleman, somewhat peremptorily, "show me the new dress or new shawl, whatever it was."

"I can assure you, sir," cried Mrs. Leyden, perceiving that her daughter was distressed by the question, "that this dear girl expended not a single sixpence upon herself—no, not even to the redemption of her Sunday clothing from the pawnbroker's."

"Oh!" muttered the visitor. "Have you many things in pledge?"

"Everything," replied Mrs. Leyden, bursting into tears.

"I don't know much about those sort of things," said the gentleman; "but I believe that the pawnbroker gives you duplicates—does he not? Come, let me see them all."

Mrs. Leyden made an affirmative sign to Henrietta, who forthwith produced from a drawer a considerable quantity of pawnbrokers' tickets, which with trembling hands and blushing cheeks she laid upon the table.

"You have not always been poor," said the gentleman, as he examined the duplicates one after another. "Here is one for a ring—another for a watch—another for a pair of earrings: then we have gowns—blankets—sheets—God bless me! what a miscellaneous assortment of things, even down to petticoats and stockings!"

Although both Mrs. Leyden and Henrietta felt in their hearts that the old gentleman did not mean to be cruel, but that on the contrary he probably meant to give them some relief—yet they could not help feeling a little shocked at the apparently blunt and unfeeling manner, amounting almost to coarseness and indelicacy, with which he spoke of the articles that were pledged, and which might have shown him how bitter had been the need that had reduced

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them to such straits. But he did not seem to take any notice of the emotions his words and manner thus excited; and having scrutinized the duplicates, he gathered them all up in a methodical way, wrapped them in paper, and thrust them into his capacious breeches-pocket.

"I shall take care of these and look over them again at my leisure," he said: then fixing his eyes upon Henrietta, he asked, "Do you like the stage? and do you want to keep on it?"

She burst into tears, as if the very question were an insult to her pure and delicate feelings.

"I could worship the generous benefactor," cried Mrs. Leyden, "who would enable that dear girl to quit a profession which she abhors, and to which nothing but a dire necessity could have induced her to have recourse. When we were first reduced to distress, she endeavoured to support us by needle-work: but it was so precarious and so badly paid——"

"Of course it is!" ejaculated the visitor. "Don't you know that in this Christian country which gave twenty millions to emancipate the black slaves in the West Indies, there are swarms and swarms of white slaves for whom this same Christian country would not voluntarily give twenty million pence? But no matter: let us talk of your own affairs. Do you think, ma'am, that you could bear removal from this wretched den to a little better lodging, if such were provided for you?"

Mrs. Leyden, in a few words,—but these were uttered in a tone of deepest feeling,—gave the gentleman to understand that she thought and hoped her indisposition had been produced, and indeed was now continued, more by want of proper nourishment and by grief and anxiety than by anything more serious; and while she was speaking Henrietta gazed with mingled hope and suspense upon the visitor's countenance, in order to gleam from its expression whether she dared anticipate that such a change could be effected on her mother's behalf as the one he had alluded to.

"Well," he said, with looks that were inscrutable, "we must see what is to be done. I think that you are a very good girl, Miss Henrietta: for the moment you got money, you did not go and dress yourself out in finery as most young persons of your age would have done,—and besides, you thought of your mother and brother first. I am very well pleased at that. As for the fifteen shillings you spent in embellishing this little fellow here, I can't find it in my heart to blame you for the outlay, although it was rather extravagant: he is a sweet boy, and it's natural to wish to see him look well. I do not mean to say any more at present—but it's very likely you will hear from me again."

When the eccentric visitor had taken his leave, little Charley caught hold of his sister's hand, saying, "I don't like that old gentleman: he seems so cross and ill-tempered, and he made you cry once——"

"Yes, my dear Charley: but you must like him, though," returned Henrietta; "for he is no doubt a very good man. Oh, my dear mother!" exclaimed the young girl, turning towards her parent, "is there not now some beam of hope for us?"

"I think so. Pray God that it is so!" answered Mrs. Leyden.

Henrietta now hastened to prepare some good and nutritious food for her invalid mother: but while she was so doing she experienced a gradual return of that feeling of sadness which had arisen from the distressing scene of the previous night. The thought that she had been suspected by her mother rankled in the poor girl's heart—not with any sentiment of bitterness against that parent, whom she forgave from the bottom of her soul; but with a deep sorrow to think that her own conduct had not been sufficient in all its purity to guarantee her against such an injurious suspicion.

Mrs. Leyden, who watched her attentively during her present occupation, observed the natural pensiveness of her countenance gradually deepening into mournfulness: and she divined the cause. But she thought that the best plan under present circumstances was to say nothing more upon the subject. Not that she was above repeating her prayer for forgiveness at her daughter's hand; but because she fancied that the less that was said upon the matter the sooner the impression of it would wear away from the young girl's mind. Besides, if any portion of the promises at which their late visitor had hinted should receive fulfilment, Mrs. Leyden cheered herself with the hope that in the joyous excitement produced by a change of circumstances, Henrietta would very speedily forget the little incident which was now occupying her thoughts. Nor did Mrs. Leyden fail to perceive something that might even be termed satisfactory in the way that Henrietta had taken the thing to heart: for did it not prove that the young maiden was delicately sensitive in respect to her virtue, and that the least breath of suspicion tarnishing the fair mirror of her reputation was esteemed by her as a misfortune not to be borne?

A more comfortable meal than for many a long day had been partaken of by this family, was presently served up by Henrietta's own hands; and when she saw how her little brother enjoyed himself, and how her mother's spirits were rallying under the genial influences of hope, the poor girl's countenance again brightened up, and she appeared to forget the occurrence which had been troubling her.

Scarcely was the meal over, when heavy footsteps were heard ascending the stairs: then there was a loud knock at the chamber-door—and on little Charley, who was now all life and spirits, rushing forward to answer the summons, a man in the garb of an hotel-porter made his appearance laden with packages. The instant Henrietta's eyes embraced those packages at a glance, she recognized the numerous parcels which from time to time, and with almost a breaking heart, she had borne to the pawnbroker's;—and if on those occasions she had wept bitter tears of hopelessness and despair, she now burst into tears again, but with joy, and gratitude, and gladness!

"A gentleman has sent me up with all these things," observed the porter, who was a good-tempered fellow himself and had not failed to comprehend that he had been made, though humbly and partially, the instrument of a good action. "Well, Miss, you had better cry for joy than for sorrow," he went on to say. "But the old gentleman desired me to tell you that you are all to be ready this evening between five and six o'clock, as he shall come and fetch you to go to some nicer lodgings."

Henrietta with a heart almost too full to allow her to speak, endeavoured to induce the porter to take some money: but he declared that he had already been adequately paid—and having deposited the packets upon the table, he took his departure.

"Oh, what a change for us!" murmured Mrs. Leyden, the faintness of an overpowering joy coming over her.

Henrietta hastened to throw her arms round her mother's neck, saying, "Do you think you will be able to get up? Oh, I hope so! for now that you have got all your nice clothes again, and can go forth respectable as you were wont to do——"

"Believe me, my dear child," responded Mrs. Leyden, straining her daughter to her bosom, and then lavishing her caresses upon little Charley who had advanced up to the side of the couch, "I am ten thousand times more gratified for your sake that all this has happened, than for my own. Yes, my dear girl, I feel myself years younger, alike in health and spirits. Oh! it is necessary to drink deeply of the bitter waters of adversity in order to appreciate the sweetness of the returning fount of prosperity."

By the time another hour had elapsed a great change had taken place in the appearance of the mother and daughter. Mrs. Leyden, having risen from her wretched pallet, had apparelled herself in a simple but genteel manner; while Henrietta had exchanged a faded and scanty garb for one which, without the slightest taint of finery, was alike elegant and tasteful. If in her discarded apparel she had seemed sweetly interesting, she now appeared exquisitely beautiful. Upon her cheeks, previously so very pale, there was now a delicate tint of the rose, but which even in its faintness and its delicacy was lovelier far than the bloom which art was wont to shed upon her countenance when she danced at the Opera. The expression of her features was now bashfully charming rather than touchingly plaintive; and there was a mild lustre in the beautiful blue eyes which were half veiled beneath their thick dark fringes. The symmetry of her figure was admirably set off by the genteel and lady-like garb that she had put on; and altogether Henrietta's appearance was so improved by the advantage of dress, that Mrs. Leyden, with all a fond mother's pride, surveyed her with admiring looks.

"How pretty you seem now, sister," said little Charley, joy beaming in his eyes. "I am so glad you have got all these nice clothes—and mamma too."

In short the happiness of this little family seemed nearly complete; and Henrietta thought no more—at least for the present—of that incident which had at first so much afflicted her. It was now past three o'clock, as Mrs. Leyden perceived by her watch, which was amongst the things so generously redeemed for her from the pawnbroker's, and which she had already wound up.

"I promised to attend the ballet-master to-day at this hour," said Henrietta, suddenly recollecting her engagement. "What shall I do?"

"If our kind friend does not intend you to continue upon the stage," answered Mrs. Leyden, "you need take no farther notice of that engagement."

"But ought I not," asked Henrietta, "to pen a note expressive of gratitude to the generous-hearted Signora Vivaldi? Oh! I will lose no more time in doing this!"

"But you know not where the Signora lives," observed Mrs. Leyden.

"True!" exclaimed the young girl, with a sudden look of disappointment. "Oh! it would be so sweet, and such a relief to my heart's feelings, to be able to pour forth all my joy and gratitude to that excellent being who evidently has made our case known to this benevolent gentleman."

"He will take charge of your letter, my dear girl," said the mother.

"Oh! but a thing that is done at once always has a truer air of sincerity," exclaimed Henrietta, now fully bent, in the enthusiasm of her feelings, upon carrying out her little project. "I will write my note and take it down to the Opera, so that the Signora may have it with the least possible delay. And at the same time I will make my excuses to the ballet-master; so that if by any accident I should have to return to my recent avocations, I may not make an enemy of him."

A shade gradually fell upon Mrs. Leyden's countenance as Henrietta thus notified her intention of revisiting that establishment which the poor mother held in such horror, and to which dire necessity alone had from the very first constrained her to send her child. Henrietta this time observed not that gathering gloom on her mother's features; but enthusiastic in her resolve to testify her fervid gratitude to Signora Vivaldi, she sat down at the table and penned a letter, the contents of which flowed with as genuine a sincerity from her heart as the tears which she had ere now shed welled forth from the same holy fount of feeling. This pleasing task being accomplished, she put on a simple but pretty bonnet and a neat shawl, selected from the things ere now reclaimed from the pawnbroker's; and having kissed her mother and brother, was about to trip with light step away upon her mission of gratitude.

"Would you not like to take little Charley with you?" asked Mrs. Leyden, concealing beneath a smile the sort of gloomy presentiment which had arisen in her mind at this resolve of her daughter to pay a last visit to the Opera.

"Yes, to be sure!" exclaimed the now happy girl: but then the next moment, as a sudden thought struck her, she said, "No, I cannot. I am going to speak to the ballet-master, and must not take any one behind the scenes with me. Now, my sweet Charley, do not look disappointed; because I shall be back soon—and then, you know, we are all going away together to some nicer place."

Having thus affectionately spoken to her brother, and having again kissed him, Henrietta sallied forth. The landlady of the house, with characteristic inquisitiveness, endeavoured to engage her in a gossip as she was passing out of the front door—for the woman was very anxious to know who the old gentleman was that with a sort of enchanter's wand had appeared to bring so much sudden happiness into the previously wretched chamber inhabited by the Leyden family. But Henrietta would not pause to gratify the landlady's curiosity; and turning out of the dark gloomy court, she gained the street.

Upon being left alone with Charley, Mrs. Leyden relapsed suddenly into a mournful mood. Was it that the sudden presence of so much happiness, by unnaturally exciting her spirits, had led to a proportionate reaction—and that her mind, enfeebled

by illness, was unable long to endure a joy so great that it engendered a mistrustfulness of itself? No doubt this was the explanation of Mrs. Leyden's feelings; and in such a morbid mood it was also natural that she should entertain misgivings in respect to her daughter's sudden and impulsive re-visit to the Opera. Dire misfortune had so warped the poor woman's feelings as to render her somewhat suspicious of every circumstance that might occur, and made her invest the commonest incidents with an air of ominous importance. She accordingly began to fear that Henrietta, having no sooner regained the possession of good clothing, was anxious to display her change of circumstances to her acquaintances at the Opera. The reader will no doubt consider it wrong of Mrs. Leyden to judge her daughter thus,—wrong to form such an opinion of the young girl whose self-denial had been exhibited in so many various ways during their period of poverty—especially on that very morning when she had purchased comforts for her brother and her mother, but not even necessaries for herself! Mrs. Leyden felt, too, that she was wrong to give way to these fears and suspicions: but she could not help it—she was not mistress of her thoughts—and they gained upon her. She was naturally a good woman; but the best natures are liable to feelings and weaknesses of this kind—especially when the physical energies have been impaired by sickness, suffering, and calamity.

"An hour passed, and Mrs. Leyden said to herself, "Henrietta ought to return now." Half-an-hour more elapsed—and still she did not come back. Then Mrs. Leyden kept looking at the watch which had that day been restored to her; and this very watch, though affording a proof of returning prosperity, became in another sense a source of pain and anxiety as it indicated the lapse of time during which Henrietta returned not. The incident of the watch affords an illustration of all the circumstances of this world, none of whose pleasures are without pain and none of whose roses are without thorns!

Half-past five o'clock! Henrietta had been absent two hours—and Mrs. Leyden's excitement grew intolerable. She felt very ill again—yet was too nervous to lie down. Little Charley, too young to perceive that his mother was suffering, and too innocent to understand how she could suffer now that she had good clothes and plenty of food again and was going away to a nicer place, as he had been assured,—was amusing himself with the pictures in one of the books which were amongst the things redeemed from the pawnbroker's.

Presently footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; and the elderly gentleman of the morning made his appearance.

"Well, ma'am, I am glad to see you are up," he immediately observed. "Ah! my little fellow, looking at a picture-book—eh? But where is your sister?"

"Henrietta has gone to the Opera, sir, to leave a note of thanks for Signora Vivaldi," said Mrs. Leyden, answering the question.

"That's all very well and good," interrupted the old gentleman: "but she might have given it to me."

"That is what I suggested," rejoined Mrs. Leyden: "but she would take it herself."

"Then I suppose we must wait for her," said the visitor, depositing himself in a chair. "How long has she been gone?"

"Two hours, sir," returned Mrs. Leyden, endeavouring to banish the expression of uneasiness from her countenance.

"Two hours!" ejaculated the gentleman. "That's rather long. It is now more than half past five," he continued, looking at his watch. "Did not the porter tell you I should be here between five and six?"

"He did. And now let me thank you again and again——"

"Nonsense! I don't want thanks. I suppose your daughter will not be long. Come, my little fellow, you and I will look at these books together till your sister comes back."

Another half-hour passed. Mrs. Leyden was suffering excruciations, which she endeavoured to conceal as well as she was able; and the old gentleman began to grow impatient. Another half-hour—then another—till at length it was seven o'clock. Mrs. Leyden, who had frequently turned aside upon her chair to conceal her tears, now burst into a flood of weeping; and becoming dreadfully excited, declared her conviction that something was wrong. The old gentleman said what he could to soothe her, and volunteered to hasten off to the Opera and see if anything was really the matter. He accordingly sped away; and during his absence Mrs. Leyden became so ill that she was compelled to lie down. Little Charley now saw that something fresh had occurred to make his mother unhappy; and she was not able to reassure him. In a little more than half-an-hour the old gentleman came back. He wore a gloomy look—and Mrs. Leyden at once saw that he had no satisfactory tidings for her.

"Your daughter, ma'am," he said, "has been to the Opera. She was there a little after four o'clock, but only stayed a few minutes while she delivered her letter and spoke to the ballet-master. She then took her departure—but was joined at the stage door by some gentleman whose name I could not learn, and with whom she went away."

At this intelligence Mrs. Leyden gave a low moan, and fainted. The old gentleman threw water upon her face, while Charley hastened down to summon the landlady. The unhappy mother regained her senses, but showed every symptom of being very dangerously ill. A doctor was sent for; and he declared that it would be impossible to remove her for the present. The idea of transferring the poor lady to another lodging was consequently abandoned for that evening.

The old gentleman remained at the lodging till past nine o'clock, in the hope that Henrietta would return. But the young girl came not—and Mrs. Leyden upbraided herself bitterly at the cause of what she believed to be her daughter's flight.

"I suspected her virtue—I accused her wrongfully!" she exclaimed with wild accents and passionate gestures; "and the dagger which I planted in her heart has rankled there. Oh, heavens! is it possible that she has gone? has she left the mother who dared suspect her innocence? has she said to herself that it were useless to take a pride henceforth in that virtue for which she obtained not credit? Has she, in short, abandoned herself to guilt in a paroxysm of despair?"

The old gentleman sought an explanation of these

self-accusings on the part of Mrs. Leyden, and when the unhappy mother told him what had taken place when her daughter brought home the gold she had received from Angela Vivaldi—and how the incident had since dwelt in Henrietta's mind—the old gentleman at first became very thoughtful. But at length he said, "You must tranquillize yourself, Mrs. Leyden; for I do not think from what I have seen and heard of your daughter, she would suffer her galled feelings thus to urge her on to so desperate a step as accepting libertine proposals. In any case you will not lose a friend in me. I shall come and see you again to-morrow: but as I feel interested in all that concerns you, mind you send and let me know the instant your daughter comes back. For that she will come back, with a satisfactory account of her present absence, I feel confident. Here is my address."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman laid his card upon the table; and having kissed little Charley, who had gone to bed an hour previously, crying bitterly at his sister's absence,—the eccentric benefactor took his departure. He did not however leave the house without placing gold in the landlady's hands, and desiring her to minister in all possible ways to the comfort and well-being of Mrs. Leyden. But, alas! unhappiness had once again entered that humble chamber,—not the unhappiness produced by poverty, for this evil existed there no longer,—but the unhappiness arising from the disappearance of Henrietta and the self-accusings of her invalid mother.

It appeared from the card which the old gentleman had left upon the table, that the name of the poor family's benefactor was Mr. Jonathan Gunthorpe, and that his address was at the *Bell and Crown*, Holborn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRECEPTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

The name of William Deveril has been occasionally mentioned in our pages; and we must now introduce him more particularly to the reader. He was quite a young man; but it was not very easy to fix his exact age to a year or two, because his complexion being rendered somewhat dark by a long residence in a southern clime, together with a certain thoughtfulness of look, possibly made him appear a trifle older than he really was. Thus he might have been a little under twenty or a little above twenty: for with no nicer precision could his age be fixed.

He had dark hair, worn somewhat long, and curling naturally—whiskers which though small increased the manliness of his otherwise youthful appearance—and fine black eyes, beaming with intelligence when not bent down in the mind's abstraction of thought. He was tall and slender, not merely symmetrically formed, but modelled with an Apollo-like grace and elegance. His features were of the Grecian cast—his upper lip short, with that aristocratic curl which may express disdain where there is false pride, but which is equally indicative of a calm and manly dignity where there is no overweening hauteur. His teeth were remarkable for their whiteness and evenness; and there was something peculiarly sweet, though by no means effeminate, in his smile. It denoted a kind disposition and a generous heart, which indications of character were amply corroborated by the high and noble forehead that seemed formed to be crowned with nature's own peerless diadem of intelligence.

William Deveril was accustomed to dress in a style which became a perfect gentleman, but without the least pretension to finery—much less of, mawkish dandyism. Nevertheless, a stranger who beheld that elegant young man, of such exquisite masculine beauty, apparelled in the most becoming style, would have been very far from suspecting that he was anything less than a scion of the aristocracy. And yet, as the reader is already aware, William Deveril earned his bread by giving lessons in drawing, music, and painting upon ivory. But then he had become quite the rage, so to speak, as a professor of these arts; and teaching only in the best families, he was enabled to turn his talents to a very lucrative advantage.

It was about mid-day as Mr. Deveril knocked at the door of Lady Macdonald's mansion in Cavendish Square; and to his questions as to whether Lady Florina Staunton was at home, the footman who answered his summons, replied in the affirmative. The young professor was thereupon conducted to a parlour where he found Lady Florina seated alone.

The young patrician damsel had already arranged upon a table the requisite drawing-materials; and it had been with a fluttering heart that she had counted the minutes until William Deveril made his appearance. Now, as he entered the room, she with that command which a well-bred and modest young female is enabled to exercise over her feelings, received him with that affable courtesy which she was always wont to display towards her young preceptor. Then resuming her seat from which she had risen, she said, "I have done but little, Mr. Deveril, to this picture since you were last here: but I hope to make some progress this morning."

As she thus spoke she bent her head over a piece of ivory, of an oval shape, and about six inches in diameter at its widest part. The subject of the design was a beautiful landscape which the fair pupil was copying from a water-colour drawing made by Deveril himself; and so far as her performance had advanced, it gave promise of being a very tolerable imitation of the original.

"Your ladyship has not touched it, I see, since I was here the day before yesterday," observed Deveril, as he glanced at the ivory: then taking a seat near his beautiful pupil, he added, "But if your ladyship can give me an hour to-day, some progress will indeed be made."

"I wish to have it finished, Mr. Deveril," answered Florina, "because my aunt is desirous to present it to some one of her acquaintance. I had therefore purposed to beg you to extend the lesson to at least two hours—that is, if it do not interfere with any previous arrangement which you have made."

"And if I had made any, it should cheerfully be put off for your ladyship!" replied Deveril, with a warmth of tone which suddenly made Florina start and the colour rush to her cheeks: for there was something in those accents which touched the tenderest chord that thrilled to her heart's core; for she knew that Deveril loved her, and this was another of those unwitting and almost unconscious proofs of that love which from time to time escaped him.

But how did the innocent and artless Florina know that Deveril loved her? Had he ever declared his passion? No: he had not dared to do so; nor had she ever ventured to encourage him in such daring. But to those who love, the signs and evidences of love in others are as intelligible as a language which though unknown to some, is yet a facile means of interchanging thoughts with those who can speak it. For love has its own peculiar language, which though often ineffable, is nevertheless potent in its silent eloquence,—a language whose syllables, and words, and sentences are expressed by a thousand little circumstances that pass unnoticed by the common observer, but which are full of meaning to those whose hearts afford the key to the reading of those mysteries. Thus a gesture —a suppressed sigh—a look hurriedly given and as hurriedly withdrawn—the flitting blush upon the cheeks—the thrill which is mutually experienced when the hands accidentally come in contact—the visible quivering of the entire form at such contact —the subdued hushed tone in which words are spoken at one moment, and the suddenly excited warmth with which they are uttered at another, although the words themselves may be merely commonplace,—all these are the signs, and emblems, and soul-waftings of love. But more!—when two beings of kindred dispositions and congenial spirits, and in whose union there appears to be a fitness marked by nature and designated by heaven,—when two such beings meet, although they may give no single one of all those signs of mutual passion, yet is there not such a thing as the soft and mystic transfusion of souls, taking place by some unknown and ineffable agency—a blending of the spirits such as no gross passion can know and no common nature experience,—an interchange of silent whisperings from heart to heart,—the whole passing all human understanding?

If the reader can comprehend all this, he will not be surprised that a being so pure and chaste in thought, so stainless and immaculate in soul, so innocent and unsophisticated in all the artifices of the world—so etherealized, in short, not merely above that patrician sphere to which she belonged, but also above humanity itself,—there is no need for wonder, we repeat, that such a being as Florina Staunton should have fathomed the secret of William Deveril's heart.

But let us continue the thread of our narrative. She had started and she had blushed as he spoke with such sudden warmth; and yet it was a warmth intelligible only to herself, and which would have had nothing significantly perceptible for any common observer had others been present in the room. And Deveril saw that she had started and that she had blushed—saw likewise that her suddenly excited emotions had left a thrilling quivering behind, and that as she took up the camel's-hair pencil in her fair fingers it trembled as if the hand that held it were an aspen-leaf. Then, in the confusion into which his own feelings were suddenly thrown by the incident, he endeavoured to stammer out some excuse, in which attempt his confusion only grew worse confounded.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon—I spoke vehemently——hurriedly——but——but——your ladyship is aware I did not speak disrespectfully——"

"Disrespectfully? Oh, no, Mr. Deveril!" she exclaimed: "I know you are incapable of *that!*"—and as she thus spoke, Florina raised her clear deep blue eyes to her preceptor's countenance.

"I thank your ladyship for that assurance," he said, in the low tremulous tone which indicates feelings proudly moved, and which are almost too full to be restrained,—feelings which while thus threatening to obtain the mastery, appear as if they must burst forth in a gush of passionate and tender avowals to the idol of adoration. "What I meant was that I am at all times ready to devote myself so entirely to your service that every other engagement should be cheerfully put aside."

Florina having again bent her eyes down upon the ivory, was endeavouring to commence laying in some colour: but her hand trembled, and she at once made a serious fault.

"Oh! you have spoilt your picture!" exclaimed Deveril. "Give me the brush—the colour must be removed directly."

But in his eagerness to take the brush from her, their hands came completely in contact, so that Florina's fingers let it fall altogether; and rolling over the ivory it made a number of marks altogether spoiling the design.

"A thousand apologies for my precipitation!" said Deveril, again overwhelmed with confusion, and taking all the blame unto himself.

"It was not your fault," murmured Florina, in a soft melting voice; and unconsciously—mechanically—impulsively, she extended her hand as an assurance that she was not offended.

Deveril took that hand—pressed it—found it linger in his own—and retained it in his clasp. Oh! the ineffable bliss of that moment! Then indeed was there the soft transfusion of spirits warmly blending: then was there an indescribable sense of rapture mutually felt! Deveril was no longer master of himself; and yet it was not with a gross passion that he was intoxicated, but with the purest and holiest love that he was elevated to the realms of elysian bliss. He raised to his lips the hand that still lingered in his own—he kissed it gently, and yet fervently—and then, as if astounded and amazed by his audacity, he sank on his knees at Florina's feet, exclaiming, "Pardon—pardon me!"

He had suddenly relinquished her hand: but she gave it to him again in a hurried and bewildered manner,—murmuring in a broken voice, "Rise, Mr. Deveril—for heaven's sake, rise! If any one should come in, what would be thought?——I who am betrothed to another!"—and suddenly overpowered by this idea she burst into tears.

"Oh, you weep! you weep!" exclaimed Deveril, starting up from his kneeling posture and resuming his chair by her side. "But those words which you have uttered——they prove——they confirm the wildest hopes——Oh, that this may not be a dream!"

"Mr. Deveril, I am unhappy—very, very unhappy, murmured poor Florina, gazing upon him through her tears. "Leave me, forget this moment of weakness on my part——"

"You bid me leave you?" said Deveril, in a mournful voice and with a reproachful look. "What —leave you at a moment when it appeared as if heaven itself were opening above me?"

"Oh, if I could tell you all I wish to say," exclaimed Florina, with more passionate vehemence than she had ever shown in her life before. "It

would relieve my heart! But no—I dare not—I dare not! Leave me!"

"And if I leave you thus, are we ever to meet again?" asked Deveril, profoundly afflicted.

Florina hastily wiped away the tears from her eyes, and bending her looks upon the young man, she was about to put forth all the energies of maiden firmness and tell him that it were indeed better they should part to meet no more, when all that firmness melted rapidly away as she gazed upon the exquisite beauty of Deveril's countenance—a beauty which never had seemed more fascinating to her view than at this moment when every feature expressed love, adoration, sorrow, and despair!

"Mr. Deveril," she said, "I cannot give utterance to what I was about to say; for it was an injunction that would have sealed my unhappiness."

"And mine also, if it were to have bidden me leave you," he immediately rejoined, his countenance lighting up with the animation of hope and bliss. "Say, beautiful lady, has not everything which has just taken place gone too far to be recalled?—have not secrets been revealed which may never be consigned back to oblivion?—and have not two hearts lifted the veil from their innermost sanctuaries? Oh, do not tell me that what is done you could wish to be undone? No—recall not a single gesture, nor a single look. To do so were to prove far more cruel than you are capable of proving: it would have been to lift me on angel-wings high above the common things of earth, merely to plunge me deep down into an abyss of darkness and despair!"

William Deveril had spoken in that tone of mingled rapture, earnestness, hope, and suspense, which was full of love's ineffable but varied music, and can be listened to by no young maiden with impunity: so that even if Florina had been far more solemnly and sacredly pledged by vows of her own to Edmund Saxondale than she was, she would have forgotten all such plight and troth at that instant, because her own feelings were stronger than herself.

"No," she said, murmuringly, as if it were the silvery flow of a crystal streamlet that was wafting soft spirit-voices upon its surface, "I wish to recall nothing—I do not now repent of what has just taken place!"

"Oh, then you love me! you love me!" exclaimed Deveril, in a tone of swelling enthusiasm and gushing rapture; and again and again did he press to his lips the fair hand that was now completely abandoned to him. "But, ah! reflect, Lady Florina!" he said, a cloud suddenly settling upon his countenance: "all the brilliant prospects of your life may be at stake! If you condescend to bestow your hand upon me, you become the bride of the humble and obscure artist——"

"But I become the bride of him whom I can love," observed Florina, in a low soft voice, full of an ineffable sincerity.

"And you will renounce the coronet of Saxondale for me?" asked Deveril, his cheeks glowing with rapture.

"Were it a diadem, I would renounce it for you!" rejoined the patrician maiden.

"Oh! is it possible that such bliss is a reality? can it be otherwise than a dream?" cried Deveril, once more falling upon his knees at the feet of Lady Florina: then as he gazed up into her countenance, he said with a mingled earnestness and impassioned emotion, "If for my sake you consent to sacrifice all those prospects which the world deems brilliant and dazzling,—if for the love of me, the humble and obscure artist, you renounce that position which society considers so desirable, you lay me under an immensity of obligation which only can be repaid by a love so fond, so tender, and so faithful, that never did poet dream of such a love nor novelist depict it! But is this all that I can give in return for the vastness of the sacrifice which you will make for me? Yes—I can offer you no other riches than the wealth of a heart's devotion—the opulence of feelings that shall have no other aim nor endeavour than to ensure your happiness—the treasure of an enthusiastic adoration of which thine image alone shall ever reign the idol! Such, Florina, is all that I can offer you—all that I can lay at your feet—in return for this love of your's."

"And what more can I ask?" said the maiden, in gentle accents and with tender looks, as she bent down towards her kneeling lover, so that her eyes looked into his own, and her balmy breath fanned his brows that were throbbing with the excitement of ineffable feelings. "You offer me everything calculated to ensure my happiness; and the promptings of my heart tell me that if others seek to control my fate by wedding me to splendid misery and coronetted unhappiness, it is a duty I owe unto myself to accept the destiny which a higher power—I mean that of heaven—appears to throw in my way!"

"Oh! every word that you speak, worshipped and adored Florina, convinces me of the depth of your love and assures me of its enduring constancy! This, this is happiness indeed!"—and as Deveril spoke he threw his arm round the snowy neck of the beauteous damsel, and drew down the countenance already so close to his own till their lips met: and as he still knelt at Florina's feet, he thus culled the first kiss of the love which was now so fully revealed.

"Rise, rise," said Florina, with murmuring tremulousness of tone; "rise, William—dearest William!"

He obeyed her—he rose from his kneeling posture—he again seated himself by her side—but for some minutes his heart was too full to allow the utterance of another word. It was a sort of subdued ecstacy—a prolonged sensation of bliss, wherein his soul was steeped: his heart was bathing in a fount of elysian delight. The impression of that pure, chaste kiss was still upon his lips,—the voice which had just addressed him by his Christian name for the first time, was dwelling like a soft strain of delicious music in his ears,—and the image of her on whom he gazed in mute adoration, was reproduced in his heart, never to be effaced! He felt that whatever should betide him in this world, through whatever storms of adversity or tornadoes of misfortune he might be hurried,—to whatever distance circumstances might separate him from the presence of the idolised and adored one,—yet that still the sweets of that kiss would linger on his lips, the music of that voice would continue to float in his ears, and the image of that face of transcending beauty would remain indelibly impressed upon his soul.

On the other hand, while all these thoughts and

sensations were exercising their beatific influence upon William Deveril, Florina was likewise busied with kindred reflections: for she felt that whatever barriers might spring up in the way of her union with him whom she thus loved, that still her love would never be impaired, but if there were a possibility of its increasing, it would acquire fresh power in the presence of every difficulty. Nor less could she avoid contrasting this handsome and elegant young man with the insipid-looking and self-sufficient youth to whom her relations sought to sacrifice her. Indeed, carried away by the current of these reflections, she could not help giving audible utterance to them—thereby breaking a long silence, during which she and her lover had sat gazing in mute rapture upon each other.

"I feel that I have been too docile, too obedient," she observed, in a low soft voice. "I have listened with even a servility of which I am now ashamed, and with a meekness wherein was absorbed all the proper spirit of a woman, to the representations of my aunt Lady Macdonald and to the injunctions of my brother Lord Harold. I never ought to have given an affirmative reply to the suit of Lord Saxondale! But while I, on the one hand, was submitting to the control of an aunt and a brother, he on the other hand was acting in accordance with the counsel of his mother: for I now understand it all—this alliance was projected and arranged between the two families, in utter disregard of what my own feelings might be! But, Oh! I am not to be disposed of in this manner; nor will I suffer all the brightest and choicest flowers of my heart's springtime to wither in the sickly atmosphere of society's conventionalisms, nor be crushed beneath the heel of an aunt's or a brother's despotism."

As Florina thus spoke, her beautiful countenance became flushed with excitement—her nostrils dilated—her eyes flashed brightly—her lips curled with decision—and her bosom swelled proudly. Never had she appeared to Deveril's view so truly handsome, so transcendingly lovely, as at this moment when asserting the spirit of a young damsel who felt that she had been coerced, but who had resolved to emancipate herself from the shackles of domestic tyranny.

The reader may rest assured that little progress was made in the drawing lesson of that day: nevertheless William Deveril remained the full two hours which he had at first been invited to stop. Is it necessary to enter into details as to how this interval was passed? or can not the reader picture to himself all the tenderness of that scene which followed the mutual confession of love? There were long periods of silence, during which William and Florina sat together, their hands locked, and their spirits blending in the raptured gaze which they fixed upon each other: then there were intervals of soft and tender discourse, during which vows and pledges were renewed over and over again;—and the time flew away so rapidly that the two hours had passed ere the lovers awoke from their dreamy bliss to the consciousness that time was passing at all.

At length Deveril rose to take his departure. Nothing had been settled as to any future course which they were to pursue: they had been too much absorbed in the happiness of the present moment to be able to give serious attention to the circumstances that might arise from Florina's resolve to renounce the coronet of Saxondale and bestow her hand upon the young artist. But, as in all such cases, there seemed to be a tacit yet mutually adopted understanding that for the present their love should be concealed from all the world—that it should remain a secret sacredly treasured up in the sanctuaries of their own hearts—and that they should trust to the chapter of accidents to throw up circumstances in their favour. Thus ever is it with those who love in opposition to the wishes of relatives and friends; for there is a timidity in love which condemns the heart to keep it secret and forbids the lips to proclaim it boldly, even though the resolve be deeply taken that this shall be the only love that can lead to marriage.

After exchanging a fond embrace William and Florina separated,—the former taking his departure from Lady Macdonald's mansion, and the latter remaining alone to enjoy the luxury of a solitude in which she could ponder upon all that had passed.

CHAPTER XXV.

A STRANGE SCENE.

We have seen that William Deveril had called at Lady Macdonald's mansion precisely at mid-day to give a drawing-lesson to Lady Florina: but we have also seen that it was a lesson in love that was mutually taken, and that two hours had slipped away almost unnoticed by the lovers. It was therefore two o'clock when Mr. Deveril issued from that mansion: and at this hour he ought in pursuance of his engagement to attend at Saxondale House to give lessons to the Hon. Misses Juliana and Constance Farefield. But how could he possibly think of these two ladies when the lovely and beloved Florina filled his heart with her image?

Mechanically however he proceeded towards Park Lane; but as he made his way through the streets, he had no eyes for the ever-flowing tide of that human ocean which pours its unceasing floods through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis; nor had he any ears for those multitudinous sounds which indicate the bustle, the activity, and the vital energies of the modern Babylon. All his powers of vision as well as all his faculties of thought were concentrated inwardly—absorbed in the delicious contemplation of Florina's image which was impressed upon his heart.

In this mood did he reach the vicinage of Saxondale House: but instead of presenting himself there, he entered Hyde Park and roved about for some time, abandoning himself to those delicious reflections which naturally sprang from the scene described in the preceding chapter. At length he recollected his engagement at Saxondale House. He looked at his watch: it was half-past three o'clock. What should he do? It was doubtless too late to give the Hon. Misses Farefield their lesson: but would it not appear pre-eminently disrespectful not to call, offer an apology, and ascertain whether it would be their pleasure to take their lesson on the morrow?

Deciding upon this course, William Deveril bent his way to Saxondale House, and was immediately

admitted by the hall-porter. He was conducted by a footman up-stairs to the apartment where the two sisters were wont to take their lesson; and he therefore supposed, as he ascended, that they were waiting for him. But on reaching that apartment, instead of perceiving Juliana and Constance there, he found himself in the presence of Lady Saxondale herself.

"You are late, Mr. Deveril," said her ladyship, in a somewhat peculiar tone, so that the young artist's first and most natural thought was that he had offended the haughty patrician lady by his seeming neglect.

"I have to offer your ladyship a thousand apologies," he replied, in a tone and manner which while exceedingly courteous and respectful, had nevertheless nothing servile nor grovelling in them.

"Never mind, Mr. Deveril," said her ladyship. "I am not disposed to be angry with you. My daughters waited a little while; and finding you did not come, they went to take an airing in the carriage. But sit down:"—and she pointed to a chair near the one in which she herself was seated.

"I thank your ladyship," returned Deveril, who still remained standing; "but I will not intrude any longer on your ladyship. Might I ask whether the Hon. Misses Farefield designated an hour for me to come to-morrow?"

"Yes—at two o'clock, if your engagements will permit," answered Lady Saxondale: and still there was something so peculiar in her voice and look that the young artist knew not what to think, and even felt himself troubled—but so vaguely and undefinably that he could not account for this uneasiness. "Sit down, Mr. Deveril," added Lady Saxondale: "I wish to speak to you."

He accordingly took the chair which she indicated; and she at the same moment drew her own a little closer: then bending forward with an air of mysterious confidence, she said, "Mr. Deveril, I am desirous of having some very serious discourse with you. You will no doubt be surprised—astonished—at what you will hear: but you must listen!"

Lady Saxondale, as she thus spoke, fixed so strange and unfathomable a look upon the young artist that the trouble of his mind increased—he felt embarrassed and confused—a thousand strange ideas instantaneously flitted through his brain—but not one of them settled down there into shape or consistency. He threw a trembling and inquiring look upon Lady Saxondale, and saw that her countenance was flushed—that her eyes were shining with a strange lustre—that her lips were quivering—and that her majestic bust was swelling and falling with great and rapid heavings. Deveril grew almost frightened, and wished to heaven that he were away from her presence and fairly out of the house: but he dared not for courtesy's sake quit her with abruptness.

"Mr. Deveril," resumed Lady Saxondale, in a voice that was tremulously low and strangely deep, "if a lady of high rank—of patrician eminence—should suffer you to know that in spite of all conventionalisms—in spite too of all circumstances which ought to seal her lips on such a subject——aye, and compel her to crush and stifle the feeling itself,——if such a lady, I ask, should suffer you to perceive that you are not indifferent to her, what course would you pursue?"

Deveril was both astounded and alarmed by this singular speech. For an instant he fancied that Lady Saxondale herself was about to make an avowal of love; but instantaneously discarding the idea as ridiculous, he was struck with the conviction that she had somehow or another discovered what had taken place during the few past hours between himself and Florina, and that she was thus delicately and hesitatingly opening the matter to him, so as to remind him of his duty and not deprive her son Lord Saxondale of the maiden whom family arrangements had settled to become the young noble's bride.

"You look astonished—even dismayed, at the words I have just spoken?" resumed Lady Saxondale, with every indication of a heightened emotion; so that her splendid form quivered all over—the colour deepened upon her cheeks—her eyes shot forth stranger fires—her bosom heaved and sank with quicker undulations. "But do not be afraid to speak to me candidly on this subject. Let all differences of rank disappear between us——"

"I am at a loss to understand your ladyship," stammered Deveril, scarcely knowing what he said.

"No, no—you comprehend me! you understand me full well!" rejoined Lady Saxondale vehemently. "It is impossible you can be under any misapprehension on the subject to which I am alluding! But wherefore do you gaze upon me in this wild and frightened manner? Is it that I have touched the true chord in your heart?"

Lady Saxondale stopped suddenly short, and fixed her eyes with even a deeper earnestness of gaze than before upon William Deveril, as she perceived that the colour came and went rapidly on the delicate duskiness of his handsome countenance: for this last remark of her ladyship had confirmed his suspicion that she was indeed alluding to his love for Lady Florina.

"Does your ladyship intend to overwhelm me with——with——" he was about to say "reproaches;" but the natural manliness of his spirit instantaneously reviving, he regained his self-possession, and in a calmer and firmer tone observed, "Whatever your ladyship's object may be, I pray you to be explicit."

"Is it possible that you are so blind?" exclaimed Lady Saxondale impatiently: then in softer accents and with milder manner, she immediately added, "Mr. Deveril, it is not your fault if you have become the object of so much deep and impassioned love. Start not—but listen to me! Though destiny has cast you in a humble sphere, yet may I say without flattery, that you are one of nature's true aristocracy. Handsome in person—yes, handsome even to the winning of a heart that never loved before—endowed too with all the richest treasures of a fine intellect—possessing elegant manners, and a voice that falls like music on the ear and sinks down with ecstatic feeling to the depths of the soul,—it is not indeed surprising that you should have thus become the object of a passion which could no longer be concealed. Yes—you *are* the object of that passion—and it has been long cherished, although never avowed until this day!"

William Deveril listened in a sort of stupor of amazement. Every word that Lady Saxondale uttered, seemed to allude more and more forcibly to the affection which he entertained for Florina Staunton, but which had never been made known until *this day*. And yet, while on the one hand he could scarcely doubt that such was the point to which her ladyship's allusions tended, there was nevertheless a strange misgiving in his mind that it were possible for him to interpret her words wrongly, and that everything she was saying might bear another construction. He was confused—he was bewildered: he longed to speak—to question her—to arrive at some certainty on the point; and yet he feared to give utterance to a single word, lest he should be betrayed into mistake or error. His position was most embarrassing—most painful; and Lady Saxondale could not help seeing that it was so.

"William," she said—and every fibre in his frame thrilled with emotion as he heard himself thus addressed a second time this day by his Christian name from woman's lips: for vividly was brought back to his recollection the ecstatic delight he had ere now experienced when that same Christian name was pronounced in the melting music of

Florina's own voice,—"William," repeated Lady Saxondale, "tell me, wherefore are you thus moved? why do you listen to me in such deep embarrassment—I might almost say with pain? Is it possible, I once more ask, that you do not comprehend me?"

"No, no," he cried vehemently: "I do not comprehend you For heaven's sake, explain yourself!"

"Oh! why will you drag from my lips, in the incompetent form of words, those feelings that gush upward from the heart?—for the feelings themselves are full of ardour and passion, but words are cooled by the breath on which they are wafted. But if I must be thus explicit, understand me then at last:"—and after a moment's pause Lady Saxondale added with strong accentuation, "William Deveril, I love you!"

Although from the instant Lady Saxondale had begun this last speech, the young artist was prepared for the avowal just made, yet when it did fall from the lady's lips—and that so abruptly too—he started, and an ejaculation of dismay escaped him. But even then he doubted whether he could have heard aright, or whether his ears had deceived him; and he continued for two or three moments gazing in wonderment and uncertainty upon Lady Saxondale; so that she, with that obtuseness of perception which even the most keen-witted females are liable to in the affairs of the heart, fancied that he was overwhelmed by his good fortune in being beloved by a lady of her rank and wealth.

"Yes, William—dearest William," she said, in the tenderest tone, and fixing upon him looks brimfull of passion, "I love you—I have loved you for some time—and I could conceal it no longer. You know that the world regards me as a woman whose very pride is a guarantee for her virtue: and solemnly, sacredly do I assure you that never before have I stooped from the loftiness of my pedestal to tell any human being that I loved him! But rest assured that I have struggled long to stifle the feeling which thus urges me towards you; and the struggle has been a painful one! I can now struggle no longer: it is a severer conflict than even my proud nature can endure, or my strong will carry on. I bow—I yield—I, who never bent nor succumbed before!——yes, I bow—I yield, to the influence of love;—and you, William Deveril, are the object thereof!"

She had gone on speaking thus because the young artist was so paralysed by the state of his feelings as to be unable to interrupt, much less stop her. Even though her words sounded in his ears, conveying sense and meaning to his comprehension, he could scarcely put faith in what he thus heard; and although he beheld before him that woman of a grand and magnificent beauty, descending from the podestal of her patrician pride, throwing off the Juno-like stateliness of her demeanour, and melting into all the winning graces and sensuous fascinations of Venus herself, yet still he could scarcely believe in the reality of the spectacle which he thus beheld. So he stood near the chair from which he had risen, with eyes fixed wonderingly upon her countenance—with lips apart—the very effigy of astonishment and doubt!

"William, what means this singularity of manner on your part?" asked Lady Saxondale, her accents now tremulous with anxiety and misgiving. "Are you not pleased with this avowal of love which I have so frankly made? But do not mistake me! It is not as a husband that I seek you—it is not as a wife that I offer myself. No, no—the world must not know our love! And therefore it is as a mistress that I abandon myself to you!——Yes, this tremendous sacrifice of honour, and virtue, and all that a woman should hold most dear, do I make for the maddening passion that I experience for you. O William, do you refuse such a love as this? No, you cannot—you will not! But you do not believe that I am serious? Come—let me convince you that I am—let me press you to my bosom!"

The infatuated lady, hurried along by the maddening fury of her passions, extended her superb arms to enfold the young artist in their embrace: but he started suddenly back—and with a strong recoil that savoured even of horror and aversion, cried out, "No, no!"

"What! you scorn, you spurn my love?" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, whose pride and vanity would not at the first instant enable her to think that it was really so, although she expressed it in words. "It is impossible! You still think perhaps that I am trifling with you—that I am trying you in order to see that you are a fit preceptor for my daughters? But I take heaven to witness that I am sincere. What? still you stand gazing upon me thus in consternation and alarm? It is impossible, I repeat, that you can refuse my love. Love? it is a burning, devouring passion,—a passion that maddens me—a passion that scorches me with consuming flames——else never, never had I suffered its wild torrent thus to hurry me away! Love did I say? William Deveril, it is a mad idolatry, in which I could sacrifice almost everything—yes, even the hope of heaven itself, for your sake. Ah! would you have, then, a proof of this fervid love of mine? Behold it in the present scene! You know my pride—you know my haughtiness—and you may conceive then how powerful is that love which can thus bend that pride and subdue that haughtiness to the degree that now makes me sue a humble suppliant for your love in return!"

"Lady Saxondale," answered William Deveril, again retreating suddenly as she once more flew forward to clasp him in her arms, "is it possible that you can have thus far forgotten yourself? or is the excuse to be found in a passing madness?"

"Yes, yes—it is madness!" she exclaimed with vehement accents,—"the madness of this love which I feel for you! And I have asked you to love me in return—and you hesitate? Oh, but you *shall* love me—you *must* love me—and love too as I do—as passionately, as ardently!"

"Peace, madam!" exclaimed Deveril indignantly. "This scene must not be prolonged another minute."

All on a sudden Lady Saxondale's whole being appeared to change: the crimson hue of excitement vanished from her cheeks, leaving them pale as marble—the sensuous light which had been beaming in her eyes, flamed up into flashing fires—the supplicating attitude of her splendid figure was succeeded by an air of Juno-like wrath, as she drew herself up to the full of her commanding height; and in a voice choked with rage, she said, "Ah! then you scorn my love? you spurn me? you have dared to humiliate Lady Saxondale?"

"Madam," replied Deveril, "if I remain here

even during the few brief moments which are occupied by what I am now saying, it is only because I would not wish you to imagine that I shall go hence from your abode to give publicity to a scene as unexpected as it was painful. Your ladyship speaks of being humiliated: but if you feel so, it need only be so long as I am in your presence. No—I will not make a vaunt of the proposals which in a mood of deplorable weakness you have ventured to make to me. Let the veil of oblivion be dropped over what has passed! And now I bid your ladyship farewell."

"Stop—one moment *stop*!" said Lady Saxondale, in the deep hoarse voice of concentrated passion; and she clutched Deveril violently by the arm. "You must not leave me thus. I feel like a desperate woman, capable of desperate deeds. You, sir, are the only man I ever loved; and to have this first love of mine thus rejected—thus spurned——No, by heaven, it shall not be!"—and in the madness of her rage she stamped her foot violently on the carpet.

Deveril, shocked and horrified at what was taking place, burst from the strong grasp in which Lady Saxondale held him, and was hastening to the door, when she bounded after him, and caught him by the arm again, crying, "Stop—I command you to stop! Beware how you irritate me—I am not mistress of my actions—and if you attempt to escape from me again, ere I have said all that I have to say, there will be a struggle, and you know it will be playing a coward's part to do violence to a woman!"

"Lady Saxondale," said the young artist, painfully excited and scarcely knowing how to act, "I will remain a few minutes and listen to what you have to say, if you will only tranquillize your feelings: for I really do not wish that you should incur the chance of exposure before your household. At the same time I warn your ladyship not to address me again in language that is derogatory to yourself and insulting to me."

"Insulting to you, foolish boy?" said Lady Saxondale: and the words came hissing forth on her panting breath, while every feature of her handsome countenance was convulsed with passion—a passion in which the fury of desire was mingled with the rage of disappointment and the deep sense of mortification. "Have you refused my love because there is such disparity in our ages? It is true that there are many years' difference between us: but am I not handsome? am I not in the proud glory of my beauty? Look at this hair;—is there one line of silver in it? Look at this face;—is there a wrinkle upon it? Look at this form;—has time done aught to mar its symmetry? No, no," she added with increasing excitement, "I not only love, but I have the consciousness of being loveable. And if my mirror told me false in that respect, think you that the handsomest and proudest peers of England, who when seeking my hand have told me that I was beautiful, have spoken thus in mere idle flattery? Once again, then, William Deveril——"

"No, lady—not again—not even *once* again!" he cried, now stricken with the conviction that every moment which he gave up to a prolongation of this scene was a treachery and an insult to that sweet patrician girl who but a few hours previously had breathed a revelation of purest and chastest love in his ear.

"Ah, then your's is a heart of adamant and will not be moved!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale. "But perhaps you love another?"—and her whole form quivered with rage as the bare idea struck her with an ice-chill, smiting her proud heart as if it would rend it in twain.

"Love another?" echoed the young artist mechanically: for again he trembled lest his secret should be surprised.

"Yes—love another!" promptly rejoined Lady Saxondale. "I said so—and I see that it is the case. Oh! that tell-tale look of your's reveals the secret! Then I have a rival? Ah! rivalry encourages bad passions—it excites vengeance—and by the heaven above us, William Deveril, if my love be spurned for that of any puling sentimental girl, the revenge that I will wreak shall be terrible!"

"Good heavens, Lady Saxondale!" exclaimed the young artist, thinking of Florina; "you know not what you say!"

"But I have told you what I will do," responded the infuriate woman—for infuriate she now really was. "Beware how you continue to spurn my love! Say but one kind word, and I will forgive all that has passed——"

"Madam, I can bear this no longer," cried Deveril, once more breaking away from her.

"Stop!" she exclaimed, a third time catching him by the arm, and with such power too that he could not have escaped without exerting more violence than his generous nature would permit him to do towards a female: "I have but a single word now to say. Give me your love, William, and I will worship you: persist in refusing me, and I become your bitterest enemy!"

Having thus spoken, with flashing eyes, pale countenance, quivering lips, and trembling form, she suddenly released him of her own accord—and he found himself free.

"Lady Saxondale," he answered, "when this tempest of passion has subsided, you will be sorry for what has passed."

"Sorry? No," she cried, now drawing herself up once more with sovereign hauteur, so that her majestic beauty seemed terrible in this storm of rage and indignation: "that word is not one which can be applied to Lady Saxondale. Instead of experiencing sorrow, I shall look for vengeance. If *your* mind be made up, *mine* is also. I could have sacrificed everything to enjoy your love; but I cannot endure to be humiliated by this rejection of my own. Much therefore as I could have loved you, I am prepared to hate you. Which is to be the alternative?"

"Madam," answered Deveril, "this scene has already lasted much too long, and your conduct towards me has passed from indelicacy to insult."

"Begone, then, sir!" she exclaimed, the fires of all possible human passions flashing from her eyes. "I hate you—and I will be revenged!"

William Deveril bowed coldly and quitted the room. In a couple of minutes he crossed the threshold of Saxondale House, and returned once more into Hyde Park to compose the feelings that had been so much excited by the strange and painful ordeal through which he had just passed.

It appeared as if he had just wakened up from a

dream the influence of which pursued him even when he was awake. Was it possible that the proud, the dignified, the haughty Lady Saxondale had so far forgotten her wonted self-possession as to expose herself in such a manner? But by a natural transition of ideas, the young artist was led to contrast the sensuous fervour and immodest passion of that lady with the chaste love and delicate affection of the beauteous Florina. Then, still pursuing the thread of his reflections, he could not help trembling at the satanic threats of vengeance which Lady Saxondale had hurled at his head,—and not at his head alone, but at that of whomsoever she might detect in being what she chose to regard as a rival. Deveril saw that she was a desperate and dangerous woman—a woman whom her disappointed passion had rendered thus desperate, and who was likely to prove all the more dangerous because she possessed the strongest energies, which she would not fail to exercise in the pursuit of any object she was anxious to attain.

But what was he to do? Should he confidentially impart to Florina's ear everything that had occurred, and thus put the young maiden upon her guard in case Lady Saxondale should by any accident discover that the object of his love was none other than the same being who had been selected to become her own son's bride? No—the honourable and upright mind of Deveril recoiled from the bare idea of shocking the pure and chaste Florina by the tale of her ladyship's depravity; and he therefore came to the resolve to observe the strictest secrecy in respect to all that had just taken place.

It was now five o'clock; and Deveril, quitting Hyde Park, bent his way to a lodging which he had in Pall Mall. Not that he habitually resided there; for he had another place of residence in one of the suburbs of London. But this lodging, consisting of three apartments, served as the place where he received letters and visits in respect to the profession he exercised. One of the rooms was fitted up as a *studio*, where he gave lessons to those who preferred to visit him there: another room was used as a parlour; and a third as a bed-chamber, in case it suited him to sleep at his lodgings.

On returning to Pall Mall he found two or three persons waiting to see him on matters of business; and when they had taken their departure he ordered some dinner to be served up. Little appetite however had the young artist for the food thus placed upon the table: his thoughts were too much absorbed—or rather too pleasurably and painfully divided between the two scenes which had marked this memorable day. It was not till past nine o'clock that he quitted his lodging; and the evening being exceedingly beautiful, he determined to walk to his suburban residence—for he felt that exercise and fresh air would soothe the excitement of his thoughts.

It was ten o'clock as William Deveril entered the Regent's Park, across which his path lay in the direction of a splendid mansion somewhat isolated from the rest of the superb residences which abound in that district. The evening was warm—some of the casements of that mansion were open—and the swelling tide of music flowed forth to his ear. That music was accompanied by several sweet female voices; and so exquisitely did they sing that the young artist, as passionately fond of music as he was of drawing, stood still to listen. He was enabled to approach to within half-a-dozen yards of the fence bounding the garden in which the mansion stood; and it was from the open casement of a room on the first floor that the delicious strains of vocal and instrumental harmony were wafted forth. This casement was the side-window of a drawing-room whose front, with a range of several windows, looked in another direction upon an ampler spread of grounds; and the side-window to which we have alluded, opened on a balcony towards which the luxuriant clematis and jasmine, mingling with roses, crept up against the wall.

As William Deveril stood listening to the music, he recollected that Florina had mentioned to him during the two hours they had passed together that day, that she was going to a party with her aunt Lady Macdonald to the house of some friends in the Regent's Park that evening; and as the young artist stood gazing up at the open casement, the crimson draperies of which gave a roseate hue to the light shining forth from the interior of the room, he thought to himself, "Perhaps it is here that my beloved Florina is now gracing the brilliant assemblage with her presence? Ah! was it some instinctive feeling of this kind which made me prefer walking home to-night—which made me take this exact path—and which now caused me to halt here close by this stately mansion?"

While he was thus musing to himself, the harmony had ceased—the soft sounds of the music and the equally delicious voices no longer sent forth their fluid notes to the star-lit air; and Deveril was about to pursue his way, scarcely able to repress a sigh as he thought that if Florina were indeed there, some aristocratic coxcomb perchance was privileged to lead her through the mazes of the dance, while he who possessed her love was wandering round the exterior of that luxurious mansion!

At the very moment he was turning away, the crimson drapery was drawn aside, and a lady appeared upon the balcony, as if to escape for a few moments from the stifling heat within and breathe the fresher and purer air of the night. But that lady was Florina! Yes—Florina, elegantly dressed—looking radiantly beautiful in her ball-room toilet—Florina, the idol of the young artist's worship!

An ejaculation of joy and delight burst from Deveril's lips. Florina started, and was about to retreat from the balcony; but Deveril breathed her name in a soft voice, yet just loud enough for her to hear. And she did hear it—and by the light which shone through the crimson draperies the enraptured Deveril could perceive that the young maiden's countenance became suddenly animated with ineffable pleasure as she recognized him. But it was dangerous to attempt any communication under circumstances where notice might be attracted; and so the interchange of whatever the lovers might have to say was limited to signs. Florina waved her snowy handkerchief to the young artist; and he, responding in a similar manner to that mute but recognized signal of love, passed lingeringly away.

He saw Florina push aside the draperies again and disappear behind them: then rejoicing that he had thus caught a glimpse of his adored one, though only for such a brief passing instant, he sped

onward with a lighter heart to his own residence, which was at no very great distance.

But as William Deveril entered the hall of a beautiful little villa which he thus occupied in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, a charming creature of angelic beauty came forth from the parlour to welcome him, and even to chide him affectionately for being so late. Who was this beautiful creature that thus showed herself so anxious for his return, and whom he embraced so fondly as he made some excuse for his lateness? Ah! from this mystery we cannot at present draw the veil—even though it were to relieve the reader from uncertainty as to whether William Deveril had that day pledged an undivided love to Florina Staunton.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FABRICATION.

NOTHING could exceed the rage and disappointment of Lady Saxondale at the rebuff she had experienced from William Deveril. We must inform the reader that from the very first moment he commenced giving lessons to the Miss Farefields, at Saxondale House, several months back, her ladyship had conceived a strange and irresistible attachment towards that handsome young man. At the beginning Lady Saxondale had endeavoured to put away this feeling, with as much calm confidence that she would succeed in doing so as if she were divesting herself of a garment which though fitting somewhat tight she had no doubt of being able to lay aside: but insensibly that attachment grew upon her; and though she was long ere she would admit this circumstance to herself, yet she could not help at last opening her eyes deliberately to the fact that she really loved William Deveril.

It was perfectly true that Lady Saxondale struggled long and painfully against this growing passion: true also that it acquired a power greater than her own faculty of resistance. We may likewise observe that she had spoken with equal truth when informing Deveril that she had never loved before. The reader is well aware that she had not married old Lord Saxondale for love; and that though she had been true and faithful to him—had treated him with kindness—and had therefore made him a good wife, she had never experienced for him any sentiment beyond those of friendship and gratitude. At his death, though left a young, beautiful, and rich widow, she had never thought of changing her condition—simply because out of the many offers which she received, not one was made by any individual of a rank so much superior to her own as to make her wish to aspire to it. As for love, she encountered no one capable of inspiring her with that sentiment. Thus remaining single, she had pursued only one idea—and this was her ambition. She looked upon herself with pride and satisfaction as having been the means of perpetuating the race of Saxondale in a direct line from her husband, and in having rescued the coronet and estates from the grasp of a profligate and unprincipled man in the person of Ralph Farefield. Her ambition had therefore been, from the time of her husband's death, to rear Edmund Saxondale—to watch over him with the most zealous care—and to cherish him as the only prop upon which the proud title of Saxondale now rested. For there was no other direct male heir to that title known to exist; and if Edmund died, the title would become extinct and the estates would devolve to a very distant relative owning a ducal rank, and in which the title of Saxondale would consequently be merged and lost. We will not now pause to describe all Lady Saxondale had suffered on perceiving the gradual development of Edmund's evil qualities as he grew up: but we will content ourselves with observing that if she could not love him, she nevertheless cherished him as the only hope of perpetuating the family into which she had married and of which she was so proud.

This was Lady Saxondale's ambition! The same explanations may likewise account for her apparently premature anxiety to make such matrimonial arrangements on behalf of Edmund, as would provide him with a wife the moment he should come of age. Hence the selection of Lady Florina,—a highborn though portionless damsel, whose relations and friends had been too willing to assent to her prospective sacrifice to the sickly, ill-conditioned, and evil-minded Lord Saxondale. It was now the aim of her ladyship's ambition to see Edmund married and behold male issue springing from the union, so that she might be assured of the perpetuation of the race of Saxondale. With this ambition constituting as it were the aim of her existence, it was not likely that such a woman would be easily accessible to the more tender sentiment of love. She was too worldly-minded to be thus sensitive. But had she not passions? Yes: but she had also the pride that enabled her to control them. She had not remained virtuous for the love of virtue: but because she was too prudent and too cautious to endanger her proud position in the world. She had not remained chaste through any genuine sentiment of feminine purity; but because she did not choose to risk the consequences of an intrigue. Thus, when she had found her passions rebelling, she had subdued them; and when tempted by the overtures of the gallant and the dissipated in the world of fashion, she had risen superior to such temptations—not because she possessed a virtue that recoiled from them, but because she was too proud to compromise herself by succumbing to them.

Such had been the history of Lady Saxondale's life from the period of her husband's death until that when she met William Deveril. For nineteen years had she remained inaccessible to love or to temptation: and now she not only experienced love, but invited temptation by becoming herself the temptress! Severely and painfully, we repeat, had she struggled against this passion which she felt for Deveril: but at length she found that it was consuming her. She had endeavoured to avoid meeting him when he came to the house to give lessons to her daughters; but an irresistible impulse would urge her to the room where she might see him. She had struggled to banish his image from her mind: as vainly might she have essayed to roll back with her hand the mighty volume of water which the Thames pours into the sea at the time of its ebb. The strength of her mind gradually gave way in this one respect: namely, the irresistible passion she experienced for Deveril. She felt at last that she must avow this love of her's to him—if such a passion deserved the name of *love* at all:

Not for a moment did she anticipate a repulse. On the contrary, naturally judging from what she constantly beheld passing around her in the great world, she had expected that the humble artist would rejoice at being invited to become the paramour of a lady of rank and riches.

Great, then, was her rage—infinite her disappointment—and cruel her sense of humiliation, at the rebuff she had experienced. That it was through any purely virtuous feeling on William Deveril's part, she could scarcely imagine: but she believed it to be because he loved another, and was so infatuated with this love, that unlike the young men of the aristocratic world, he would have considered it a crime to prove unfaithful to it. Whosoever therefore the object of this love might be, Lady Saxondale was fully prepared to regard and to treat her as a rival; and thus was this woman, naturally so proud, so strong-minded, and so dignified in her conduct, ready to descend to the meanness of jealousy, the paltriness of envy, and the pettiness of revenge, in a matter where after all she herself had sustained no substantial nor real injury. But where a woman's passion is concerned, her whole nature becomes warped according to circumstances and influences.

Ungenerous herself in the course which she was thus prepared to pursue, Lady Saxondale could not help fancying that Deveril was equally likely to take an ungenerous advantage of the scene which had placed her in his power. In short, she believed that he was likely, in consequence of her threats, to spread the story of her overtures and his refusal. At all events, she argued, if he did not do so at once he would hereafter when he found that she had given utterance to no idle threats but was pursuing him and her rival whoever she might be, with her implacable resentment. Therefore she resolved to be beforehand with him in all respects, and by telling the story herself, put upon it the complexion that would suit her own interests, and throw complete discredit on any counter-statement he might hereafter make.

So soon as William Deveril had parted from Lady Saxondale in the manner described in the previous chapter, she promptly composed her feelings; and ringing the bell, inquired whether her daughters had returned from their ride in the carriage. She was answered in the negative; and she therefore waited patiently till they came back. On their arrival the young ladies, hearing that their mother had inquired for them, hastened to put off their bonnets and shawls, and then proceeded to the drawing-room where her ladyship was now seated.

"My dear girls," she said, in a far more caressing and lively manner than she was wont to adopt towards them, especially in respect to the eldest, Juliana,—"you will never conjecture how singular a scene has been taking place during your absence."

"At all events, my dear mother," answered Constance, "it was of no very serious character; for you are gay over it: and therefore your words have caused me little uneasiness but much curiosity."

"The scene was too ludicrous to be serious," continued Lady Saxondale. "What will you think when I tell you that I have had a declaration of love and an offer of marriage?"

"What! you, mother?" exclaimed Juliana. "From some old nobleman, I suppose?"

"The remark is scarcely respectful, Miss," returned Lady Saxondale, now suddenly recovering her wonted dignity, blended with hauteur: "for I presume you intended me to understand that only an old nobleman would be likely to seek my hand in marriage."

"Well, tell us this adventure of your's then," said Juliana, not in the most respectful tone: for the reader has already seen that this young lady was by no means the pattern of a dutiful daughter.

"Yes—tell us what has happened, my dear mother?" asked Constance, who was far more affectionate and docile to her parent.

"It is perfectly true," continued Lady Saxondale, addressing herself more to Constance than to Juliana, "that I have received an offer: but I think when I tell you from whom it came, you will say that I have even less reason to be proud of the proposal than if it had been made by some old nobleman such as Juliana has referred to."

"Who, then, was it?" inquired Constance.

"Your preceptor, Mr. Deveril!" responded Lady Saxondale.

An ejaculation of the most unfeigned surprise burst from the lips both of Juliana and Constance.

"It is really the case," continued their mother. "You know that you waited for him some little time this afternoon; and as he did not make his appearance you went out. But you left a message that if he called he was to be asked to come to-morrow. Now, as I always regarded him as a very civil, well-behaved, nice young man, I did not choose to mortify him by leaving that message to be delivered by the servants: so I allowed him to be shown up when he came; and having received his apology for the lateness of his arrival, I gave your message. I don't know if I spoke in a more affable tone than usual; but certain it is that he sat down and began conversing in a way which I considered to be somewhat familiar. I showed a little impatience at this; when he suddenly entered upon the most extravagant declarations——I scarcely know how he began them, but I recollect that I was so taken with astonishment that I allowed him to proceed uninteruptedly for some time. To be brief, he flung himself at my feet—gave utterance to a thousand ridiculous things borrowed from the rhapsodies which lovers are made to utter in novels and romances—besought me to have pity on him—and vowed if I did not, he should kill himself in despair."

"Is this possible?" asked Juliana, eyeing her mother with something like doubt and suspicion in her looks.

"Good heavens, what insolence!" cried the younger daughter, who on the other hand implicitly believed every word her ladyship uttered.

"Insolence indeed!" echoed Lady Saxondale, not appearing to observe the manner in which Juliana surveyed her: "and yet I can scarcely call it insolence, because it was such pure unmitigated folly. However, I sent him away from my presence, and ordered him never to come to the house again."

"I am surprised at Mr. Deveril," said Constance. "I always thought he was an unassuming, well-behaved, and discreet young man,—a very superior young man indeed—quite a gentleman——"

"And utterly incapable of such egregious folly," added Juliana. "At least," she immediately said, observing that Lady Saxondale fixed her eyes sternly upon her, "he is the last man in existence that I should have thought likely to commit himself so absurdly. The only excuse to be found for him is that it was a transient touch of insanity."

"Perhaps so," observed Lady Saxondale.

She then continued to discourse upon the subject with her two daughters a little longer; after which she retired to her own chamber to dress for dinner. But she had now a new cause for spite and vexation, she having seen full well that she was not believed by her eldest daughter.

"Well, Constance," said this young lady to her sister, the moment they were alone together, "what think you of the tale that has just been told us?"

"That Mr. Deveril's conduct was most extraordinary," replied Constance, not perceiving the real drift of her sister's question.

"And so it would have been if everything took place exactly as our mother has chosen to represent it," observed Juliana.

"What do you mean?" asked Constance, in astonishment.

"I mean that there is something more in all this than her ladyship has chosen to tell us. Is it likely—is it natural, that a young man like Mr. Deveril would fall so desperately in love with a woman of our mother's age?"

"Not so very old," interrupted Constance: "only just forty—and you must admit that mamma is superbly handsome."

"Granted! But if she is forty, Mr. Deveril is not more than twenty," rejoined Juliana; "and it is not likely, I repeat, that he should fall head over ears in love with a woman double his age: for it could only be in the madness and intoxication of such a love that he would have ventured to demand our mother's hand in marriage. In plain terms, Constance, I do not believe the story; and we will find out something more about it ere long."

"But why should mamma tell so wicked a falsehood?" asked the younger sister, reproachfully.

"Oh! why, why, why—you always ask why to everything!" exclaimed Juliana, petulantly. "Of course one may see things or suspect things, and yet not always know the reason why. How is it that our mother is so desperately frightened of that old wretch Mabel, whom I hate as cordially as possible? How is it, again, that our mother gave an audience in such a hurry to that old woman the other night that I told you about——"

At this moment a lady's-maid entered to intimate that it was time to dress for dinner; and the colloquy between the two sisters was accordingly cut short.

Little did Lady Saxondale sleep during the night that followed this day of her discomfiture and defeat in respect to William Deveril. She lay tossing upon her downy couch as if it were the hardest and most uncomfortable mattress that ever belonged to a pauper's garret. Or we might even go farther and say that many a poor creature that night slept a sweeter sleep upon straw than the great patrician lady was enabled to woo to her eyes though lying in that sumptuous bed. Her heart felt as if scorpions were tearing it: for though she had declared that she could hate Deveril as keenly as she had loved him—and though she was even meditating revenge—yet was she still devoured by a consuming passion for that splendidly handsome young man. And she was tortured, too, with jealousy on account of the unknown rival to whom she felt assured his heart was devoted, and whom she longed to punish!

When morning dawned Lady Saxondale arose from the sumptuous couch where she had only been enabled to snatch a few hours of troubled slumber—a slumber too which was haunted with feverish dreams. She looked at herself in the glass; and perceiving that she was pale and somewhat careworn, she stamped her foot impatiently, muttering to herself, "New cares, new sources of annoyance and vexation, arising up around me! This must not be."

And yet she did not put a stop to any of these self-created sources of vexation by at once abandoning her projects of vengeance in respect to William Deveril. No: the strong-minded woman was now enslaved by her passions—those passions which for so many long years she had dominated as an empress-tyrant keeps her foot upon the neck of a rebellious people.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon that Lady Saxondale's carriage stopped at the house of Lady Macdonald in Cavendish Square: and as she ascended towards the drawing-room, she settled her countenance in such a manner that it seemed to wear a look as if a sense of some ludicrous yet disagreeable scene were lingering in the mind. Lady Macdonald and Florina were seated together in the drawing-room when Lady Saxondale was announced; and they both at once observed the singular look which her ladyship's features thus wore.

"Has anything unpleasant occurred, my dear friend?" asked Lady Macdonald when the usual greetings and complimentary inquiries were exchanged.

"Unpleasant?" echoed Lady Saxondale, as if surprised that she should be thus questioned. "Oh! I suppose that my looks must have reflected somewhat of the topic I was revolving in my mind as I rode hither. Well, I did not mean to tell you—but after all, I do not know why I should keep it secret:"—and her ladyship now laughed with every appearance of a genuine merriment.

"At all events it is nothing seriously unpleasant," said Lady Macdonald.

"Rather ludicrous and amusing than unpleasant," responded Lady Saxondale. "And yet it is annoying too—because," she added with dignity, "I flatter myself that there could not possibly be anything in my manner, much less in my conduct, to give the slightest encouragement——"

"My dear friend, you are speaking in enigmas," said Lady Macdonald, as Lady Saxondale paused. "Neither Florina nor I can understand to what you are alluding. And yet in the sphere in which we move, people do seem to be growing mysterious and incomprehensible. Here's my niece, who has been so abstracted and thoughtful all the morning——"

"By the bye, my dear Florina," exclaimed Lady Saxondale, as if suddenly reminded of something by the aunt's allusion to the young lady, "now that

I think of it, you receive lessons from a certain Mr. William Deveril—do you not?"

The sudden appearance of a ghost would not have produced a more startling effect upon the lovely Florina than this question so abruptly and unexpectedly put. She turned red and pale in rapid transitions—half sprang from her seat—and then surveyed Lady Saxondale in a sort of stupor of amazement.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Flo?" asked her ladyship, at first utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this emotion which her words had excited on the part of the young lady; then all in an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed to her mind—for the eyes of jealousy are keen and sharp as needles.

"You changed the conversation so abruptly, my dear Lady Saxondale," answered Florina, slowly recovering herself and endeavouring to smile, though the attempt was not very successful, "that you quite startled me."

"I too noticed how strange you looked, Flo," exclaimed Lady Macdonald: "but I suppose that when one is abstracted and thoughtful, to have a

question suddenly put shakes the nerves. However, Lady Saxondale has evidently something to say concerning that Mr. Deveril who gives you lessons, Flo."

"The most amusing thing in the world!" exclaimed her ladyship, pretending rather to address herself to the aunt than to the niece, but furtively surveying the latter with a scrutinising intentness from the corners of her eyes. "Would you believe it?—this Mr. Deveril who has obtained such renown by his talents and is so extensively patronised in the circles of rank and fashion, seems to have had his head turned by his good fortune. For my part, I always considered him to be a well-behaved unassuming young man, of a sufficiently independent spirit for one of his sex and intelligence, but totally devoid of any insolent pretensions."

"That is precisely the opinion which I had formed of him," observed Lady Macdonald; "and I should really feel grieved to be compelled to alter it. What has happened?"

Florina said nothing, but awaited with a torturing suspense the reply that should be given to the question her aunt had just put to Lady Saxondale. She was naturally filled with the strangest misgivings; and even while waiting for the clearing up of her uncertainty and doubt, she felt a thousand wild conjectures sweeping through her brain; for under such painful circumstances one seems to live an entire age in a single minute, and to be tossed upon a sea of troubled emotions vast enough to fill a century, although compressed at the time into the space of a few instants. She however did her best to conceal what she experienced. Her aunt was not noticing her; nor did Lady Saxondale appear to be doing so either—though in reality the latter lost not a single gleam or shade of those feelings that found a swift brief flitting expression upon the young maiden's features.

"You asked me what has happened, my dear friend?" resumed Lady Saxondale in reply to Lady Macdonald's question. "You really never would guess—and you will scarcely know how to believe me when I tell you. In one sense you will perhaps say that I ought to feel complimented—in another indignant and angry—and in a third sense wonderfully amused and diverted."

"I already begin to understand your meaning," said Lady Macdonald in astonishment. "But is it really possible——"

"So possible," returned Lady Saxondale, "that it did actually take place."

All this was torture and excruciation for poor Florina; and Lady Saxondale saw it. Every varied expression which swept over the young maiden's countenance, and every new effort which she made to conceal her emotions, tended to confirm Lady Saxondale's suspicion that she now knew who her rival was in the love of William Deveril. Therefore, to deal in bare allusions without coming immediately to the point itself, was now a source of malignant pleasure to the jealous lady. She saw how she was torturing poor Florina—how she was angling as it were with her feelings—and she endeavoured to prolong this cruel game as much as possible.

"Yes, my dear friend," she continued, still appearing to address herself almost entirely to Lady Macdonald, "what you in your shrewdness have already conjectured did really take place. You may conceive my astonishment! But who would have thought it of this Mr. Deveril? A young man of his intelligence to be so besotted!—a person of his apparent good breeding to be so utterly ignorant of the ordinary proprieties of life, or at least so far to forget them! Is it not strange?"

"Very strange indeed," returned Lady Macdonald. "And yet persons in our sphere of life are liable to the impertinences of presumptuous coxcombs——"

"That is exactly what Mr. Deveril is," observed Lady Saxondale: and she saw that poor Florina was literally writhing on her chair under these cruel inflictions. "The poor silly fool, because he is rather good-looking, has got some little talent, and has been petted and made much of in the houses of the aristocracy to which he has obtained admittance as a preceptor, fancies that the civilities shown him are of a different character from what they seem——"

"But you have not yet told us," interrupted Lady Macdonald, "exactly what it is that this Mr. Deveril has done: although, from the remarks you have made, I have not much trouble to guess. In short, I suppose that he has dared to fancy that your ladyship was in love with him?"

"Precisely so," returned Lady Saxondale, who now had the secret satisfaction of noticing with her furtive glances that poor Florina was so cruelly tortured as to have been compelled surreptitiously to wipe away the tears which had started from her eyes. "The incident happened yesterday," continued Lady Saxondale, dwelling with a fiendish delight upon her words as she knew that every syllable fell like successive drops of molten lead upon the most sensitive fibres of Florina's heart. "The girls had gone out for an airing, and I was alone. Mr. Deveril was shown up, because I had a message to deliver from Juliana and Constance. It was merely, as you might suppose, to make arrangements for the days and the hours when they would take their lessons in future. It struck me that there was something very peculiar in the young man's look and manner,—a flushing of the cheeks—a trembling and a hesitation in the speech—an embarrassment and an awkwardness, as if he wanted to say something but dared not. It naturally occurred to me that he had some favour to ask,—perhaps an advance of money, or something of the kind; and feeling really willing to oblige him, but little suspecting what was agitating in his mind, I said something to encourage him to proceed. Then he burst forth into the most impassioned declarations. I listened with astonishment, thinking that he had either gone mad or was reciting some rhapsody from a novel. But as his language grew more vehement and his meaning less and less mistakable, I rose indignantly from my seat. Then he threw himself upon his knees before me, vowing that his happiness—his very life—was in my hands, and that if I did not have mercy upon him he should kill himself in despair."

"I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Lady Macdonald. "And to think that I should have allowed such an improper person to give lessons to Florina, and to be alone with her!"

"But I had done the same in respect to my daughters, without ever thinking that the young

man was capable of so much infatuation or arrogance, whichever it may be. And yet," continued Lady Saxondale, affecting to laugh gaily, "I really ought to consider myself highly complimented at being thus chosen as the object of his tenderness, when amongst his pupils there were younger and fairer ladies. Really, Flo," she added, now turning towards the soul-tortured maiden, "I am surprised that in his impudence and presumption he has never thrown himself at your feet."

Florina was indeed suffering a martyrdom which was all the more acute—all the more intense—because she dared not give vent to the expression of her agonies in ejaculations or in tears, but was compelled to strain every nerve and exert every effort to conceal them. The colour had however entirely forsaken her cheeks—she looked unnaturally pale and cold—and the smile which she forced herself to assume at Lady Saxondale's remark, was wan and sickly.

"But how did this extraordinary romance end?" asked Lady Macdonald, who not dreaming that her niece had any extraordinary interest in the conversation, did not pay particular attention to her.

"It terminated, my dear friend," answered Lady Saxondale, "in the only way in which such a proceeding could end. With indignation did I expel Mr. Deveril from my presence, commanding him never to approach the door of Saxondale House again. He went away, muttering threats of revenge, but terribly crest-fallen. Now really, I do not wish to inflict an injury upon the poor infatuated, presumptuous young man: but of course I cannot, by passing the matter over in silence, permit him to continue his visits at the houses of my friends."

"I for one shall order the door to be shut in his face next time he comes hither," exclaimed Lady Macdonald; "and I am sure that our dear Florina is as much obliged as I am to your ladyship for having thus lost no time in making us aware of the dangerous character of this young man. And so he threatened you, my dear friend—did he?"

"Yes: but that is always the last resource of vulgar minds," responded Lady Saxondale. "You may readily suppose I cared nothing for his threats——"

"Certainly not," rejoined Lady Macdonald. "Persons in our sphere are beyond the reach of such malevolence. Probably you will have a letter full of contrition in the course of the day."

"Ah! I forgot to observe," exclaimed Lady Saxondale, catching at a remark which thus afforded her a hint for another well-seeming falsehood, "that he sent one this morning; but as a matter of course I returned it unopened. And now I must say farewell—for I have got a round of visits to pay."

"And of course you will not forget to put all your friends on their guard against this young man?" said Lady Macdonald.

"It is my duty; and though really a painful one, I shall fulfil it. Good bye, my dear friend. Good bye, dear Flo."

Then, with every appearance of the most affectionate cordiality, did Lady Saxondale press the hand of the young maiden into whose heart she had been planting daggers for a whole half-hour; and without seeming to notice that her unfortunate victim deeply and keenly felt the wounds thus inflicted, her ladyship passed with her wonted mien of graceful dignity out of the room. Florina sought the shade of a window-recess, as if to observe her ladyship take her departure in her splendid equipage, but in reality to conceal the tears which were now gushing forth from her eyes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SISTERS.

In the mean time a scene of some interest was passing at Saxondale House. Juliana and Constance were seated together in an apartment specially devoted to their own use, and where they were wont to practise their music, skim the fashionable novels of the day, and receive their lessons in painting from William Deveril.

We have already stated that Juliana was a perfect likeness of her mother, possessing the same aquiline profile, with its aristocratic haughtiness of expression subdued not so much by a natural feminine softness as by a melting sensuousness of look. A keen observer, well skilled in the reading of the human physiognomy, could not have failed to observe that Juliana was a young woman of strong passions—the evidence of which might be read in her eyes, the dewy moisture of her lips, and the voluptuous contours of her form. Being in her twenty-third year, the reader may perhaps wonder,—especially as she was so exceedingly handsome,—that she had remained unmarried. Assuredly it was through no fault of her own, nor that of her mother: for Lady Saxondale, without actually condescending to any of those vulgar manœuvres to which match-making parents have recourse to secure husbands for their daughters, had done her best to "get off," as the term is, both Juliana and Constance. Juliana too had endeavoured to win more than one heart; but somehow or another she had never received an offer which was deemed eligible enough to be accepted. Perhaps it was that she had no fortune of her own: or perhaps, despite her fine person, she was not one of those really loveable beings by whom a man was likely to be captivated. Certain it is that at this age when girlhood had completely expanded into womanhood, the Hon. Miss Farefield was still unmarried. But did she love? was there an image constantly uppermost in her heart, and upon which she dwelt day and night? The reader has already received more than one hint to that effect; and in this chapter he will hear still farther upon the subject.

But first let us say a word or two with regard to Constance. She was altogether of a different style of beauty from her sister, save in respect to the well developed proportions of her figure: but she had light hair, a very fair complexion, and soft blue eyes—while Juliana's hair was of raven darkness, her eyes were black and brilliant, and her complexion was of a clear delicate olive. Juliana possessed sentiments more refined and feelings more ethereal than her sister: the same strong passions did not agitate in her soul—and the love of which she was susceptible, may be described as of a far

purer and chaster kind than that which could alone occupy the heart of the elder young lady.

While their mother was paying her visit to Lady Macdonald, Juliana and Constance, each dressed in an elegant *negligée*, were seated together, as already described, in the apartment where their mornings were generally passed: for although it was now really the afternoon so far as the proper divisions of time went, yet it is always *morning* in the fashionable world until the dinner-hour, even though this should be as late as six or seven o'clock. The two sisters had been conversing on the incident of the previous day: namely, the story which their mother had told them relative to William Deveril; and by a not unnatural transition they were led on to topics of a more tender, intimate, and secret character.

"I know that you have something in your mind, dear Juliana," said Constance, pursuing the strain into which the discourse had gradually glided; "and though I have noticed it for some few months past, and have often been going to question you on the subject, yet I did not like to do so."

"And why not?" asked Juliana, the rich blood mantling upon her cheeks. "Do you think that I should have refused you my confidence? No: I should have been pleased if you had sought it. But it involves a secret which I could not bring myself to confess of my own accord. It is a revelation which one shrinks from making willingly, and which must be asked for before it can be breathed even in the ears of a sister."

"I have not questioned you before, Juliana," was the reply given by Constance, "because you are sometimes so impetuous and hasty——"

"Ah! but in this respect I should not have been so," interrupted the elder sister. "And beside, you have a perfect right to seek my fullest confidence. Have you not given me your own? am I not acquainted with the secret of *your* love?"

"Oh! then," exclaimed the blushing Constance, "I am to understand that the confession you are now about to make is of the same tender character! I am glad of it—I am delighted at the idea that you yourself also cherish an affection of the heart: for I have sometimes felt uneasy—I know not *why*—at the thought of being alone as it were——"

"In experiencing the bliss of love?" added Juliana with an arch smile upon her lip, but still with a blush upon her cheeks: then as her fine bust heaved with a profound sigh, she added in a low and almost mournful voice, "I am afraid, Constance, that we can scarcely congratulate each other upon the objects in whom our affections are respectively centred."

"What!" exclaimed Constance: "do you mean to share my mother's prejudice against Villebelle? Ah! this has been the source of my uneasiness, when I have reflected that I loved so fondly, and that you being ignorant of what love is, could not enter into the spirit of all I experience, and would thus sooner or later be led to view this love of mine with suspicion and displeasure."

"But I hope, my dear Constance, that you have never feared I should betray you?" said Juliana, with a reproachful look.

"Oh—betray me—no! I was well aware that you were incapable of such perfidy towards me. But I trembled lest you, dear Juliana, sharing none of my enthusiasm in respect to the Marquis of Villebelle, might endeavour to wean me from that devoted love with which I regard him—might remonstrate against the impropriety of our clandestine meetings—and might even be cold to him when you were present at our interviews. All this have I apprehended——"

"But have your fears been realized?" interrupted Juliana. "On the contrary, have I not assisted you in those meetings? have I not even kept watch when the Marquis, stealthily entering the garden, has encountered you there? was it not I who enlisted our maid Mary-Anne in your interest, and induced her to become the bearer of your notes?"

"Yes—all this is true, dearest Juliana; and I was wrong ever to entertain the slightest misgiving in respect to your kindness. But now tell me," continued Constance, "who is the object of this love which your heart cherishes?—for that you *do* love, your lips have admitted—yes, and your looks have confirmed the avowal!"

"No, no, Constance—I cannot tell you," murmured Juliana. "I am fearful that you will ridicule—you will despise me!"

"Impossible, dearest sister!" said Constance. "For all the reasons that you yourself have just given when enumerating the services you have rendered me, am I bound not merely to pay your feelings as much respect as I claim for my own, but likewise to give you such succour as may lie in my power."

"But in this case there are no such aids requisite," responded Juliana, evidently approaching with reluctance the full revelation of her secret, and therefore gradually preparing her sister for the final avowal by means of hints and allusions. "In my case, Constance, there need be no interchange of letters—no clandestine meetings in the garden—no scaling of the walls—no posting some one to keep watch—no entrusting the secret to a maid——"

"I cannot understand you," observed Constance, gazing upon her sister with surprise and bewilderment. "If all these accessories and aids are not required, it must be because the object of your love would not be distasteful to our mother, our relatives, and our friends."

"Here again you are wrong, Constance," interrupted Juliana. "Listen! When our mother first perceived, a few months ago, that the Marquis of Villebelle began to pay you some attention and that you appeared pleased with his courtesies and his assiduities, she purposely insulted him, though in her own dignified and coldly serene manner; and this was done deliberately in order to convince him that his suit for your hand would never receive a sanction from her lips. The result of that insult was that the Marquis found himself compelled to abstain from visiting at the house. But still our mother was not satisfied with having thus excluded him from the mansion. She sought to poison your mind against him, so as effectually to raise up a barrier between yourselves. This she did, not pointedly as if she really believed you loved him—but by insinuendo and by casual remark, always in your presence, but not as if her words were expressly spoken for you, and *for you alone*. She could not deny that he was really what he represented himself—that he was well connected—and that he belonged to one of the oldest families in France: but she

gave you to understand that he was a man of broken fortunes—that the sources of his income, poor as it must be, were not ostensible—and that it was even rumoured he had been already married to an English lady, and that his wife was still alive. These and a thousand other things did our mother from time to time let drop, in order to set you against your beloved Etienne de Villebelle."

"But why, my dear Juliana," asked Constance, "recapitulate all these things? why remind me of circumstances which at the time troubled me much? and what possible connexion is there between all this and the revelation which I am awaiting from your lips?"

"I asked you to listen patiently, my dear sister," rejoined Juliana, speaking with the seriousness of one who had not lost the thread of the discourse in any confusion of ideas, but was following it up in her own way and in order to lead her listener on by her own specific path to the point which must be ultimately reached. "What I intended by all those recapitulations was to remind you of the pains and the trouble which our mother has taken in order to set you against the Marquis of Villebelle; and she only desisted from constantly bringing up his name in a disparaging manner when I counselled you to practice a dissimulation that should lead her to believe her words had made the desired impression upon your mind and that your opinion had been altogether altered in respect to him. Well, but as I was saying, you see the immense trouble Lady Saxondale took to set you as she thought against the object of your affections; and had she not been led to believe that she had succeeded, she would have toiled on unwearicdly towards the same end—perhaps, indeed, until she had succeeded in accomplishing it."

"No, no—that were impossible!" exclaimed Constance with fervour: "for you know how tenderly and sincerely I love my Etienne, and how worthy he is of my affection, despite our mother's disparaging reports. But your own secret, Juliana——"

"I am coming to that point," answered the young lady. "Ere now you conjectured that the object of this love of mine is one whom I need not be ashamed to acknowledge, and who would be acceptable to our mother, our relations, and our friends. Ah! my dear Constance, great as the prejudice of them all at first was against the Marquis of Villebelle—great as it still would be if they knew that your love continues for him—yet would they welcome him into the family as your husband with exultation and enthusiasm, in comparison with the feeling with which they would regard the individual in whom my affections are centred."

"Juliana, you alarm me!" said Constance. "Is it possible that you love some one who is unworthy of you?"

"Ah! that is a phrase liable to many different constructions," responded Juliana. "So long as the object of a lady's love be an honourable, correct, and upright person, who shall dare pronounce him unworthy of that love? But if in addition to being honourable, and virtuous, and good, he is likewise gloriously handsome—a very Adonis—one of nature's sublimest aristocracy so far as personal beauty is concerned,—again, I ask, who shall dare to scorn him as unworthy the love of a patrician damsel? Yet nearly all the world would do this! And why? Not so much because he is without fortune—not so much, perhaps, because he is of humble, or what is worse, unknown parentage—but because he is in a menial capacity——because," added Juliana, tremulously and hesitatingly, "he wears that garb which is the badge of servitude."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Constance, a gleam of the real truth suddenly flashing in upon her mind: "is it possible——"

"Oh! I have said too much—I have said too much already!" exclaimed Juliana, with bitterness of voice and an almost anguished curling of the lip. "Constance, had your Marquis of Villebelle been the veriest menial that ever stooped to lower the steps of a proud patrician's carriage, I should not have taught *you* to scorn and despise him—much less have scorned and despised him myself!"

"Forgive me, dear sister—forgive me, if I have wounded your feelings," said Constance, bursting into tears. "It was unintentional—it was rather in surprise than through any other impulse: and as to studied motive, I had none! Forgive me, I say!"—and she threw her arms round her sister's neck.

"Yes, I forgive you, dear Constance," responded Juliana, who in her heart was glad that this little scene had taken place, inasmuch as it had disarmed her sister as it were of the strength of those feelings which she knew from the first must inevitably be excited by the mention of that name which had not as yet passed her lips. "And now since you have guessed who the object of my love is——"

"Yes: it is Frank—Francis Paton," whispered Constance in her sister's ear.

"It is," responded Juliana: and still farther to hush any scruples which her sister might have at listening to such a revelation or admitting the propriety of such an attachment, she at once assumed a proud position, exclaiming, "Yes—it is he—our young page—at present a mere menial in the family! But so enthusiastic is my love, that I could almost glory in it."

Constance did not immediately make any comment; but unwinding her arms from her sister's neck, she slid back to her seat, and could not prevent herself from falling into a profound and serious train of reflections.

"You have given your love, Constance, to the Marquis of Villebelle," said Juliana, after a long pause; "and if circumstances do not sooner or later turn up favourably in your behalf, I presume you will marry him in spite of mother, brother, relatives, and friends. In doing this, you will be right; because you will be consulting your own happiness. I have told you so all along. But wherefore should you on the one hand consult your happiness, and I sacrifice mine on the other? Much as you love your Etienne, do I love my Francis."

"Then heaven forbid that I should venture to breathe a word against this love of your's!" interrupted Constance, speaking frankly and ingenuously. "But does Francis know that you love him? have you told him so?"

"Not in words — not in words," responded Juliana: "but in looks—by the eyes—and by the thousand and one little signs and evidences in which love even unwillingly and unconsciously betrays itself. Do not think, Constance, that all on a sudden I abandoned myself to this passion: do not imagine that the moment I felt its influence I gave

it free rein and permitted it to bear me away like a courser that I could stop if I chose, but would not. No—I can assure you, my dear girl, that I wrestled against it—I struggled—and being *then* deeply imbued with the prejudices in which I had been reared, I also felt humiliated in my own eyes—my pride was hurt—my dignity was offended—I felt indeed as if I were touching upon the threshold of a crime! But the power of love has risen triumphant above all such false notions and wretched artificialities. When I have surveyed that beautiful youth, I have felt—Oh! I have felt, that there is no sacrifice I could not accomplish for his sake. Think of all the young noblemen and gentlemen who frequent our saloons, Constance, and tell me one whose voice possesses a sweeter music than that of Francis Paton! Think of them all again—scan them one by one—pass them in review through your mind—and tell me if your thoughts can settle upon any individual amongst them whose countenance is endowed with so sublime and intelligent a beauty! As for gentility, is he not exquisitely genteel, even in that menial garb which he wears? Does it not become him as well as the scarlet uniform upon the tightly-laced figure of the young military fop? Strip him of that menial garb—let him be apparelled in the plain but fashionable clothes of a gentleman—and what evidence of his plebeian origin will remain? Besides, after all, who knows that his origin is plebeian at all? For I believe, from what I have heard, it is involved in much obscurity. He was at first a page at Court—but was suddenly removed, he himself scarcely knows why; and it was Lord Petersfield who recommended him to our mother. To a certain extent there is a sort of mystery hanging over him—a mystery which first attracted my interest, inspired me with sympathy, and led me on to love."

"And heaven grant, my dear sister," replied Constance, deeply moved by Juliana's speech, "that you may prove happy in this love of your's! But you say that as yet you have not in words revealed it to Frank Paton? Think you that he is aware that you love him——"

"I am sure of it," responded Juliana, with impassioned warmth; "and I am equally confident that he loves me in return! But he is timid and bashful, and also retiring—more perhaps from a due sense of his position than naturally so; and never from his lips dare I hope for the first avowal. But from mine—yes, from mine—shall he receive that avowal of love which I know and feel to be reciprocal! Often and often, during the last few weeks, has such an avowal trembled upon my tongue, when for a few minutes I have found myself alone with him; and yet I have not had the courage to let it go forth. But the next opportunity——"

At this moment the door opened, and Mary-Anne the principal lady's-maid especially devoted to the service of the two sisters, entered the room. The quick glance which she flung around to assure herself that they were alone, and the expression of mingled archness and importance which was upon her very handsome countenance, at once revealed the object of her coming.

"He is here?" said Constance, springing from her seat and bounding towards the lady's-maid.

"No, Miss: but this letter has just arrived;"—and Mary-Anne drew forth from the bosom of her dress a little billet which she handed to her young mistress.

"He will be here at four o'clock!" exclaimed Constance, her beautiful countenance becoming radiant with joy as she glanced over the contents of the letter. "Mary-Anne, you must be upon the look-out at the side door as usual."

"Trust me, Miss," replied the abigail, proud of being the confidante of this important secret. "I will take care everything goes well. Her ladyship will not be home till five: she told her own maid so."

Mary-Anne then retired; and Constance, looking at the time-piece, exclaimed, "It is half-past three o'clock! I must go up and dress. And you, Juliana——"

"I do not feel in the humour for exertion at present," answered the elder sister. "I will go up presently. But rest assured, my dear Constance, that while the Marquis is with you in the garden I will keep watch as well as the faithful Mary-Anne."

Constance thanked her sister, and hurried out of the room. Five minutes afterwards the door again opened; and this time it was to give admittance to Francis Paton, who carried in his hand a massive silver salver, upon which there was a periodical of Court News and Fashionable Intelligence, to which the young ladies regularly subscribed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LADY AND THE PAGE.

A SUDDEN glow of fervid delight thrilled through the entire form of the Hon. Miss Juliana Farefield, as her magnificent dark eyes settled upon the beautiful countenance and symmetrical figure of Francis Paton. The blood mantled upon her cheeks; and her bosom heaved with a long sigh of pleasure as he approached.

We have already said, when describing this exceedingly fascinating youth, that he had but little colour upon his cheeks: indeed his countenance was somewhat pale—not with a dull pallor of ill-health, but with that animated paleness which is characteristic of a high order of intellectuality. Nevertheless, the little colour that there was on Frank's cheeks rapidly deepened as he beheld the regards of the young lady fixed upon him with an expression at once burning and tender. Nor less did he experience a kindred sensation of ecstatic feeling, as if catching the transfusion of the fervid passion which inspired Juliana's heart.

With tremulous fingers did the patrician lady take the publication off the silver tray; and as she did so, her own fair hand was lightly and intentionally swept over that with which the page was holding the salver. Her eyes were all the time upturned towards him, with an expression of glowing tenderness which he could not mistake, and the spirit of which it was impossible to avoid catching. Moreover, that touch had galvanised him: it had sent its electric influence throughout his entire form—an influence as potent as the magnetic source from whence it had emanated. The salver actually vibrated in his tremulous hand; and suddenly seized with confusion, he was turning away, when

Juliana said, as if with the effort of a resolution, "Stop, Frank—I wish to speak to you!"

"Yes, Miss," murmured the youth; and with eyes now bent down, and trembling all over, he remained standing close by the luxurious seat where Miss Farefield's magnificent form was supported by flocculent cushions.

"Frank," she said, "why do you tremble so? why do you look confused—half frightened? Surely you can guess what I am going to say to you?——but I myself am now so confused——and yet this is foolish! Frank," she exclaimed, suddenly raising herself from her indolently lounging posture, and bending upon the almost stupified youth the entire power of her glorious dark eyes; "I love you—I love you!"

"Heavens, Miss—what do you mean?—what—what——" and the amazed and bewildered Francis stood blushing and trembling, covered with confusion, in the presence of that superb young woman of high patrician birth who had just with the effort of a strong resolution thrown at him the avowal of her love.

"What do I mean, dear boy?" she answered, with glowing cheeks and with a delicious languor floating in the depths of her eyes: "I mean that I can conceal this secret no longer—that I love you—Oh! I love you, with an affection so sincere, a passion so strong, that if you were the son of a Duke instead of what you are, it could not be more powerful! Tell me then, Francis, can you love me in return? do you love me already? Yes, yes—I see that you do—I know it—I read it in your eyes—— O heaven! it is a paradise to love and be beloved!" —and as she thus spoke the impassioned young lady snatched the youth's disengaged hand and pressed it with a warmth—nay, almost a frenzied violence, which testified unmistakably to the ardour of her feelings.

"Oh, Miss! what would her ladyship say if she knew this?" exclaimed Francis, more confused than ever.

"She need not know it, my dear boy," returned Juliana. "But tell me—tell me—do you love me? do you like me?"

"Yes—I love you," he answered timidly, while his cheeks were crimson.

"Oh! and I love you also—full well do I love you!" and the impassioned young lady threw her arms round his neck and kissed him tenderly. "Now do not go away yet—but stop and talk to me a little," she continued, throwing herself back in the chair, but retaining one of his hands clasped in both her own. "Have you any relations or friends to be kind and good to you, Frank?"

"I have a sister—but for some time past I have heard nothing of her," said the youth mournfully.

"And this sister—is she older or younger than yourself?" asked Juliana.

"Oh! she is several years older than I," responded the young page.

"And your parents?" said Juliana, inquiringly. "I heard Lord Petersfield one day mentioning to my mother that you never knew them——"

"And that is so far true, Miss," replied Francis, "that even amongst my earliest recollections I can settle my thoughts upon none whom I called either father or mother. And yet there is in my mind the deep conviction that I have more than once seen my mother, though I called her not by that name, nor did she address me as her son!"

"Tell me, my dear Frank, all that you remember in respect to the circumstances of your past life: for if you do not already perceive it, I must assure you that I am deeply, deeply interested in everything that concerns you:"—and Juliana gazed with tenderness upon him.

"The earliest reminiscences I have," resumed the young page, "are connected with a pretty little cottage at no great distance from London, but in what part I cannot recollect; and there I and my sister lived with a kind old lady whom we called grandmamma. My sister, who is seven or eight years older than myself, did not then go to school, but was taught the elements of instruction by Mrs. Burnaby: for that was the old lady's name. I remember one day when I was six years old that I and my sister were taken by Mrs. Burnaby in a hired carriage to some considerable distance from home. We stopped at a little village where another carriage was waiting for us; and this second carriage had a coachman with a powdered wig, and a tall footman with a long gold-headed cane in his hand. Both these domestics were dressed in handsome liveries; and the equipage itself was a very fine one. It bore us to a large and splendid-looking house in the middle of an immense park. On arriving at this house, Mrs. Burnaby conducted me and my sister up-stairs to a room where a lady was lying in bed. Two other ladies were seated by the side of the couch; and they spoke very kindly to me and my sister. They then quitted the room; and the moment they were gone, the lady who was in bed took us, kissed us a good deal, and cried very much. She was pale and ill, but so beautiful! We stayed with her some little time—I did not then calculate how long—I was too young for that—but as far as I have since been able to remember, I should think at least an hour. During that interval the lady treated us very kindly—made me sit upon the bed—and played with my hair—patted my face—kissed me—and, in short, lavished upon me the tenderest endearments. She showed an equal affection towards my sister; and when Mrs. Burnaby was about to take us away again, the lady cried so bitterly that I remember both I and my sister cried also. The handsome carriage bore us back to the same spot where it had received us; and there we changed into the hired vehicle which had brought us thither in the earlier part of the day, and which now took us home again. The following week my sister was sent to a boarding-school on the sea-coast: but I remained with Mrs. Burnaby. A year after the mysterious visit to the invalid lady, Mrs. Burnaby one evening took me into London in a hackney-coach; and I remember that it stopped at a place which seemed to me at the time like an old church, for it had a tower with an immense clock-face upon it. We entered this building; and as we ascended the stairs Mrs. Burnaby told me in a whisper that I was going to see the same lady whom I had visited in the country a year before. I was pleased: for I loved that lady on account of her affectionate kindness towards me —and because I felt it was sweet to love and think of her! I recollect a gentleman, dressed in black and with a star on his breast, coming out of a room and speaking for some time in a whisper to Mrs.

Burnaby; so that I did not hear what they said When their conversation was done, the gentleman led us along a passage into a magnificent room, where he left us. There were a great many pictures in that room—some representing male portraits with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands; and having seen little wood-engravings of similar portraits in the *History of England* out of which I learnt, I asked Mrs. Burnaby if those were not likenesses of the same kings that were depicted in the book. But before she gave me any answer the door opened, and that lady whom I had seen at the mansion in the country, made her appearance. She shook hands with Mrs. Burnaby, and catching me up in her arms, covered me with kisses. She was beautifully dressed, and looked much better than when I had seen her lying in bed. Then she was sick and ill, and very pale: now she had a fine colour on her cheeks. I recollect perfectly well asking her whether she was my mamma? But instead of answering me, she pressed me again to her bosom, and her tears moistened my cheeks. On this occasion I was not more than half-an-hour with her; and as Mrs. Burnaby took me away again, we met in the passage that same gentleman whom I had previously seen and who had the star on his breast."

"All this is very singular, my dear Frank," said Juliana, who listened with a deepening interest to the youth's recital. "Proceed: I am dying to hear the rest!"

"About ten months after the incident I have just related," resumed the young page, "poor Mrs. Burnaby met with a severe accident through a fall; and after a short illness she died. I wept very much, for I loved her dearly: but the servant-woman told me that Mrs. Burnaby was not my grandmamma at all—and indeed no relation. I remember that the young woman looked very sly and knowing as she told me this, and bade me not mention what she had said to anybody who might come to the cottage to superintend the funeral. I thought it very strange, and put some questions to the servant which were naturally suggested even to my young and inexperienced mind: but she would tell me nothing more—or perhaps she knew no more to tell. The day after Mrs. Burnaby's death, that gentleman whom I had seen with a star upon his breast, came to the cottage; and the first thing he did was to open the deceased lady's desk, take out all her papers, and examine them. Some he burnt—others he put in his pocket: for I was in the room the whole time. I stayed in the house till after the funeral, which I remember was very plainly and privately conducted; and then the gentleman of whom I have spoken, came and took me away with him in a carriage. We proceeded straight to that same mansion in the country where I had seen the lady for the first time; and there I was again conducted into her presence. She was seated in a splendidly furnished apartment, with those two other ladies who were by her bedside on the former occasion; and these two ladies having caressed me, quitted the room with the gentleman, leaving me alone with the lady. I was then eight years old. She asked me if I recollected her? and when I replied in the affirmative, she inquired if I had ever thought of her since I had seen her last? I assured her that I had often and often thought of her—that I had cried at night when remembering how she had wept over me—and that I had often dreamt I saw her bending over my couch and looking kindly upon me. Oh! how fast her tears fell as I told her these things;—and she was such a beautiful lady! I loved her so—and I felt so happy when she strained me in her arms and embraced me! On this occasion she kept me with her for several hours; and it was evening when the gentleman of whom I have spoken came to fetch me away. The lady appeared almost frantic at parting from me; and I recollect that she exclaimed more than once, '*Poor boy! perhaps I shall never see thee again!*'—I cried very bitterly: for I felt that I should have liked to live with that lady altogether. She cut off a lock of my hair; and then having embraced me again and again, consigned me back to the care of the gentleman of whom I have spoken. The carriage was in readiness at a side-door; and as I was whirled away from that mansion, I felt so truly unhappy that my young heart seemed as if it would break. The gentleman said little to console me; for although he was not exactly cross, yet he was reserved and distant. We travelled for a few hours, and at length stopped at an hotel in some town, where we passed the night. On the following morning our journey was resumed in the carriage, with post horses; and in the middle of the day we reached Southampton. It was here that my sister was at school; and I was to be placed at the same establishment. But here I should explain that this academy was kept by a gentleman and his wife, who divided it into two branches—the former conducting a boys' seminary, and the latter a school for young ladies, they having two large houses which adjoined each other. It was in the male department of the academy that I was placed. My sister, who was now sixteen, and whom I had not seen for two years, had grown wondrously: she was a fine tall girl, and looked indeed like a young woman. She had not previously been informed of Mrs. Burnaby's death; and when she now learnt it, she was much afflicted."

"Had your sister hitherto believed that the good old lady was a near relative?" inquired Juliana.

"Yes," returned Francis; "and she was much amazed when I told her what the servant-woman had said to me upon the subject. At that school my sister remained for four years longer, and therefore till she was twenty: but during the latter portion of the time she was there as a teacher or assistant, for which she was paid a regular salary. At the expiration of that period she was told by the schoolmistress that a situation had been found for her as governess in a family about to visit the Continent; and with many tears were we thus compelled to separate. I remained at the academy until I was sixteen, passing all the holidays there, and never being visited by a single soul in the shape of relation or friend. So I suppose that I had no relatives save my sister—and no friends in the world!"

"Poor Frank!" murmured Juliana, as the youth's voice sounded low and plaintive to her ears. "But were you well treated during the time?"

"With that negative sort of kindness which is no kindness at all," he answered. "That is to say, I was not ill-treated—I had enough to eat and drink,

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and an allowance of pocket-money. I was also well clothed; and thus far wanted for nothing. But no kind word was ever spoken to me—no endeavour was made to solace my young heart in the dreary monotony of the life which I led. Well, the eight years passed away; and when I reached the age of sixteen, I was one morning told by the schoolmaster that I was no longer to remain under his care, but was to proceed to London. I asked him what were the future intentions of those invisible persons who appeared to have the control of my destiny? but he was either really ignorant upon the subject, or else had his own private motives for refusing to give me any information thereon. He wrote upon a piece of paper the name of an hotel where I was to stop on my arrival in London; and giving me money for my journey, he bade me farewell. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I reached the metropolis; and it was at *Hatchett's Hotel* in Piccadilly where, according to the instructions given, I took up my quarters. On the following morning, just as I had concluded my breakfast, I received a letter which had been left for me, and which came from a clerk in the Lord Steward's office at Buckingham Palace. This letter informed me that the situation of Page-of-the-Back-Stairs in the Royal Household was at my service. I was delighted. There seemed to be something grand in being one of the Queen's Pages; and methought it would furnish the stepping-stone to a career in which I should be enabled by zeal and good conduct to push my way to higher posts—perhaps to eminence! With a beating heart and exultant spirits did I repair to the palace; but scarcely had I entered upon the duties of my situation, when I found that they were entirely of a menial character. I had hoped to become a Gentleman Page; but I found myself cruelly disappointed. Yet, what could I do? My means of existence depended upon an absolute resignation to my lot: for if I threw up my post, to whom could I apply for employment? I therefore made up my mind to fulfil my destiny with as much cheerfulness as possible: but as I lay awake at nights I could not help asking myself many questions, and suffering my imagination to wander in a bewildering maze of conjectures. Why had I been brought up genteelly, if only intended for a menial office? wherefore had had I been educated with young gentlemen at a boarding-school and taught to believe myself a gentleman also, if no brighter lot than that of a lacquey were in reserve for me? how was it that having in my earliest youth been fondled and caressed by an elegant lady, the influence of her love, even though following me unperceived, had not saved me from such a degradation as this? These and a thousand other questions did I ask myself: but no solution could I possibly find for them. Various circumstances however gradually transpired to make me acquainted with new and still more bewildering facts associated with my earlier years. On the very first occasion, after my installation at Buckingham Palace, that I had an opportunity of walking out to view the metropolis, I chanced to pass down St. James's Street; and the moment I caught a glimpse of the old red brick building at the bottom, I recognised it. Yes—though nine years had elapsed since I first beheld that old tower with the huge clock-face, I had never forgotten it. Still ignorant of what the building was, I inquired of a passer-by: he told me it was St. James's Palace, and then hurriedly continued his way, thinking that mine was the mere question of curiosity put by a stranger in London. But he left me there, nailed to the spot with astonishment. St. James's Palace! Was that lady who had embraced me so tenderly—who had wept over me—and who did not answer me when I asked if she were my mother—was *she* a dweller in that palace? If so, must she not be connected with the Court? and in my present position was it not probable that I should sooner or later fall in with her? Oh! but if she were dead? I burst into tears at the thought; and perceiving that I had already become the object of attention on the part of several persons in the street, I rushed rapidly on. In order to convince myself that I was not mistaken in respect to the identity of St. James's Palace with that building to which Mrs. Burnaby had conducted me to see the beautiful lady whose tearful countenance was always uppermost in my mind, I approached the edifice and examined its exterior narrowly. Yes—it *was* the same: there could be no doubt of it! And it was in that palace, therefore, that on one occasion I had seen her whom I believed to be my mother!"

Francis Paton again paused through deeply stirred emotions: and Juliana, making him bend down towards her, lavished tender caresses upon his exquisitely handsome countenance. She then besought him to proceed; and he continued his narrative in the following manner:—

"A few weeks after the incident I have just mentioned, her Majesty the Queen held a levee at St. James's Palace. My duties called me thither; and I inwardly hoped that I should have an opportunity of still farther confirming my belief that it was indeed *there* I had seen the lady of my story. Nor was I disappointed. I recognised the very corridor in which Mrs. Burnaby had stopped to carry on her whispered conversation with the gentleman having the star upon his breast—or rather the nobleman; for such, since my acquaintance with courtly usages, I had found he must be, the star being the emblem of his aristocratic rank. And the room where I had seen the lady? Yes—I had no trouble in recognising that also: for there were the portraits of the Kings of England, with the crowns upon their heads and the sceptres in their hands! As I stood in that room surveying those and all other familiar objects, what a gush of memories swept through my brain! what a tide of emotions surged up in my breast! Methought that I still beheld that lady with her beautiful countenance all bedewed in tears, seated on the sofa where I had once seen her, and where too I had sat upon her knees and been strained to her bosom;—and for a few minutes I was blinded with my weeping. Oh! if she were my mother? Why, why was I unacknowledged—and my sister also? Was it that we were the children of shame? Alas, alas, poor mother!"

Again did Francis Paton pause, well nigh overcome by his emotions; and Juliana, deeply touched by his tale, lavished upon him the tenderest caresses. She spoke soothingly to him—she said all she could think of to break down the artificial barrier which separated them and make him feel himself upon an equal and familiar footing. The youth saw and appreciated these evidences of love on her part, and was profoundly moved thereby; so that it was with

a tone and manner of greater confidence that he thus resumed his narrative:—

"If any doubt had previously existed in my mind in respect to St. James's Palace being the place where I had seen that lady whom I always think of as my mother, it was now cleared up. But who was she? who could she have been? Some one of no mean rank: for on two occasions had I seen elegantly dressed ladies with her, apparently in attendance upon her, and treating her with deference and respect. Moreover, that nobleman with a star upon his breast—was he not in some way closely connected with that lady or with her secret? —for that there *was* a secret, and that this mystery regarded my sister and myself, it was impossible to doubt. However, I will not dwell upon all the ideas which suggested themselves—all the conjectures that I formed; because they led to nothing. Let me continue my narrative. Weeks and months passed away; and never amidst the crowd of titled dames who visited at the palace, did I catch a glimpse of that *one* countenance which above all others I would have given worlds to behold!"

"And should you recollect it now, if you beheld that countenance, Frank?" inquired Juliana, more and more interested in the youth's strange and romantic story.

"Recollect it, Miss?" he exclaimed. "Oh! it were impossible to forget it! Even if I had never seen that lady but once—and even if it were only on that first occasion when I was but six years old—her image would have remained indelibly impressed upon my mind. But recollect, Miss Farefield, that on two subsequent occasions did I behold that lady at about a year's interval each time, and that on the last occasion I was eight years old. At this age the mind is callous and insensible to many things, but equally susceptible and sensitive in other things. Amidst the Alpine forests there is a tree which if, when a tender sapling, a name be engraved upon it, will, as it grows with the progress of years, retain the inscription thus made; and while increasing in bulk and height, it still preserves the name indented upon its rind—and the larger it becomes the deeper, the wider, and the more palpable grows the inscription also. So it is with certain images which are engraven upon the youthful heart. The human sapling grows up to man's estate, and time instead of obliterating the inscription, deepens it, makes it spread over a wider space of the heart, and allows it not to be effaced."

"Frank," murmured Juliana, gazing upon the youth in mingled astonishment and adoration, "it is something ineffably sweet, though mournful and touching, to hear you talk thus. Oh, if my image could only be imprinted thus indelibly upon your heart, how happy should I be! But ere now you addressed me as Miss Farefield. When we are alone together, let there henceforth be no ceremony between us. Away, away," cried the impassioned young lady, "with all cold formalities! To me you are *Frank*—and to you I am *Juliana!*"

The youth, who in his inexperience of the human heart mistook this gush of impassioned feelings for the purest and chastest love—a mistake which Juliana herself also made in respect to her own emotions—was enraptured by the language, the looks, and the caresses of that splendid patrician lady; and amidst all the mournful reminiscences which the recital of his history had conjured up, he felt soothed and consoled by her kind words and her tender sympathy: so that bending down as he stood by her chair, he kissed her unasked. She embraced him with glowing ardour; and after this interchange of caresses, he resumed his narrative.

"I have already said that weeks and months passed away, and gradually the hope of meeting that lady whom I so much longed to see, died within me. At length I was one day startled by encountering in the great hall of Buckingham Palace that nobleman whom I have so often mentioned in my narrative—the one whom I saw first with a star upon his breast, and who had subsequently placed me at the boarding-school at Southampton. Though nine years had elapsed since last I beheld him—and though he looked very much older, and was even much altered, yet was I convinced that it was he. Obeying a natural impulse, I hastened forward and presented myself before him. 'My lord,' I said, without then knowing his name, but merely being aware of his rank, 'I am Francis Paton!'—Conceive my astonishment when surveying me with cold and inscrutable look, he answered, 'Well, my lad, and who is Francis Paton?'—I said that I was astonished—I might have added that I was astounded—dismayed; and for the instant it really struck me that I must have made a mistake. But another and still more scrutinising survey of that nobleman convinced me that I had not: I would have staked my soul upon the issue, could the matter have been put to the test.—'My lord,' I exclaimed, with an indignation which I could not control, 'I am that Francis Paton whom you took from the cottage where Mrs. Burnaby died, to a mansion in the country where I saw a lady whom I had seen before and whom I would give worlds to see again. I am he also whom your lordship placed at a seminary in Southampton; and I am much mistaken if it be not also to your lordship that I am indebted for the bread of servitude which I now eat.'"

"You spoke with spirit, Frank," observed Juliana.

"The last portion of my speech was uttered with bitterness and reproach," exclaimed the youth. "But it was without effect. The nobleman continued cold—unmoved—inscrutable. If he displayed any emotion at all, it was an affectation of surprise, as he said, 'Young man, you are talking in enigmas. I know nothing of the incidents to which you allude; and they are evidently secrets into which I have no right to pry. But as you have made such a mistake without sinister design, I will not chide. On the contrary, I am rather inclined to take an interest in you; and therefore if ever you need a friend, do not hesitate to apply to me.'—'Oh, my lord,' I exclaimed, 'torture me not with this assumed ignorance of the past; but tell me who and where is the lady that I long to claim as my mother!'—'Young man,' responded the nobleman, 'it is useless for you to address me in this manner. Let it be sufficient for you that the romantic singularity of the present occurrence which has led you to mistake me for another, has so far enlisted my sympathy that I will prove your friend.' —He then passed rapidly on through the hall; but ere he issued forth from the palace, I inquired of a fellow-page who made his appearance there at the

moment, who that nobleman was?—'Lord Petersfield,' was the answer."

"Lord Petersfield!—my father's trustee—my brother's guardian—my mother's intimate friend!" exclaimed Juliana. "But I ought to have suspected as much, knowing that it was he who recommended you to Lady Saxondale. Proceed, dear Frank—proceed."

"That Lord Petersfield was he whom I had seen in my earlier years, I felt convinced," resumed the youth, "notwithstanding his denial. Wherefore should he have proffered me his interest—he even used the word friendship—unless I had that claim upon him? But what connexion was there between him and the lady whom I regarded as my mother? was he a relation or merely a friend? Vain queries were these that I put to myself! and how futile were all the conjectures they raised up! But without dwelling at too great a length on this part of my narrative, let me hasten on to relate another incident. A few weeks after I had thus encountered Lord Petersfield, her Majesty the Queen gave a Concert at Buckingham Palace. A thousand cards of invitation were issued; and at the appointed hour the vicinage of the royal dwelling was crowded with brilliant equipages. My duty on the occasion placed me in a kind of ante-chamber through which the company had to pass to the Yellow Drawing Room, where the guests were first to assemble ere the Concert-Room was thrown open. For some time there was a continuous flow of all the *elite* of rank and fashion: but for a brief interval there was a pause—a lapse, so to speak—in the living stream; and thus two or three minutes passed ere any fresh arrivals made their appearance. At length I heard footsteps approaching—light airy steps—and the rustling of dresses. The next moment two ladies, whose ages might respectively have been thirty-two and thirty—(but they were not sisters, at least to judge from their looks)—entered the ante-chamber on their way to the State Apartments. Ah, those faces! I recollected them in a moment—they were the same I had seen by the couch of the lady at the country-mansion—the same I had subsequently seen, also, at that mansion, on the last occasion of my being conducted thither! For observe, Miss Farefield—Juliana, I mean——dear Juliana!——observe, I say, that my memory has not only been vividly keen and scrupulously faithful relative to all incidents associated with the mysteries of my earlier years, but will remain immortal in that respect. Be not surprised, therefore, if I at once knew those ladies. Though years had passed over their heads, yet in their passage they had merely developed and perhaps heightened but by no means marred and little changed the mingled sweetness and glory of their charms. Obedient to that same impulse which had urged me to address Lord Petersfield, I sprang forward and threw myself pointedly, but not rudely, in their way.—'What is it?' they both asked in a breath: and at that moment I can well believe they recollected me not.—'I am Francis Paton,' I said; and then I exclaimed, 'Oh, you recognise me! you know me now" for I saw that they both started and then exchanged looks of mingled uneasiness and surprise. But instantaneously recovering themselves, and as if in pursuance of the same tacitly understood resolve how to act, they said coldly, 'There is some mistake'—and passed on. I fell back confounded, and sank overpowered on a seat: then I burst into tears—for the conviction struck to my soul that all those who *could* tell me anything of my mother, were inspired by the terrible determination to ignore my claims upon their sympathy and their confidence. The approach of fresh arrivals recalled me to myself: I dashed away the tears from my eyes, and rising from the seat, resumed my post at the door of the ante-chamber. Then, as I regained my composure—or at least was able to collect my ideas—I resolved to watch those two ladies when they came forth again—ascertain who they were—and thus endeavour, by making inquiries concerning them, to follow up the clue, if any were thus afforded, in the hope of reaching the desired aim and discovering who that lady was that had left her image so indelibly impressed on my soul. But in this design I was disappointed. When the concert broke up, some portion of the visitors took their departure by one avenue of egress and some portion by another; and thus I missed the two ladies whom I so anxiously sought. From that day forth I have never again seen them."

"Did they not visit the palace again?" asked Juliana.

"I cannot say," replied Francis; "for within a week I was somewhat summarily informed that my farther services would be dispensed with, inasmuch as some reduction was to be made in certain departments of the royal household, and that the juniors in each were to be first dismissed. I was however assured that so far from any fault being found with me, I had given the utmost satisfaction; and as a proof thereof three months' salary was paid and the best testimonials presented to me. I could not help thinking that the true cause had not been assigned for my dismissal: a secret voice appeared to whisper within me to the effect that it was found inconvenient, and perhaps dangerous, in certain quarters to stand the chance of being accosted or importuned by me when visiting the palace. However, the day came for me to leave—and I departed accordingly."

"Then, no doubt you remembered Lord Petersfield's promise?" said Juliana inquiringly.

"Yes: but it was far less with the idea of seeking his aid in procuring another situation, than to have an opportunity of pleading my cause before him once more, that I sought him at his mansion. The moment I sent up my name his lordship received me—and received me too with kindness: that is to say, with as much kindness as it is in his nature to show. I told him of my dismissal from the palace, at which he appeared to be surprised; though in my own mind I had the intuitive conviction that this surprise was merely feigned on his part. I threw myself at his feet, beseeching and imploring that he would say but one word to lift the veil which enveloped the past in so much mystery: but he was immovable! He pretended to pity me, and affected to believe that I must be labouring under some monomaniac idea. In short, I could obtain nothing from him in the shape of revelation. He spoke kindly to me, as I ere now said—and observed that he could at once help me to another situation, as he happened to be aware at the time that his friend Lady Saxondale needed a page. He gave me a note to her ladyship; and thus was it that I entered this mansion."

Francis Paton ceased speaking; and the big tears

rolled down his cheeks, as all the incidents of the past were thus brought so vividly back to his mind. Again did Juliana do her best to soothe and console him: and the youth was both soothed and consoled!

"But during all the latter portion of your narrative," said the Hon. Miss Farefield, "you have lost sight of your sister. Believe me, my dear Frank, I am interested in her for your sake."

"I have already given you to understand," answered the youth, "that when she was twenty—that was about six years ago—she entered a family in the capacity of governess, and proceeded to the Continent. From time to time I received letters from her, and occasionally little presents, whenever she had an opportunity of sending to England. But at length, after the lapse of a couple of years, her letters ceased altogether. When I became uneasy at this silence, the schoolmaster,—for I was then, you know, at Southampton,—said many things to relieve me of my apprehensions; and it even struck me that he knew more than he chose to admit. But this might have been mere fancy on my part. Suffice it to say, Miss Farefield——Juliana——that for the last four years I have heard nothing from my sister——"

"Hush! footsteps are approaching!" suddenly exclaimed Juliana, whose quick ears had caught the sound.

As she thus spoke she pressed the young page's hand tenderly—threw a fervid look of passion upon him—and then composed herself in her seat with the air of one just beginning to turn over the leaves of a periodical placed in her hand. Francis Paton retreated towards the door, which opened at the instant; and Constance, now elegantly dressed in evening costume, re-appeared. She at once perceived by the young page's manner that Juliana had been speaking to him upon the tender subject the secret of which she herself had that day learnt; and as the door closed behind the beautiful youth, she advanced up to her sister, saying in a gentle voice, "I hope that you are happy now?"

"Yes, dear Constance—supremely happy!" exclaimed Juliana, rising from her seat and embracing her sister in the effusion of that joy which her long interview with the young page had excited in her soul. "I have revealed the secret of my love—and he loves me in return. But you would scarcely believe how intellectual he is! Oh, what a scandal and a shame ever to have doomed Francis Paton to servitude! Besides, he has told me the history of his life; and it is a history so full of strange romance and profound mystery, that I feel for him an illimitable sympathy as well as the tenderest love. But all these things I will explain to you another time——"

At this moment the door opened—and Mary-Anne the lady's-maid entered the room.

"He is come?" said Constance quickly, while a glow of pleasure suffused itself upon her countenance.

"My Lord Marquis is in the garden," returned Mary-Anne, with the mysterious look of a confidante.

"Oh, then I will proceed thither at once!" exclaimed Constance. "Give me my guitar—I will take it with me—it serves as an apology for burying myself in the shady recesses of the arbour should I be noticed proceeding thither by the domestics. But you must keep watch, Mary-Anne—and you also, dear sister!"

"Fear not," responded Juliana: "you shall not be surprised by any one."

Constance accordingly took her guitar, and tripping lightly down stairs, proceeded to the garden, where in a few moments she was clasped in the arms of her lover, the Marquis de Villebelle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LADY'S-MAID.—THE STOLEN INTERVIEW.

MARY-ANNE was one of the handsomest as well as the astutest and discreetest of lady's-maids. She was a fine, tall, well-grown young woman, of about three-and-twenty—with a figure that had something brilliant and splendid in its Diana-like proportions. Many a lady of rank who shone in the gorgeous saloons of fashion, might have envied Mary-Anne that superb shape: for nothing could be more graceful than the slope of the shoulders, the bend in the back, the symmetry of the waist, and the sweeping length of limb whose fine proportions were displayed in one sense though concealed in another by the long skirt of the dress.

Mary-Anne's countenance was not merely pretty—it was handsome. Her brown hair was of remarkable luxuriance; and whether arranged in plain bands in the morning-part of the day, or in long shining ringlets in the evening, it set off to equal advantage the fine face that beamed with mingled archness and good-humour. There was something slightly coquettish in Mary-Anne's air and appearance. She wore an elegant little French cap as if she knew that it became her admirably; and every detail of her toilet denoted not merely a scrupulous neatness, but likewise a tastefulness which nearly bordered upon elegance—that is to say, as much elegance as a lady's-maid could possibly throw into her apparel. Her clothes were evidently made by no cheap milliner nor clumsy seamstress, but fitted her as perfectly as if she were a lady of rank and fortune. As a matter of course she had handsome perquisites in the discarded dresses of her young mistresses: but these were never cobbled up anew for Miss Mary-Anne. She accepted cast-off clothes, but would not wear them—not she indeed! She disposed of them to an old Jewess who regularly paid her a visit by the area-steps once every month to purchase whatsoever she might have to dispose of: so that with the produce of these little sales and a small portion of her own handsome wages in addition, Mary-Anne was enabled to find herself in frequent new dresses of good material. As for the making-up of these dresses, *that* was done for nothing by the milliner who had all the custom of Lady Saxondale and her daughters,—the said milliner finding it entirely to her interest to keep good friends with so important a person as the Hon. Miss Farefields' principal lady's-maid.

Mary-Anne had, as we have already stated, a slightly coquettish air; and this, blended with a certain archness of expression and roguishness of smile, gave her a most *piquant* and interesting appearance. She *looked* the lady's-maid. From the midst of a thousand females assembled together, of every

variety of occupation and grade, you might single out Mary-Anne as the abigail of aristocratic mistresses. Nor was this all. A close observer could not fail to perceive that she was a *confidential* maid—deep in the secrets of the young ladies whom she served. Yet be it parenthetically remarked that she was not initiated in that particular secret which involved Juliana's attachment for the young page.

In order to render this portrait as complete as possible, we must observe that Mary-Anne possessed a very fine pair of dark hazel eyes, which she could use with no small effect when she chose, but all the glances of which were so tutored and disciplined as to be completely under her own control. Thus, in the presence of Lady Saxondale she appeared sedate and respectful, almost to demureness: with her young mistresses there was a more joyous and genial light dancing in her eyes, indicating that she felt herself the petted and favourite confidante, but still so far subdued as likewise to show that she knew her place too well to take any advantage of the confidence she thus enjoyed. Indeed, there was never anything like undue familiarity in her look, her words, or her manner. The brows that set off those fine eyes were darkly pencilled and splendidly arched; and the lashes which served as a screen for her looks when she chose thus to veil them, were of a darker shade still and resembled thick silken fringes. Her nose was straight—her mouth small and pouting, the lips being of a rich redness and always of a delicious moisture: they were lips that seemed to invite kisses, and appeared fully capable of giving them back again with additional sweets. The expression of her countenance, though naturally a mixture of good-humour, archness, and roguishness, was variable; because, as we have already stated, she had the faculty of tutoring it to assume any look that suited the circumstances of the moment.

Although so remarkably handsome, and therefore exposed to many temptations, especially on the part of the profligate Lord Saxondale,—and though by no means of a cold temperament, but on the contrary, with the rich warm blood of youth glowing in her veins,—Miss Mary-Anne was notwithstanding unquestionably virtuous. She could flirt with handsome valets and the upper class of male domestics—she could even smile mischievously and display her fine white teeth when any aristocratic young exquisite, visiting at the mansion, paid her a passing compliment if they chanced to meet upon the stairs;—but if any improper overtures were made to Miss Mary-Anne she knew how to resent them in a manner that would most likely silence for ever him who insulted her with such proposals. We do not know that it can be exactly said she was virtuous from principle: indeed it would be wrong to make any such assertion. But she was a saving and prudent young woman in money-matters—had thorough respectable notions with regard to her character—and looked forward to a good marriage with some deserving and eligible person in her own sphere of life. Thus, though Mary-Anne could smile roguishly—assist in a love-intrigue carried on by others—and deliver a *billet-doux* with all the slyness and discretion imaginable,—and though on occasions she could not merely flirt but even romp with the domestics in the servants' hall, on a Christmas or New Year's eve,—yet there was a line at which she stopped short, and beyond which it would be very difficult to induce her to take a false step.

Such was the lady's-maid who possessed the confidence of her two young mistresses generally, but of Constance especially; and she had proved herself a most efficient auxiliary in enabling this latter lady to carry on her secret interviews with the Marquis of Villebelle. She was therefore now on the alert to watch for the return of Lady Saxondale, or the presence of any other person who might interrupt the meeting of the lovers in the garden.

We should observe that of all the splendid mansions in Park Lane, not one possessed so large a piece of ground in the rear as Saxondale House. Not that this was very large either; and for a garden in the country it would have been ridiculously small; but for a town-residence, it was the very reverse. Being crowded with evergreens, which had grown to a considerable size and formed shady walks,—indeed, embowering some spots so completely as to shut out the view from all the adjacent windows,—this garden was well adapted for the meeting of lovers. But how was it, the reader may ask, that Constance could not devise opportunities of seeing the Marquis of Villebelle in places where they might be still less liable to interruption? Those who are acquainted with the routine of fashionable life, must be aware how difficult it is for young unmarried ladies to find such occasions. If the Miss Farefields went out to walk, they had a tall footman following at a short distance; and if they went out in the carriage, it was impossible to alight and leave the equipage for any length of time, unattended and alone, without incurring the risk of gossipping observations on the part of the servants. If they went shopping they were certain to meet so many of their acquaintances that it would be dangerous to seek such opportunities for the interviews of love; and inasmuch as the Marquis of Villebelle had for some months ceased to visit at Saxondale House, the only way in which Constance could contrive to pass an hour alone with him, was by these clandestine meetings in the garden. The servants, generally, thought that the young lady buried herself for an occasional hour in the umbrageous recesses of the garden for the purpose of practising on her guitar; and thus when the sounds of that instrument were heard emanating from amidst the evergreens at the extremity of the enclosure, none of the domestics would venture to penetrate thither. A side-door, of which it was easy for Mary-Anne to obtain the key, was wont to afford admission to the Marquis of Villebelle: but on three or four occasions when a half-hour's interview was to be stolen after dusk, and when the key was not immediately forthcoming, the intrepid Frenchman had not hesitated to scale the boundary-wall.

Let us now introduce this foreign nobleman to our readers. He was about twenty-eight years of age—remarkably handsome—with a somewhat pensive and even melancholy expression of countenance. Tall and well formed, his figure combined dignity and elegance. He had dark hair, clustering in natural waves above a forehead of noble height. His eyes were large and black, and with a peculiar softness of look. There was a very pleasing expression about his lips; and his teeth were white and faultlessly even. He spoke the English lan-

guage with a perfect accent and fluency: his voice, naturally low, was full of a deep music that gave to its tones a wonderful fascination when breathing the language of love.

Such was the Marquis of Villebelle. His father, who had been dead some years, was a refugee during the period of the Empire; and having lived a considerable time in England, he for this and other reasons conceived such an affection for its hospitable shores that he had his son educated at one of our public schools. Hence the intimate acquaintance which Etienne possessed in all things pertaining to the English language and literature; and in habits, tastes, and ideas, as well as in personal appearance, the Marquis of Villebelle was much more of an Englishman than a Frenchman. By the time he had finished his education in this country, his father died; and he was recalled to France to look after his affairs. For some years he remained on the Continent without revisiting England; but at length he returned to the land which he loved better than his own. This was about twelve months prior to the date when we now introduce him to our readers, and when we find him seeking a clandestine interview with the beautiful Constance Farefield in the garden of Saxondale House.

Fond and affectionate was the meeting of the lovers. The Marquis strained Constance to his breast, pouring the delicious language of love in her ears; and she clung to him with all a maiden's confiding affection, drinking in the low melting harmony of his voice. She looked sweetly beautiful, did Constance Farefield!—for she was dressed in evening costume so that she might be in readiness for the dinner-table when the hour should come. Her long fair hair flowed in thick clusters upon her white shoulders; and though there was no small constrast between her style of beauty and the personal attributes of her lover, yet were it impossible to deny that they would make a remarkably interesting couple.

"How long, my sweet Constance," said the Marquis, as they sat down together upon a bench beneath the verdant covering of the trees, "are we to pursue this stealthy and clandestine course?—a course which though marked by so many hours of indescribable happiness, has nevertheless in it something humiliating alike to your feelings and mine."

"What would you have me do, my beloved Etienne?" asked Constance, gazing affectionately upon his countenance. "I tremble at the idea of a furtive marriage——"

"Listen, my sweet Constance," exclaimed the Marquis, in a tone of firmness and resolution. "I have not concealed from you that my resources are small—that indeed they are so limited as to be only sufficient for *one*, and would constitute privation if not poverty for *two*. But I have now the hope of obtaining diplomatic employment from King Louis Philippe's government. The recent change in the French Ministry has brought into power an old and devoted friend of my father's; and I believe therefore that I shall not *now* have to ask a favour in vain. Tell me then, Constance—tell me, my well-beloved, will you consent to become mine if I succeed in obtaining a post which shall guarantee me the means of maintaining you in comfort, if not in splendour?"

"Splendour, my dear Etienne!" returned Constance. "Oh! let not that word be associated with love! I seek not for splendour—I am sick of the present splendour in which I live! The gaieties, the dissipations, and the frivolities of fashionable life seem a mockery to the soul that longs for a blissful seclusion with the object of its love. Think not therefore that if in wedding you I should wed even poverty, that reproaches or regrets would ever fall from my lips. No, no—that were impossible! But——"

"You hesitate, Constance—you hesitate?" murmured Etienne, as his arm gently encircled her waist; and he gazed fondly upon the countenance on which a shade of mournfulness had suddenly settled. "Tell me, my sweet girl, wherefore do you hesitate? Have you no confidence in my love? or do you believe I am the unprincipled adventurer that I know your mother has sought to represent me?"

"No, no—not for an instant do I entertain such a dishonouring, such an injurious thought!"—and Constance showed by her looks, her accents, and her manner that she was deeply pained by the remark her lover had made. "Besides, Etienne, what could you think of me, if supposing for a moment that I did entertain such a dark suspicion, you still find me meeting you thus—accepting the assurances of your love—giving you mine in return—and willing to entrust all my life's happiness to your keeping? No—deeply and devotedly as I love you, if I thought that you were other than I believe you to be, we should part at once—never to meet again! And if I could not tear forth this love from the depths of my soul, I would rather suffer it to devour my heart in secret than let it hurry me on into degradation and error. Moreover, you have dealt candidly with me in respect to your circumstances——"

"And yet again you hesitate, Constance?" said the Marquis, perceiving that she stopped short as if about to give utterance to something which she nevertheless trembled to speak.

"Oh! I will be candid with you—I will be candid with you!" rejoined Constance. "You have asked me how long these stealthy interviews are to continue? and you know, indeed you have more than hinted, that the only way to annihilate the necessity thereof is by our marriage. Now," continued Constance, bending down her looks and speaking in a low tremulous tone, "amongst the various things which my mother has at different times let drop concerning you, there is one allegation on which I have never touched before—which I have never even hinted to you—and to which I would not allude, however distantly, because I dared not so far shock your feelings——"

"Speak, speak, Constance! be frank and candid!" said the Marquis: but his own voice was now trembling as if with anxiety and suspense, and the arm that encircled the maiden's waist was trembling likewise.

"Oh! I dare not—no, I dare not proceed farther!" murmured Constance, now bursting into tears, as a feeling of deep despondency suddenly seized upon her: for indeed it struck her that the matter to which she was thus alluding did not altogether involve a wanton calumny.

"Constance!" exclaimed the Marquis, more vehemently than he was wont to speak; "you alarm

me!—what means this outburst of emotion? Is it something so very serious—or so very terrible?"

"Ah! it would be alike serious and terrible if true!" responded the young lady, now suddenly raising her eyes and gazing with a mixture of inquiring earnestness and reviving confidence in her lover's countenance. "But no—it is impossible—it cannot be true! You would not deceive me thus!"

"Constance, what mean you? what mean you?" exclaimed the Marquis, painfully excited. "Do not hesitate to speak! There must be no reserve between us——"

"No, there must not be—I feel that there must not be!" interrupted the young lady. "Some months have elapsed since first from my mother's lips dropped the statement which now weighs upon my mind; and for the reasons I have already explained, I would not mention it to you. But this day I have had a serious conversation with my sister—and I have been led more than ever to feel the importance of removing every doubt and dissipating every suspicion,—the more so, since you yourself, Etienne, began the conversation ere now by the assurance that a favourable turn in your circumstances would soon enable you to conduct me to the altar. Therefore, now—on this present occasion—must we converse frankly——"

"It is what I wish, Constance! I have already told you so!" said the Marquis with some degree of vehemence; "and I can assure you, my sweet girl, that you are torturing me most acutely by this delay in telling me everything. Say what it is that hangs like a doubt upon your mind, and to which you are so reluctant to give utterance."

"Etienne," responded Constance, raising her beautiful blue eyes and fixing them earnestly upon her lover, "I am told that you have already been married; and that although separated from your wife, she is still alive!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the Marquis of Villebelle, he could not have been more dismayed. It was a perfect consternation that seized upon him: he turned pale as death—the arm that was engirdling Constance, fell as if palsied from her waist—and he gazed upon her in vacant bewilderment.

"O God!" cried the unhappy young lady, "it is true—it is too true!" and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passionate flood of weeping.

"Yes, it is true, it is true!" echoed the Marquis, in a tone of rending agony. "But good God! how could this secret have been known?"

"Ah! little matter how it was known," murmured Constance, stricken with despair, "since you confess it is the truth. O Etienne, wherefore have you deceived me thus?"—and starting from her seat, she was about to break away from him with frantic excitement, when he took her hand—he fell upon his knees—he besought her to remain—he implored her to tarry for a few minutes to hear him.

There was a desperation in his looks and a wildness in his tone which frightened Constance Farefield; and though she felt hurt, mortified, and wounded in all her keenest sensibilities,—though it appeared as if all the happiness of her life were suddenly annihilated by a single blow,—yet she could not leave him thus, for she felt that she loved him still!

"Speak, Etienne," she said, in a low deep tone clouded with ineffable emotions. "I will not refuse you a hearing."

She resumed her seat: he placed himself by her side, and would have still retained her hand in his own—but she gently withdrew it; and then her grief burst forth anew in convulsing sobs.

"Oh! calm yourself, calm yourself, I implore you!" he said in accents of passionate entreaty. "Would you see me kill myself at your feet? But I can endure anything rather than this anguish of your's! The spectacle drives me mad—because it is I who have caused it. Yet if you knew all——"

"Then tell me everything—be frank and candid with me!" said Constance. "And, Oh!" she added, in a voice full of gushing emotion, "if there be extenuation on your behalf, God knows that I shall only be too willing to admit it!"

"If you will grant me your patience, Constance," resumed the Marquis, "I will tell you everything; and you will hear one of the most extraordinary histories that ever fell from the lips of human being. Talk of the incidents of novels and romances being extravagant! their interest palls and wanes into mawkish insipidity—their excitement subsides into monotony and dullness—when compared with the story I am about to relate! And that there *is* extenuation, if not a complete vindication for the course I have pursued in respect to yourself, Constance, I may venture to promise. Nay—I do not even know but that I should have been fully justified in averring that I am *not* a married man at this moment!"

"Oh! if all this be true!" exclaimed Constance, her countenance brightening up with the animation of hope: for her's had a few moments back been a despair so profound that even the slightest glimmering which bade her hope again, was a relief ineffable.

"Shall I commence at once?" asked the French nobleman, in a low soft voice: and again he took her hand, which was not now withdrawn.

"Yes—proceed, Etienne—proceed—and may God grant——But I am tortured with suspense! Proceed!"

The Marquis of Villebelle accordingly commenced in the following manner:—

"You are aware that my father, being devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, lost all his immense estates in France by confiscation when the first Revolution broke out: you are likewise aware that when the Bourbons were restored, they behaved with the deepest ingratitude to my father, refusing him any indemnification for the losses he had sustained on their behalf. It was through disgust at their conduct, as much as through love for this country, that he preferred a residence in England rather than in his own native land. It is exactly eight years ago—consequently, in 1836—that my father returned for the last time to France, in the hope of receiving from the hand of Louis Philippe (who had then been six years on the throne) that justice which had been denied by Louis XVIII and Charles X. But scarcely had he set foot on his native soil, when he was seized with a dangerous illness, which in a few days proved fatal. I had been left behind him in England; but upon receiving the sad intelligence of my father's death,

hastened to Paris. After the funeral I proceeded, by the aid of a notary, to examine into my late parent's affairs. Alas! I found them in the most deplorable condition. In short, I inherited little beyond the bare title of a Marquis—and Oh! how valueless was that title! Better, better far to have been reared to some honest trade, than to have been brought up with the lofty notions of rank and high birth! My condition was hopeless in the extreme. I had no relations to help me on in the world—for all my kindred, alike on my father's and mother's side, were either dead or dispersed by various circumstances and vicissitudes over the face of the earth. What was I to do? The notary suggested that I should memorialize King Louis Philippe, setting forth the claims which I inherited from my father, and explaining my position. I adopted this course; but Louis Philippe had no sympathy with the old nobility who had served the elder branch of Bourbons, he being the representative of the younger. My memorial therefore produced no effect. Time passed on, and I endeavoured to obtain the influence of some eminent men to induce the King to alter his decision, but all in vain; and while I was thus

suffering the tortures of hope deferred, my slender means were rapidly disappearing. Thus nearly three years passed away; and at length I could no longer close my eyes to the conviction that I had nothing to expect from the hand of the Royalty of France. I am now speaking of exactly five years ago, at which period the incident occurred to which all that I have just been saying is but the necessary preface."

The Marquis of Villebelle paused in the sadness of the memories conjured up by his narrative; and Constance could not help experiencing the most tender interest on his behalf. She even ceased to recollect for the moment the deception which he had practised towards her; and he felt that her hand imparted a fond pressure to his own as he held it in his clasp.

"Five years ago, then—at the period of which I am speaking," continued the Marquis of Villebelle, "I found myself utterly ruined—I may say even penniless, houseless, and friendless. Alas! Constance, humiliating as it is to a man of proud spirit and elevated notions to make such a confession, yet for the sake of truth am I bound to state that no pauper grovelling upon the face of the earth was at that moment more destitute than I. What was to become of me? My education had not fitted me for business-habits; and therefore I knew beforehand that it was vain to seek the situation of a clerk. Should I become a private soldier? No: I could not bear the idea of serving with my sword that monarch who had behaved so ungratefully to my father and so scornfully towards myself. Yet was it absolutely necessary to do something; for I had not even where to lay my head, nor the smallest coin in my pocket. Suicide——Ah! you may well start, my beloved Constance!—but *that* appeared to be the only alternative! It was between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, in the month of June, exactly five years ago, that after rambling about Paris the whole day in a state of mind more easily imagined than depicted, I was bending my way towards one of the bridges—I will not repeat with what intention—when I suddenly heard myself called by name. I looked up, and beheld before me, by the light streaming from a shop-window, a tall good-looking middle-aged gentleman, whom by his very appearance it was easy to recognise as an Englishman. He said, 'I presume that I am not wrong in addressing you as the Count de Villebelle?'—I replied that my father had for some time been dead, and that I was now the Marquis of Villebelle; and in the bitterness of my spirit I added something to the effect that the empty title of Marquis was everything I possessed in the world.—'Ah!' ejaculated the Englishman; 'is it so? I was about to solicit your advice on a certain point; but it may be that in this wrecked condition of your fortunes you yourself will serve my purpose.'—These last words he had muttered in a musing tone, but audibly enough for me to catch them. There was something in them which appeared to shed a gleam of hope on the desolate darkness of my mind; and as a drowning man grasps at a straw, did I clutch at what the Englishman had just said. He invited me to follow him into an adjacent wine-shop, where he ordered a private room and refreshments to be served up. We sat down together; and the Englishman questioned me most minutely respecting my circumstances. There appeared to be a certain frankness about him which inspired me with confidence; and moreover it was so necessary for me to *hope*—I who had been but a few minutes before environed by the darkness of despair! I explained to the Englishman my precise position, not even withholding the fact that at the very instant I had encountered him I was contemplating——but of that no matter—I will not name the horrid thing again. Suffice it to say that he listened with the deepest attention and interest to all I told him; and when he had done questioning me, I asked him who he was and how he had happened to know me? He replied that he had met me in company with my father some four or five years back in England, when I was a youth; but though methought that his countenance was not wholly unfamiliar, yet I could not recollect where I had seen him before. He then proceeded to tell me that if the proposition he was about to make suited my views, it would be necessary for him to reveal his name, and also that of a young lady of whom he would have to speak: but ere he mentioned those names he would have to exact from me the most solemn, sacred, and binding oath that I would never reveal them in connexion with the transaction he was about to submit to my consideration. My case was too desperate to allow me to offer any objection to whatever terms of secrecy he might stipulate: and I bade him proceed. He then addressed me as follows:—'There is an English lady for whom I am anxious to find a husband, who must be a foreigner, and not only of a good family, but possessed of a title of nobility. It is not under any circumstances of dishonour in respect to the lady herself that the necessity for at once marrying her thus exists. She is pure and spotless, so far as it is possible for any one to judge of the character of a woman or become a guarantee for her chastity. Therefore it is to cover no fault that this speedy matrimonial alliance is sought for. What the circumstances are which render it necessary, cannot be explained. She is exceedingly handsome: but her beauty will matter little to him who becomes her husband, inasmuch as the moment after the ceremony they will be separated and will see each other no more. You now understand me. If you think fit to bestow your name—for it will be naught beyond the mere bestowal of a name—upon the lady in question, you shall receive the sum of five thousand pounds, speaking in English money, the moment after the ceremony has taken place. Such is my proposition. Take twelve, or even twenty-four hours to consider it, if you like: but at the expiration of that interval your answer must be given.'"

The Marquis of Villebelle paused; and Constance who had listened with a deep and absorbing interest, now gave vent to an ejaculation of astonishment.

"You may well be surprised, sweet girl," said the Marquis: "for I myself was astounded by the strangeness of the Englishman's proposition. And yet I was scarcely displeased at it. Five thousand pounds—a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs—to a man who was homeless, penniless, friendless, and starving! The temptation was too great; and after all, what was the service to be rendered in order to procure such a sum? Merely the bestowal of a name and title so utterly worthless to me that

a few minutes back I had been hurrying forward to bury them along with myself in the deep waters of the Seine. Oh! you can scarcely think ill of me, Constance, when I confess that I found the offer too cheering, too magnificent, to be refused, and that instead of taking twenty-four hours or even twelve hours to reflect upon the point, I gave my assent at once. The Englishman then told me his own name and that of the young lady to whom I was to be married. Her surname was quite different from his own; and therefore I did not suppose her to be his daughter. I however asked him if such were the case? and he said she was not—but he enjoined me not to question him any farther, as there was so deep a mystery attatched to this young lady and the necessity for maintaining it was so absolute, he must decline furnishing me with any clue for its unravelment. He then placed a purse of money in my hand and bade me meet him at the same place on the following day at eleven o'clock. We separated—and I was no longer houseless nor penniless: but throughout the night I could scarcely close my eyes in slumber. The proposition to which I had assented was so extraordinary that again and again did I hesitate whether to proceed any farther in the matter: but the grim gaunt spectre of poverty constantly rose up before my eyes and made all my scruples vanish. Morning came; and with some portion of the money contained in the purse I made such improvements in my toilet as were suitable for the ceremony about to take place. Punctual to the hour was I at the wine-shop;—the Englishman had already arrived and was waiting for me. He doubtless saw by my looks that I had not changed my mind; and he did not therefore ask me the question. A hackney-coach was summoned, and he ordered it to take us to an hotel, which he named, in another part of Paris. On arriving there, he introduced me to a suite of apartments, in one of which he requested me to be seated for a few minutes. He then passed into an inner room, and shortly re-appeared, accompanied by three ladies. One was nearly as old as himself, and whom he introduced as his wife. Another was much younger, and was intended to act as bridesmaid. I believe she was some relation of his, but I do not exactly know of what degree. The third was the young lady on whom I was to bestow my name. She was indeed handsome—very handsome. Do not be jealous, Constance, at the observation I have made; for while doing justice to her personal appearance, I may with equal candour declare that her's was not a style of beauty adapted to my taste. On this part of my narrative I will not however dwell. Suffice it to say that she appeared to treat the strange proceeding with a coldness almost amounting to an indifference that was not the least extraordinary feature in the whole transaction: for I could not help asking myself of what nature might be the circumstances that rendered necessary so singular a matrimonial alliance? To bestow upon that young lady a husband who was to be no husband at all—to give her a name which she might bear in the world apart from him of whom she had derived it—to make her a wife, yet leave her to a single and virgin state of existence, if chaste she really were and meant to continue,—all this seemed so monstrous, so unnatural, that I shrank from the bare idea on being introduced to her. There was not however much leisure permitted for meditation; because the Englishman hurried us all down to a plain carriage that was waiting in the courtyard of the hotel, and we drove off to the British Ambassador's chapel, which was at no great distance. I should observe that the ladies were simply dressed; with no conspicuous evidences that this was a bridal party. All the preliminaries for the solemn ceremony had been arranged with due care; so that on reaching the chapel we found the Chaplain and clerk in attendance; and the proceedings at once commenced. I must confess that I experienced a strange sensation as I went through that ceremony. My conscience smote me with a pang resembling a remorse: for I could not help feeling that it was a veritable mockery of one of the holiest rites of the Christian Church. I glanced towards my bride, and observed that she was still as calm, collected, and even indifferent as if it were some ordinary transaction, and not one of the serious character that it really was. For in thus bestowing her hand upon me, was not this young woman, in the vigour of youth and in the bloom of her beauty, suicidally destroying all hope of ever enjoying real happiness in the wedded state? In short, by this very marriage with me, was she not shutting herself out from the prospect of ever marrying another, however deeply she might be led to love and however fondly she might be beloved in return? But it is useless now to moralise on all the features and associations of that mysterious transaction. Suffice it to say that the ceremony was accomplished, and that the young lady within the space of a few brief minutes was made Marchioness of Villebelle. We all re-entered the carriage, and returned to the hotel,—the Englishman and his wife conversing the whole time on general and indifferent topics, for the evident purpose of preventing that awkwardness and embarrassment which under such extraordinary circumstances would have otherwise prevailed. On arriving at the hotel, the three ladies each shook hands with me and bade me adieu,—my wife exhibiting no more excitement or emotion than the other two. They then all three passed to the inner room, and I remained alone with the Englishman. He forthwith began to count down a number of bank-notes upon the table; and as he thus paid me the promised reward for the singular and mysterious service I had rendered, he said, 'Do not think that because we are now about to part, I shall altogether lose sight of you. If fortune smiles upon you and you continue independent of any friendly aid, you will never hear from me: but if adversity overtakes you and you fall into poverty again, you may rely upon receiving succour from my hand. And now farewell.'—This was a hint for me to take my departure at once; and I can assure you, my dear Constance, that I had no inclination to remain—for I already began not merely to loathe myself, but likewise all who were connected with the transaction."

The Marquis of Villebelle ceased; and Constance Farefield sat gazing upon him with looks of mingled commiseration and uncertainty. She pitied him for all he had gone through—she could scarcely blame him for the step he had taken, under such peculiar circumstances, in order to save himself from the horrors of poverty and the dismal alternative of suicide: but she was bewildered how she herself could thenceforth act toward him. Suddenly a re-

collection flashed to her mind, bringing hope along with it; and she said in an excited tone, "But did you not tell me ere now that you would be almost justified in declaring yourself to be unmarried? What meant you by that averment? what did it signify? what am I to understand? Speak, speak, Etienne! You know not what torturing suspense I at this moment endure: for all my happiness hangs upon the next word that may fall from your lips!"

"I will soon explain myself, dear Constance," replied the Marquis, his countenance brightening up somewhat, or at all events losing a portion of the melancholy cloud which had been hanging upon it. "But ere I make known the meaning of those words which I spoke just now, and of which you have reminded me, it is necessary I should enter into a few more particulars respecting myself. For you must not think, Constance, that the large sum of money which I received in such a manner and for such a service, made me happy. No, no—far from it! It was the utter desperation of my circumstances which induced me to render that service and take the reward. Heaven knows that by nature I am not mean, nor mercenary, nor dishonourable. Nothing of the reckless adventurer is there in my character! I was the creature of circumstances: it was an imperious necessity that ruled me. But when it was all over, I felt as if I had committed a crime and done a dishonourable action; and within twenty-four hours of that solemn mockery which gave me a wife and her dower, but deprived me of the former and made me unhappy with the latter, I sped to the hotel to return the money and insist upon steps being taken for the annulment of the marriage. But the Englishman and his companions had gone! In order to banish the unpleasant reflections which now haunted me by day and by night, I embarked in commercial speculations, not so much in the hope of increasing my means as of amusing my mind. For three or four years they progressed favourably enough: but at length a sudden panic paralysed all my schemes, and the failure of a bank threatened me with ruin. Day and night did I toil to disentangle my affairs from the vortex of difficulty and embarrassment in which they were plunged; and I succeeded so far that I paid my liabilities with honourable exactitude, and found a surplus of a few hundreds of pounds remaining for my own use. Sick of commercial pursuits and financial speculations, I came over to England. Then was it, dearest Constance, that I became acquainted with you; and as to know you is to love you, I learnt to love you fondly! Oh, I need not tell you over again how deeply I love you! That I was wrong, cruelly situated as I am, to whisper the tale of love in your ears, there can be no doubt: but this love which I entertain for you became indispensable to my happiness—it gave me a new existence—and it seemed to promise felicity for the future. Could I resign it?—could I abandon this dream of bliss? Besides, during the interval which had then elapsed since my marriage—that fatal, that cursed marriage,—I had never seen my wife—never heard of her—could not even learn what had become of her—and had never even caught the faintest whisper to the effect that there was a being in the world bearing the name of the Marchioness of Villebelle. Secretly did I prosecute inquiries in London to ascertain if such a lady were known in the circles of fashion: but to my joy I could hear of nothing of the sort. I inquired also after that Englishman, whose name I dare not mention: for I resolved if I could hear of him, to seek him out and ascertain if my wife were still alive. All I could however learn was that the individual alluded to was on the Continent, but that his whereabouts was not known. I therefore naturally concluded that some fresh circumstances had transpired to induce the lady to discard the name and title she had obtained by her marriage with me; and it was under this belief, sweet Constance, that I ventured to breathe my tale of love and whisper my hopes in your ears. Am I so deeply to blame? Oh! if you had been less beautiful, less fascinating, less fond, less affectionate, I might have yielded to the calmness of reflection—I might have bowed to a sense of duty—I might have smothered this passion of mine when it was as yet a nascent flame. But I adored you—I adore you still—I shall adore you ever, even though at the expiration of this interview we part to meet no more!"

"But the meaning of those words, Etienne?" murmured Constance, profoundly moved, and her heart fluttering with hope and suspense: "tell me, tell me, what did they signify? For I see that there is yet something left untold—something that warranted you to declare that you would not be altogether unjustified in representing yourself as a single man?"

"To that explanation I now come," responded the Marquis, whose arm had once more engirdled Miss Farefield's waist, and from which she did not withdraw. "Within the last three weeks I met her whom I have been compelled to regard and to speak of as my wife——"

"Ah! then you know that she is alive? and you have seen her?" exclaimed Constance, in accents expressive of disappointment and sorrow.

"Yes—I have seen her; and when I tell you the result of our meeting you may not perhaps look thus distressed. I will not pause to explain under what circumstances it was that I met her: suffice it to say that we did thus meet three weeks ago—and our recognition was immediate and mutual. It was in the environs of London that I thus encountered her. She was elegantly dressed, and had the appearance of being in the most comfortable circumstances. It was rather in a tone of raillery and a kind of good-humoured jocularity that she spoke. I asked her if she had ever borne my name in the presence of the world? and she assured me she had not. I next asked her if she considered she had any claim upon me as a husband? to which she likewise answered in the negative.—'Now, understand me,' she said; 'I do not wish to interfere with you, and I presume that you do not intend to interfere with me. The necessity which compelled me to marry you was of a transient character: the purpose was served on the instant; and if we could now unmarry ourselves I should be full willing.'—These words sent a thrill of joy to my heart. She observed my emotion, and went on to say, 'Although we are such strangers to each other, and although I consequently know so little of you, yet you may rest assured that what trifling amount of feeling I do experience in the matter, is rather of a friendly character than otherwise; and I think by your manner there is something you would wish at my hands. If so, speak; and hesitate not. Do you want money?'—

I at once interrupted her with the assurance that I entertained no such mean and mercenary idea; and I then very frankly proceeded to inform her that I was enamoured of a young lady with whose love I was blessed in return—that I had not dared reveal to her the circumstance of my wedded condition—but that if it were possible to procure and destroy the evidences of that marriage, the boon conferred upon me would be immense. Hereupon my wife at once promised to relieve my mind in this respect. She told me that she was in possession of the marriage certificate, together with certain documents testifying to the authenticity of that certificate, and signed by those who witnessed the bridal. All these papers she frankly offered to place in my hands, so that I might do with them as I chose. You may conceive, Constance, with what joy and gratitude I accepted this offer. She accordingly made an appointment for me to receive the papers; and she promised that they should be faithfully remitted to me on the day, at the hour, and at the place named. We then parted, as mere acquaintances, in the same way that we had just met, our interview having lasted but for a few minutes, and the whole conversation being confined to the topics which I have mentioned. We did not even shake hands, nor make any inquiry into each other's circumstances, beyond the one question which my wife put to me whether I was in want of money. I have now nothing more to say, unless it be to add that the appointment was faithfully kept by an emissary from my wife, and the papers were all placed in my hand. I have them at my residence—I have not destroyed them—and were it not for my oath's sake, I would show them to you, dear Constance. But I dare not reveal the names which appear in the marriage-certificate and the other documents. Now, save and except the entry in the register at the British Ambassador's chapel in Paris, no evidence could possibly be produced—unless indeed by my own hand—to prove that I was ever wedded to another. Finally, I will ask you, Constance, whether under all these circumstances—especially the last—I should not have been almost justified in representing myself as single and unmarried?"

Constance gave no immediate answer: she reflected profoundly. What course was she to pursue? That she might in all safety become the wife of the Marquis of Villebelle without having her right to that name ever disputed, seemed beyond the possibility of doubt: but on the other hand, could she look upon herself as the legitimate and lawful wife of this nobleman who had been wedded to another? Again, on the favourable side, it was scarcely to be supposed that the English law would recognise a marriage such as that which the Marquis had been so mysteriously led into; inasmuch as it had never been consummated, and appeared on the very face of it a mockery too scandalous to be regarded in the light of a grave solemnity. And on this same favourable side, too, was the young lady's love for the French nobleman: so that after a few minutes' deliberation the arguments on *this* side proved the weightier; and extending her fair hand to the Marquis, she exclaimed, "No, Etienne, I cannot separate from you! I cannot resign this dream of bliss! I love you—and in the world's despite will I love you on unto the end."

The Marquis strained her to his breast—covered her lips and her cheeks with kisses—lavished upon her the tenderest epithets—and breathed the most solemn protestations, and pledges in her ears.

"And now, dearest," he said, "you will not refuse to be mine so soon as I shall have obtained the means of guaranteeing an adequate maintenance? At the beginning of this conversation, I informed you that a change in the French Ministry had given power to an individual who has influence enough to compel the King to do me justice, though so tardily; and in a short time I may expect a diplomatic situation. Then——"

"Yes—*then*," murmured Constance, "I will become thine!"

Again were there caressings, and embracings, and the breathing of tender vows; and the two lovers experienced, if possible, a greater amount of happiness, or at all events of satisfaction and content, in consequence of the explanations which had taken place on this memorable occasion.

"Now, dearest Constance," said the Marquis, "you shall play me one of those beautiful airs which carry such ineffable bliss in unto my heart when the music is made by your fair fingers. You have your guitar with you—and I am sure that I shall not beseech this favour in vain?"

Constance took up the instrument and began to run her fingers over the strings, while the Marquis, rising from the seat, leant against the pedestal of a huge vase that stood close by, so that his tender gaze might embrace the entire form of that ravishing creature whom he loved so fondly and who loved him so devotedly in return. But scarcely had the beauteous Constance begun to strike the strings of her guitar, when Juliana, who in the meanwhile had gone through the ceremony of the toilet and exchanged her deshabillée for a dinner costume, came hurrying down the gravel-walk with the intimation that Lady Saxondale had returned, and that she had intimated her intention of taking half-an-hour's ramble in the garden before dinner.

The Marquis snatched a hasty embrace from his adored one; and hurriedly shaking hands with her sister, he made good his retreat by the side-door of the garden.

CHAPTER XXX.

FLORINA.

We must now return to Lady Florina Staunton, whom we left at the moment when scarcely able to subdue a violent outburst of her anguish, she sought the window-recess with the seeming pretext of beholding the departure of Lady Saxondale's splendid equipage, but in reality for the purpose of hiding her tears. Lady Macdonald, not for an instant suspecting that every syllable Lady Saxondale had uttered was a dagger plunged deep down into the heart of her niece, began commenting in the bitterest manner upon the presumed insolence of William Deveril; and thus each word spoken by the aunt produced a fresh pang in the bosom of the gentle Florina. Still however did the unhappy young lady remain in the room: for she was afraid that by a too precipitate retreat she would excite Lady Macdonald's suspicion. It was an excru-

ciation well nigh intolerable which Florina thus suffered—or rather a series of excruciations more poignant than any that had ever previously entered into her young heart's experience.

Presently, after having delivered herself of an immensely long tirade of invectives against the young artist, Lady Macdonald rang the bell furiously; and when a footman answered the summons, she said, "When Mr. Deveril calls at the house again, you will tell him that his services can be dispensed with for the future, and that if he will send in his account a cheque shall be remitted for the sum."

"Yes, my lady," was the footman's reply: and he quitted the room.

Florina felt as if her heart must burst. She could endure this state of inward torture no longer; and quitting the drawing-room, she hastened up to her own chamber, where she threw herself upon the couch and gave vent to her woe in a torrent of the bitterest weeping. Long, Oh! far too long, poor girl, was that paroxysm of almost mortal anguish,—an anguish proportionate to the love which she experienced for Deveril—and that love itself was illimitable! When the violence of her emotions had somewhat exhausted itself and she began to feel that she was capable of serious reflection, she rose from the couch on which she had flung herself in her despair, and taking her seat on a sofa, endeavoured to reflect upon all that had occurred.

She could not altogether believe Lady Saxondale's story; and yet she could not altogether doubt it. She fancied that there must be some foundation for it; but that her ladyship, either in her vanity or her anger, had exaggerated many of the details. Deeply and devotedly as Florina loved William Deveril, and dreadful as it was to put faith in a narrative so damnatory to his sincerity, yet the young lady, inexperienced as she was in the ways of the world, could not possibly imagine that it was all false, and that instead of a wanton inconstancy being imputed to Deveril, it was a sheer wickedness that lay at the door of Lady Saxondale. But though unable to believe in Deveril's complete innocence, Florina was not prepared to break off with him entirely without previously giving him an opportunity of explanation—or justification, if possible. There was still far too much confidence in her love not to induce her to adopt this course; and though tortured by horrible doubts as she was, there was likewise too much justice in her heart to permit the young damsel to condemn her lover upon that purely one-sided statement.

"And yet," she thought within herself, "what could he possibly say in his defence? There surely must be some foundation for Lady Saxondale's statements; and if that foundation be ever so slight, it is nevertheless sufficient to form a colossal monument of Deveril's perfidy towards me. Oh! who would have thought that when yesterday he knelt at my feet and poured forth the impassioned language of love, he could so soon repeat the tale elsewhere! It seems impossible! it seems impossible! Not merely is love outraged, but every idea of propriety—and even nature itself! It cannot be true! No—Deveril is incapable of such conduct. It would stamp him as false-hearted, vile, profligate——And, Oh! who could believe him to be all this? But Lady Saxondale—would *she* invent such a story? For what purpose? Surely not to gratify her vanity? She who has had nobles falling at her feet and soliciting her hand, needs not to vaunt the admiring homage of a humble artist, especially if that homage were never offered at all. But if not from vanity, was it wickedness? No, no—Lady Saxondale is incapable of that. A worldly-minded woman she is; but not so thoroughly black-hearted. Oh! I am tortured with suspense—I am racked with uncertainty. Would to heaven that I had never known William Deveril at all—or at least, that I had never loved him!"

Again did Florina's tears flow thick and fast; and her bosom was convulsed with sobs.

"Oh! if he were really innocent after all," she continued in her musings, "what a frightful indignity is this which my aunt has ordered to be put upon him! To have the door shut in his face—to be told to send in his bill like any tradesman who is discarded for insolence or some other fault——good heavens! if Deveril be innocent, I say, how keenly, how deeply will he feel this insult! And this is not all. His character will be ruined—Lady Saxondale is spreading the story——Oh! she would not dare do this unless she had just ground!—no, she would not dare do it—it is too serious—and I fear—Oh! I fear, that Deveril is indeed false. Ah, why have I loved him? There is not a book I ever read and in which love is introduced, that it is not represented as enduring the severest trials. Why does every poet depict love as being thus tortured? why does every novelist describe its current as never flowing smoothly? Because the poet and the novelist draw their inspirations from the facts passing in the great world before their eyes; and therefore it is the truth which they delineate. Oh! then this truth—this grand, striking, and imperious truth, is that love must have its trials, its sorrows, and its disappointments—aye, and that the rose of love is too often doomed to wither prematurely and perish before its time! Alas, would that I had never allowed the rose of love to shed its fragrance upon my soul: it is a fragrance which a blight turns into a plague-mist, and which instils poison where it at first appeared to be only capable of shedding sweets!"

In this manner mused the unhappy Florina Staunton, till at length her ideas reached a pitch so torturing, so intolerable, that she felt she must do something in order to put an end to this state of mind. She must know the truth at once; to live tossed upon the waves of uncertainty, were an existence which she could not endure. If Deveril had been guilty of all that Lady Saxondale imputed to him, the sooner Florina knew the worst the better: she could then summon all her fortitude to her aid, and endeavour to stifle her love in her heart. But if on the other hand William Deveril were innocent—if through misapprehension of his meaning at the time, or if in the spirit of sheer wickedness Lady Saxondale had recited her narrative—it was of the highest consequence that Deveril should be informed of what was being said against him. Thus, in any case did Florina feel how paramount it was that she should have an interview with Deveril. But how was this to be managed? When he called at the house the door was to be shut in his face. She thought of writing to him: but if she proposed an appointment, where could they meet? The circumstances in which the young lady found herself placed,

were as difficult as they were urgent. Indeed, it was one of those positions in which a very decisive and almost desperate step could alone be taken. And such a step did Lady Florina make up her mind to adopt.

Composing her feelings as well as she was able, the young lady descended again to the drawing-room. Her object was to learn in the course of conversation what were her aunt's plans for the evening. This was soon ascertained: Lady Macdonald was engaged to a whist-party at an old dowager's in the same Square; and Florina therefore perceived with inward satisfaction that the evening would be entirely at her own disposal—for Lady Macdonald was by no means likely to require her to accompany her to an "old people's party."

Hours passed away—hours full of poignant suspense and a torturing anxiety for the poor young lady. Never had an afternoon appeared so long: never had the foot of time seemed to be so heavy. Talk of time having wings and flying fleetly! he had none *then* for Florina. By one only incident was the monotony of that afternoon relieved; and this was an incident that enhanced to a harrowing degree the young lady's affliction. It was when Deveril's well-known knock sounded at the front door, and Florina almost immediately afterwards heard that door closed with an unusual degree of violence. Good heaven! the outrage was consummated——if an outrage it were? Because if Deveril were really unfaithful and inconstant, and if Lady Saxondale's story were strictly true, then was it no unmerited outrage, but a well deserved punishment.

The dinner-hour arrived; and Lady Macdonald, who was one of those persons that dwelt long upon a particular topic and reverted often to it, talked the whole time about "the over-weening insolence and laughable coxcombry of that upstart Deveril." And poor Florina was compelled to sit and listen—and not merely to listen, but also to veil the feelings which this constant harping on the same sensitive chord tried so cruelly. Yes—she had to conceal her emotions from her aunt, and from the domestics in attendance: but as she caught herself blushing and turning pale a dozen times in a minute, she trembled to the lowest confines of her being at the fear of being detected. That dinner was one of the cruellest ordeals through which she had ever passed; and never was relief more gratefully welcomed than when Lady Macdonald retired to dress for the whist-party, and Florina thus found an opportunity of seeking the solitude of her own chamber.

Unlike the Hon. Miss Farefields, Lady Florina Staunton had no *confidential* lady's-maid. She had two lady's-maids: but with neither of them was she accustomed to converse in a manner calculated to lessen her own dignity in their eyes, or diminish the respect which they experienced towards her. For, considering the sphere to which she belonged, Lady Florina was assuredly one of the most artless, unsophisticated, and ingenuous creatures in existence. Therefore, while she invariably treated her dependants with the utmost affability and kindness, never even making them feel their menial condition, she at the same time avoided anything that savoured of undue familiarity. Whatsoever secrets her heart might cherish, were treasured up in the sanctity of that chaste tabernacle; and thus was it that Lady Florina had no confidante in the general acceptance of the term.

The consequence was that she now felt herself involved in a perplexing and embarrassing position. She was anxious to go out for a couple of hours; and she did not choose the household to be aware of the circumstance. How was she to manage? Though in the purity of her heart hating and scorning anything that bordered upon duplicity, she now found herself reduced to the necessity of scheming somewhat in order to accomplish her purpose. After a little deliberation, the young lady decided how to act. She waited till her aunt had taken her departure to the house where she was to spend the evening; and then Florina rang the bell of her own private chamber. Her principal lady's-maid, whose name was Sophia, immediately answered the summons; and Florina said, "I feel so unwell this evening that I mean to lie down for an hour or two. Do not let me be disturbed until I ring for you."

Sophia, suspecting nothing, promised to obey her young mistress's orders, and withdrew. It was now close upon nine o'clock; and Florina, putting on her plainest and simplest apparel—an unpretending straw-bonnet with a veil, and a dark shawl—glided down a back staircase and succeeded in issuing unperceived from the house, there being a means of egress from the rear of the premises. We should add that she had locked the door of her own suite of apartments and had taken the key with her.

On first did the young lady proceed to the Regent's Park, which, for the behoof of persons unacquainted with London, we may observe is at no very great distance from Cavendish Square.

As she went on her way, Florina was several times on the point of turning back. She felt that in one sense there was some impropriety in the step she was taking—that of a single young lady visiting a single young gentleman, and such a visit being paid at such an hour: but then she thought to herself that after everything that had occurred on the previous day between herself and Deveril, it was a duty she owed to her own feelings as well as to those of that individual to suffer no unnecessary delay to elapse ere she had an explanation with him. If all the worst should be confirmed, he surely would not aggravate the present evil of his conduct towards her by boasting elsewhere that he had received such a visit: and if he were enabled to defend himself completely against the allegations of Lady Saxondale, he would rejoice and be grateful for the step Florina was now taking. Thus the young lady found more arguments to induce her to continue her way than to make her retrace her steps.

She entered the Regent's Park, and in a short time drew near the mansion where she had passed the previous evening. She stood for a few moments gazing up at the balcony whence she had waved her handkerchief to Deveril: and as her heart swelled almost to bursting and the tears started from her eyes, she said to herself, "Is it possible that within a few hours after making a declaration of love to Lady Saxondale, he could have been guilty of such a hollow hypocrisy as to seek this spot in the hope of being enabled to catch a glimpse of me? Oh! there is a strange, an unnatural contradiction in all

this; and the longer I think of it, the more irresistibly am I led towards the conviction that William is true to me, and that Lady Saxondale has either been grievously mistaken or guilty of a wilful misrepresentation."

Inspired by these thoughts, and cheered with the fervid hope that they would soon receive the fullest confirmation, Florina pursued her way in the direction of the pretty little villa where William Deveril dwelt. For during their conversation on the preceding day he had informed her of the place of his private abode; and as she was well acquainted with all the environs of the fashionable neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, she had no difficulty in finding her way to the young artist's dwelling.

It was a small but neat and genteel residence, situated in a somewhat secluded spot, beyond the boundary of the Regent's Park, and presenting a very picturesque appearance. As she came in sight of the villa, Florina felt her heart beat with quickening palpitations; and on reaching the iron railings which enclosed the front garden, she was again seized with an access of hesitation and uncertainty whether to proceed. But she had come thus far—she had reached the place of destination—she had passed through the loneliness of the Park—and should she now retreat at the very last moment? should she tremble at the accomplishment of her purpose? No: her mind was speedily made up again: she opened the garden gate, and threading the gravel-walk which was embowered in evergreens she advanced up to the front door. It stood open—for the evening was close and sultry: a lamp burnt in the hall, but there were no lights in the front-parlour on the ground floor. The casement of this room was open, and voices issuing from within, reached Florina's ears. One of those voices was Deveril's—the other was that of a female; and the very first sounds which the young lady caught struck her as laden with accents of tenderness and endearment.

A sickening sensation seized upon her—the demon of jealousy again raised its voice in the depths of her soul—she felt as if she were standing on the threshold of a revelation that was to bring a blight upon her heart. Transfixed to the spot, she stood—unable to lift her hand to touch the bell or the knocker of the door—unable also to advance a step to pass that open portal—unable likewise to make known her presence in any shape or way. She was thus deprived of the power either to advance or retreat. Instinctively did she listen: she could not help it, no matter what amount of impropriety characterized her conduct—no matter how indiscreet a part she was playing. Of all this she thought not:—it struck her not that she was doing wrong—indeed she was incapable of serious or deliberate reflection of any kind. Those sounds of voices which she had caught had struck her, we said, as being laden with an unmistakable tenderness: but the words themselves had not reached her ears. Now she listened with suspended breath to catch what was being said, as if her whole life's happiness or misery depended upon the result.

"But, my dearest William," murmured the female voice which she had already heard, and whose tones were of silvery softness; "you must tell me what has occurred, for you know how sincerely I love you."

"Wherefore,"—and it was now the voice of Deveril that was speaking—"wherefore will you thus insist that I am dull and melancholy?"

"Oh! because, my beloved William——" and the remainder of the sentence was breathed in so low a tone that the sense of the words was lost to the listening Florina.

"My sweet girl, do not shed tears on my account," said Deveril, in the most soothing and endearing accents. "Come, I must not see you mournful and melancholy like this. While we have been sitting in conversation here the darkness has gathered around us—the twilight has gone—dusk has succeeded. Shall we ring for lights, or ramble in the garden for half-an-hour?"

"Whichever you please, dear William," responded that soft and silvery female voice. "Oh! how your brows throb! There, let me push back your hair, dear William, from over your forehead. Ah! I am sure that you have experienced annoyances this day. Your hand is hot and feverish. Let me kiss your cheek. Ah! that is burning too! Come, dear William—we will walk in the garden a little, for the air in this room is hot and stifling."

All this while Florina was still transfixed to the spot, a prey to the most torturing sensations. Who could this female be? That she was young, the silver melody of her voice sufficiently proved: that she was beautiful, Florina's jealousy naturally prompted. But, ah! a sudden hope flashed to the young lady's mind. Might not this female be Deveril's sister? And yet no: for he had never spoken of a sister—and if he possessed one, surely he would have alluded to her in the long and familiar conversation which he and Florina had held on the previous day? No, no—she could not be his sister! Then who was she? Oh! for a jealous heart to ask itself that question, what possible answer could be returned? what response could the fevered imagination suggest? The hope which had sprung up an instant back was annihilated immediately—almost as soon as . was formed; and poor Florina felt as if she must scream out in frenzy, or sink down in senselessness.

But they were coming forth to walk in the garden—William Deveril and his female companion! Florina must retreat—she must vanish from the scene where she felt convinced that she had a rival in the young artist's love. But, ah! her feet are still nailed to the spot—she could not stir—it was a terrible crisis in her thoughts and sensations—and if her very life depended upon it, she could not at that instant have moved a limb. Suddenly the parlour-door opened, and Deveril came forth with his female companion into the hall. His arm was thrown round her waist, and her fair hand lay lovingly upon his shoulder. But, heavens! who was the beauteous creature that thus, half-locked in William Deveril's fond embrace, met the view of the dismayed and anguished Florina?

It was Angela Vivaldi, the Opera-dancer!

A wild cry thrilled from Florina's lips—the spell which had retained her transfixed statue-like to the spot, was suddenly lifted—and as if seized with a mortal terror, she fled precipitately.

"Who is it? what does this mean?" exclaimed Deveril, as he rushed forward in pursuit of Florina, whom he had not recognized, because she was veiled, and because also the glimpse he had caught of her

just outside the front-door in the dusk of the garden, was so partial and so brief.

But as if inspired by a panic-terror, the young lady flew away from the spot where it would have seemed pollution and contamination now to linger; and she relaxed not her speed until, exhausted and breathless, she had regained the carriage-road inside the Regent's Park. Then, finding that she was not pursued, she flung herself on a bench and gave way to the violence of her grief.

That flood of tears relieved her so far that she now became capable of deliberate reflection; and wiping her eyes, she said aloud, "This weakness is unworthy of me. What! I bestowed my heart's purest and sincerest affection upon one who is the unworthiest, the most deceitful, as well as the most profligate of men! Good heavens, is it possible that so much perfidy and wickedness could be concentrated in one so young and apparently so ingenuous? Ah! rude indeed are the teachings of this day—bitter the experiences which within a few brief hours have shed their light upon my soul! I am older by many years in knowledge of the world, than I was when I rose from my couch this morning. But enough of these reflections. Let me behave with becoming fortitude—let me stifle this affection in my heart—let me banish his image from my mind!"

Then, as if to outstrip her harrowing thoughts Lady Florina rose from the seat and began walking hurriedly along the road through the Park; and though she felt her heart swelling as if it were about to break, and though the tears kept flowing afresh from her eyes, yet she struggled with all her strength to subdue another outburst of the grief that was thus convulsing her. Her dream of love was over—a sad and terrible change had taken place in her mind—the world's roses were all withered to her view—earth's choicest flowers were scattered, blighted and dead, in her pathway—existence stretched before

her like a barren waste—and the poor girl felt that she had now naught worth living for!

It was about eleven o'clock when Florina reached the house in Cavendish Square; and she succeeded in effecting her entrance unperceived by any of the inmates. Her absence, thanks to the precaution she had taken, was not discovered; and on gaining her own apartment she really felt as she had described herself to her lady's-maid two hours back—namely, exceedingly unwell.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A NIGHT-ADVENTURE.

It was about twelve o'clock on the same night of which we have been writing in the previous chapter, that Chiffin the Cannibal emerged from the Edgeware Road, and crossing Oxford Street, entered Park Lane. But instead of immediately pursuing his way, he stopped short—looked up and down—and not perceiving the person whom he expected to meet him at that spot, he gave vent to a deep imprecation, muttering likewise, "If he don't come, I'll make him repent it the next time I meet him—hang me if I don't!"

Fearful of encountering a policeman, the Cannibal walked a little way down Park Lane, and then turned back; but when he found that the person whom he awaited did not make his appearance, a deeper and more terrible imprecation denoted the ruffian's ferocious rage.

In order to avoid attracting any inconvenient notice, his bludgeon was concealed beneath his loose shaggy coat; and he kept as much as possible in the deep shades of the place where he was now loitering. For it was a clear bright night; and moreover the street-lamps in front of the mansions in Park Lane gave forth a light which rendered it all the more necessary for him to observe the utmost caution.

"Perhaps he thinks because it's a fine night, I shouldn't do the trick," muttered the Cannibal to himself: "but he's no business to have any opinion of his own in the matter. For the job of getting into a strange place without a confederate inside, and no put-up affair, I rather like a clear night. One sees better how to go to work. Some cracksmen always do their business in the dark; and though it's a good rule on most occasions, it isn't always to be followed. But here's Tony after all, blow him!"

The reader will remember a certain individual named Tony Wilkins, who belonged to the gang that infested Agar Town and made Solomon Patch's house their head-quarters. This Tony Wilkins was the person whom Lady Bess had especially chosen to be the bearer of the small sealed packet which she had ordered him to deliver to a gentleman at King's Cross; and we have described him as a young man of about four-and-twenty, clad in a squalid garb, and with a countenance as sinister in its expression as that of any one of his wonted companions. It was this same Tony Wilkins for whom the Cannibal had been waiting, and who now at length made his appearance.

"Well, what the deuce has made you so late?" said Chiffin in a growling tone.

"Late! it's on'y just midnight," was the response; "and you told me as how I was to be here as the clocks was a-striking twelve—didn't yer?"

"They have struck twelve at least ten minutes ago," returned the Cannibal."

"Well, ten minutes more or less," observed Wilkins, "isn't no great thing. Von can't be quite so particular."

"Yes—but what was the use of keeping me trudging about here at the risk of being twigged by the blue-bottles? Howsomever, we won't lose any more time. So come along."

"To tell yer the truth, Chiffin," said Tony, clutching the Cannibal by the arm, "I don't over and above like this here affair. You say you've never been inside the premises—that you don't know nuffin about 'em—that you ain't got no pals amung the slaveys——"

"But I know that there's plenty of swag to be got—and so I suppose that's enough," interrupted Chiffin fiercely. "Why, here you are as down in your luck as you well can be; and here am I ready to take you by the hand and put a good thing in your way."

"All right, Chiffin!" exclaimed Tony. "If you're so deuced sure of the business I suppose it's all safe. So here goes—and I'm the man to second you, old feller."

"But I tell you what it is, Tony," growled the Cannibal, as he fixed his reptile-like gaze upon his companion, "if so be you feel afraid, say so at once, and there's an end of the matter—'cause why, I don't like dealing with cowards."

"Come, Chiffin—none of this here sort of talk with me!" exclaimed Wilkins angrily. "I'm no coward—but I don't want to run my neck bang into a noose. You know deuced well I ain't afeard—I never wor afeard of nuffin in my life. Fear and prudence is two wery different things, I takes it. If so be you was to see a mad bull a-thundering along this here lane, I s'pose yer wouldn't go and grapple him by the 'orns—would yer? Not you, indeed—you'd precious soon bolt a von side. Well then, that's prudence. But if so be he comed right up and 'tacked yer, then I knows wery well you'd let fly at him with yer club in a jiffey. Well, then, that's walour."

"Do hold your jaw, Tony, and come along," growled the Cannibal. "There—I'll go on in front, and you foller at a distance. Slip bang round the second turning to the left, and you'll find me a-waiting."

Having thus spoken, Chiffin the Cannibal walked rapidly on, Tony Wilkins keeping in his track, but at an interval of about fifty yards. They encountered no policemen in their way: the truth is, there very seldom are policemen to be found on their beats in that fashionable region, between the hours of eleven and one—those officials being either at some public-house which keeps open all night, or else supping cosily with the female domestics in the kitchen of some mansion where dancing and card-playing are going on up-stairs in the drawing-rooms. Thus was it that Chiffin the Cannibal and Tony Wilkins passed on unmolested, and the former halted at a side-door in a garden-wall, where he was speedily joined by his confederate.

"Now, hush—and 'tis all right!" whispered Chiffin, as he flung a rope over the wall; and the

iron grapnel which was at the end of the cord, caught against that part of the masonry which overhung the side-door.

The rope was thus retained fast—and Tony Wilkins, being the lighter and more agile of the two, clambered up the wall by means of the rope. In a moment he disappeared on the other side, and drew both the bolts of the door, while Chiffin managed the lock by means of a skeleton-key. Thus the Cannibal, who was too heavy and clumsy to climb the wall, which was a tolerably high one, obtained prompt admittance into the garden at the back of Saxondale House—for this was the mansion where the present burglary was being effected.

"All seems as quiet as a workus," whispered Tony Wilkins, as he and his leader carefully surveyed the rear of the buildings. "There isn't never a light in none of the rooms—and not so much as a mouse a-stirring."

"Let's try this door, then," said the Cannibal.

"Or that there windy—eh?" suggested Tony.

"No—the door," was Chiffin's prompt answer: for his experienced eye at once showed him, by the aid of the moonlight, that the door presented the readiest and easiest means of effecting an entry.

From a capacious pocket in the lining of his shaggy coat, he drew forth a small saw, thin as a watch-spring, keen as an array of shark's teeth, and flexible as a Castilian stiletto-blade. With a gimlet he speedily made a hole in the lower part of the door, near where he calculated the bolt must be; and thrusting the saw into the hole, he cut out a circular piece, leaving an aperture large enough to introduce his hand. He was thus enabled to feel for the bolt and draw it back—a process which was instantaneously accomplished.

The door was high, and there was nothing for Chiffin to stand on to reach the upper part of it. He accordingly made Tony Wilkins go down upon all-fours; and standing on his back, he went to work again. Another gimlet-hole was made in the higher portion of the door—the little saw, well moistened with oil, was assiduously plied again—and another circular piece of wood, large enough to afford an opening for the hand and wrist, was soon cut out. The upper bolt was thus felt for, and drawn back; and Chiffin descended from his human footstool—such a purpose Tony Wilkins having served, but not without experiencing some degree of pain in his back, as Mr. Chiffin was by no means the lightest person in the world.

The reader will now understand that the two bolts of the door were drawn back; but the door itself was locked. It was a stout door—and Chiffin dared not attempt to break it open with a crow-bar, on account of the noise that would be made by such an operation. There was no key-hole visible on the exterior side; and thus he had no immediate indication of the position of the lock *inside*. But this difficulty was speedily overcome. Again ordering Tony Wilkins to go down upon all-fours and make himself into a foot-stool, the Cannibal mounted on his back once more; and then, with a piece of string and a leaden bullet at one end he proceeded to *sound* for the lock, just as a sailor at sea sounds with a cord and plummet to ascertain the depth of the water. Thrusting the leaden bullet through the hole that had been cut for the removal of the upper bolt, Chiffin gradually let out the string until the bullet was stopped by the top of the lock which projected from the inner side of the door: then keeping the string tight between his finger and thumb, so as to mark how much of it had been let go through the hole, he drew it back. To measure the outside of the door from the hole downward was now the work of an instant, and thus Chiffin discovered with the nicest exactitude the position of the lock. He next proceeded to bore with his gimlet; and having made a hole through the wood, his little flexible saw was again put into requisition. In less than a quarter of an hour he had cut completely round the lock; and the door opened to his thrust.

"Now, Tony, come gently," he said; and they entered the premises together.

All was dark within—and all was silence likewise, at least down in the lower region of the premises. A dark lantern was quickly produced from Chiffin's capacious pocket—the candle inside was lighted by means of lucifer-matches with which he was also provided—and the two burglars commenced their survey of the place. They first entered the back kitchen; and as the Cannibal pointed to the iron bars which protected the windows, he said in a whisper to his companion, "I told you as how it wouldn't do to try the game on there. The opening of a shutter would have been nothing: but those iron fences would have given harder work than you or I should have liked to try. All these kind of houses have got gratings to the lower windows. It isn't the first time I have broke into a house in this part of the world. But there's nothing in this back kitchen worth looking after. So come along. It's the butler's pantry we must try, mate."

With these words Chiffin led the way out of the back kitchen, and soon found a door which was fast locked, but which he immediately concluded to be the one communicating with the place he was in search of.

"Hold the light, Tony," he said; "and I'll get to work again with the tools."

This time he tried the effect of a small crowbar upon the door, which being of far lighter make than the one by which the burglars had entered the premises, seemed to warrant this mode of dealing with it. Chiffin, we need hardly say, was an accomplished hand in using the crowbar for such purposes, and made little noise in the process. The door speedily yielded—a few more efforts, and it was broken completely open. The burglars passed into the place, which, as Chiffin had anticipated, proved to be the butler's pantry. But infinite was their disappointment when after searching in every cupboard, they found no plate there.

"This is deuced provoking," growled the Cannibal in a ferocious manner.

"Cussed mean of the people of the 'ouse to take their plate up to bed with 'em," remarked Tony Wilkins. "It ain't giving a poor devil a fair chance," he added with the look of a man who fancied that he was cruelly wronged. "What's to be done now?"

"What's to be done?" echoed the Cannibal, in a voice which resembled the subdued grumblings of a hungry tiger: "why, hunt about for the swag till we find it, to be sure. And if a throat or two is to be cut in the search, what matters it?"

"Nuffin at all," responded Tony Wilkins. "Lead

on, old feller. You seems to know your way as if by instinct, as they say of the 'osses."

Chiffin the Cannibal passed out of the butler's pantry, and proceeded into the front kitchen; but nothing worthy of his predatory views was found there. Thence the burglars proceeded into the servants' hall, where some four or five stray silver forks and spoons, which the butler had doubtless forgotten to count up along with the rest of the plate, were lying about.

"This is summut, at all events," observed Tony Wilkins. "It cheers one on to look arter more."

"Now then, keep that cursed tongue of your's still, and pull off them great heavy boots of your'n," said Chiffin: "or else do as I do, if you have got the things to do it with."

And what was it that Chiffin the Cannibal was now doing? Nothing more nor less than drawing on a very coarse pair of lamb's-wool socks over his own thick and heavy lace-up boots. This being done, he took a pair of pistols from his pocket—saw that each had a percussion-cap ready for service—and handing one to Tony Wilkins, bade him only use it in case of extreme desperation of circumstances, but *then* not to hesitate an instant.

The two burglars now began ascending the stairs, Chiffin walking first with his muffled feet, and Tony Wilkins with his naked ones; for the latter was carrying his boots in his hand—and as for stockings, his wardrobe was not extensive enough to permit him the enjoyment of such luxuries. He however hoped to improve and replenish it by the proceeds of his share of the present night's plunder.

The marble hall was reached; and from this point, the same as from the lower regions, it appeared that a profound silence reigned throughout the house—for it was now past one in the morning, the operations at the back door having absorbed at least three quarters of an hour. The parlours opening from the hall were visited by the intruders; and though they abounded in many fashionable nick-nacks, objects of *virtu*, beautiful ornaments, and the usual decorations to be found on the mantelpieces and side-tables of apartments in the houses of the rich, there was not much in those rooms that would suit the purposes of the robbers. A few things however they did consign to their pockets; and emboldened by the freedom from interruption and the absence of all alarm which they thus experienced, they began the ascent of the magnificent marble staircase leading to the drawing-rooms and state-apartments. In the first of these which they entered, they found a gold watch lying upon the table; and there were many little ornaments scattered about which they knew Solomon Patch would purchase, and to which they therefore freely helped themselves. Thence they passed into the adjacent room; but as they entered it with as much caution as possible, they stopped suddenly short on beholding a light at the farther extremity. It shone through a door which stood half open at the end of the large apartment they had just entered.

The burglars stopped short, we say; and Chiffin instantaneously closed the blind of his dark lantern. But the two men did not retreat; they stood and listened with breathless attention. If they had heard voices in conversation they would have held it time enough to make the best of their way from the premises; but if they heard no voices, they would then be encouraged to traverse the room which they had entered and see who was in the next one, in which case they might be enabled by threats or violence to compel any person whom they would thus find to give information relative to the whereabouts of the plate, jewels, money, &c. Such were the thoughts that simultaneously occurred to the two burglars: for all men of that class act as it were upon a particular system, and pursue a course which is as much guided by previous experiences as by the occurrences which transpire at the moment.

For several minutes did they listen—and they heard no one speak. Then they traversed the spacious apartment with as much caution as possible; and the thick carpet would have stifled the sound of their footsteps even if the feet of one had not been muffled and the boots of the other taken off. On reaching the door which stood half open, Chiffin peeped in, and beheld a lady seated alone in the adjacent room. She was placed at a table and had a book open before her: but she was not reading—she was reclining back in her chair—and as the light of the wax candles fell with a sort of Rembrandt effect upon her splendid features, it was easy to perceive that she was absorbed in a profound reverie. Nor were her reflections of the most pleasing description: for there was a lowering of the naturally high and noble forehead—there was a sinister light gleaming in the eyes to which so magnificent a lustre properly belonged—and there was a compression of the lips which nature had never intended to remain so firmly closed.

This lady was none other than the mistress of the mansion; and Chiffin knew her to be Lady Saxondale. He had seen her first of all upwards of nineteen years back, when, being despatched by Ralph Farefield into Lincolnshire, he had lurked about the neighbourhood of Saxondale Castle watching for an opportunity to carry off the child: he had seen her *then*, in the pride and glory of her youthful beauty—and once seen, she was not a woman who could be easily forgotten. But Chiffin had also seen her within the last few days: for he had loitered about Saxondale House in Park Lane, not only with the view of discovering as much as he could of the position of the premises, but also to examine the features of the domestics and see whether the physiognomy of any one of them furnished a sufficient indication of innate villany to warrant the Cannibal in scraping acquaintance with the view to an arrangement for a burglary. In this hope he had been disappointed: but while thus loitering about, he had seen Lady Saxondale go in and out of the mansion—he had recognised her as the same beautiful woman he had seen in Lincolnshire nearly twenty years back—and thus was it that he at once knew her now, as peeping through that half-opened door he beheld her seated in a mood of deep abstraction at the table.

A glance rapidly flung round the room where Lady Saxondale was thus observed, at once showed the Cannibal not merely that she was alone, but likewise that there was no other door open by which any sudden cry of alarm to which she might give vent would issue forth. He therefore resolved upon taking a desperate step in order to reap a handsome harvest from his present enterprise; and making a sign for Tony Wilkins to stop

where he was for the instant, the Cannibal passed stealthily into the room.

So deep was Lady Saxondale's abstraction, that she perceived him not. Her looks were fixed on the book which lay open before her: but she saw not the pages themselves—all her faculty of vision was as it were turned *inward* with the absorbing nature of her meditations. For Lady Saxondale had this night experienced no inclination to retire to rest. The image of William Deveril appeared to haunt her. She loved him—and she hated him at one and the same time. She feared that she had taken a false step and compromised herself seriously, in having made the round of all her acquaintances and friends during the day and promulgated her story relative to that young man. Cunningly devised as the tale was, she trembled lest the refutation which Deveril would give when it reached his ears, might obtain credit; and thus though great was the satisfaction she had experienced at the time, not only in torturing Lady Florina, but likewise in propagating the same scandal elsewhere, she was now apprehensive that the blow she had endeavoured to deal might rebound upon herself. In short, her feelings having been unnaturally excited during the day, had since experienced a proportionate reaction; and conscience, which "makes cowards of us all," was not permitting Lady Saxondale to be an exception to that rule.

Besides, she was not only fearful that the tangled web she had been thus weaving, would in the long run enmesh herself; but she was tortured with the pangs of jealousy towards Florina. What was she to do in respect to her whom she thus regarded as her rival? Even apart from that hatred which the spirit of jealousy had suddenly make her experience for Florina, how could she possibly permit the engagement to continue between her son and that young lady?—and yet, on the other hand, upon what pretext could she break off the engagement? Altogether, Lady Saxondale's position was one of apprehension, bewilderment, torture, and perplexity; and in addition to the circumstances connected with Deveril and Florina which had thus combined to make her wretched, there were *others* which struck their viper stings into her heart.

This is not however the time nor place to analyse at any great length the feelings and thoughts of Lady Saxondale. The little which we have just said upon this subject, was merely for the purpose of accounting for why she had not as yet sought her couch, and wherefore we find her seated alone in that abstracted mood and at so late an hour of the night—or rather at so early a period of the morning. In the depth of her disagreeable meditations it was no wonder that she observed not the presence of Chiffin the Cannibal; and as he, by making a short circuit in the room, was enabled to steal as it were close up behind her before she was aware of the intrusion, it was with a sudden start and a horrible access of terror that she felt a hand suddenly laid upon her shoulder.

Wildly she sprang up; and on beholding herself confronted by that hideous-looking wretch, a scream was about to burst from her lips: but it was stifled ere it broke forth, by the suddenness with which the Cannibal exclaimed, "Silence, or you are a dead woman!"—and a pistol, gleaming in his hand, was presented close to her forehead.

For an instant Lady Saxondale was paralysed with terror: but her naturally strong mind almost immediately regained its self-possession—and she said in a voice that was strangely calm under such circumstances, "Remove that weapon: I will not create an alarm."

Tony Wilkins now made his appearance; and Lady Saxondale, perceiving that there were two ruffians, and thinking it quite probable that there might be even more, felt that anything like resistance would be altogether vain, and that if she attempted to raise the household her life would be inevitably forfeited. For it was impossible to glance even for a single instant at Chiffin the Cannibal's countenance, without reading in its hideous lineaments the most blood-thirsty propensities and a brutal capacity for mischief.

"Well," he said, pointing the muzzle of his pistol downwards, but not putting it away from her sight, "you seem an uncommon brave lady; and so I suppose you are just as prudent a one. Therefore we shall have no nonsense in dealing with you."

"What do you require?" asked Lady Saxondale. "But that question I need scarcely put: your looks bespeak your errand. You see I treat the matter with frankness; and therefore there is no need to keep that weapon in your hand in so threatening a manner."

"How uncommon nice she speaks, don't she?" said Tony Wilkins in an under-tone as he sidled up to his companion.

"'Cause she's a lady of sense and knows what's what," observed Chiffin aloud. "Now, ma'am, please to tell us which would be most convenient—to let us walk off with the plate and jewellery, or for you to pay us over such a handsome sum that we shall go away happy and contented with our night's work, and be able to drink your ladyship's health every day for the next six months?"

"Finding myself completely in your power," returned Lady Saxondale, at the same instant flinging a quick and scarcely perceptible glance towards the mantel-piece, as if looking for some object, "I should prefer giving you a sum of money. But I must tell you beforehand, that I have not much in the shape of gold about my person, and should have to go to my own chamber to fetch the amount that you may require."

"And how much," demanded Chiffin, "may your ladyship happen to have in your own chamber?"

"Perhaps four or five hundred pounds altogether," returned Lady Saxondale, after a few moments' consideration.

"That's little enough," observed Chiffin. "And, now, how much in the purse?"

Lady Saxondale, who still preserved her presence of mind with an astonishing calmness, drew forth her purse from a reticule which hung at the back of the chair; and handing it to Chiffin, said, "Count its contents for yourself."

"Eleven sovereigns, two ten-pound notes, one five, and some silver," said the Cannibal, as he emptied the contents of the purse into his hand. "Well, but all this is a poor lot. The family plate must be worth ten times as much. What's to prevent us cutting your throat, ma'am, and then ransacking the place for yourselves?"

"The plate is in the butler's own room," was Lady Saxondale's calm and collected response.

upon the carpet as if stricken dead with apoplexy.

"Now for the alarm!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale as she sprang up from her seat.

But at the same instant she heard the sudden rush of footsteps; and glancing round in affright, she found herself confronted by Chiffin the Cannibal, whom she had supposed to be by that time busily engaged in plundering her bed-chamber.

The hideous rage of ten thousand demons appeared to be gathering in his infuriate looks, as he aimed a tremendous blow at Lady Saxondale with the bludgeon which he had taken from underneath his coat: but she avoided it by instinctively sinking on her knees—and stricken dumb with terror, she extended her arms in mute appeal for mercy. Had she not thus abruptly fallen down to that suppliant posture, there would have been an end of the brilliant and magnificent Lady Saxondale then and there!

"Make a noise, and by Satan! I'll do for you!" growled the Cannibal in a deep ferocious tone: and he again raised his bludgeon menacingly.

"No, no—I will not say a word," murmured Lady Saxondale, whose fortitude appeared to have all given way. "But spare my life—do not kill me—for God's sake do not kill me!"

"That all depends," was the Cannibal's brutal response. "Come, get up from your knees—but don't speak louder than a whisper, and don't move without my telling you, or I'll make devilish light work of it, you may be sure! Now then, what have you done to my mate here? Is he dead?"

"No, no—not dead—only stupified," answered Lady Saxondale. "He will come to himself again presently."

"So much the better for you," said the Cannibal. "A pretty kind of a woman you are, to be able to play such a precious tricky part!"

"Was it not natural?" observed Lady Saxondale, now somewhat regaining her self-possession.

"Oh! don't bother like that," interrupted Chiffin fiercely: then, as he gazed down upon the prostrate and motionless form of Tony Wilkins, his look grew serious as if he were revolving something of importance in his mind. "By jingo, after all," he suddenly exclaimed, "I'm deuced glad this business has happened—it's given me an idea. 'Pon my soul, I'm uncommonly indebted to your ladyship! Why, robbing will become quite an easy matter, with nothing like risk in it, if so be you've told me true that this here stuff," and he pointed to the phial upon the table, "takes away the senses just by smelling it. And now, ma'am please to tell me how a person is to be recovered?"

"The individual will presently revive naturally," answered Lady Saxondale; "and if not, by shaking him, sprinkling water on his face, and the usual means adopted in cases of swoon——"

"Oh! if that's the case, then we'll try the experiment," said Chiffin. "But mind you, ma'am, stay where you are—don't budge an inch—or——"

And without finishing the sentence, he pointed his pistol at Lady Saxondale. Then kneeling by the side of Tony Wilkins, and all the time keeping the pistol still pointed at the lady, he gently shook his prostrate companion. With a deep gasp Wilkins began to revive: and in a few minutes he completely recovered his senses, though he experienced a heavy and oppressive feeling about the head.

All this while Lady Saxondale remained standing in the middle of the room, on the very spot where she had previously knelt: for the pistol continued to be levelled at her, and she had already seen enough of the desperate and determined character of Chiffin the Cannibal to be warned how she trifled with him. Unperceived by her ladyship, and while kneeling down by the side of Tony Wilkins, Chiffin gathered up the white handkerchief, which was impregnated with that powerful and stupifying essence; and tucking it partially up his sleeve and holding the remainder in his hand, so that it was altogether concealed from her ladyship's view, he rose up from his kneeling posture

"What's all this here mean? what's been done?" asked Tony Wilkins. "I feels all no-how——"

"Nothing has been done as yet. You remain quiet and recover yourself, while I finish talking to her ladyship——"

"Ladyship indeed! she's a witch," muttered Tony Wilkins angrily, "to be able to knock down a chap with a ankercher in this here way."

"Now, ma'am," resumed Chiffin, accosting Lady Saxondale, "about this money-business. But I say!" he exclaimed with a sudden start; "whose that coming in?"

Instinctively did Lady Saxondale look round; and at the same moment the white cambric handkerchief—her own handkerchief—was thrust up to her face. The scream that rose to her lips, was stifled ere it found vent by the sudden paralysation of all her faculties and senses; and she dropped down upon the floor in the same way as Tony Wilkins had ere now fallen.

When Lady Saxondale became aware of returning consciousness, the glimmering of dawn stealing into the room through the curtains, was mingling with the light of the wax-tapers that had nearly burnt down to their sockets; and as her ladyship's reminiscences gradually settled themselves in her brain, she looked around in the dread anticipation of beholding the hideous forms of the burglars. But she found herself alone. Raising herself up from the carpet—but painfully and feebly, for she experienced a heaviness in the head and a languor all over her form—she threw herself upon a sofa, pressed her hand to her throbbing brows, and then reviewed everything that had taken place. Rising again from the sofa, she approached the table to take a wax-light; and she observed that the bottle of powerful essence was gone. She looked on the mantel—she looked all round the room—but it was not to be seen. In the course of this survey, rapid though it was, she soon discovered that a great number of articles of value had been taken away; and now for the first time she perceived that her own person had been plundered—her rings had disappeared from her fingers—her watch, necklace, and other ornaments, had all vanished!

She now, in great trepidation and alarm, hurried away from the room, and sped to the chamber of one of the lady's-maids. There she aroused the sleeping domestic with the startling intelligence that the house had been broken into; and the other servants were speedily called up. In a few minutes all was bustle and confusion, together with no small amount of dismay. Lord Saxondale's valet was

sent to his master's room to arouse him; while Mary-Anne was despatched to the Miss Farefields' apartments to tell them what had happened and bid them not be frightened. In the meantime Lady Saxondale, with four or five of her female dependants repaired to her own bed-chamber. The burglars had disappeared: but from the confusion which prevailed in that room, it was evident that it had been completely ransacked. All the ready money in her ladyship's drawers, amounting to about the sum she had mentioned to Chiffin—her jewellery, comprising her costly diamonds, and numerous other articles of value—had all disappeared!

We need not dwell at much greater length upon the sequel of this night's adventure. It is however necessary to record a few more particulars—and first to observe that Lord Saxondale's valet was compelled to return to his mistress and report (what indeed he had all along known) that his young master had not been in during the night. As the reader has doubtless anticipated, the burglars got clear off long before the alarm was raised: for Lady Saxondale had remained a considerable time in a state of stupefaction. Her account was, for she chose to say nothing about the essence in the bottle, —that she had sat up to read a very interesting book, when she was suddenly startled by the presence of two ill-looking men, from one of whom she received a blow with a bludgeon that struck her down senseless. Such being the version she rendered, she could not for consistency's sake give anything like a minute description of the personal appearance of the ruffians.

The searching investigation that was instituted throughout the house a few hours later, showed that several of the apartments had been entered and robbed of many articles of value; while the condition of the back door leading into the garden, indicated plainly enough the means by which the

burglars had obtained admittance. Information was of course at once given to the police; and two experienced "detectives" were speedily on the premises. The first glance which they gave at the back door enabled them to pronounce with confidence that it was no "put-up affair:" in other words, that none of the servants of the establishment were in league with the robbers, the entry having been effected by forcible means from without, and through no succour from within. Lady Saxondale was requested to give as minute a description as she could of the burglars: but all she deemed it prudent to say was that one appeared to be a rough-looking man with a shaggy coat and a white hat with a black band, and that the other was a thin squalid individual—beyond which she could give no more satisfactory details.

But this account, meagre though it seemed, was sufficient to put the detectives on the right scent with regard to one of the burglars, whom they both unhesitatingly pronounced to be Chiffin the Cannibal. With respect to the other, they could form no conjecture.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DR. FERNEY.

The gentleman whose name stands at the head of this chapter, was one of the most eminent but at the same time one of the most eccentric physicians in London. He occupied a very large mansion in Conduit Street, Hanover Square: yet his household establishment was on a very limited scale. Indeed, he kept only four domestics, entertained very little company, and lived in the plainest and simplest manner. But he tenanted so large a habitation because he required ample space for a museum of curiosities which he had been collecting for more than twenty years, and which consisted of objects connected with the medical, surgical, and physiological sciences. Mummies from Egyptian pyramids—human relics dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii—corpses which he had obtained from the body-snatchers and had embalmed with his own hands—the skeletons of individuals who having died in the workhouses or hospitals, presented examples of extraordinary malformation—monster-children preserved in glass bottles—figures in wax-work representing the appearance and ravages of the most virulent diseases which afflict humanity,—in short, a host of objects of this class and character were gathered in a suite of chambers at Dr. Ferney's house.

To these rooms the domestics very seldom penetrated: for it was confidently reported that the house was haunted, and that the spirits of some of the deceased persons whose embalmed bodies or fleshless skeletons had found a place in the doctor's museum, were frequently seen gliding after dusk through those dismal and awe-striking chambers. Not even in the broad daylight would the housemaid venture alone into the museum to sweep away the dust: the female servants, when this duty was to be performed, invariably went two together, and all the time they were engaged in cleansing the place, they would keep in close companionship, as if this near contiguity could effectually guarantee them against the presence of apparitions.

And truly, the museum was no very cheerful spectacle for persons of weak nerves or timorous dispositions. The Egyptian mummies, in their manifold swathings, with their shrivelled countenances resembling baked leather, and standing upright in the coffin-like boxes with glass lids,—the modern corpses, embalmed by the doctor's own hand, wrapped in shrouds, and with their yellowish marble-looking faces, their dull, glassy eyes wide open, their teeth gleaming between the pale lips slightly apart, and having a somewhat life-like look, though hideous and ghastly, as *they* also stood upright in their tall narrow cells fronted with glass,—the skeletons with every bone perfect, and articulated all over, suspended against the walls in such a manner that they seemed to stand upright of their own accord,—the skulls that were ranged in rows upon the shelves and seemed to look down with their eyeless sockets and to grin in mockery with their lipless mouths,—the monsters and abortions preserved in glass-bottles of different sizes, some of these monsters being children with two heads to one body, others with one head to two bodies, and so forth,—then the waxen effigies large as life, and disposed in various attitudes, some as if reclining on sofas, others standing upright each with an arm ominously extended, and all displaying upon their fleshlike surfaces the appearance of some loathsome, ravaging, and corroding disease,—such an assemblage of horrible and ghastly objects was indeed but too well calculated to scare those persons who could not look upon them with a coldly scientific eye.

In addition to his museum, Dr. Ferney had a laboratory,—not however for alchemical purposes, he being no believer in the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life, but for purely chemical experiments and the legitimate objects of a true science. The doctor devoted a great deal of his time to the pursuits of his laboratory; and many curious discoveries did he make, and many valuable eliminations accomplish. Few of these, however, did he give forth to the world: he was a man who cared nothing for fame—devotion to his studies had rendered him somewhat misanthropic—and in pursuing those studies with such insatiate ardour, it was not to form for himself a grand reputation, nor to confer blessings upon his fellow-creatures by adding to the lights of science, but simply, and we might almost say selfishly, to gratify his own individual thirst for knowledge. In this respect he resembled the bookworm who pores over mystic volumes, ferrets out mouldering manuscripts, decyphers hieroglyphics, and devotes years and years to the rectification of some particular date or the clearing up of some dubious point in history, but who after all keeps his discoveries to himself, devours his learning in secret, revels in solitude upon the literary treasures which he thus amasses, and allows not the world at large to benefit by the results of his perseverance or to share in the fruits of his labours. Of precisely such a character was Dr. Ferney; and yet he had not been enabled so completely to conceal his light under a bushel, that none of its rays peeped forth. Some few of his discoveries had transpired in various ways: yet when he had seen them recorded in print, accompanied with high eulogiums upon himself, he

experienced no emotion of pleasure—no inward triumph—no feeling of satisfaction.

Nevertheless, such a man could not help becoming famous to a certain extent—though he himself sought not after fame. As a physician he grew eminent; and he was diligent in the exercise of his professional duties, not for the sake of reputation, but because he thereby acquired ample revenues. But wherefore did this man, so frugal in his habits, so humble in his domestic economy, so completely dissevered from every pursuit which the world calls *pleasure*, and with no family cares or claims to make him wish for riches,—wherefore, it will be asked, did such a man covet much gold? Because he expended large sums in the prosecution of his favourite avocations. He thought no more of giving a thousand guineas for a mummy, than a wealthy aristocrat would in purchasing a race-horse; and if he read in any foreign journal of some extraordinary object in natural history existing at such-and-such a place, he would instantaneously despatch a trusty agent to procure the same, no matter at what price. Thus, for instance, he had in his museum the skeleton of a Russian giant seven feet seven inches high, who had died a few years back in Siberia and whose remains the doctor had purchased of the man's relatives (through his trusty agent) for a considerable sum. He had also the body of a German dwarf, only two feet six inches high, and who had lived to a very advanced age: this corpse, which was preserved in spirits of wine, Dr. Ferney had also purchased of the deceased pigmy's friends at the time of his death. But it would be impossible to enumerate the various curiosities of this ghastly nature which Dr. Ferney had succeeded in procuring. Enough has however been said to enable the reader to form an idea of the perseverance with which he pursued the bent of his taste, and the large outlays which were needed to gratify it.

He was a man of about forty-five years of age; and from his earliest youth had given indications of this singularity of genius and disposition which with the lapse of years was destined to show such remarkable developments. Of middle stature—thin, pale, and with a countenance that in every line and lineament denoted deep thought and continuous study—Dr. Ferney was not one of those men who are calculated to win the female heart. Without being at all repulsive, he still was very far from prepossessing. He was unmarried; and of all beings in the world, seemed the most likely to continue so. Yet this man, of such strange tastes, such profound devotion to the mysteries of science, and of such misanthropic habits, had not only loved, but still cherished in the depths of his soul the image of her who many years back had made so indelible an impression on his mind. His love had not been reciprocated: years and years had elapsed since he had seen its object—and yet the passion remained deep and unextinguishable in his heart. No one knew that he had thus loved, save and except the being on whom that love had been bestowed: no one thought him capable of loving—and to this supposed incapacity was the circumstance of his unwedded condition assigned. Yet in the solitude of his own study—in the secrecy of his laboratory—and even in the mystic silence and loneliness of his museum, would the memory of his love come stealing upon his mind like a perfumed cloud over Araby's sandy dreariness; and the bright and beautiful image which had inspired the sentiment would rise up before his mental vision like a mihrage of enchanting delight amidst the trackless sands of the desert. His was a strange heart to cherish such a feeling: but it existed there nevertheless—a rose blooming on the side of a barren rock!

Such was Dr. Ferney, the eminent physician of Conduit Street.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the doctor was seated in his study, poring over a volume on some abstruse subject, when his footman entered to announce that a lady requested an immediate interview. The physician inquired her name—for he was not accustomed to receive visits from females at that hour: but the domestic replied that the lady had said her name was of no consequence, as she was a stranger to Dr. Ferney, but that she entreated the favour of an audience if it were only for a few minutes. The physician accordingly bade the servant introduce the lady to the study; and the lacquey quitted the room for the purpose.

In a couple of minutes the man returned, escorting a lady closely veiled. The footman withdrew, shutting the door behind him; and the doctor placed a chair for the lady's accommodation. She was handsomely dressed, but in a manner which seemed to indicate a motive for disguise. The dark veil was folded thickly over her features, and she retained it with one of her hands in such a way as to keep it in its proper position, so as effectually to conceal her face. She was tall and of a finely developed figure; and though from her manner she appeared somewhat agitated and nervous, yet there was in her gait and gestures a certain dignity mingled with elegance that denoted the well-bred female.

Dr. Ferney knew not how it was, but a strange kind of trouble gradually stole over him—an instinctive feeling that there was some unknown link between himself and this lady who came so mysteriously—a vague and undefined presentiment that despite what she had said to his footman, she was not entirely a stranger to him. So powerfully did these feelings gain upon the physician, that he found himself unable to put such questions as might elicit the lady's object in visiting him; and the clouds which enveloped his presentiment slowly fading away, it seemed as if his comprehension grew clearer and that a ray of light was dawning in more brightly upon his soul. He trembled—his heart began to palpitate even with violence—and he experienced the mystic knowledge that behind the dark veil was a countenance which he had seen before and which had remained indelibly impressed upon his memory!

The shallow reasoner and the superficial observer may ridicule this idea of the physician entertaining such a presentient knowledge of who his visitant was, even before she had lifted her veil or given utterance to a word: but the fact is perfectly consistent with the natural course of things. For there *are* such mystic promptings of the mind, such strange and unaccountable foreshadowings, such truthful but inexplicable revealings; and the thoughtful portion of our readers will not dissent from the assertion. Has it not happened—aye, and

often too—that when a young man and a young woman have been introduced to each other for the first time, there has arisen immediately and at once in their soul the instinctive feeling that they were destined for each other?—and this recognition of the *ideal* that each had formed relative to a future partner for life, has been thus mutual and simultaneous. "'*Tis she!*" murmurs the secret voice in the soul of the man: "'*Tis he!*" simultaneously whispers a like mysterious voice in the soul of the female. And thenceforth their destiny is accomplished, even as it had been foreshadowed ere they had ever met. Again, when one man has been introduced for the first time to another, there has arisen in the secret depths of the heart a sudden feeling of liking or aversion between the two, and the conviction that they have been predestined to exercise a powerful influence for good or for evil upon each other. We might multiply such illustrations to an endless amount: they are facts beyond dispute—and whatever may be the nature of the mysterious essence which thus subsists between mind and mind, and whatever be the origin of those strange presentiments, their power cannot be denied. Analagous therewith was the presentient knowledge which on the present occasion made Dr. Ferney aware who his visitant must be, even before he had acquired any positive certitude upon the subject.

Doubtless the lady herself observed the trouble and agitation which thus came over the physician: for she at length broke silence by saying, "Is it possible that you already suspect who I am?"

"Ah, that voice!" ejaculated Dr. Ferney: and for nearly a minute he seemed overpowered by the emotions which those flute-like sounds excited still more strongly and vividly within him.

Slowly did the lady speak again; and now she said, "Yes, Dr. Ferney—I am that same Mrs. Smith who lodged with your mother nineteen years ago, and who—— But I need say no more to recall myself to your memory."

"No, no—for I had not forgotten you! it was impossible I could have forgotten you!" exclaimed the physician, with a singular vehemence. "Nineteen years have passed, you say? Yes—I know it—I have calculated those years with perhaps a greater exactitude than yourself. But pardon me," he observed, suddenly interrupting himself; "you must think that I am talking strangely?"

The lady did indeed think so: at all events she was astonished to hear him speak in those fervid accents, and give utterance to such words, the reason and meaning of which however she could not fail to understand. For at the far back date which had been mentioned—namely, nineteen years ago—she had been aware that Ferney loved her: she knew at the time that she was the object of his enthusiastic adoration: but she could not possibly suppose that this love of his had survived the lapse of time, and that at the expiration of so long a period she should hear him speak and behold him look in a manner which indicated that the flame of his passion had not been extinguished within him.

"You do not answer me," he said after a brief pause. "Is it possible that I have offended you?"

"No, no: how could you give me offence?" exclaimed the lady, now proffering him her right hand, but still retaining the veil carefully folded over her countenance with the left.

"Madam," said Dr. Ferney, as he took that proffered hand and pressed it in his own, which trembled violently, "I am rejoiced that I have not offended you. It is not my fault if I have thought of you often and often—yes, very, very often—during the long interval that has elapsed since last we met. *Then* I was young—and not wrinkled, nor emaciated, nor care-worn in looks, with hard study and unwearied pursuance of the lights of science, as I am *now!* So that you must find me much altered? Though not many years past the prime of life, yet am I prematurely old——But *you*," he suddenly exclaimed, "cannot be so much altered as I am? And yet you conceal your countenance! Wherefore do you remain thus closely veiled? But no matter. I see before me that countenance as I beheld it in the glory of its beauty nineteen years ago; and if on raising that veil you were to reveal a face as much marred by the ravages of time as mine is, yet should I not behold it as it may now appear, but as I first saw it and as my memory has treasured it up."

"Is it possible," murmured the lady, evidently agitated and bewildered, "that you have thus continued to think of me during this long interval of time?"

Dr. Ferney did not immediately answer the question; but after a long pause, which seemed to be filled with deep and mournful reflections, he said in a low voice, "I never loved any one save you!"

"And have you never once seen me—nor even fancied that you have seen me, since we parted at your mother's residence nineteen years ago?" asked the lady: and through the deep folds of the veil her eyes seemed to shine brightly as they were fixed with keenest scrutiny upon the countenance of the physician.

"No—not once," answered Dr. Ferney. "Do you reside in London? or have you occasionally visited the metropolis? But pardon me—I was wrong to ask those questions. From the past I am well aware that circumstances of mystery attend upon you—though heaven knows that sooner than breathe a word from my lips calculated to do you an injury, I would lay down my life to render you a service!"

"Generous-hearted man!" exclaimed the lady, once more proffering him her hand. "Little did I expect such a reception! Methought that my image must have long years ago passed out of your memory, and that though perhaps you might now and then think of *one* circumstance which you cannot very well have forgotten, yet that it was regarded as a mere straw floating upon the great ocean of the past, and without importance or power sufficient to add one single ripple to your pathway over the waters of life."

"Not so—not so," responded Dr. Ferney, as he pressed the lady's hand between both his own. "The feeling that I experienced for you when you dwelt so many years back beneath my mother's roof—that mother who is long since dead—has never faded away from my heart. I may tell you this now, because I am an old man and my words can have little influence upon you or your destinies."

"Dr. Ferney," was the lady's response, "after all the generous words you have spoken to me, and after declaring that you would rather lay down your life to do me service than breathe a word to do me an injury, it would be wrong—it would be ungrateful—were I to treat you with such mistrust as to retain my veil over my features. Besides—you say that my countenance is impressed upon your memory——"

"Yes—indelibly!" exclaimed the physician. "But it would be happiness which I had never dared anticipate to behold it once again."

The lady slowly raised her veil; and an expression of mingled delight, admiration, and surprise came upon the countenance of Dr. Ferney. So little had time changed the beauty of those splendid features that it appeared to him as if the lapse of nineteen years had not taken place—that it had been all a dream—and that he saw her now as he had been wont to see her when at his mother's residence. For that lapse of time, while maturing the beauty of this magnificent woman, had only seemed to add to the glory and the splendour of her loveliness. There was perhaps less of youthful softness in her looks—but the light of her eyes had not waned—the raven darkness of her hair had not paled nor lost its gloss—the richness of the red had not withered on the lips—nor the evenness of the flesh become indented with a single wrinkle.

"'Tis the same—the very same!" murmured the physician, in accents that were only just audible: then passing his hand over his eyes, he said, "Is it a dream—a delicious dream? or is it a reality? It is a reality! I cannot doubt it:"—and once more did he appear so overpowered by his emotions that he looked as if almost about to faint.

"And during this long interval," said the lady, repeating her former question with an evident anxiety to receive the confirmation of the former response, "you have never once seen me?"

"No—never once," returned the physician. "By the nature of the query I must of course suppose that you either dwell in London or visit it frequently: but even if you are constantly riding or walking abroad it would not be surprising that we have never met: for I go out so little—never into society—only to visit the patients who cannot come to me; and in those professional rounds I am whirled rapidly along in my carriage, for my time is so precious! Then, even when thus flying about in my carriage, my attention is ever fixed on some book which I take with me; so that seldom is it I gaze forth from the window of the vehicle—and thus, if every day you pass me by, I should not see you. But let me again beseech and implore that you will experience no mistrust in me. Good heavens! I am incapable of injuring you; and even if I were capable, I know not that I have the power. For with reference to that incident to which I need not allude more pointedly, I scarcely understood its meaning and purpose at the time, and assuredly I feel no inclination to fathom it now. Whatever mysteries be your's, keep them—cling to them—and rest confident that so far as I am concerned they are safe. You have conferred upon me too much happiness by thus permitting me to gaze upon that countenance again, not to inspire me with the liveliest gratitude in addition to any other sentiment I may have experienced towards you."

"And are you not surprised to receive a visit from me?" asked the lady.

"Yes—and yet not altogether surprised; for without being able to explain it even unto myself," continued the doctor, "I must inform you that there has often arisen in the depths of my soul a presentiment that we should one day meet again. But observe, this presentiment has not been accompanied by *hope*. I never was wildly enthusiastic nor drivellingly foolish enough to anticipate that the feeling which my heart has cherished would ever be crowned with happiness. Yet I felt, as I have said, that we should meet again; and I now rejoice that we have thus met. Such is the tone and temper of my mind that when you depart hence, no dreariness nor dismalness will be left behind you; but, on the contrary, the light of your transient presence will appear to linger within these walls and cheer me on my way. You see that I can speak rationally and calmly upon this subject, as becomes my years, and as becomes perhaps the position of her whom I am now addressing. For that you were not what you seemed when dwelling at my mother's residence, I felt assured; and that your's is no plebeian nor middle grade, I am equally confident now. But who you might have been I never sought to know; and who you are I purpose not to inquire at present. Those are your secrets—and they are sacred in my estimation. Besides, I have no undue curiosity; mine is a disposition of another stamp. But pardon this long speech. All I have said is merely to inspire you with the necessary confidence to induce you to explain the purpose of your visit: for that you have an object in coming to me this evening, I must of course conclude."

"Dr. Ferney, you are a man of too much sense," replied the lady, "for me to dream of flattering or complimenting you so emptily—so transparently—as by a declaration to the effect that I came hither for the mere purpose of reviving the friendship of former days. No—it was a purely business-matter that brought me hither; and as I ere now said, little did I anticipate so kind, so generous a reception. I fancied that we should meet almost as strangers: but it has proved otherwise—and I have therefore the less difficulty in explaining my purpose. Do you recollect that when you had your little house in Islington—at a time when you could scarcely foresee the eminence to which you were destined to rise, and which has enabled you to move to this fashionable quarter of the town,—do you remember, I ask, that you had a little laboratory opening from your private sitting-room up-stairs?"

"When I removed from that house," replied Dr. Ferney, "it cost me many a pang to do so, because *you* had visited me there. Ah! can I forget that laboratory? do I not remember that one entire morning was passed with you there? and you seemed to take so deep an interest in the various experiments I showed you——Oh! it was that which emboldened me at the time to throw myself at your feet and declare how much I loved you!"

"And you remember also," continued the lady, "that there were two or three of your experiments in which I was so much interested that I besought you to give me written descriptions of the several processes—and you did so."

"And those receipts—have you preserved them? have you ever thought any more of them?" asked

Dr. Ferney, with a glow of pleasure upon his countenance.

"I have preserved them—I have amused myself on several occasions with the experiments themselves—and I can assure you," added the lady, with a sweet smile, "that I have fulfilled the instructions with a success that you yourself, as my preceptor in the science, would have viewed with satisfaction. Do you remember that one of those receipts was for a peculiar compound fluid which yourself had just succeeded in discovering?"

"Yes—and the discovery of which Liebig has just claimed as his own," added Dr. Ferney. "But no matter—the credit was mine, if any there were. You mean chloroform?"

"The same," answered the lady. "Well, I now come to the object of my present visit. A bottle of this subtle fluid has been stolen from me: it has fallen into the hands of persons whose desperate characters I have too much reason to know; and I dread lest the most fearful uses should be made of it. Therefore have I lost no time in coming to make you acquainted with this circumstance. For to tell you the truth, I feared that if such evil uses as I anticipate should be made of the fluid, and that you heard of any such case, you might at once, on the impulse of the moment, declare *that some years back you had communicated the secret to a lady, and that from her only could the dangerous elimination have been procured.* Under such circumstances I might become seriously compromised—for carelessness, at the least——for from what you told me at the time I thought it very improbable you would ever communicate the secret to another——"

"Ah! I recollect," exclaimed Dr. Ferney, "I said that inasmuch as you had taken so deep an interest in that discovery, it should remain sacred on your account; so that I might have the satisfaction of thinking to myself that there was at least one being in the world whose smile of approval had gladdened me in my scientific pursuits."

"It was because you spoke thus," rejoined the lady, "and because I read at the time the generosity and sincerity of your character, that I felt assured they were not idle words you had uttered. Therefore, when the phial of fluid was purloined from me last night, I said to myself, 'If it should really be the case that to me only in the world has Dr. Ferney entrusted his secret, I now stand a twofold risk. In the first place, should an evil use be made of the fluid by the hands into which it has fallen, and if he comes to hear of it, he may proclaim to the world that from a certain lady could the subtle essence alone have been obtained. Or else, in the second place, he will perhaps ascribe direct to me whatsoever crime may be perpetrated; and it would be terrible to suffer thus in the estimation of any one.'—These were the terms in which I reasoned to myself; and therefore, in anticipation of whatsoever may ensue from the loss of my phial of chloroform, I resolved upon paying you this visit."

"I am glad—I am rejoiced," replied the doctor, "that the incident has occurred, since it has procured me the happiness of your presence. But what would you have me do? in what way can I assist you? Speak—you can command me in all things."

"Should you hear of any case in which the villains who have stolen the fluid make an evil use of it, you will pass the matter over in silence—you will take no step that shall lead to farther investigations? Will you promise me this, doctor?" asked the lady.

"I will—most faithfully and most readily," replied the physician. "Is this all that you require? is this all that I can do?"

"I have nothing more to ask," rejoined the lady. "And now, Dr. Ferney," she said, rising from her seat, "I must take my leave. But one word!" she exclaimed, as a sudden thought struck her. "If perchance," she continued, in that winning way which women know so well how to adopt towards those over whose hearts their charms have power, "should we ever meet in the great world, it must be as simple acquaintances—almost as strangers, and not a word from your lips will suffer others to know under what circumstances we met long years ago—much less for what purpose!"

"Have I not already told you," asked the doctor, in a mildly and mournfully reproachful voice, "that I would sooner die than do you an injury. Relative to that purpose of which you speak, I have so far buried it in oblivion that it remains entombed at the bottom of my soul. Did the Inquisition exist now, and rear its hydra-head armed with all its terrors in the very heart of England, not even all the tortures of the rack should drag forth that secret from me. It is your's—not mine."

"Generous man that you are! accept my warmest, sincerest, most heartfelt thanks! And think not that though nineteen years have elapsed since last we met, I have been unmindful of your welfare. I have watched you from a distance—I have seen you rise to eminence—and I have been rejoiced. If I did not send you my congratulations, it was because——But no matter! I congratulate you now—and with a fervid sincerity."

"But you will not leave me thus abruptly?" said the physician. "You, who were interested in my little laboratory at Islington, will surely condescend to cast a look within the walls of the larger one which I possess in Conduit Street? And you remember too, that nucleus of a museum which I had formed, also in Islington—a small closet containing a few curiosities, with difficulty purchased by the hard savings of those times? Well, the little nucleus in the small closet has grown and expanded into a large collection, filling a suite of four chambers within these walls."

"Yes—I will with pleasure visit your laboratory and your museum," returned the lady, who was evidently anxious to render herself agreeable to the physician, as an additional inducement for him to keep inviolable the several secrets with which he appeared to be entrusted.

"Come then," said Ferney: and taking a lamp off his reading-desk, he led the way from the study.

Crossing a landing-place, the physician guided the lady along a passage to a door which he threw open; and she soon found herself in the laboratory. We need not pause to describe in detail the appearance of this place: the imagination of our readers can easily depict the shelves covered with jars and bottles duly labelled with the chemical hieroglyphics—the furnace in one corner—the alembics, retorts, and other implements which lay scattered about—the book-case containing several curious volumes—

and the table in the middle, crowded with phials filled with fluids of all colours and qualities, saucers containing crystals, and the other results of a wondrous science perseveringly pursued by one of its most ardent disciples.

The lady, after examining the various implements with great apparent interest and curiosity, turned towards the table, and inspecting the phials, asked several questions relative to their contents. Dr. Ferney, who for years had never been excited by any tribute of praise or any personal homage shown to his scientific genius, was now perfectly overjoyed at the interest which the lady seemed to take therein. But then he loved her—he had worshipped her image for those long, long years—and she was now present with him in the living reality! He explained to her one after another the natures and uses of the various fluids contained in the phials; and at length taking up one which she herself had not noticed, he said, "Here is a liquid of so deadly a poison, that I am even surprised at my own indiscretion in leaving it here. It is fortunate however that my servants possess no undue curiosity, and never penetrate to my private rooms without previous orders. Indeed, the foolish creatures declare that they are haunted," added the doctor with a smile.

"But this remarkable poison of which you began to speak," said the lady: "is it also a new discovery of yours?"

"It is an elimination which I succeeded in obtaining but yesterday," replied Dr. Ferney. "There is no poison so fatal in existence. It needs not even so much as a drop poured down the throat: the point of a feather dipped therein and placed with the gentlest touch upon the lip, would produce instantaneous death. The peculiar property of the fluid is that it is inodorous as it is likewise clear as water."

"And wherefore this deadly—this terrible discovery?" asked the lady: "what purpose can it serve?"

"Not that to which I may have seemed to allude," replied the physician, again smiling: for he experienced a rare happiness in the company of the object of his undying affection. "But by means of this fluid, used infinitesimally with large admixtures, I have no doubt of accomplishing some wondrous cures. Let us now pass on into the museum:"—and thus speaking, Dr. Ferney placed the little phial containing the deadly poison on the edge of the table.

He now took up the lamp once more, and was leading the way out of the laboratory, when there was a sudden crash and a sort of stifled shriek on the part of the lady. Dr. Ferney turned hastily round; and on perceiving what it was, he besought her not to vex herself on account of the accident.

"Oh, how awkward—how careless on my part!" she cried, with an air of the utmost annoyance. "It was the fringe of my shawl that swept all these phials from the table."

"No matter! no matter!" said the physician. "Pray do not blame yourself."

"But the fruits of your labours?" she exclaimed, looking down at the quantity of broken glass and the pool of liquid on the floor.

"Again I say no matter!" persisted the physician, who was annoyed only on the lady's account—for she appeared deeply vexed.

"But the phial containing the deadly poison?" she observed. "That, I fear, was amongst them."

"Still no matter!" rejoined Dr. Ferney. "It perhaps serves me right for leaving it about in so negligent a manner. Come and let me show you the wonders of my museum."

The lady accordingly followed him from the laboratory; and as she did so, she took the opportunity of thrusting into her bosom something which she had held in her hand.

They now ascended a flight of stairs; and on reaching the landing above, Dr. Ferney opened a door which led into the suite of apartments containing the various objects of physiological curiosity, anatomical preparation, and waxen effigy, to which we alluded at the opening of this chapter.

"Here," said the doctor, as he held the lamp before an array of skulls upon a shelf, "are the heads of many celebrated criminals, procured——no matter exactly how. To the lover of the phrenological science each head tells its own peculiar story, and without previous knowledge, affords a certain clue to the reading of the history of the individual to whom it belonged. The very crimes which the wretches perpetrated and for which they suffered, are distinctly evidenced by the construction of their skulls. Now, here," continued the doctor, carrying the lamp to the front of a mummy in its case, "is an Egyptian Princess dug out of the Pyramid of Cheops. This one next to it is the petrified form of a male slave found in a kitchen belonging to a palace in Herculaneum. It was dug out from amidst the lava, which had preserved instead of destroying it. See that iron chain upon the leg: it was the badge of servitude! Here, in this next case, is a corpse which, to tell you the truth, I procured from the resurrection-men several years ago. Ah! I used to be a good customer to them, when bodies could not be so easily obtained as they can now. This furnishes the result of an experiment of mine in embalming. See how admirably it is preserved! does it not seem as if the individual had only died yesterday? But while I think of embalming, I can show you another specimen. That also I procured from the body-snatchers; and, by the bye, it is just about nineteen years ago—shortly after our acquaintance in London ended and you quitted my mother's abode. Business called me into the country; and there I purchased this *subject* which I am about to show you. It seems he was drowned. He must have been a very fine young man; and I flatter myself that it is the most successful experiment I ever made in the process of embalming. Here, this way."

Thus speaking, Dr. Ferney led the lady into the adjacent room: and there, advancing close up to a tall coffin-looking case, which stood upright on one end, and with a glass front, he pointed to its inmate, saying, "This is the one."

The lady, though naturally of strong mind, had contemplated with some degree of cold horror the various objects hitherto pointed out: but, as already stated, it suited her purpose to manifest as much interest as she was able in the things that constituted the doctor's favourite studies. She now advanced up to this fresh object of curiosity to which Dr. Ferney had alluded: but what words can depict her horror, astonishment, and dismay, when she

thus found herself as it were face to face with Ralph Farefield?

For the doctor's visitress, as the reader has doubtless all along known, was none other than Lady Saxondale!

Yes—there stood Ralph Farefield, looking as if he had not been dead a day—apparelled, too, in a befitting suit of raiment; for thus was the doctor accustomed to clothe his *subjects*, so as to give them a life-like appearance. Yes—there was Ralph Farefield, gazing with his artificial eyes of glass, forth from his coffin-case, upon the horror-stricken Lady Saxondale. Fortunate for her was it that utter consternation paralyzed her voice and for the moment struck her dumb,—fortunate too was it that a massive table was near, against which she supported herself as she staggered back,— fortunate also was it that Dr. Ferney had his own eyes turned towards the corpse at the time: for had it not been for all these circumstances, Lady Saxondale would have screamed out—would have sunk down upon the floor—and would have betrayed the terrible emotions so suddenly excited by this tremendous discovery. And never, too, had her natural strength of mind been so abruptly called upon to put forth all its powers: never was the readiness of self-possession so completely needed! Nor was she at fault in these respects. She became herself all in a moment: but it was with a terrible effort that cost agonies in making it—and the coolness she assumed was unnatural to a degree.

"It is indeed wonderful, my dear Dr. Ferney," she observed. "Your success in the art of preserving these objects is beyond all parallel. Truly, you must have discovered the Egyptian secret: the lost key has been found by you. But, Ah!" she suddenly exclaimed, as a clock in the museum struck eleven,—a circumstance of which she was only too glad to avail herself as an excuse for immediate departure,—"is it possible that I have been here two whole hours? And now it is so late! The time has slipped away——how fast, how fast! My dear Dr. Ferney, I must say farewell at once."

"And may I hope," inquired the physician, "that on some future occasion you will favour me with your presence in my humble abode? But no—not for the world, unless perfectly agreeable to yourself——"

"Yes, doctor—I will assuredly visit you again. Meanwhile you will recollect the promise you have made me?"

"It were impossible to forget anything in connexion with you—and equally impossible not to keep any pledge which you have required."

Lady Saxondale was now escorted by Dr. Ferney out of the museum; and she appeared to breathe more freely when the door of that hideous place had closed behind her. Carefully covering her countenance with her veil again, she descended the stairs, preceded by the physician, who carried the light; and in the hall she bade him farewell. For a moment he felt the pressure of her hand as it held his own; and when she had departed, and the street-door was shut again, and the doctor was left to the solitude of his own thoughts, that pressure of the hand seemed to linger—it was still felt—and the music of the lady's voice likewise seemed to sound in his ears.

Strange was the love which this man felt for that woman whose real name he knew not and of whose station in life he was equally ignorant! But this love of his—was it an infatuation? No: it was rather a deep and holy devotion which his heart offered up eternally at the shrine of love. There was nothing maudlin in that love—no sickly sentimentalism against which common sense nauseates: it was not a love showing itself in caprices—passionate outbursts alternating with fits of despondency;—it was a love which ruffled not the even tenour of his way—it was an essence mingling with the waters on which his bark of life floated, and not a breeze sweeping over its surface. It was a love without grossness—without impurity—and the disappointment and hopelessness of which had been accompanied by a profound resignation. How strange, then, is the influence of love! but in how many varied ways does it manifest its power! Even the strong mind of that man—a man given up to philosophic study and scientific research—yielded to its influence: its etherealising spirit commingled with the tide of his erudition—it interwove itself amidst the tissues of his learning—and ampler and ampler though the stores of knowledge grew in that man's soul, there was yet no infringement upon the space forming the tabernacle which enshrined his love.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LISTENERS.

On the following day, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, William Deveril knocked at the front-door of Saxondale House.

"Is her ladyship at home?" he inquired of the hall-porter; and while his face was very pale and even careworn, there was nevertheless a certain decisiveness in his looks and accents which indicated a firm and settled purpose.

"Her ladyship is at home, sir," was the porter's reply, given coldly though not insolently: "but I am sorry to say that I have orders not to admit you."

"Under most circumstances such an intimation," replied Deveril, "would be respected by any one of good manners and breeding: but there are also circumstances which justify an individual in demanding an audience and insisting upon his demand being complied with. Such are the circumstances in which I am placed."

"I am afraid I cannot help you, sir," said the hall porter, standing at the door in such a way as to be ready to bar Deveril's entrance, should he make the attempt.

"Do not pay me such an ill compliment," he observed, in a gentle though manly tone of rebuke, "as to suppose that I shall endeavour to force my way into the house. I am incapable of such conduct. But what I desire is, that you send up a message to Lady Saxondale to the effect that I demand an interview, not as a favour, but as a right."

"I will certainly send up a message," said the hall-porter: and no longer thinking it necessary to keep the door-way guarded, he turned round and directed a footman to report to her ladyship what Mr. Deveril had said.

In a few minutes the footman, who, very differens

from the hall-porter, was an insolent, self-sufficient conceited puppy of a fellow, came rushing down the stairs; and shouting out, "Her ladyship says you are to be off,"—banged the door violently in Deveril's face.

Now, it happened that Juliana Farefield was in the dining-room opening from the hall at the time this scene took place; and as the door was only ajar she overheard everything that passed. As the reader is aware, she was previously incredulous relative to her mother's tale; and the step which Deveril had thus taken fully confirmed this incredulity on her part. The calm decisive manner in which Deveril had spoken, appeared to be stamped with a consciousness of his own innocence and of the foul wrong which he had received; and as Juliana was very far from wanting in shrewdness and good sense, the young gentleman's conduct could not fail to make a strong impression on her mind. Thinking that he would either return, or else take some other step in order to procure an explanation at Lady Saxondale's hands—and being curious to watch the result—Juliana determined to be on the look-out for the remainder of the afternoon. Being presently joined by her sister, she communicated to her what had happened; and Constance, who likewise possessed a large share of curiosity, now became equally anxious to see how the affair would progress.

An hour after Deveril's rude dismissal from the house, a very loud knock and a very imperious ring were given at the front door; and the moment the hall-porter opened it, a short stout gentleman, well but quaintly dressed, marched without ceremony into the hall. Having thus gained a footing inside the fortress, he seemed to consider it as good as taken: for he said in a tone of authority to the impudent puppy of a footman who at once accosted him, "Show me up-stairs to her ladyship."

This mode of address, coupled with the gentleman's air of confidence, at once produced the

desired effect: for as he gave no card, and walked in with so little ceremony, it was natural to suppose that he knew perfectly well what he was doing and was certain of being well received. The footman accordingly conducted him up the spacious staircase; and on reaching the landing, he said in the usual manner, "What name, sir, shall I announce?"

"Mr. Gunthorpe," was the reply.

"Mr. Gunthorpe!" vociferated the footman, as he threw open the door leading into the drawing-room where Lady Saxondale was seated.

Here we must interrupt the narrative for a moment to state that Juliana and Constance, being on the watch in the dining-room, had witnessed the arrival of the stout gentleman—had heard the imperious manner in which he addressed the footman—and had peeped forth to survey him with more attention than they had been enabled to bestow at the glimpse they caught of him from the window when ascending the front-door step.

"I do declare," whispered Juliana, "that he exactly answers the description given of that Mr. Gunthorpe whom Edmund described to us so ludicrously! The same scratch wig—the same overhanging chin—the same curious-fashioned garments——"

"Yes: but what can he want with mamma?" asked Constance.

"Let us see," responded Juliana. "I have a presentiment that his visit is in some way or another connected with Mr. Deveril."

The two young ladies quitted the dining-room—ascended the staircase—and stealing into an apartment adjoining that where Mr. Gunthorpe had just been introduced to Lady Saxondale's presence, they placed themselves at the door of communication between the two rooms. The door was shut: but it was easy to overhear in one apartment what was taking place in the other; and so the two Miss Farefields were enabled to gratify their curiosity to the utmost extent.

Let us now look on the other side of the door at which Juliana and Constance are listening.

Lady Saxondale, on hearing the name of Mr. Gunthorpe announced, recognised it at once as that of an individual whom she had overheard her son Edmund hold up to ridicule one day when he was in a lively and bantering mood; and certainly the appearance of this gentleman was sufficient to confirm in her ladyship's mind whatsoever amount of ludicrous impression her son's discourse concerning him had previously made. Not for an instant did it strike Lady Saxondale that he came about William Deveril's business; and feeling offended at the unceremonious way in which he had caused himself to be announced, she received him with the most freezing coldness. Mr. Gunthorpe was however the last person on the face of the earth to be discomfited by such a reception; and coolly taking a seat, though altogether unasked, he observed, "I dare say your ladyship is much surprised at this visit on the part of one who has obtained no formal introduction?"

"I presume, sir," returned Lady Saxondale, with an ice-like dignity, "that having some trifling knowledge of my son you have called to see him? But he is not at home at the present time——"

"I beg your ladyship to understand," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "that I should not take so unwarrantable a liberty as to presume upon my slight—*very* slight acquaintance with Lord Saxondale so far as to intrude myself upon the privacy of his mother. But my object is to have some serious conversation with your ladyship on behalf of a young gentleman in whom I am somewhat interested—I mean Mr. Deveril."

So unexpectedly was this announcement made, and therefore so totally unprepared was Lady Saxondale to preserve her presence of mind when that name appeared to be thrown at her like an accusation, that she gave a sudden start and looked confused. But the loss of fortitude could only be momentary with a woman of her strong mind; and therefore immediately recovering herself, she said, coldly and distantly as before, "Out of respect for your years, sir, I will listen to what you may have to say: but I cannot promise you to pardon the young man on whose behalf you are come."

"Pardon, my lady!" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe with some little show of indignation. "It is not pardon that he seeks—it is justice. Pardon is to be sought by those who injure—not by those who are injured."

"The only interpretation I can put upon your words, sir," rejoined Lady Saxondale, with a voice and look of consummate assurance, "is to suppose that Mr. Deveril has given you some false version of his conduct towards me——"

"Or of your ladyship's conduct towards him? But no!" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe: "he is incapable of speaking falsely."

"And I, sir," cried Lady Saxondale, her cheeks suffusing with a crimson glow and her eyes flashing fire,—"do you dare insinuate that I am capable of speaking falsely?"

"Madam," returned Mr. Gunthorpe, "it is always an unpleasant business to have to make accusations at all; but the task becomes doubly disagreeable when the accuser is one of the stronger sex, and the accused is one of the weaker. Such is the present case."

"Mr. Gunthorpe," said Lady Saxondale, rising from her seat upon the sofa, "this interview cannot proceed farther."

"Madam," answered the old gentleman, "I am not a man to be diverted from my course by any overbearing conduct. I am not one of those who are dazzled by the false lustre of patrician rank. I know very well that meteors blaze at a distance, but when they fall down upon the earth they prove to be merely vile stones. So it is with the false gods and goddesses of the British aristocracy; and therefore I neither worship such idols nor can be intimidated by them."

"Mr. Gunthorpe, if you have come hither on purpose to insult me," said Lady Saxondale, resuming her seat upon the sofa, "I must submit: for it would grieve me much to be compelled to order my lacqueys to eject a gentleman of your respectable appearance and advanced years."

"I am confident that you do not even entertain the thought of such a thing, Lady Saxondale, as daring to bid a lacquey lay a hand upon me:"—and as Mr. Gunthorpe thus spoke, he looked her ladyship firmly and resolutely in the face, till, conscience-stricken, her own gaze cowered beneath his own. "Now, will you permit me without interruption to tell you a little anecdote, the object and purpose of which I will explain to you at the end? It is this:—A lady of proud title, a widow, who has

always borne in the presence of the world an untainted reputation, falls in love with a young man, much her inferior in what society has chosen to denominate rank. She is too much a slave to the artificialities and fictions of this same society to think of marrying the young man: but she has so little regard for decency, virtue, and real prudence, as to offer to become this young man's mistress. Yes—this she did in language glowing and warm; and she appeared to think that she had only to make the proposition in order to have it at once accepted. But this lady has grown up daughters, to whom the best and brightest example should be afforded: and yet in her foolish infatuation, and blinded by her passion, she offers to become the paramour of this young man whose personal beauty has aroused her desires. He rejects the proposal in terms of forbearing gentleness, but with loathing and abhorrence in his heart. Commiserating this lady who has so far forgotten herself in her unfortunate passion, he is even generous enough to promise the concealment of her folly—or shall I say her wickedness? But she menaces him with a terrible vengeance. He leaves her with sorrow in his heart that so much depravity can exist, masked by a beauty of the grandest and most lofty character; and he hopes that her repentance may enable him to throw the veil of secrecy over what has occurred. But conceive what his feelings must be when he discovers that this lady, too faithful to her threatened plan of vengeance, deliberately and purposely calls upon her acquaintances and friends in order to propagate a tale entirely to the prejudice of this young man."

Mr. Gunthorpe ceased speaking—but continued to look very hard at Lady Saxondale, from whose countenance indeed he had not once removed his eyes during the whole time he was delivering that lengthy address. He saw that notwithstanding her natural strength of mind and her proud assurance, she winced at his words—writhed under his narrative as he developed it—experienced an increasing confusion—and showed conscious guilt in every lineament of her countenance.

"Mr. Gunthorpe," she said, with a desperate effort to resume her self-possession, "it would be worse than childish for me to affect ignorance of the allusions you have been making. But, sir,"—and she felt her fortitude revive as she went on speaking,—"if you dare attribute such conduct to me—if you dare put such a version upon whatsoever passed between Mr. Deveril and myself—I must denounce you as a calumniator and must order you from my presence!"

"Be it as you will, madam," said the old gentleman, rising from his seat and taking up his broad-brimmed hat from the chair on which he had deposited it in companionship with his gold-headed cane. "But perhaps you are not aware of the course which it will be necessary to take under existing circumstances? Lady Saxondale, I am a rich man—and for no purpose would I sooner dispense a portion of my wealth than to procure justice for this Mr. William Deveril whom you have so cruelly and wantonly injured. Doubtless you thought, Lady Saxondale, that with your high position—your proud name—your lofty station—and, if need were, even with your gold—you might crush at your will that young man? But it shall not be so. He is not without friends: at all events he has one in me. And I now warn your ladyship that the tribunals shall be appealed to—an action for defamation of character shall be commenced against you——"

"Enough, sir—enough! I have already heard far too much," cried Lady Saxondale, starting up from her seat: for she saw that there was now no alternative but to meet the affair with a brazen effrontery—to take a bold and desperate stand—and to bid defiance to all menaces and to all hostile proceedings.

"One word more, madam," said Mr. Gunthorpe, whose manner seemed to be invested with an authoritativeness irresistibly powerful, and which despite the resolve to which she had just come, exercised its influence over Lady Saxondale. "You possess two daughters—two grown-up daughters—young women indeed of a marriageable age, and for whom you are doubtless anxious to seek befitting alliances. Consider, madam, the demoralizing example which your conduct is but too well calculated to set them. Think you that if you push the present deplorable incident to the utmost extreme, nothing will transpire detrimental to yourself? Yes—believe me, all the world will put faith in William Deveril's story in preference to your own; and if the verdict of a jury should stamp you as a calumniatrix, it will by the same decision proclaim you to be nothing more than a demirep. Then, madam, what will become of your daughters? will their mother's evil reputation accelerate their chances of forming suitable and proper matrimonial connexions? And your son too, over whom, as I understand, your authority even at present is by no means well established,—will *he* regard the exposure of your gross passion for Deveril and your licentious overtures, as a reason why he should become more obedient? Think of all this, Lady Saxondale, ere you precipitate matters to an irrevocable extreme. At present you may privately repair the injury done to Deveril in those quarters where you have privately inflicted it. I know that it will be gall and wormwood for you to be compelled to recant your allegations, confess that they were calumnies, and give some explanation for your sudden hostility towards him; but ten thousand times worse will it be if in a court of justice all the details of the case are brought to light. Now, madam, for the last time, what is your decision?"

"I have nothing more to say, sir," responded Lady Saxondale, desperately clinging to the resolve she had already formed, and to meet all consequences with a brazen effrontery. "If I have listened to you so long, it is, I repeat, out of respect for your age——"

"No, Lady Saxondale," observed Mr. Gunthorpe, showing by his look that he could read to the depths of her heart as plainly as the eye can penetrate through a crystal streamlet to its pebbly bottom: "you have been influenced by no such generous motive. It is fear, Lady Saxondale—fear that has made you listen to me to the end——yes, *fear* I repeat, despite the powerful efforts which you have exerted and are still exerting to conquer the sentiment! But I will intrude no longer."

At this moment the door opened from the landing, and Lord Saxondale entered the room. He was lounging in with that fashionable affectation of lan-

guor and lassitude which seemed as if anything like an exertion were too much for his aristocratic constitution on a sultry day in the middle of summer, —when catching sight of Mr. Gunthorpe, he instantly burst into an ironical laugh, exclaiming in his cracked voice, "Ah! my worthy friend of the *Bell and Crown*, what on earth has brought you from the vulgar regions of the City? You must feel terribly out of place in our fashionable atmosphere."

Nothing could equal the look of mingled scorn and contempt which Mr. Gunthorpe bent upon Edmund Saxondale, as the latter delivered himself of those flippant impertinences. The old gentleman was at that instant neither comical nor common-looking: there was something exceedingly noble and dignified in his appearance, as if he felt in the depths of his own heart that instead of standing before a superior, it was he himself who was gazing down from a higher pedestal than the conceited young coxcomb could ever dream of occupying, no matter what advantages he might possess in respect to birth, rank, riches, and honours. Lady Saxondale herself, who possessed the nicest appreciation of everything that savoured of real dignity, was astonished at the superior look which Mr. Gunthorpe wore at that instant; and even Edmund was overawed by the old gentleman's appearance. His mind was not so completely perverted but he felt he deserved the overwhelming rebuke conveyed in Mr. Gunthorpe's indignant glances; and the rebuke too was more cutting and more searching a thousand times when thus conveyed than if it had been given in words. But still Edmund was not at all the young man to submit with a good grace to the castigation; and promptly recovering his habitual impertinence and self-sufficiency, he gave another affected laugh, exclaiming, "Well done, old fellow! you look just as you did that day when you blew up the cabman in Jermyn Street. You remember what I mean?"

"Madam," said Mr. Gunthorpe, turning his eyes towards Lady Saxondale and bending a significant look upon her, "I really pity you in the possession of such a son as this."

"You insolent old scoundrel!" ejaculated Edmund, becoming all in a moment livid with rage: and clenching his fist, he was about to rush toward the old gentleman, when the latter held up his gold-headed cane with a resoluteness that made the coward youth fall back.

"If you were to dare lay a finger on me, my lord," said Mr. Gunthorpe, calmly, "I would inflict that chastisement which you so richly deserve."

Thus speaking, he walked forth from the apartment, while Lady Saxondale pulled the bell violently. A couple of footmen instantaneously rushed to the room; and Lady Saxondale exclaimed, "Let that person be at once shown out of the house, and never admitted again!"

"Yes—and let him be kicked out!" screamed forth the infuriate Edmund, as he rushed out upon the landing, and looking over the staircase gave this vent to his impotent rage against Mr. Gunthorpe.

But the old gentleman descended the stairs as coolly and imperturbably as if he were merely retiring after having paid an ordinary visit of courtesy, —while the ferule of his cane tapped upon every one of the marble steps as he continued his way.

"What did that old fool want here?" demanded Lord Saxondale, as he sped back into the drawing-room, now intent upon venting his ill-humour upon his mother by seeking a quarrel with her.

"Rather let me ask," returned her ladyship, who was in precisely a similar mood towards her son, "how you dare insult a visitor whom you find with me, and thus lead to a scene which is calculated to scandalise the entire household?"

"I insult him indeed!" ejaculated Edmund, now flinging himself lazily upon the sofa, as if exhausted by the effort of even putting himself into a rage. "Why, I think you took it up pretty warmly too, by ringing the bell in that frantic manner and giving such orders to the servants. But I say, mother, what is this story that I hear running like wildfire all over London? Young William Deveril has been making love to you? Now you see what it is to have anything to do with such low fellows as these. I always disliked him, and was a deuced great mind to kick him out of the house."

But Lady Saxondale only threw a glance of sovereign contempt upon her son, as if she knew him to be a coward in his heart notwithstanding the ridiculous boast he had just made; and feeling the necessity of seeking the retirement of her own chamber in order to compose her agitated feelings and ponder well upon the particulars of her interview with Mr. Gunthorpe, she quitted the room.

Meanwhile Juliana and Constance had in the adjoining apartment overheard everything which had taken place. From the very first Juliana had never believed her mother's story respecting Deveril; and the result of Mr. Gunthorpe's visit was to confirm her opinion of its complete and utter falsity. To the same conclusion was Constance necessitated to arrive, though more slowly, with far less readiness to discredit her mother, and with feelings of regret to which Juliana was an entire stranger. Well indeed had Mr. Gunthorpe expatiated on the demoralising effect of such an example set by a mother to her daughters; yet little did he think that the influence of this example was already felt—little did he imagine that even as he spoke his propetic words were receiving their fulfilment! And what was the picture presented to the contemplation of these young ladies? That their mother, having cast her affections upon an object whom the conventionalisms of society did not permit her to marry, even if he himself were inclined to espouse her, had offered to take him as a paramour—to throw herself into his arms as his mistress! For that Mr. Gunthorpe had only too faithfully recited what had really passed between their mother and Deveril, Juliana and Constance felt assured; and now therefore they had been brought to regard their own parent as a mere demirep in heart, wearing virtue as a mask, and concealing a real depravity beneath that exterior of severe hauteur and imposing dignity.

Whatsoever was impassioned in the temperaments of Juliana and Constance, was now rendered all the more glowing—especially in the case of the former, whose hot blood literally boiled in her veins. All the latent heat of her imagination was in a moment fanned into a blaze—a veil appeared to have fallen from her eyes—and she rushed to the conclusion that no women were really virtuous, but that all would seek the opportunity of gratifying their passions, trusting to conceal their frailty and their

guilt beneath the mask of hypocrisy. Even the comparatively pure mind of Constance caught the poisonous infection arising from the same source; and in the space of a brief half-hour those two sisters had become years older in the depravities of the imagination.

Oh, wretched wretched Lady Saxondale! if you could only have known how much of the evil seed which is naturally implanted in frail human nature had been all on a sudden made to shoot forth and germinate with fearful rapidity, even almost to the bearing of its kindred fruits, in the bosoms of your daughters, you would have shrunk appalled from the startling fact that it was your doing. For, Oh! the Medusa-head of a mother's bad example will paralyse and turn to rigid stone all the lively virtues and healthy qualities of her children. Woe unto thee, Lady Saxondale!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MIRROR.

About two hours later in the day, Juliana Farefield, dressed for dinner in a costume that set off her finely developed charms to the utmost advantage, was half reclining upon a sofa in one of the drawing-rooms, and whiling away the time with a volume of the last new novel. Little however of its contents did the lady's memory retain: for though she was reading of love there, she was thinking of love at the same time apart from the topic of the book. Her ideas seemed to flow in two distinct channels,—one following the course of the glowing descriptions of love as dressed up by the novelist—the other pursuing the raptures and blandishments of love as she herself felt and understood them.

There was a heightened colour upon her cheeks—a dewy moisture upon her rich red lips—a melting languor in her fine dark eyes—a languor the sensuousness of which was deepened by the half-closing of the lids, as if those eyes, faithfully reflecting the condition of the mind, were weighed down by the delicious thoughts that rested on her soul within. For the soul itself feels a kind of pleasurable oppressiveness and the weight of a softly sensuous languor when the imagination gives way to the rapt dreamings of love—even as the bee, which sips sweets from every flower, is oppressed by the burden of the delicious food wherewith it is laden,—or as the breezes of an oriental clime become heavy with the rich perfumes and odours which they have accumulated while they wandered kissingly over the brightest and fairest flowers of the earth.

Juliana was alone at the time in that room. Constance was in her own chamber, penning a response to a *billet* which she had received from the Marquis de Villebelle, through the agency of the faithful Mary-Anne. Lady Saxondale was likewise in her own room, pondering upon her unpleasant interview with Mr. Gunthorpe, and revolving a thousand wild and desperate plans in her mind for the purpose of arresting the hostile proceedings menaced by that gentleman on the part of William Deveril. As for Lord Saxondale, after having returned home for an hour or two just to see if there were any letters for him, he had gone back to the villa in the Seven Sisters' Road, laden with new presents and a fresh supply of costly gifts for the designing and fascinating Emily Archer.

Juliana therefore was alone in the drawing-room between five and six o'clock on that day of which we are writing; and what with the inspirations of the novel she was reading, the glowing character of her own thoughts, and the influence of those revelations which had come to her ears in respect to her mother, it was no wonder if she should at length fall into the following train of reflections:—

"Assuredly I should become the laughing-stock of the whole world," she said to herself, as she laid aside her book, "if I were to run away with Frank Paton and marry him. Yes, for no matter what the secret of his birth may really be, he is but a page after all; and if I wait till that mystery is cleared up with the hope that he may eventually prove to be the son of distinguished persons, I may wait long enough. Besides, how is it possible to wait? I feel that this passion is devouring me ——Those, by the bye, are the very words which I have just now read in the novel! How truly some authors do depict our feelings! It was all very well for me to declare to Constance yesterday that I gloried in this love of mine, and that I should feel proud in becoming the wife of Francis Paton. Yes—but then I did not choose to acknowledge even to myself that there was any shame attached to this love—any reason to blush for it! It was an attempt to blazon forth something that nevertheless sat upon the heart like a remorse. Wherefore should I not imitate my mother's example? She would not marry William Deveril—but she——"

And then Juliana, not yet thoroughly depraved, checked the thought to which she was almost unconsciously giving expression in her musings; and returning to her book, she endeavoured to evade at least that portion of the ideas which had stolen upon her. But it was in vain: the idea was there—the seed had dropped upon a soil by no means unprepared to receive it—and although it might be covered up for a moment, it was nevertheless certain to take root—indeed all the more certain on that very account.

Presently the door opened, and Lady Saxondale entered the apartment. Juliana just lifted her eyes above her book to see who it was, and then went on reading without saying a word. In the same manner her ladyship glanced towards the sofa to see who was half reclining there; and likewise without speaking a word, she turned to the further extremity of the spacious room. There was a mutual feeling of embarrassment and mistrust on the part of the mother and the elder daughter. Lady Saxondale knew that her tale concerning Deveril had not been believed by Juliana; and her guilty conscience therefore made her think that the real truth of the transaction was suspected—for she was very far from entertaining an idea how completely it was known. On the other hand Juliana, being as yet young in the ways of duplicity and deceit, was always fearful lest her mother's eagle glance should detect her passion for the page; and now that somewhat unholy thoughts had arisen in the young lady's mind, her conscience suggested still more troubling fears than before. Thus was it that mistrust and suspicion subsisted between the patrician lady and her daughter.

Lady Saxondale retired, we said, to the farther

extremity of the apartment; and seating herself on a sofa, fell into a profound reverie. By a certain arrangement of drapery in the room, that sofa where Lady Saxondale had seated herself, was concealed from the view of Juliana; and for the same reason the latter, at the place where she lay half-reclined, was hidden from the eyes of her mother.

The young lady went on reading her book—ten minutes or a quarter of an hour elapsed—and as the love-passages of the tale grew more interesting, her attention became all the more completely absorbed in the perusal. The consequence was she altogether forgot the presence of her mother in the room—forgot it indeed as completely as if her ladyship were not there at all.

Presently the door opened again, and this time it was Frank Paton who entered. The beautiful youth appeared more beautiful than ever to the eyes of Juliana, inflamed as her imagination was at the moment, and thus keenly prone to enhance every detail of attraction and lineament of beauty. An electric thrill shot quiveringly through her—the colour heightened upon her cheeks—and fixing upon him as he approached a look brimful of passion, she half murmured, "Adorable boy, how I love you—Oh, how I love you."

He advanced close up to her, handing her a letter which had just arrived.

"Frank, dear Frank," she said in a low soft voice, as his eyes looked tenderly down into her's: and she patted his face with her hand.

He bent down towards her, invited by her gaze and her caresses to do so; and then their lips met in a long delicious kiss. At that instant the recollection flashed to Juliana's mind that Lady Saxondale was in the room; and full of affright was the glance which she threw towards the farther extremity. But the drapery hid her mother from her sight, and she experienced a feeling of indescribable relief at the reflection that she must in the same manner be concealed from her parent's view. Frank had noticed that sudden start—that quick glance of uneasiness—and the sudden disappearance of the carnation hue from her cheeks of delicately-tinted bistre; and instantaneously comprehending what all this meant, he likewise grew pale with affright. But Juliana gave him a reassuring tap on the cheek with her hand; so that the young page glided from the room more than ever in love if possible with the handsome Juliana.

This young lady then resumed her book; but instead of reading it, gave way to all the rapturous thoughts which the little scene just described had conjured up in her mind.

But every detail of that scene had been witnessed by Lady Saxondale—and in a very simple manner too: namely, the reflecting of the mirrors which embellished the walls of the apartment, and some of which, between the windows, descended to the floor. Yes—every detail of that scene had been witnessed by Juliana's mother! Not that she was watching her daughter at the time through the medium of the tell-tale mirrors: she was not even thinking of her: but it was in a mood of the most perfect abstraction that the eyes of Lady Saxondale were fixed upon the looking-glass opposite to her. Conceive her astonishment when she beheld the page bending over Juliana—the latter caressing his cheek with her hand,—yes, even to the looks of passion which her daughter rivetted on the handsome youth, did Lady Saxondale behold! But if there were any doubt in her mind—if for a moment she fancied there could be any mistake upon the subject—all uncertainty was cleared up by that long kiss of deliciousness and fervour in which the lips of Juliana and Francis were joined. Lady Saxondale sat perfectly aghast. It was impossible to disbelieve her eyes—and yet she still disbelieved the interpretation which she put upon what she saw. She believed and she disbelieved: all uncertainty was cleared up, and yet she dared not settle her mind upon the conviction thus established. But when the page had retired—when Juliana had resumed her book—when Lady Saxondale was compelled to admit to herself that what she had seen was true, and what had taken place was unmistakable, she felt such an awful feeling come over her that she sat like one petrified—turned into stone, with all the marble's terrible chill at her heart!

Good heavens! what a blow for the pride of the haughty Lady Saxondale! She who plumed herself so highly upon having prolonged the race into which she had married—the time-honoured race of Saxondale; she who regarded that name as one of the proudest chronicled in the pages of British history; she who had hoped that ere long some excellent match must present itself for her eldest daughter; she it was who now became compelled to admit to herself that this daughter had descended to amorous dalliance with a page. And in such a case it was no wonder if her ladyship abandoned herself to a belief in the worst: namely, that Juliana had been more culpable than she really was. At this thought the sense of petrifaction passed quickly away, and was instantaneously succeeded by a feeling as if molten lead had suddenly taken the place of blood in her veins—or as if that blood which a moment before seemed stagnant, had all in an instant been made to boil by the presence of some subtle but all-potent Promethean fire. There was a tingling sensation all over her; and her first impulse was to spring from her seat, rush forward, and tax Juliana with her supposed frailty and shame. But a second thought held her back. She remembered the increasing rebelliousness of her elder daughter's spirit; and she apprehended a scene which might lead to exposure before the household. Besides, if the evil were done it could not be repaired; and all the angry words in the world would not restore a lost virtue. Lady Saxondale therefore curbed her rage, bridled her indignation, and resolved to take no rash nor inconsiderate step. She must separate her daughter from the page: but even this she felt that it were impolitic to do all in a moment, lest Juliana in her wilfulness should leave the house with him, thus abandoning herself altogether to this passion of her's!

Terrible was the state of mind into which the unhappy woman was plunged. Calamities and cares of all kinds seemed gathering around her; and she appeared involved in the tangled web of a destiny that must terminate in ruin. But not long did her ladyship give way to these gloomy reflections: she was too strong-minded to become despondent or despairing on a sudden. She felt that she had need of all her energies in the various matters engaging her attention; and she said to herself, "It is absolutely necessary that I should be equal to

the task of meeting all difficulties and accomplishing all ends."

Lady Saxondale's musings were suddenly interrupted by the bursting open of the door nearest to where she sat,—for there were two doors to that spacious apartment;—and the housekeeper Mabel bounced into the room. By the agility of her movements she certainly appeared to have got well rid of her rheumatism; and if she had been eating the most peppery viands for dinner she could not possibly have been fired up with a greater degree of irritability than she displayed at present. We may even go so far as to state that she was in a boiling rage; and her red face, inflamed as it was with passion, looked like a perfect conflagration in contrast with the white cap with large frills that bordered this rubicund physiognomy.

"Mabel," exclaimed Lady Saxondale, starting from her seat in anticipation of a scene with her irate housekeeper; "what is the meaning of this abrupt intrusion?"

"Intrusion indeed!" screamed forth the woman whom this unfortunate word now appeared to excite almost to a positive frenzy: "everybody is bent on insulting me! But I will put up with it no longer. There is that jackanapes of a fellow who calls himself——"

"Mabel!" cried her ladyship, "take care what you say!"—and it was a strange look that she threw upon her housekeeper. "Tell me, what has my son been doing?"

"Doing? he is always doing something to vex and annoy me," was the response. "I never saw such a sneaking, cowardly fellow in all my life. He has been and told his valet that he will have me bundled out neck-and-crop just because I didn't stand aside and curtsey to him as he came down stairs this afternoon. But *you* know very well that he can't put his threat into execution—don't you, Lady Saxondale?"

"Mother," said Juliana, now rising from the sofa and advancing towards that part of the room where this scene was taking place, "I hope you will not believe everything that Mabel says against Edmund: for I must declare that a more insolent woman than this never had existence. She is constantly showing her airs to me and Constance; and all the servants of the household hate her."

"Oh! they do, do they?" shrieked forth Mabel, the sharp tones of her querulous voice ringing through the room: "then I will make them have something more to hate me for—and as for you, Miss, I snap my fingers at you."

"Mabel, Mabel!" cried Lady Saxondale, who appeared cruelly tortured by this scene; "I must insist——"

"Mother," interposed Juliana, "things have come to this pass in respect to Mabel that either you or she must show who is mistress here. For my part, I am resolved not to put up with her insolence any longer:"—and with these words Juliana walked out of the room, closing the door somewhat violently behind her.

"There! you see how I am treated!" cried the woman the instant she was alone with Lady Saxondale. "Everybody in the house thinks they have a right to insult me."

"Compose yourself, Mabel," said Lady Saxondale, with a look and accents of earnest entreaty. "It is useless for you to give way to these fits of rage——"

"Rage indeed!" she echoed. "Then why do they insult me—eh? Answer me that—answer me that!"

"I must say that you either imagine insults where none are intended, or else draw them down upon your own head. No one, Mabel, would travel out of their way to put a wanton and unmerited insult upon you."

"Ah! I suppose you are going to turn round upon me now. But you shan't though," cried Mabel, with threatening looks and gestures. "Recollect, Lady Saxondale, that with a single breath I could blow to the winds all this fabric of——"

"Hush, Mabel—hush, for God's sake! talk not so wildly—so rashly!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, as she flung a quick glance of apprehension around. "The very walls may have ears——But stay—let us come to some understanding. You are not happy beneath this roof; and over and over again I have offered to provide for you elsewhere. Why will you not retire to some comfortable little retreat, where, with a handsome allowance, you can be your own mistress and do exactly what you like?"

"Why don't I?" ejaculated Mabel: "for many reasons. In the first place, because I don't choose to be kicked off like an old shoe: in the second place because I am fond of authority, and therefore mean to keep my post of housekeeper here; and in the third place because I hate certain persons beneath this roof, and therefore enjoy the opportunity of showing my dislike."

These last words the woman spoke with a fiendish malignity which testified to the abhorrent nature of her disposition; and Lady Saxondale became deadly pale and trembled in every chord and fibre of her whole being as she listened.

"But, Mabel," she said, subduing her emotions as well as she could, "this is most unreasonable on your part. Do, for heaven's sake, have some consideration for me! What have I ever done to offend you? Have I not treated you with confidence—done all I could to make you happy——"

"Come, none of this stuff and nonsense, Lady Saxondale!" interrupted Mabel, who looked as if she were determined not to be appeased in any way. "I just tell you once for all that I mean my authority in this house to be second only to your's—that I will have that jackanapes of a fellow and that minx Juliana treat me with becoming respect. So you had better tell them to do so; or else I will have my revenge, no matter what are the consequences."

The woman had grasped the handle of the door as she thus spoke, and was about to fling out of the room, when Lady Saxondale made a motion for her to remain.

"Well—what is it?" demanded Mabel insolently.

"You must not—you really must not give way to these humours——"

"Humours indeed!"—and Mabel burst forth into another tirade, pretty well in the same strain as before.

While she was thus giving voluble vent to her perverse and malignant feelings, Lady Saxondale gradually grew grave and thoughtful. Some idea seemed to be expanding in her mind, and it was

evident this new thought was tending towards a desperate resolve. Mabel was still too much a prey to her irritated feelings to notice the ominous expression which Lady Saxondale's countenance had gradually assumed; and after giving vent to some more of her ill-humour, she abruptly withdrew.

"This matter is *also* coming to a crisis!" muttered Lady Saxondale to herself as the door closed behind the housekeeper. "Mabel is now the most dangerous of all those with whom I have to contend. But——"

And she stopped suddenly short, while the sinister lowering of her brows, the firm compression of her lips, and the decided air with which she turned towards the window, sufficiently indicated the adoption of some energetic resolve.

Soon afterwards a footman entered to announce that dinner was served up. Lady Saxondale accordingly descended to the dining-room, where Juliana and Constance had already met. The three ladies dined alone together that day: there was no company invited—and such a dinner was always held as the dullest thing in the world amongst people in high life. For the families of the aristocracy have seldom any resources of their own—while the frivolities and platitudes of fashionable life become wearisome to a degree, stale and flat beyond measure, when practised amongst themselves. Thus it is that they seldom dine without guests at their table. On the present occasion, therefore, the dinner-scene was tedious and insipid to a degree: but little conversation passed, and that was of a languid description. Nevertheless Lady Saxondale was the whole time watching Juliana's countenance, without appearing to take any unusual notice of her. She looked, with the keen eye of a mother, to probe the young lady's secret to the very uttermost, and ascertain if there were any indications to confirm her worst suspicion: but on this head she could gather nothing certain.

The cloth was removed and the dessert was upon the table, when Francis Paton entered the room; and accosting Lady Saxondale, bent down and whispered something in a low voice. Her ladyship gave an involuntary start, and even turned pale for a moment—all of which was observed by Juliana, though she appeared to be deeply occupied at the moment in cutting off the rind from a slice of pine-apple.

"Tell the person I will see her in a few minutes," said Lady Saxondale aloud.

Francis Paton bowed and withdrew; and her ladyship, who evidently remained only for the sake of not appearing to be flurried by the announcement she had received, affected to talk a little more blithely than she had ere now done. But in a few minutes she rose and quitted the room, intimating that she should return almost directly.

"I am convinced," said Juliana to Constance the moment the door closed behind their mother, "that the message she received was from the same old woman who called the night of the great dinner-party. I am certain it is. What would I give to discover her business! But I do not see how it is possible to go and listen at the parlour-door."

"No—do not risk it, dear Juliana," urged Constance. "To tell you the truth, I almost wish we had not listened to-day when Mr. Gunthorpe called. It is so shocking a thing to have one's confidence snaken in one's own mother!"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Juliana. "We are getting too old for such mawkish sentimentalism; and I for one mean in future to be my own mistress. But this woman——I *must* go and ascertain if it be she."

With these words Juliana tripped forth from the dining-room which opened into the hall. On the opposite side was the parlour into which persons calling on any private business were usually shown; and it was in that parlour the young lady knew her mother to be now closetted with the woman whose arrival had been announced by Francis. No one was in the hall at the moment; and Juliana, unable to resist the opportunity and the temptation, approached the parlour-door. She heard a female voice speaking at the moment.

"But I insist upon it," said this voice, in a peremptory manner and with loud accents. "I insist upon it, I repeat."

"Hush! do not be so violent," immediately answered Lady Saxondale in an imploring tone, which sounded singular indeed when coming from her haughty lips. "How can I possibly do it? The police have got the matter in hand——"

"Yes: they have, and you have put them too much on the right scent," at once retorted the woman. "Chiffin—for that's the name of the principal one—is a man too useful to me at times to be parted with so easily——"

"But consider, my good woman," urged Lady Saxondale, "how extraordinary it will seem if I send for the officer who has this matter in hand, and tell him that I would rather put up with the loss of my property than have him proceed farther in the matter. I cannot do it: it would compromise me seriously. Ask what you will for yourself—I will give you more money——"

"No—I am bent on this, and *will* have it done," rejoined the woman, in a still more peremptory tone than before. "Don't thwart me, Lady Saxondale: or else——"

At this moment Juliana's ear caught the sounds of footsteps ascending the stairs from the servants' offices below; and she was compelled to make a precipitate retreat into the dining-room. Terribly annoyed she was at being thus disturbed in the middle of listening to a discourse so fraught with a strange wild interest, and of which she had just caught a sufficiency of the topic to excite her liveliest curiosity. The little she had heard she at once repeated to her sister; and Constance was astonished at the circumstance of any one possessing the power to dictate in such a way to her mother. Indeed, both the sisters were well nigh confounded at what had taken place. The object of the woman, even from the little which had been said, was apparent enough: namely, to compel Lady Saxondale to put a stop to the search which was being instituted by the police after the men who had broken into the house. Then this woman must be intimately connected with those men? She had indeed said so! Heavens! by what strange circumstance had such a woman acquired any power or influence over the haughty Lady Saxondale? Vain and bewildering conjectures!

"Constance," said Juliana, in a tone far more serious and grave than she was often wont to adopt, "I like this circumstance less than anything which has ever yet occurred. The revelations our ears re-

asived to-day though the medium of Mr. Gunthorpe, are as nothing in comparison with what we have learnt this evening. That our mother may have conceived an affection for Mr. Deveril is nothing so very remarkable: for she is but a woman after all—and indeed the circumstance becomes utterly insignificant when viewed in contrast with the incident of the last few minutes. It is clear that a woman who is the friend and companion of thieves (and judging from her language most likely a thief herself) can come to Saxondale House, and dictate terms in the most peremptory manner to one of the proudest peeresses in the realm! There is something strange and unnatural in all this; and it must be a curious secret which has thus placed our mother in this woman's power."

"A secret, Juliana," returned Constance, with an involuntary shudder, "which it were well for you not to seek to penetrate. Oh! I wish to heaven that you had taken my advice, and not stolen forth from the room ere now! I am sadly, sadly frightened——"

"Do not be so foolish, Constance," replied Juliana, somewhat sharply. "Whatever this secret may be, I am resolved to penetrate it. Who knows

how serviceable the knowledge of it may prove to us?" she added significantly.

"Good heavens! in what sense?" asked Constance, gazing upon her sister with unfeigned surprise.

"Do you not catch my meaning? have we not secrets of our own? Well then, the more we know of our mother's secrets the less can she blame us for whatever she might happen to find out in respect to ourselves."

Constance looked pained and vexed at this answer; and after a pause of nearly a minute, she said in a low hesitating voice, "I think, Juliana, that even in the last words you have spoken, there is some hidden meaning which I did not exactly catch."

"My dear girl," replied the elder sister, "we are both in love—and we are both peculiarly situated. If you marry the Marquis of Villebelle, you will be no wife in reality, inasmuch as he has a wife already: and if I marry Francis Paton, I become the laughing-stock of all the world. Now, therefore, under such circumstances, it would be by far better for us not to marry at all——"

"What! and renounce our love?" ejaculated Constance. "Oh! if you are so fickle, Juliana, it is widely different with me!"

"I am as far from holding the intention as you are of renouncing this passion of mine," responded Juliana. "I could not do it even if I wished: it is stronger than myself. But I again advise that we should not marry—and also that we keep our loves secret."

"And what do you mean, then?" asked Constance, with fluttering heart and changing colour: for she half suspected the response she would receive.

"Has not our dear mother," returned Juliana, with a laugh of ironical archness, "set us the example how to act? and did not Mr. Gunthorpe predict that we should profit by it? Now, my dear Constance, I have very little doubt in my own mind that Mr. Gunthorpe's prophecy will somehow or another receive its fulfilment."

"Enough, Juliana—enough!" cried Constance, whose soul retained a sufficiency of its virgin purity to recoil from the suggestions which her elder sister had thus thrown out, and with the indelicacy of which she was truly and sincerely shocked. "Oh, my dear Juliana! I beseech, I implore you, not to allow these thoughts to gain upon you."

"Can you deny, Constance, that you yourself have been somewhat changed by all you overheard this morning from Mr. Gunthorpe's lips in respect to our mother?" asked Juliana.

"No—I could not deny it," replied Constance, murmuringly: and it was with an evident reluctance that she looked inward for a moment to find in the depths of her soul the answer which she thus gave to her sister's question.

"Let us say no more upon the subject now," observed Juliana. "I have no doubt that by this time to-morrow you will have made some progress in your ideas. It has been so with me. Two or three hours back—before dinner—I also repudiated the thought which stole upon me; and now I can look it face to face, deliberately and calmly."

Silence then ensued between the sisters,—Constance falling into a deep and evidently painful reverie. In a few minutes Lady Saxondale returned to the room; and it was with no inconsiderable difficulty that her daughters could prevent themselves from regarding her with a fixedness and intensity of look that might have well excited her suspicion as to the eaves-dropping which had been practised by the elder one. Her ladyship was certainly pale, and there was a subdued trouble in her looks—a suppressed terror which could not altogether escape her daughters' notice. But they managed to preserve their countenances in such a way that Lady Saxondale entertained not the slightest suspicion that they had acquired any insight into the scene which had just taken place.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SNARE.

We must now return to Henrietta Leyden, whose mysterious disappearance had plunged her mother into such profound despair. The reader will remember that on the day when happiness seemed to have re-entered the dwelling of those who had known so much misfortune, Henrietta went forth between three and four o'clock in the afternoon to pay a visit to the Opera,—her object being to leave a note expressive of gratitude for Angela Vivaldi, and also to explain to the ballet-master the circumstances under which she was enabled to retire from a position which had never been to her taste. It will also be recollected that Henrietta was enabled, in consequence of the benevolence of Mr. Gunthorpe, to make a considerable improvement in her toilet; and thus was it that in a plain but pretty dress, a simple but becoming bonnet, and a neat shawl, the young damsel tripped gaily along the streets, she lightness of her heart giving a kindred elasticity to her steps.

Sweetly pretty then appeared Henrietta Leyden. Joy was dancing in her mild blue eyes; and instead of a soft melancholy upon her countenance, her features beamed with a light even bordering upon radiance. Then her figure was so admirably set off, in its slender but symmetrical proportions, by the neat and tasteful garb which she wore;—and beneath the skirt of her dress glancingly peeped forth those exquisitely shaped feet and beautifully turned ankles which had so well fitted her for the ballet-dance! Yes—full of happiness was now the heart of the young maiden; and she had forgotten the unpleasant impression made upon her mind by her mother's suspicions when she had returned in the middle of the night with Angela Vivaldi's gold in her hand. Still, notwithstanding the halo of happiness which surrounded her, Henrietta's demeanour retained that modest reserve and bashful timidity which belonged to the purity of her character; and though in her beauty there was attraction for the gaze of the libertine, yet in her manner there was no encouragement for his advances.

Henrietta reached the Opera, and entered the building as usual by the stage-door. To some official did she entrust her note for Signora Vivaldi; and she passed onward, through the labyrinthine corridors, to the stage in order to speak to the ballet-master. Three or four male loungers were

standing in the wings witnessing the evolutions of the half-dozen ballet-girls who were practising at the time upon the stage; but Henrietta threw not more than a passing glance upon those loungers —and hurrying timidly by, fearful of some familiarity or insult at their hands, entered on the back part of the stage.

In a few minutes the ballet-master observed the damsel; and beckoning her towards him, said in a somewhat angry manner, "How is it, Miss Leyden, that you were not here at three o'clock according to my directions? You know that you are yet very imperfect in the *pirouette*, and also——But I see," he suddenly interrupted himself, as he noticed the change in her apparel, "you are like the rest of them, I suppose, and have now got your head turned with fine garments."

"You wrong me, sir," replied Henrietta, the blood rushing to her cheeks. "I came to apologise for not being here at the hour named, and to explain that the same cause which prevented me from attending according to your directions, will enable me, I hope, to leave the stage for ever."

"And that cause?" said the ballet-master inquiringly, but neither superciliously nor insolently: for there was something in the young girl's manner, as well as a sincerity in her look and her accents, which made him hesitate ere he yielded to the belief that she had followed the usual course and accepted the overtures of some libertine lover.

"As I do not wish, sir," rejoined Henrietta, "to incur the evil suspicions of yourself or any one acquainted with me here, I am glad that you question me thus. Heaven has sent a kind friend to the succour of my poor invalid mother, my little brother, and myself."

"But who is this friend?" asked the ballet-master, his curiosity being excited.

"Oh! such a benevolent, kind-hearted, but eccentric old gentleman," returned Henrietta. "I do not know his name: but he is coming at six o'clock to conduct us all away from our present wretched abode to a more comfortable lodging. He has taken compassion upon us, and has already given the most generous proofs of his friendship."

There was the unsophisticated communicativeness of true gratitude on the part of the young girl, which allowed no scope for questioning her sincerity. She evidently experienced a pure and holy joy in thus dilating upon the bounties of which herself and those who were so dear to her had become the object. It would have been impossible for even the most suspicious individual, and one who put no confidence in the virtue of the female sex, to doubt the truth of Miss Leyden's artless narrative. The ballet-master, who certainly had little faith in the morals of opera-dancers generally, nevertheless believed every syllable which Henrietta spoke; and with a somewhat kinder tone than he had ever addressed her in before, he said, "I wish you well, and hope that everything will turn out for the best."

She thanked him for his good wishes; and having taken leave of him, stayed but a few minutes more to bid farewell to some of the ballet-dancers who accosted her, and who were curious to learn wherefore she was going to leave the Opera. She gave the same explanation she had just given to the ballet-master, and then hastened away.

Amongst those individuals whom we mentioned as lounging in the precincts of the stage, was one of whom it is necessary to say a few words. He was a man of about forty years of age—of sedate and even demure appearance—dressed in black, and looking thoroughly respectable. His white cravat and the absence of any shirt-collar gave him a certain air of sanctimoniousness: so that he seemed considerably out of place loitering in the wings of the Opera and gazing at the ballet-dancers.

This individual immediately recognized Henrietta Leyden, though she knew him not; and even if she had bestowed on him a more observing look as she passed him by, she would not have remembered ever to have seen him before. He however had seen her—knew full well who she was—and had his own reasons for being secretly rejoiced at encountering her there on the present occasion. He overheard every syllable which passed between herself and the ballet-master; and the circumstances of her simple narrative furnished him with a suggestion on which he at once resolved to act. Accordingly, while Henrietta lingered behind for the additional few minutes to converse with her late companions of the ballet, the individual of whom we have been speaking hurried away from the precincts of the stage; and threading the long winding corridors, emerged from the building by the stage door in the Haymarket.

There he waited till Henrietta Leyden made her appearance; and the moment she issued from the theatre, the individual in question accosted her with every appearance of anxious haste.

"You are Miss Leyden, I presume?" he said, in that quick tone and with that bustling manner which were full well calculated to throw her off her guard and make her at once fall into the snare which he was laying for her.

"Yes—that is my name," she answered, surveying him with mingled surprise and suspense.

"I thought so," he exclaimed. "You were so well described to me——"

"By whom?" she asked, her suspense now mingling with alarm lest something had happened at home.

"By him who has sent me hither—your benefactor—the old gentleman who visited your lodging just now, and who promised to return for you at six o'clock——"

"And he has sent you for me?" cried Henrietta. "Is there aught amiss?"

"No, nothing. Reassure yourself; be not alarmed. Everything is well. The explanation of my presence here is that your benefactor returned to your lodgings sooner than he intended, having an appointment for this evening which he had previously forgotten;—and he has taken your mother and brother away to the new place provided for you all."

"How kind! how generous!" ejaculated Henrietta. "But was he angry that I had gone out?"

"Angry—no! But as it is not necessary for you to return to your old lodging, he has sent me to escort you to your new one. Come quick, Miss: for I know that his time is precious—and as I have to accompany him elsewhere, he will be waiting for me."

"I would not tax his patience for the world," said Henrietta.

During this rapid colloquy her companion had led her a little way up the street; and now he at

once summoned a vehicle from the public stand. With every appearance of haste he himself officiously opened the door ere the driver could jump down: Henrietta was promptly handed in—her companion gave some quick instructions, spoken aside, to the coachman—then he entered the vehicle—the door was closed—the man leapt up again to his box—and away they went.

All that we have described, from the first instant that the individual accosted Henrietta at the door of the Opera to that moment when she found herself seated by his side in the vehicle—had passed with such rapidity that she had not leisure for the slightest reflection. Her ideas had been kept in a whirl by the hurried, bustling, and almost anxiously impatient manner of her companion; so that there was not even a moment's leisure for a suspicion to start up in her mind. Nor for the first ten minutes during which the vehicle sped rapidly along, did her companion allow her time to give way to reflection; but he went on expatiating upon the philanthropy of her benefactor, the many charities which he practised, the vast amount of good he did, and the delight he took he succouring the unfortunate. The young damsel was naturally charmed at hearing such encomia lavished upon the old gentleman; but gradually the thought stole into her mind that her present companion had not once mentioned the said old gentleman's name. Then, for the first time during this interview, she began to regard with some degree of attention the person seated by her side. When however she saw how respectable was his appearance, how free from anything savouring of treachery were his looks—and with what respectful sympathy he appeared to regard her, she again felt perfectly reassured. Then she ventured to ask where her new abode was situated; and her companion at once informed her that it was in one of the most delightful suburbs of London—namely, near the village of Hornsey. Henrietta thereupon remarked that it was very considerate on the part of her generous benefactor to have chosen so salubrious a spot for her invalid mother; and this observation again furnished her companion with a topic for expatiation. In this manner he continued talking until the outskirts of London were reached on the northern side, and the vehicle was rolling along the road to Hornsey.

Now again did the young damsel begin to experience a revival of that vague misgiving which had previously arisen in her mind. Insensibly the idea stole upon her that her companion sustained so rapid and continuous a discourse in order to keep her attention engaged; and as this idea gained upon her, she could not help throwing at him dubious and uneasy looks. These however he did not appear to notice, but sought fresh topics for conversation; and though Henrietta had by this time ceased to answer him through the influence of her augmenting terrors, he still went on as volubly as ever.

Her alarm grew to an almost intolerable pitch. A secret voice whispered in the depths of her soul that all was not right: indeed she felt like one betrayed into a snare. Again did she glance at her companion; and now she thought there was something sinister beneath the sedateness of his looks. But what was she to do? Suppose that, after all, everything he had said was correct, how insulting would it be alike to him and her benefactor if she were to manifest the suspicions which were so rapidly acquiring strength in her bosom? Henrietta accordingly made up her mind to see the adventure to its issue, no matter what that result might be; and she even endeavoured to appear cheerful and gay, and to resume her part in the discourse, so as to prevent her companion from fathoming her uneasiness.

The village of Hornsey was reached; and the vehicle, turning into a diverging road, stopped at the gate of a large and handsome-looking house. It stood a little way back and was so embowered in tall and thickly umbrageous trees, that all its extent could not be immediately discerned: but when the gate was opened by a gardener who was at work on the premises, and the vehicle passed up the shady avenue to the portico in front of the house, Henrietta at once found herself at the entrance of a mansion. The poignancy of her suspicions now shot with a galvanic pang through her heart: but the very next instant an idea sprang up in her mind giving incalculable relief. What if the mansion really belonged to her benefactor, and that in the carrying out of his generous purposes he had resolved to afford her invalid mother, herself, and her little brother a home in this healthfully situated dwelling?

But she had not time for any farther reflection her companion had sprung out of the vehicle, and giving her his hand, assisted her also to alight. Painfully balanced between hope and fear—trembling to advance, yet not daring to retreat—Henrietta stood for a few moments on the steps of the portico; and then, making up her mind with a desperate effort, she suffered herself to be conducted into the mansion.

A servant in splendid livery held the front door open; and she found herself in a hall paved with marble and embellished with statues. A noble ascent of staircase faced the front entrance; and a side door which stood open revealed the interior of a sumptuously furnished parlour. In short, the very first glimpse which the damsel thus obtained of these features of the mansion, showed her that it was evidently the abode of wealth and luxury, and her heart sank within her. For now rushed the idea to her mind that it was by no means probable any man—and that man a complete stranger—would do so extraordinary generous a deed as to transfir herself and her relatives from a wretched attic to a palatial residence. It was a philanthropy belonging to romance and not to reality, such a change as one might read of in fairy tales, but not such as was wont to happen in the true world. All this occurred to Henrietta's mind in a moment; and she turned her terrified looks upon her companion. Now she thought she beheld a sardonic kind of smile blending indefinably with the sedateness of his countenance; and she felt inclined to cry out—but fear choked her utterance. At that instant a door facing the one which stood open, afforded egress to an individual whom she instantaneously recognized but too well; and all her terrors being confirmed in a moment, she gave vent to a wild shriek—burst from the hold of her companion—and sprang towards the front door. But the footman in the gorgeous livery banged it violently; and the dread conviction smote her heart that she was a prisoner!

Almost frantic—with frenzied look and reeling

brain—she turned round towards the individual whom she had recognized: but a sudden dizziness came over her—she staggered—mechanically extended her arms to clutch at something that might save her from falling—and was received in the embrace of Lord Everton!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEECH-TREE LODGE.

YES—it was a house belonging to Lord Everton to which Henrietta Leyden had thus been brought: he it was whom she had at once recognized as he issued from the apartment opening into the hall; and in his arms was it that she was received when consciousness abandoned her.

Let us pause for a few moments to give some necessary particulars. The individual who had entrapped the young damsel to Beech-Tree Lodge—for so the mansion was named—was a confidential person in the service of his lordship. His name was Bellamy—Mark Bellamy, as he was generally called by his patron. In certain respects he was treated with the familiarity of an equal, and was ostensibly the master of the house, as will hereafter be explained—though in reality it was Lord Everton's. Bellamy was a factotum—the ready instrument whereby Everton was enabled to carry out many of his dark unhallowed purposes; and being deep in his lordship's confidence, he was largely recompensed. Though not exactly a gentleman by birth, he had nevertheless received a tolerably good education, and was of manners sufficiently agreeable: in addition to which, he possessed the consummate art of adapting himself to all circumstances and persons, as occasion might require. Having seen much of the world, he possessed a large experience in all its vices, hypocrisies, and villanies; and beneath the mask of a demure sedateness, assisted by a sanctimonious style of apparel, he concealed a disposition of the most heartless kind and a character stained by countless iniquities. Some weeks previously to the time of which we are writing, Lord Everton had mentioned to him the name of Henrietta Leyden, and had promised him a handsome reward if he would by any possible treachery manage to inveigle that young girl to Beech-Tree Lodge. Everton was so good a paymaster, and especially so bounteous where the gratification of his detestable passons was concerned, that Mark Bellamy had resolved to seize an early opportunity of directing his attention to the matter. Having made himself acquainted with Henrietta's personal appearance, he determined to watch her movements, and had accordingly proceeded, that very day of which we are speaking, to the Opera House in the Haymarket, to glean whatsoever might be useful to him in the furtherance of his design. We have seen how, by a coincidence, the train of circumstances favoured his views. The tale which he overheard Henrietta tell the ballet-master, at once suggested to the fertile brain of Mark Bellamy a means of carrying out the enterprise; and he accomplished his purpose with success. As a matter of course he knew nothing of the Leydens' benefactor; and his elaborate expatiation upon that gentleman's virtues were indeed intended as Henrietta had surmised, to engross her attention and divert her thoughts from flowing into channels of suspicion and mistrust.

We may now pursue the thread of our story. When the unhappy girl came to herself, she found that she was reclining upon a sofa in that room whose sumptuous interior had caught her eyes when first entering the hall of the mansion. A middle-aged female, who had evidently been administering restoratives, was standing near. Henrietta threw a terrified look around, in the expectation of observing the detested old nobleman: but it was some relief to her distressed feelings to discover that she was alone in that room with the woman standing near her. A ray of hope flashed in upon her. Surely one of her own sex would not prove inaccessible to her entreaties for release? Inspired by the thought, she looked up into the woman's countenance to see if its aspect justified her hope: but this survey was only destined to experience the bitterest disappointment.

The woman was about six-and-forty years of age; and her features which had evidently once been exceedingly handsome, bore the marks of the insatiate passions which had furrowed those lineaments long before the hand of time could have begun to trace deep wrinkles there. Even to the innocent and inexperienced mind of the young maiden, that countenance betrayed the evil nature of the woman's heart: it was the scorched, seared, and ruined veil which instead of concealing, afforded an index to the desecration of the shrine within. Her hair was streaked with silver, but gave no venerable appearance to the face: on the contrary, it seemed a part of the remains of a beauty which even in the days of its glory had been fearful in itself, because associated with passions of the fiercest and most ungovernable nature. Her dark eyes still shone with a remnant of their former fires, but subdued to a lurid light, and at times bursting forth in sinister flashes, like the flame of a volcano seen through the pitchy darkness of a night of storm. Altogether she was a woman who appeared utterly incapable of one generous feeling—one holy idea—one tender sympathy: and it was in mingled horror and despair that poor Henrietta Leyden averted her looks and gave vent to her feelings in a sudden burst of anguish.

"Now understand me, my pretty dear," said the woman, in a voice which had that loss of harmony almost amounting to hoarseness which is so frequently the result of a dissipated life on the part of females,—"it is not of the slightest use for you to give way to any silly grief. Here you are—and here you will stop as long as it pleases his lordship: but I dare say that before long it will suit you well enough to remain here of your own accord."

"No—never, never!" shrieked forth Henrietta, as she sprang in wild frenzy from the sofa. "I would sooner perish than stoop to dishonour——"

"Dishonour indeed!" echoed the woman, her thin withered lips wreathing in supreme contempt mingled with scorn: "have you got that silly word so ready for use on the tip of your tongue? Know you not that it is mere idle cant to use it? Dishonour indeed! If there be dishonour at all in the world, it is only to be found attached to poverty; and it is from poverty that you may be lifted up if you choose. However, we will not talk more upon the subject at present. I dare say

that we shall have plenty of opportunities of expressing our opinions together on this and other points ere we separate."

"And is it really your intention," asked Henrietta, utterly reduced to despair by those last words which augured a long captivity for her, "to keep me a prisoner here in defiance of the law?"

"The law!" echoed the woman, with another scornful look, and this time it was accompanied by a still more sardonic laugh. "The law is only made to coerce the poor, and not to restrain the rich."

"Heavens! into whose power have I fallen!" cried Henrietta, wringing her hands in anguish as she sat down again on the sofa: for it really seemed to her as if a fiend in human shape, and not one of her own sex, were flinging these proud defiances alike at virtue and at legality.

"You have fallen into the hands of a nobleman who will ensure you against want for the rest of your days, and lavish all the advantages of wealth upon you," returned the woman, "provided that you willingly accept the destiny marked out for you. But if, on the other hand, you play the silly prude——However, I will not threaten you in respect to *that* alternative; because you have not been in the house as yet a quarter of an hour, and have passed through a fainting fit during that brief interval."

"Now listen to me," said Henrietta, suddenly wiping the tears from her eyes, and speaking with firmness and energy. "I have a mother who has been very, very ill, and whose health is still most precarious. My prolonged absence from her may be followed by fatal consequences. I have a little brother, only seven years old; and if anything should happen to my poor mother, who is to take care of him while I am in captivity here? I conjure you, if you have the slightest spark of feeling in your breast, to suffer me to go hence; and I declare solemnly that I will take no step to punish the authors of this outrage. But if you refuse this prayer which I offer up, I warn you that I will exert every effort to summon succour to my aid. My screams and shrieks shall pierce beyond these walls—there are other houses at no great distance—the passers-by in the road must likewise hear me——Or if these means fail, then will I watch the first opportunity to precipitate myself from a window, no matter what height from the ground. In short, I am desperate! You may think me a weak and powerless young girl; but the maddening nature of my thoughts will inspire me with the strength and the courage of a giantess!"

"All this is remarkably fine, very heroic, and very romantic indeed," observed the woman, with the cold irony of disdain. "The only misfortune is that your appeal to my sympathy is as useless as if you addressed yourself to one of the statues in the hall; and the accomplishment of your threats will prove somewhat more difficult than you imagine."

"Good heavens!" cried the wretched Henrietta, "is it possible that any one in female shape can proclaim herself as heartless as the cold insensate marble? Woman, you must be a fiend—you must be a fiend!" she added, with an outburst of uncontrollable vehemence. "And as for what I have threatened to do, you cannot prevent me—no, you cannot prevent me! My screams shall raise the whole neighbourhood!"

With these words, uttered in wild frenzy, Henrietta sprang towards the nearest window: but she recoiled with a sudden horror on observing that it was well provided with iron bars. Her agonizing glance was flung towards the two other windows which belonged to the same room; and at each did she observe a similar grating. Just heaven! where was she? what prison was this? Reeling half round, with a frighful dizziness in her brain, the unhappy girl staggered to a seat, on which she sank down; and at the same moment the mocking laugh of that fiend-like woman rang in her ears.

"Now, Miss Leyden," said this dreadful creature, "do you begin to understand that your threats are all as ridiculous as your own silly prudery? There is not a window in the house which is not thus defended with iron bars; and therefore you will be spared the disagreeable alternative of self-destruction. As for your screams, you are quite welcome to open one of those windows and shriek forth till you lose your voice altogether. I can assure you that none of the neighbours will think of coming to your assistance. They will only wonder what poor maniac has been brought hither."

"A maniac!" echoed Henrietta, springing up from her seat as if galvanized with the light of the horrid truth which now flashed to her mind: "a maniac, did you say? What house then is this?"—and her voice sank to a subdued and awe-inspired lowness of tone as she put the question.

"I do not intend to be too communicative, my pretty dear," responded the woman: "but it may be that Mr. Bellamy—that is the gentleman who brought you hither—keeps a private lunatic asylum where he from time to time receives patients——"

"Enough, enough!" interrupted Henrietta, hysterically; and again sinking down upon the seat, she covered her face with her hands, the tears gushing forth between her fingers.

"So you perceive," continued the woman, who appeared to take a devilish delight in making known to the young lady the utter hopelessness of her position, "that you will not be gratified with the facility of leaping from a window: nor will it be worth while to spoil your sweet voice by ineffectual screams. I would advise you to compose yourself—to make up your mind to the destiny which is inevitably yours; and whenever you think fit, I will conduct you to the apartments which you are to occupy. You need not hurry yourself, unless you like: I am in no hurry myself. Therefore, whether you come now or two or three hours hence, is not of the smallest consequence to me."

Henrietta pressed her fingers to her throbbing brows, and endeavoured to steady her thoughts. She saw the inutility of giving way to her anguish; and as the hope of escape was the only one which now remained to her, she thought that the sooner she made herself acquainted with the quarters to be assigned to her, the better. She accordingly wiped her eyes—struggled with a powerful effort to subdue the violence of her grief—and intimated to the woman that she was ready to accompany her.

"Just as you please," was the cold ironical answer: and she who gave it forthwith conducted the young captive out of the room.

They passed into the hall, and thence ascended that handsome flight of stairs already mentioned. They reached a landing adorned with statues,

vases, and paintings, and whence three or four doors opened into the apartments on that storey.

But there they halted not: another ascent was mounted—another landing reached. Here the woman paused for a moment, and glanced along the array of four doors which appeared on that storey, as if she hesitated to which apartment she should assign the youthful prisoner. Her decision was however promptly made; and opening one of the doors, she conducted Henrietta into a suite of three rooms, beautifully furnished.

These rooms opened one into another, and had no visible issue except the door on the landing by which they had just entered. The first apartment was evidently fitted up as the one where meals might be taken: the next was to serve the purpose of a drawing-room: and the third was a bed-chamber. They all three had their windows at the back of the house; and these windows were barred. But the view therefrom was far more cheerful than that which the front of the house commanded: for these windows looked upon a beautiful garden in the rear of the building, stretching out to a considerable extent, and bounded by a shrubbery of evergreens, beyond which lay the green fields of the open country; and as all that neighbourhood is characterised by picturesque scenery, the view from the windows was altogether exceedingly beautiful. But what view can possess any charms for the captive who gazes upon it between iron bars?

"These are your apartments," said the woman. "In the cupboards and drawers of the bed-chamber you will find plenty of changes of raiment, some of which will fit you as exquisitely as if made by a milliner to your shape. The toilet-table affords all appropriate requirements. In each room there are bell-pulls; and your summons will always be promptly answered. Your table shall be served with all dainties: everything shall be done to render you cheerful and contented, unless you resolve to be doggedly obstinate and perverse. In the middle room you may observe a number of books, some of which must doubtless suit your taste. When it strikes your fancy to take exercise, there is the garden at your service. All these pieces of information I give you by Lord Everton's command. There is no attempt to disguise from you the fact that you are a prisoner, at least for the present: but how long you may remain so, depends entirely upon yourself. You comprehend me? and therefore your destiny is thus far in your own hands, that whereas you are now a captive in this house, you may become the free and happy mistress of it whenever you think fit. I need say no more."

The woman had been permitted to make this long speech without the slightest interruption on Henrietta's part, because the young damsel was under the influence of too profound a terror—too paralysing a consternation, to be able to interject a single word or comment. She sat down in a dull dumb stupor,—her eyes fixed vacantly in the direction of the window, beyond the iron bars of which stretched the smiling country,—the verdure of the fields and trees all brilliant and glowing in the sunlight of the delicious summer evening. But Henrietta beheld not now that charming panorama of natural loveliness, dotted here and there with country mansions or picturesque cottages; the whole powers of her vision were turned inward, in concentrated survey of her own sad and well-nigh hopeless position.

The woman, perhaps imagining that the young captive had fallen into a fit of sullenness, turned slowly away, and passed out of the suite of rooms. As the outer door closed Henrietta started up and listened. It was to catch whether that door was locked or bolted upon her. Poor thing! as if those who had taken the trouble to put bars up at the windows would forget to secure the door of the cage to which the young fluttering bird was consigned! Yes: the sounds of the key turning and the bolts drawing, reached the damsel's ears; and then, with a sudden outburst of anguish, she wrung her hands violently, her bosom convulsing with sobs and her lips pouring forth the bitterest lamentations.

Oh! how dreary and dismal were the thoughts which now agitated in the brain of poor Henrietta. Would not her mother indeed have every apparent reason to suspect the worse,—she who was already so prone to suspicion! Crucifying reflection!—and heaven only knew how long a period was to elapse ere Henrietta would see her mother again, and be enabled to tell all that had occurred. And, alas! still more excruciating reflection!—was it destined that she should ultimately go forth pure and stainless from this mansion of infamy? or would not her ruin be assuredly consummated?

Unable to endure the torturing poignancy of these thoughts, Henrietta endeavoured to distract her attention by examining the apartments to which she had been consigned. She had another reason for entering on this survey: namely, to ascertain what chances there might be of a surprise on the part of Lord Everton during the night that was approaching. The reader has doubtless well comprehended that it was a range of three rooms opening one into another, and entirely shut in from the rest of the house by the door that opened from the landing. She looked to see if there were any means of securing this door inside; and she found that there were. Yes: there was one of those little sliding bolts at the bottom part of the lock; and when this was secured, the door could not be opened from without save by violence, and therefore with a noise which could not fail to awaken her.

But was there no other means of communication with this suite of apartments? Minute and careful was Henrietta's scrutinizing search throughout the three rooms; but no other door save those between the apartments themselves, or of the cupboards in the bed-chamber, could she find. She examined the walls—likewise the wood-work inside the cupboards—looked under the bed and behind it—in short, left not a single nook or corner uninvestigated.

The result of this search was so far of an encouraging nature that she felt tolerably sure no attempt to surprise her in the night would be made; and indeed, when she reviewed all that the woman had said to her, she came to the conclusion that it was Lord Everton's hope either to weary or persuade her into a compliance with his wishes. If such were the case, it at least promised her some days' leisure to devise means for escape; and feeling that this was her only chance, she said to herself, "It is useless for me to give way to grief,—indeed worse than useless: for the

result must be the exhaustion of my physical powers and the prostration of my mental ones. Let me summon all my fortitude to my aid: for heaven only helps those who help themselves—and they who yield to despondency and despair, go half-way towards meeting the crowning calamity."

Strengthened by these reflections, Henrietta grew more calm. She surveyed the prospect from the window, and then turned to examine the contents of the book-shelves. There were novels, and poems, and travels, and some of the annuals,—in short, a miscellaneous collection of works, some of which were sufficiently suited to her taste. She took down a volume, and endeavoured to read; but her thoughts were not yet properly collected, nor her mind adequately tranquillized, for such employment. She therefore laid aside the book, and gazed forth again from the windows.

She heard the village-church of Hornsey proclaim the hour of seven: and then the outer door of her apartments was opened. A female servant made her appearance, bearing a tea-tray. Henrietta was greatly relieved on observing that it was not the same fearful-looking woman whom she had previously seen; but still there was nothing in the appearance of this servant to give her any hope of making her a friend. She was a thin, sharp-visaged, cross-looking woman, of about thirty—with that decided compression of the lips which seemed to imply that she thought it probable the young captive might appeal to her, but that she had a negative answer ready to give.

Henrietta did not therefore speak a word to this woman; but when she had retired the young damsel gladly partook of the refreshing beverage she had brought up. In half-an-hour the servant returned to take away the things; and she then said, "It was his lordship's intention to pay his respects to you this evening, but sudden business has compelled him to go into town, and therefore you will not see him till to-morrow."

"Does his lordship habitually live here?" asked Henrietta.

"No—of course not. I suppose you are aware that he has got a beautiful house in Belgrave Square."

"I know nothing of his lordship's circumstances," said Henrietta. "Pray who is the person who brought me up to these rooms?"

"Oh! the housekeeper, you mean," rejoined the servant, with a peculiar expression of countenance as she spoke. "You may call her Mrs. Martin when you want to address her by name; and, for my part, I answer to the name of Susan. Your's, I believe, is Miss Leyden?"

"Yes," replied Henrietta; then after a pause she asked, though somewhat hesitatingly. "Are there many people in this house? I mean any others besides myself—in the same position——"

Susan looked very hard at Henrietta for a few moments, as if to fathom her reason for asking this question; and then she abruptly replied, "No—none." There was another brief pause; and then she asked, "At what time do you like to have supper? and have you any particular orders to give about it?"

"I shall require nothing more this evening," responded Henrietta.

The woman took up the tea-tray and issued from the room, locking and bolting the door behind her

Two more hours passed, tediously and anxiously enough: for Henrietta could not help keeping her thoughts constantly rivetted upon her mother and brother, who must be so cruelly afflicted at her absence. And then her benefactor, too,—that old gentleman with whose name she herself was unacquainted,—what would he think of her disappearance? Would he still carry out his benevolent plans in respect to providing a new lodging for her invalid mother and little Charlie? or would he look with so much suspicion on her mysterious disappearance as to abandon in disgust any farther development of his charity in that quarter?

We need not however dwell any longer upon poor Henrietta's reflections: the reader can be at no loss to imagine what she felt or endured in the first hours of her captivity.

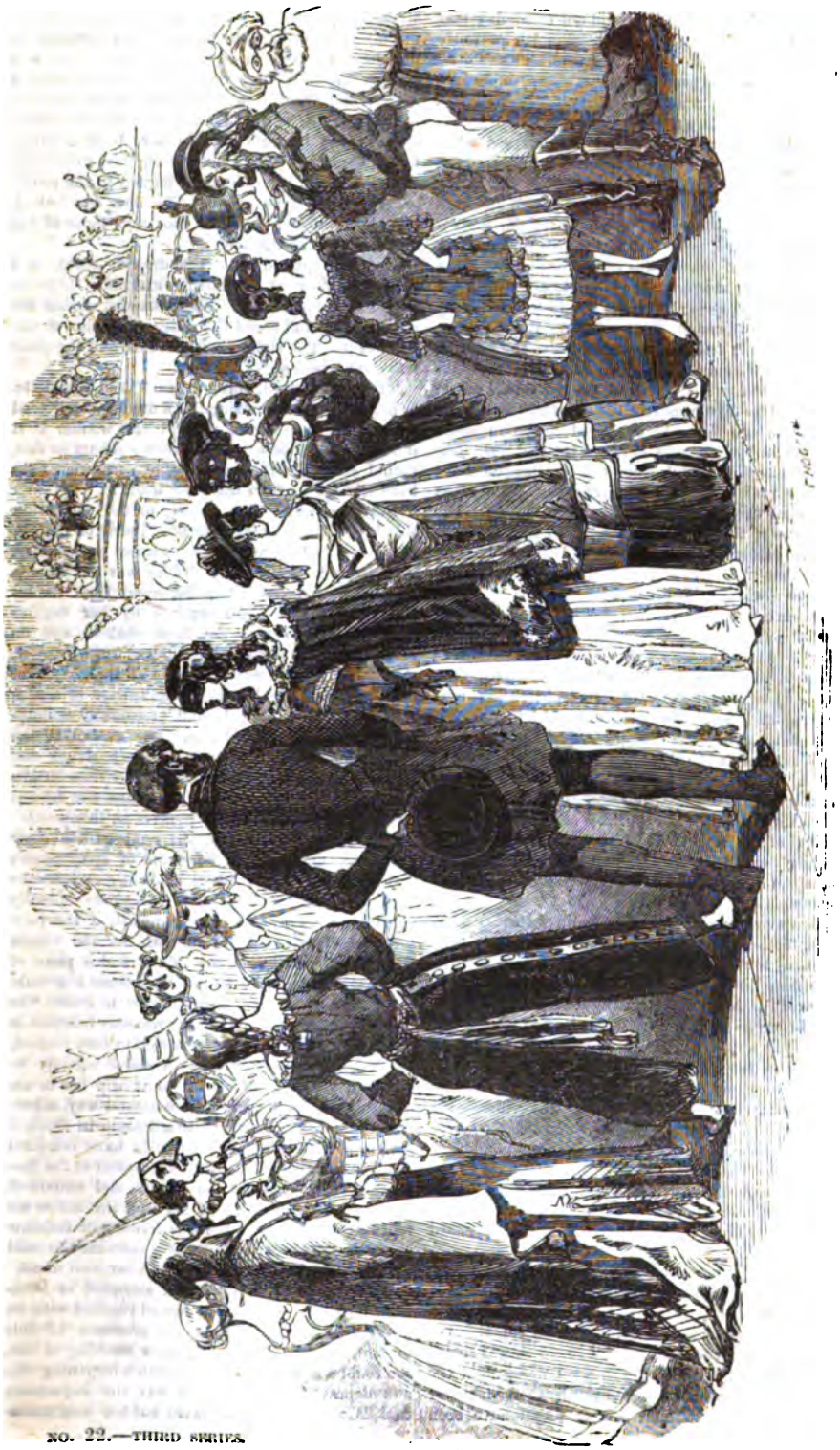
At nine o'clock, when the dusk set in, Susan made her appearance with candles, and also with a tray covered with sandwiches, cakes, fruits, and wine,—intimating "that Mrs. Martin had ordered her to bring up these refreshments in case Miss Leyden might choose to partake of them." She then asked if she required anything more; and on receiving a reply in the negative, wished Henrietta good night and departed.

The young damsel now secured the door by means of the sliding bolt above referred to; and as an additional precaution she placed a chair slantwise against the lock. When the clock of Hornsey church struck ten, she resolved to retire for the night; she was thoroughly exhausted in mind and body, and was moreover anxious to seek refuge from her unpleasant reflections in the oblivion of slumber. The door of communication between the dining-room and drawing-room was furnished with a key—and she therefore locked it. In the same manner did she secure the door between the drawing-room and the bed-chamber; and thus she felt convinced that her rest could not possibly be disturbed by any stealthy intrusion. Having laid aside her apparel and said her prayers, Henrietta sought her couch, where notwithstanding the bitterness of her thoughts, sleep soon fell upon her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES.

How long she had slept she knew not: but she awoke suddenly and with a feeling of terror, as if pursued by the influence of some unpleasant dream—or else startled by some noise in the room—she could not tell which. She had extinguished the candle ere retiring to rest: but the night being clear and beautiful, and the windows draped only with muslin curtains, all objects were perfectly visible in the room. Her eyes were cast around with that feeling of terror in the midst of which she had awakened: but she beheld nothing to justify her alarms. Still that terror was upon her—positive and real in its painful sensation—but vague and undefined as to its cause. The perspiration was standing out in large drops upon her forehead; and she felt the cold tremor of consternation all over her. Then she strove to recollect what she had



been dreaming of: but she could not remember that she had been dreaming at all. She lay perfectly still, unable to move a limb, and with all the sensations of having experienced some alarm, either in a vision or by the unknown circumstance that had thus startlingly awakened her.

Perhaps five minutes might have elapsed while she was in this state of consternation; and then she heard a strange rustling of clothes in the room. Yes—she distinctly heard it; and the flesh crept upon her bones—her hair stood up by the roots—the perspiration broke out again, cold and clammy upon her. But now all was silent once more. What could it be? Suspense grew intolerable—and yet she dared not spring from the bed to search if any one were in the room. For another minute a solemn silence lasted; and then she again heard the rustling of garments, and distinctly beheld one of the half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed slowly pulled back. Her eyes were rivetted in awful terror upon the spot; and then she perceived a human shape appear in the opening between the curtains. She endeavoured to shriek out—but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth: she could not avert her eyes even if she had wished to do so. The shape was that of a man enveloped in a dressing-gown gathered by a cord at the waist; but for the first few moments Henrietta could not see his face clearly in consequence of the shade of the curtains. Slowly however he bent forward; and then his countenance was revealed—but, Oh! a countenance so ghastly pale, so sad and mournful in its look, that the young damsel felt convinced it was some apparition from the other world that was thus gazing upon her. She gave one gasping moan of ineffable horror—and her senses abandoned her.

When she awoke again, the sun was shining—the room was filled with light—the birds were singing in the trees of the garden—and everything seemed cheerful and gay. The horrible and mysterious incident of the night arose in her memory; and shudderingly she flung her looks around with the dread of again beholding that unearthly figure. But she saw nothing to terrify her. She sat up in bed—gazed more searchingly about—and gathering courage, descended from the couch. Still she saw nothing to revive her terrors. She glanced towards the door—it was shut; and a closer examination showed her that it was locked as she had left it. Now she began to suspect that what she had beheld was merely in a dream; and yet she was slow and hesitating in her progress to such a conclusion, inasmuch as every detail of the occurrence was so vividly impressed upon her mind. She remembered having been awakened—remembered also the terror she had then experienced, as if from the instinctive knowledge that there was something dreadful in the room even before it had looked in upon her between the curtains. She remembered likewise its shape, and that sad pale face which had bent forward towards her.

But was it not possible that though she might have awakened in terror under the influence of some unpleasant dream, she had gone to sleep again and had then in another dream, or in continuation of the former one, seen the figure which was so impressed upon her memory? *This* was indeed the only rational solution of the mystery: for however deeply her superstitious terrors might have been aroused in the solemn silence and semi-obscurity of the night, Henrietta was by no means inclined to put faith in apparitions now that the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and nature seemed so gay and cheerful without. She never had believed in spirits—she could not now: but if it were not a spirit, it could scarcely have been a living figure, because there was not the slightest indication of how it could have obtained ingress to the room, or have effected its egress. The door was locked, and there seemed no other door save those of the cupboards in the chamber.

Henrietta passed into the drawing-room, and found the door at the farther extremity likewise locked as she had left it. She proceeded on into the dining-room, and found the outer door also as she had left it. The sliding-bolt was fast, and the chair was slant-wise against the lock.

"Then assuredly it was a dream!" said Henrietta to herself. "But how singular a dream—impressed with all the vividness of reality! No wonder is it if weak-minded persons, after such a dream as this, should entertain the ineradicable conviction they have seen spirits from the other world!"

But even while thus coming to the conclusion that it was naught save a dream, Henrietta Leyden experienced a lingering doubt—a latent uncertainty, in the depth of her soul. There was moreover a depression of spirits, altogether apart from the influence of the thoughts excited by her captive position. Her nerves had been shaken, and on returning to her bed-chamber to perform her toilet, she found herself every now and then looking anxiously around with the apprehension of seeing that shape, with its pale and melancholy countenance, standing behind her. She examined the bed-curtains; and though it certainly struck her that one at the foot of the couch had been drawn back somewhat more than it was when she retired to rest, yet she could not be positive on this point.

Having dressed herself, she removed the chair from the outer door of her suite of apartments; and soon afterwards Susan made her appearance with the breakfast-tray. The table was speedily spread with a most tempting repast, if the poor girl had experienced any appetite for the viands thus served up: but a cup of tea and a piece of bread-and-butter were all the sustenance she could take. She longed to communicate to Susan the incident of the past night: she not only felt that it would be a relief to unbosom herself in that respect, but she likewise experienced a secret anxiety to ascertain whether the woman could help her in accounting for the occurrence in a natural way, otherwise than by attributing it to a dream—in short, if it were possible that any one could have intruded into her chamber. But when she looked at the forbidding countenance of the servant, and remarked the decisive compression of her lips, her entire air repelling any advances towards friendly or familiar intercourse,—the poor girl was constrained to hold her peace and ponder the matter in her own mind.

After breakfast Mrs. Martin ascended to Henrietta's rooms. The young damsel recoiled with an ill-concealed aversion from the presence of this woman, whom, although she knew nothing of her, she could not help associating with everything vile and depraved. Indeed, such was the impression that Mrs. Martin's looks were but too well calcu-

lated to leave upon the mind; and Henrietta would much rather have remained in the companionship of her own thoughts than have the society of this woman forced upon her.

"I am come to ascertain whether you have found everything comfortable, and also to inquire into your present frame of mind:"—and as Mrs. Martin thus spoke, she fixed her searching eyes earnestly upon the young captive.

"You may surround me with all the riches of the universe," was the reply; "but they would give me no comfort in my present position. As for the state of my mind, it is not to be comprehended by one who has admitted herself to be inaccessible to sympathy as a marble statue."

"At all events, your spirit is not broken, Miss," said the woman, with that same biting irony which she had displayed on the preceding evening.

Henrietta gave no answer: she did not choose to be drawn into a war of words nor an altercation with Mrs. Martin.

"I am sorry to see that you are alike obstinate and perverse," resumed this woman: "but such a humour will in no respect tend to your tranquillity. Lord Everton will be here by mid-day: he will see you then—and I should advise you to treat him kindly."

"Infamous woman!" ejaculated Henrietta, her cheeks becoming crimson and her eyes flashing fire,—those eyes that were wont to beam with so mild and serene a light. "It is impossible not to comprehend the detestable meaning which is clothed in your words. If you yourself are utterly callous to all ideas of virtue, at least do not think so ill of your sex as to imagine that *all* are equally infamous."

"These are harsh words, young woman," said Mrs. Martin, as she bit her nether lip, and her eyes for a moment glared fiercely upon the young captive: then suddenly conquering her excitement, she said, "Am I to understand then that you do not choose to be on friendly terms with me?"

Henrietta flung a glance of disgust at the woman, and then said, "If you purpose to remain here, be so kind as to decide in which of the three rooms you choose to sit."

"So that you may seek another?" was Mrs. Martin's bitterly uttered response. "But no—it is not my purpose to force my society upon you. Perhaps the time will come when you yourself will seek it. For mark me, Henrietta Leyden! a prisoner are you here to remain so long as you refuse the overtures of Lord Everton; and when the days hang wearisomely long upon your hands, you will welcome my presence with gladness."

"Never!" was Henrietta's emphatic response.

The woman threw upon her a mocking glance, and then took her departure, locking and bolting the door behind her.

In nervous suspense did Henrietta await the threatened visit from Lord Everton; and when she heard the clock of Hornsey church proclaim the hour of noon, her excitement rose to a pitch that was almost intolerable. She could not settle her mind to the adoption of any particular course. At one instant she resolved to overwhelm him with reproaches—at another to throw herself at his feet and beseech him to restore her to liberty. Then she thought that she would do well to array herself in the garb of hypocrisy, and by holding out hopes of eventual surrender throw him off his guard and obtain relaxations of her imprisonment which might furnish an opportunity of escape. But against this project the purity of her soul revolted: she could not bring herself to play such a game of duplicity,—and moreover, on second thoughts, she doubted whether it would succeed with one so wary and experienced in all degrees of cunning as Lord Everton.

Thus, when that nobleman made his appearance shortly after mid-day, Henrietta was in that nervous agitated state which left her altogether undecided in what manner to receive the author of her present sufferings. His lordship has already been described to the reader as an old man of about sixty-five, made up with all succedaneous contrivances and with all the artifices of the toilet, so as to wear a youthful appearance. Not only was he one of the richest but also one of the most depraved and profligate members of the aristocracy; and a long career of crime, practised with impunity, had rendered him bold and daring in adopting the means to gratify his passions. For this sole purpose indeed did he seem to exist,—regarding wealth only as the instrument whereby the aim was to be accomplished, and not as a something whereby he might benefit his fellow-creatures. We will not pause now to state the circumstances under which he had become possessed of the title that he desecrated and the riches that he prostituted. Suffice it to say that there were some strange tales told concerning him at the time he became Lord Everton: but having once succeeded in grasping rank and fortune, he, with characteristic shamelessness, defied the world and laughed at what it said of him. We may however observe here that he was a widower and childless, and that there was no heir to his title or estates. For this he cared nothing; he had no ambition to perpetuate his name, being utterly indifferent as to what might happen in the world when once death should have called him away from it. He lived, thought, and acted solely for himself: he was selfishness personified!

Such was the detestable character who now entered the drawing-room of Henrietta's apartments, with a smirking self-sufficient look, a jaunty air, and a debonnair gait. Henrietta had frequently seen him at the Opera, where she had been persecuted by his overtures; and then she had thought him exceedingly ugly: but now she regarded him as a hideous monster—something to be loathed as well as execrated—something to be shrunk from as well as viewed with mingled indignation and terror. For the farther insight which she had obtained into the iniquity of his character since the first moment she set foot in Beech-Tree Lodge, had even the effect of enhancing his physical ugliness in her estimation.

"My dear Henrietta," he began, with a tone and manner half of cajolery and half of assurance, "I am given to understand that you are not very well disposed towards me——"

"My lord," interrupted the damsel, "you have snatched me away from a mother whose invalid state demands all my care, and from a little brother who will be desolate without me. How can I possibly think of such an outrage without execrating the author of it—and perhaps in time burning to avenge it?"

"The word *revenge*, my dear girl," replied Everton, totally unabashed by the maiden's answer, "should not be breathed by lips that were formed only to talk of love. However, if such be your mood, I must leave you in it for the present. At the same time I may as well give you something to reflect upon, and relative to which I should like an early decision. Be mine, Henrietta, and your mother and brother shall be nobly provided for; while to yourself I will guarantee an annuity of five hundred a year for the remainder of your life."

"Have then my decision at once, Lord Everton!" exclaimed the girl proudly and indignantly. "My mother would sooner starve—I would sooner starve—and we would both sooner see a son and a brother starve, than obtain wealth on such terms. I know that I am powerless here, and that I am a prisoner: I know even that you yourself are wicked enough to attempt any outrage, and that you are surrounded by those who will only too faithfully give you their succour. But depend upon it, my lord, the day of retribution will come. It may be that long impunity has made you bold and daring, and that the unfulfilled threats of former victims prompt you to laugh at mine. But yet it were a blasphemy against heaven to believe that good fortune will always attend upon crime, and a libel upon my sex to suppose that there never shall be one with spirit enough to avenge her wrongs. Now, my lord, I have nothing more to say."

Having thus spoken, with mingled excitement and firmness, Henrietta quitted the room and passed into the bed-chamber, the door of which she locked. For two hours did she remain there without coming forth, not knowing whether her persecutor had quitted the adjoining apartment or not. At length some one knocked at the door; and on inquiring who it was, Henrietta recognised Susan's voice in reply.

"Your dinner is served up, Miss," said the servant-woman.

The young captive was about to ask whether Lord Everton was still there; but instantaneously reflecting that if it suited Susan's purpose to answer her falsely, she would do so, she said nothing but issued forth from the bed-chamber. Lord Everton was no longer in the drawing-room, and as Henrietta entered the dining-room, she became assured that she was free from his persecutions—at least for the present. But how long would this tranquillity last? She had given him her decision in reply to his proposals; and it was not likely he would ask her to reconsider them. No: there was every reason, on the contrary, to apprehend that his conduct would next be in accordance with his unscrupulous character, and that he would either use some diabolic artifice or else force to accomplish his designs.

Such were Henrietta's reflections; and fearful lest some soporific might be introduced into the food served up on the dinner-table, she made her repast off dry bread and pure water. The board was spread with all imaginable dainties, sufficient in quantity for a party of a dozen, and of quality to tempt the appetite of the most indifferent: but none of all those did the damsel touch. Susan said a few words to induce her to partake of the delicacies: but Henrietta gave no reply—and her meal being speedily ended, she retired into the next room.

For the remainder of the day she saw nothing more of either Lord Everton or Mrs. Martin: and so far from being encouraged by this circumstance, she regarded it as a sure omen that her worst anticipations would be confirmed. It was evident—at least to her comprehension—that no more persuasion or cajolery of words would be had recourse to—no more tempting offers made—but that stratagem or violence would be the means next employed.

Her tea was served up in the evening: then at nine o'clock a tray of refreshments, the same as on the preceding night, was brought in; and Susan, having inquired whether Miss Leyden wished for anything more, took her departure on receiving a reply in the negative. Henrietta, with a sad tightening at the heart, now began to make preparations for her defence ere she sought her bed-chamber. She bolted the outer door—she placed a chair slantwise against it—and then she pushed the table, which was heavy, up against the chair as an addition precaution. With the candle in her hand, she looked carefully about to assure herself that no one was concealed in the rooms; and she secured all the doors as she had done on the previous night. Now therefore, behold her once again locked up in the bed-chamber, where she likewise instituted the most rigorous search. But no one was secreted any where; and she felt assured that there was no means of reaching her chamber except by previously passing through the two other rooms. Those were so well secured that an entry could only be effected by violence; and if this took place, the noise would be certain to arouse her.

The clock of Hornsey church was striking ten as the poor girl sat down in her bed-chamber to reflect upon her position. The tears trickled like diamonds down her cheeks as she thought of what must be her mother's anguish and little Charley's grief at her absence and her silence. Vainly did she endeavour to tranquillize herself—she could not: her mental agony became almost maddening—she felt as if frenzy were fastening upon her brain. But at length the tears flowed more quickly—they gushed forth in a torrent—the pent-up sobs which surcharged her bosom, found an issue—and when the outpouring of her anguish was over, she felt considerably relieved.

Now she thought of retiring to rest: but gradually into her mind stole the recollection of the incident which had so terrified her during the past night—and a superstitious awe which she could not shake off, came over her. To tell the truth, she was afraid to seek her couch. Still more than half believing that what had so much alarmed her was nothing more than a dream, yet she did not altogether believe it was so: and her mind, attenuated by grief, was all the more susceptible of the influence of terror. Persons of the strongest nature have known a position like this, in which on the one hand their good sense tells them that their fears might be accounted for by natural means, while on the other hand those fears themselves will not be thus reasoned away. Such was Henrietta's condition—and she dared not commence disapparelling herself.

There was a large easy chair in the room; and she thought that at all events she would not immediately go to bed, but would recline herself in this. She placed it in such a manner with its back towards the window that she could command, as she sat in

it, a view of the door, the bed, and the cupboards. Poor girl! with her substantial terrors lest her persecutor should obtain admittance into her chamber, were blended her superstitious fears lest that shape with its pale, sorrowful face should again appear before her!

She reclined in the large arm-chair,—the candle, which stood upon the chest of drawers, showing forth every object in the room. We need not any farther attempt to analyse the reflections which engaged her mind: suffice it to say that she sat thinking—dismally, drearily thinking—until the clock of the village-church struck eleven, and soon afterwards she fell into a doze. She slept for about an hour, when she slowly wakened up as the clock was proclaiming the hour of midnight. But it was not an immediate and sudden awaking as on the previous night: it was the gradual arousing from the lethargy of slumber, with a heaviness upon the eyes and a cloudy confusion of the brain.

For a moment she scarcely recollected where she was: but as consciousness became more distinct, she opened her eyes wider. The candle was still a-light, but burning dimly—for the flame seemed to be struggling around an immense length of wick. It was a sort of mystic gloom rather than a clear light which filled the chamber; for the night without was starless and clouded. Gradually a cold tremor came upon Henrietta as she thought she beheld something standing in the deep shade of the curtains at the foot of the bed. Wildly she strained her eyes at the same instant that *something* moved: it came forward—and now, to her indescribable horror, she recognised that same shape she had seen on the previous night!

Again did she endeavour to cry out—and again was the power of utterance choked. Every limb grew rigid—the blood appeared to freeze in her veins—every function of life stood still. And yet her mind had a horrible clearness; and her eyes too faithfully fulfilled the power of vision. She beheld that shape approach:—it was a tall gaunt figure, thin and lank, wrapped around with a dark garment resembling a dressing-gown, and confined at the waist by a string or cord. But the countenance—Oh! the countenance which gazed upon her—surely it did indeed belong unto the dead! No tint of vital colouring had it—but colourless and corpse-like was it. The eyes were fixed upon her with a glassy stare; and the expression of the face was that of solemn sadness—a deep and mournful gravity—yet fixed and rigid as the look of the dead ever is.

This shape advanced to within a few feet of where Henrietta, half-leaning forward in awful horror, sat gazing upon it. Slowly it raised its hand—its lips appeared to move—and then so overpowering was the consternation which lay like a weight of lead upon the unhappy girl, that she fell back insensible.

When she awoke again the candle was still burning; and no one was there. The shape, whatever it were, had disappeared: Henrietta was alone. For some minutes she sat utterly unable to move, and pondering awfully and solemnly upon what had taken place. Then, obedient to an impulse which suddenly prompted her, she fell upon her knees and breathed a prayer invoking heaven's protection.

Strengthened by her devotions, she rose; and trimming the candle, made it give forth a clear light. She no longer felt any excitement in her mind, but a deep and solemn awe sitting upon her soul: nor was she even frightened now. She knew that she had done no harm—her conscience was pure—and if the grave really gave up its dead, surely it could not be to do her an injury? Taking up the candle, she carefully examined the room: but everything was precisely in the same order as ere she had fallen asleep. She sat down again, and reflected in a deliberate manner—without nervousness, without excitement. That this recurrence of the mysterious visitation was no dream, she felt convinced: she knew that what she had seen was with her eyes wide open in full wakefulness, and not with her mental vision and in the depth of slumber. The only question that remained therefore was to decide whether it was an apparition from another world, or a mortal denizen of this? Henrietta dared not think the former—yet scarcely knew how to believe the latter. For, admitting the last named hypothesis, how could the individual possibly have obtained ingress to her chamber? wherefore had he affected the solemn gravity of a ghost? why had he come to frighten her instead of speaking to her? Could it be a trick on the part of Lord Everton and his myrmidons in order to enfeeble her mind, shatter her energies, and reduce her to a state in which she might the more easily become the vile nobleman's victim? No: not for a single instant could it be held probable that this was the solution of the mystery; for completely in Lord Everton's power as she was, such trickery was altogether unnecessary. In short, she knew not what to think or which conjecture to adopt as the most rational.

As she sat in the arm-chair giving way to her reflections, sleep gradually stole upon her; and at length she fell into a profound slumber.

When she opened her eyes again it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining. She began to revolve in her mind the transaction of the past night; and though she still remained convinced that it was not a dream, she was still as far off as ever from discovering any solution for the mystery. She was ill through not having taken her proper night's rest—her spirits were deeply despondent—and she felt that two or three more days and nights passed in the same manner would throw her altogether upon a sick bed. Somewhat refreshed however by her ablutions, Henrietta issued forth from her chamber, and found the drawing and dining rooms just as she had left them over-night. She removed the chair and table from the outer door; and soon afterwards Susan made her appearance with the breakfast things. The tea was most welcome to Henrietta: but she had no appetite for substantial food. Having partaken of the beverage, she opened one of the windows and wooed the breeze to her throbbing brows and heated cheeks. Then she longed to descend into the garden and walk amidst the parterres of flowers, or in the shrubbery at the end. She was about to express her wish to the servant—for she really felt as if the monotony of those rooms would drive her mad—but she checked herself with the reflection that by doing so she would be giving some evidence of a gradual reconcilement to her captive state. But then she thought again, that if she could obtain a view of the back part of

the premises it might possibly suggest a means of escape. She accordingly said, "I feel so unwell through having passed two bad nights, that exercise and fresh air become absolutely necessary; and the person whom you call Mrs. Martin told me I might walk in the garden if I chose."

"Yes, with Mrs. Martin herself to accompany you," returned Susan.

"Be it so then," answered Miss Leyden after a moment's hesitation: for she decided that it would be better to view the premises even though it were requisite for the purpose to endure the presence of the most odious and detestable woman she had ever met in her life.

"Then follow me," said the servant: and Henrietta, hastily putting on her bonnet, proceeded down stairs in company with Susan.

The latter summoned Mrs. Martin from one of the rooms opening out of the hall; and this woman conducted Henrietta along a passage terminating in a green-house filled with beautiful plants, and whence a flight of steps led down to the garden.

"You appear pale and ill, Miss Leyden," said Mrs. Martin, fixing her sinister-looking eyes earnestly upon her.

"I have no reason to seem cheerful or well," was the response. "Indeed I have passed two very bad nights——"

"But you were not disturbed by any noise?" demanded the woman quickly. "You heard nothing strange—unusual——"

Henrietta, struck by the peculiarity of Mrs. Martin's tone, turned her eyes upon her, and noticed the earnestness of her gaze. It instantaneously occurred to her that there was something in this: and she accordingly said, "I certainly was disturbed in the night—each night," she added emphatically.

"Indeed—you were disturbed? But how?" exclaimed the woman in a kind of alarm.

"If there be anything in the house that could disturb me, you are doubtless aware of its existence," answered Henrietta, determined to see what course the conversation would take if left to her companion to direct it.

Mrs. Martin looked in a strangely suspicious manner at Henrietta, but made no immediate remark. They walked on in silence until they reached the extremity of the garden; and then, as they turned to retrace their steps, Mrs. Martin said, "It is quite probable that you may have heard some unpleasant noise in the house—and yet it is strange that I did not overhear it."

These last words she uttered rather in a musing tone to herself, yet audible enough for Henrietta to hear. The young damsel said nothing: she was determined not to give explanations, but to elicit them if possible—because it naturally struck her that if her ghost-like visitant were really a human being and an inmate of the house, the same means which afforded him admittance to her room might furnish her with an avenue of escape. She now, while retracing her way by Mrs. Martin's side along the gravel-path, carefully scrutinised the rear of the building. The garden had high walls on either side, and was bounded by the shrubbery at the bottom. The New River flowed past the outer edge of the shrubbery, and thus hemmed the enclosure in at that extremity. The walls stretched down to the river's brink; and the ends of the masonry were garnished with long rows of iron spikes, so as to prevent any one from passing round them. The back of the mansion showed merely a number of windows, all furnished with iron bars; and the result of Henrietta's survey was the sad conviction that even if she could escape from her room into the garden, she would be as much a prisoner as ever.

"You have not explained to me," resumed Mrs. Martin after a long pause, "the nature of the sounds which alarmed you during the night?"

"You admit then the existence of the probability of such alarm?" said Henrietta: "or in other words, you are aware that there may have been strange noises heard?"

"Since you say so, I am bound to believe you," rejoined the woman, who evidently was as much disinclined to be communicative on the point as Henrietta herself. She waited for a reply—but as the maiden gave none, she went on to say, "If you hear anything more to-night you can tell me to-morrow. But let us now change the conversation. Are you not becoming weary of this obstinacy on your part? Depend upon it you will soon grow tired of it—if you are not already——"

"Instead of changing the conversation," interrupted Henrietta, "let us drop it altogether. I have now walked enough, and will return into the house."

"Just as you please," responded Mrs. Martin coldly: and she led the way back into the dwelling through the green-house.

When once more alone in her own suite of apartments, Henrietta sat down and reflected on the few words which had been exchanged between herself and Mrs. Martin. That in connexion with Beech-Tree Lodge there was some mystery into which Henrietta had as yet received small if any insight, she felt convinced: for when she had spoken of being disturbed in the night, Mrs. Martin had suggested *noises* as the cause, and had evidently been uneasy that such noises should have been heard. What noises could they be? for Henrietta had really heard none: and whence Mrs. Martin's uneasiness? The young girl could not help associating what she had *seen* with what Mrs. Martin supposed her to have *heard*; and therein perhaps lay the mystery. But was the house really haunted after all? No: Henrietta felt convinced that there was some mystery connected with natural and not with preternatural things. In short, was the being whom she had seen a prisoner within those walls? and was it some noise made by himself that Mrs. Martin fancied she might have heard? But still recurred the one paramount and bewildering question—namely, how on earth he had obtained admittance to her chamber?

Throughout that day she saw nothing of Lord Everton. Susan brought her up her meals according to the regular routine: the evening came—the usual question was asked between nine and ten o'clock, whether she had any farther orders to give—and on the negative being returned, the servant-woman bade her good night. Then commenced the same process of securing and barricading the outer door as hitherto—the locking of the other doors—and the careful examination of her bed-chamber ere Henrietta thought of taking repose.

All this being done, she deliberated with herself what course to pursue. Should she sit up, keep awake, and watch to see if the mysterious shape (whether apparition or living being) would revisit her? Yes: this was her decision, notwithstanding she felt exhausted and in need of repose. She would not entrust herself to the luxurious softness of the easy chair, lest sleep should overtake her unawares: but she sat down in a common chair, on the alert to cast her eyes to any part of the room whence the slightest sound might emanate. Presently however she felt a drowsiness stealing over her; and then in order to shake it off she rose up from her seat and paced to and fro. She snuffed the candle, so that there should be no dimness wherein she might be taken by surprise; and as time wore on she grew more nervous, more anxious.

The village-church proclaimed twelve; and Henrietta stood still to count the strokes, so that she might be assured of the right hour. The metallic sound of the iron tongue of Time rolled oscillating through the still air of the night;—but mingling with the last vibrations of that sound, there seemed to be the mournful lament of a human voice. Henrietta listened with a sudden feeling of awe; and she could distinctly hear a prolonged lamentation—not loud, but still plain and unmistakable. All in an instant this was broken by a wild thrilling cry—— good heavens, what a cry! that seemed to rend the whole edifice in twain. It ceased—all was still—but the poor girl sank trembling with affright into the easy chair, which was the nearest to her at the moment.

Her heart beat with such loud palpitations that she could hear them as if a clenched hand were thumping against the cushioned side of the chair in which she was now reclining. Every fibre and nerve in her frame seemed galvanized with the sensation of terror. But gradually this feeling subsided; and she thought to herself that instead of experiencing alarm on her own account, she ought to feel sympathy on that of the unhappy wretch whose lament and shriek she had heard. All continued still and tranquil: the silence which had followed that appalling cry had something dread and stupendous in it. Henrietta sat in the easy chair, wondering what it could all mean, and associating in her mind those lamentations and that cry with the noises to which Mrs. Martin had alludod, and the whole with the visitations she had received in her chamber.

There is a terror the excess of which produces a re-action that merges into a lulling effect,—the natural stupor which inevitably follows the extreme tension of all the nerves. Thus was it with Henrietta Leyden, and insensibly did a sort of dreamy repose steal upon her as she reclined in that arm-chair to which she had in the first instance been so fearful of entrusting herself.

Her sleep was not however sound. It was that kind of dozing in which consciousness is not altogether lost, but confused and hazy,—a sort of semi-sleep from which the slightest sound will startle one. And thus was Henrietta all in a moment arousod into complete wakefulness; and springing up from the chair, she beheld some one in her room. But it was not the mysterious figure of the two former nights: it was Lord Everton.

"Wretch!" cried Henrietta in wildest alarm; and her eyes swept round the room to see if any open door showed the means by which he had obtained admittance: but the survey was vain—and it seemed to her as if he had sprung up from the very floor beneath her feet.

"Charming Henrietta," said the nobleman, "this passion will not serve you. Foolish girl that you are to refuse all the brilliant advantages which I offer you, but which nevertheless shall be yours in spite of yourself——"

"Coupled with infamy!" murmured Henrietta in a hoarse but resolute voice. "No, my lord—never, never!"

"Let us sit down and converse tranquilly," said the nobleman. "You perceive that you are in my power——"

"Lord Everton, I command you to quit this room!" interrupted Henrietta, flinging round her eyes in search of some weapon of defence. "You may use force, my lord—but the struggle will be a desperate one."

"In which you must succumb!" exclaimed the old nobleman: and maddened by his passion, he suddenly sprang forward and caught the young captive in his arms.

At that instant a third person appeared upon the scene—gliding in swift as a fleeting shadow—so suddenly, so quickly, that Henrietta, especially in the trouble and excitement of her mind, saw not whence he came and observed not how. But she *did* in an instant recognise this shape: it was the one she had twice seen before—the one enveloped in the flowing gown and with the pale sad face; but the features now wore a fierce and terrible expression.

"Monster!" was the single word which fell upon Henrietta's ear, and which was addressed to Lord Everton, who had instantaneously relinquished his hold on her: and the utterance of that word was accompanied by a terrific blow dealt by the new comer, and which laid the old nobleman prostrate and senseless on the floor.

"This way, this way!" said the stranger, quickly grasping Henrietta's wrist, and thus proving that he was indeed a being of flesh and blood.

Then quick as thought he led her round the foot of the bed to an opening in the wall, through which they both darted; and now Henrietta found herself in a corridor communicating with a staircase which she saw at a glance was not the principal one of the mansion, nor one which she had seen before. A lamp burnt in that corridor, and another on the staircase, down which Henrietta was hurried by her companion. With such mad precipitation did he proceed, that it was a wonder he was not hurled to the bottom, dragging her along with him; and full evident was it that he knew it to be a desperate attempt at escape which they were thus making.

A vain one too! For all in a moment the rushing noise of several footsteps was heard. "Seize them! seize them!" were the words which reached the ears of the fugitives; and in another moment they were encountered by Mark Bellamy, the footman, Mrs. Martin, Susan, and the gardener, who all emerged from another corridor joining that same staircase on the lower storey.

With a desperate blow from his clenched fist, Mark Bellamy struck down Henrietta's companion;

and he fell heavily without uttering a word, either stunned or killed. A piercing shriek burst from the damsel's lips; and overcome with terror and despair, she fainted in the arms of the females.

When she returned to consciousness, she found herself undressed and lying in the bed of that chamber which she knew too well, and whence for a moment there had seemed the hope if not the certainty of escape. In a word, she was still a captive at Beech-Tree Lodge.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE Duke and Duchess of Harcourt gave a grand masquerade-ball at their splendid mansion overlooking the Green Park. This palatial edifice had only been recently built: it occupied an enormous space of ground—immense sums had been laid out alike on its architectural arrangements and its internal embellishments—and in all respects it was said to rival the Sovereign's palace in the immediate vicinity.

The Duke and Duchess of Harcourt were giving a splendid series of entertainments to celebrate their installation in their new residence; and this masquerade-ball formed one of the festivals. His Grace was about sixty-four years of age, and boasted his descent from one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Retrospecting over a long line of ancestors—or contemplating their portraits in the picture-gallery of his new palace—he might safely reckon amongst them as large a number of miscreants, marauders, and ruffians, together with as pretty a sprinkling of demireps, as ever entered into the catalogue of any aristocratic genealogy. But with this point we have at present nothing to do: suffice it to say that his Grace the Duke of Harcourt was supremely proud of his bloodstained ancestors and courtezan ancestresses; and therefore we may safely leave him—certainly unenvied—to such pleasant satisfaction. He was an ultra-Tory—not from honest conviction, because he was too shallow-minded to be able to understand great political questions or national interests: but he was a Tory, for the simple reason that his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and so on, were all Tories before him—and therefore he inherited their prejudices along with the hereditary title and estates. In person, he was a short, thin, lantern-visaged, mean-looking little man; and when standing next to his valet or his butler, if a stranger had been asked "Which is the Duke?" he would have been sure to point out either the valet or the butler in preference to the Duke himself.

The Duchess was twenty years younger than her husband—tall, stately, and in the glorious *embonpoint* of forty-four. She had a proud and haughty look; but was withal vain, conceited, frivolous, and narrow-minded. Half-a-dozen children whose ages varied from sixteen to twenty-four, were the issue of her union with the Duke of Harcourt: but we will not now intrude upon the reader the long-winded and high-sounding names of the three sons and three daughters forming the olive branches of this ducal family. Suffice it to say that my Lord Marquis the eldest son, who was heir to the title and estates, already an M.P., and with the peerage in prospective, was little better than a driveling idiot: while his two brothers, having finished their education at those pandemonia called Universities, were looking out for government places; and his three sisters were vain and frivolous girls, reflecting the character and example of their mother, and looking out for husbands as their brothers were for places.

It was at Harcourt House, then, that this splendid masquerade-ball was given. The aristocracy and "*elite* of fashion" (as Court sycophants and servile scribes phrase it) had been talking and thinking of the forthcoming ball for a month past, and had been making ample preparations for their appearance at it. When the wished-for evening arrived, all the approaches to the mansion were thronged with carriages; and the police showed themselves mighty busy with their staves in clearing the way for those brilliant equipages amongst the "mob" and "rabble" (as the aristocracy term the working-classes). Two thousand invitations had been issued. Not that the Duke and Duchess of Harcourt had any friendly feeling towards a quarter so many persons: but they gathered together such a vast quantity of guests in order to show the world what an immense multitude their new palace could accommodate.

The entrance-hall was thronged with servants in gorgeous liveries—the immense staircases were hung with flowers that festooned above the statues and around the numerous lamps—the landings were embellished in a similar manner—and the spacious saloons were a perfect blaze of light, splendour, and magnificence. The guests, almost countless as they seemed, were multiplied over and over again in the immense mirrors which adorned the walls; and so numerous were the apartments thrown open for their reception, that they constituted a perfect maze for those who were not familiar with them. The largest of all was the concert-room, which was surrounded with boxes resembling those of a theatre, and in which the elderly or more quiet portion of the guests might seat themselves and enjoy the splendid *coup d'œil* presented by the busy, bustling, joyous crowd on the floor below.

Nearly all the company wore masques, or fancy dresses of some kind; and the grotesque, the ludicrous, and the fantastic blended strangely with the splendour, gorgeousness, and elegance of the whole. We will not pause to individualize the costumes: suffice it to say that unusual efforts had been made by many of the guests to introduce novelties of all descriptions—some pleasing, others startling—but all characterized by the display of wealth.

The carriages had begun to arrive shortly before ten o'clock; and by eleven all who intended to be present were there. So immense was the new palace, and so numerous were the saloons thrown open for their entertainment, that there was no inconvenient crowding—except perhaps here and there, where some masque by the novelty of his apparel or the fluent wit of his conversation succeeded in engrossing the attention of a large group around him.

Amongst the earliest of the arrivals were two gentlemen, the taller of whom was attired in the elegant costume of a Spanish Cavalier, and the other in a suit of admirably devised pasteboard

armour The former wore a black mask over his countenance ; and the latter had the vizor of his helmet closed. We will not make any mystery as to who these personages were ; but at once confess to the reader that the former was Lord Harold Staunton, and the latter Lord Saxondale. Having lounged through the rooms, they presently retired together into an alcove, which was formed in a hothouse at the extremity of one of the saloons, by an artistically contrived array of oriental plants, the enormous leaves and branches of which constituted a perfect wall of verdure, which was continued upward and then in a roof-like shape by means of garlands and festoons of vines, honeysuckles, jessamines and other creepers intermixed with roses. In this alcove there happened to be nobody at the moment Lord Harold and his friend entered; and as there was a table spread with cooling drinks, they threw themselves lazily upon the sofas to partake of some refreshment and chat for some minutes.

"Is Florina to be here to-night, do you know, Harold?" asked Lord Saxondale.

"Nay—I should rather ask you that question," was Staunton's reply. "Nevertheless, I can answer it. Florina is rather unwell; and I think, Edmund, that it is not altogether right of you to keep away from Cavendish Square for whole days together, as you have done."

"My dear friend," rejoined the dissipated young nobleman, "I must confess that I have not behaved well—especially as you know I am very fond of Flo. But when one gets hold of a new mistress——"

"Understand me, Edmund," interrupted Lord Harold, "I do not at all object to your amour with Emily Archer: but I must remind you that being engaged to my sister, you at least ought to show her proper attention. However, if you pay your respects in Cavendish Square to-morrow, you can make some apology for your neglect. Take care how you keep the visor of your helmet up too long while drinking your lemonade; for some one might enter this alcove abruptly, and recognise you—in which case you would lose all the amusement of the *incognito* for the rest of the evening."

"Trust me," exclaimed Edmund, "I do not mean to spoil my fun, I can assure you."

"Tell me, my dear fellow," said Staunton, "what on earth put it into your head to wear such a dress as that? It must keep you as stiff as if encased in buckram. And as for dancing, of course you will not think of such a thing with your pasteboard armour."

"I will tell you, Harold, why I had this suit made for me," responded Saxondale. "You know that I am descended from an ancestor who founded my family in the time of the Tudors; and so I thought I could not do better than represent my ancestor here to-night."

"Are your mother and sisters coming?" inquired Harold.

"To tell you the truth I know very little about it, but I believe that Juliana and Constance had fancy-dresses made. And as for my lady-mother, I have not heard her say anything on the subject. For myself, I had my pasteboard panoply sent, as you know, to your lodgings——"

"Yes—and a precious deal of trouble Alfred and I had to put your armour on for you," observed Lord Harold. "If the knights of the olden time had so much difficulty in getting on their mail, they must have spent half their lives in dressing and the other half in undressing again."

"And now I bethink me," exclaimed Saxondale, as a sudden recollection struck him, "we were so occupied in fitting on this precious armour of mine, when I was with you in Jermyn Street this evening, that you had not leisure to finish the anecdote you had commenced."

"It can be told in a few words," rejoined Lord Harold. "But here—read this note, if you can manage to do so through the bars of your helmet. You may perceive it was dated the day before yesterday."

Thus speaking, Staunton drew forth a *billet*, which he handed to Lord Saxondale, who received it with his pasteboard gauntlet; and having clumsily managed to open it, read the following lines:—

"TO THE LORD HAROLD STAUNTON,

"A lady who loves you, but of whose passion you are not aware, desires an opportunity of conversing with you for a few minutes and without restraint. This opportunity will be afforded by the masquerade-ball given by their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Harcourt next Wednesday evening, and to which you are no doubt invited. It will be desirable, for the purposes of mutual recognition, that the costumes we are respectively to wear, should be previously known to each other. Permit me therefore, by virtue of my sex, to dictate to you the apparel in which you must appear, and which will best become that handsome person which has made so deep an impression on my heart. Lord Harold, for that occasion you must play the part of a *Spanish Cavalier*: and inasmuch as it is possible that there may be other gentlemen who will choose the same elegant and picturesque style of costume, I beseech you to wear in front of your cap the diamond-clasp which I enclose. You may know me by the costume of *Queen Isabella of Spain*—not the child-Queen of the present day, but the wife of the great Ferdinand and the patroness of Christopher Columbus. As the Queen of Spain therefore, it will only be fitting and proper that I should receive your homage; and I shall accordingly expect to be accosted by my gallant Spanish cavalier on Wednesday night at Harcourt House. In order to give additional weight to this mandate, I sign myself for the present,

"ISABELLA OF SPAIN."

The writing was in a female hand, but evidently disguised; and as Lord Saxondale returned the note to Harold Staunton, he glanced through the bars of his helmet at the clasp alluded to therein. It was a beautiful and costly ornament, and was therefore an unmistakable token that the fair writer of the letter, whoever she might be, intended no jest, but was in downright earnest.

"You are a fortunate fellow, Harold," observed Edmund: "and this love-affair promises to be of a very interesting nature. Of course, you have not the slightest idea who the lady is?"

"Not the slightest," responded Staunton. "I know nothing more than you yourself have gathered from that letter. It was left at my lodgings the day before yesterday, by some messenger who immediately went away. Whether the lady is old or young, handsome or ugly, tall or short, I know no more than yourself: but I should hope and imagine that she possesses some share of beauty—otherwise she cannot expect that her gift of the diamond-clasp will be sufficient to chain me to her chariot wheels."

"Depend upon it she is handsome," observed Edmund: "for she must have great faith in her own charms and be accustomed to conquest, thus to single *you* out as the object of her passion."

"That is just what I think," rejoined Staunton; "and unless she is a very great fool, she must be tall and elegant, and possess a queenly figure to have chosen the costume in which she is to make her appearance. But the room seems to be filling now: let us lounge forth from this alcove again. We shall have to separate presently, Edmund, when my unknown *inamorata* makes her appearance, and perhaps she may engross me for all the rest of the evening. Therefore we may as well make an appointment for to-morrow—that is to say, unless you intend to cut me altogether and devote yourself entirely to Emily Archer."

"How can you say such a thing, Harold?" exclaimed Saxondale. "You know very well that I consider you my best friend. We will dine together to-morrow evening at Long's, and chat over all things interesting to ourselves. So *that* is an appointment, remember. By the bye, have you made any progress in your pursuit of the beautiful Angela Vivaldi?"

"Candidly speaking, my dear Edmund, I have not," answered Lord Harold Staunton. "I cannot even find out where she lives; and you know perfectly well that the idea of obtaining access to her at the Opera is preposterous. But I have not

abandoned the pursuit, and mean to devote myself pretty closely to it in a few days——"

"Unless," observed Edmund, "this new love-affair which presents itself in so mysterious a shape by means of that letter and the appointment for to-night, turns all your thoughts into quite another direction."

"Well, it may do so," remarked Lord Harold, carelessly. "But even if my unknown *inamorata* be beautiful beyond expectation, I do not think her charms can possibly come up to those of Angela Vivaldi."

The two young noblemen finished their lemonade, and re-adjusted the one his mask and the other his visor over their countenances. They then lounged forth from the bowery alcove, and made their way amongst the multitude of guests that had been pouring into the saloons during the half-hour spent in the preceding colloquy. As we have already said, there were costumes of every variety and all descriptions. Amongst those worn by gentlemen, were several Spanish Cavalier dresses; but with none were the plumes of the cap fastened by means of so brilliant a diamond clasp as that which shone above Lord Harold Staunton's masked countenance. There were also amongst the female costumes several representing the apparel of Spanish queens and princesses of the olden time: but none which identified itself with that of the wife of the illustrious Ferdinand. Half-an-hour passed, and the two friends were still lounging about together, when all of a sudden Lord Harold nudged his companion's elbow, and said in a hasty whisper, "Now, Saxondale, we must separate."

Edmund cast a look in the direction towards which Lord Harold was himself at the time gazing; and he beheld a tall, stately, and majestic female figure, clad in a queenly apparel which set off her fine shape to the fullest and noblest advantage. She wore a black mask upon her countenance; and the silken fringe descended so low as entirely to cover her chin, the visard thus concealing the entire face, save and except the bright eyes which sent their glances flashing through the holes.

"I wish you success," whispered Saxondale; and turning away from his friend, he walked off to another part of the room.

Lord Harold Staunton advanced towards the lady who had just entered, and whose appearance seemed to correspond with that of her whom he was expecting: but he dared not immediately accost her, although he felt convinced that the costume which she wore was intended to represent that of Isabella of Spain. Not long was he suffered to remain in suspense: for the lady herself, no doubt singling him out from all other Spanish Cavaliers then present by the diamond-clasp upon his cap, made a slight beckoning signal which his eye immediately caught. The next instant he was by her side; and she at once placed her arm in his.

He led her gently amidst the brilliant assemblage, in the direction of the alcove where he and Saxondale had so recently been; and not a word was spoken by either of them as they advanced towards that spot. Lord Harold felt himself a prey to mingled rapture and confusion. Though the lady's countenance was so effectually concealed that he could not obtain the slightest glimpse of it,—and thus if she had been his own sister he could not have recognised her,—yet he felt assured that behind that mask was a countenance well worthy to be gazed upon. His eyes swept over the superb outlines of her noble and majestic shape; and he thought to himself that a form blending so much voluptuous symmetry with dignified elegance and feminine grace, could not possibly be associated with an ordinary, much less an ugly countenance. And then, too, there was something in the whole bearing, the gait, the gestures, and the walk of his companion which seemed to indicate a lady of the highest rank: so that while he was excited with a pleasurable suspense as to what the style of her beauty might be, he felt embarrassed and confused as to the way in which he should address her. Indeed, for one with whom timidity was not very prevalent, this awkwardness on his part was singular, and could only have arisen from the presentiment that it was no ordinary or commonplace love-adventure in which he was engaged. But who the lady might be, he could not form the remotest conjecture. Not only did the mask so effectually conceal her countenance, but the drapery which she wore upon her head and which descended upon her shoulders, altogether veiled her hair, and even the shape of that head, the carriage of which upon the arching neck and fine shoulders was nevertheless statuesque and queenly. Above the drapery she wore a crown, the diamonds of which reflected with jets of light the lustre of the many lamps suspended to the ceilings and ranged round the walls; and her flowing garments were embellished with precious stones. There seemed to be a real royalty about her, as there was likewise a mystery which enhanced the romantic charm of the love-affair wherein Lord Harold Staunton thus found himself engaged.

It must not be supposed that this meeting between the young nobleman and the unknown lady had anything marked or extraordinary in it so as to attract the notice of the other guests; for there were plenty of encounters of the same kind, and according to preconcerted arrangements: besides, no one could tell whether a lady, when thus meeting a gentleman, was not being joined by a brother, an intimate friend, a near relative, or an acknowledged suitor. Certain it was, however, that on her first entrance the lady did attract much attention, but solely on account of the tasteful elegance of her dress and her own imposing and grandly symmetrical figure. We have already said that a pair of dark eyes sent their fires flashing through the holes in the mask; and as Lord Harold caught those glances, he beheld therein an additional reason for supposing that the countenance to which such eyes belonged must be eminently handsome.

They passed amidst the brilliant assemblage, not with the haste of persons wishing to break the spell of silence as speedily as possible, nor as if they were purposely seeking the alcove for the sake of retirement from the rest: but they proceeded in the slow and gracefully lounging manner which is adopted in the ball-room—and on reaching the alcove, they passed into it with the air of a couple seeking no studied seclusion, but merely availing themselves in a casual manner of an opportunity to retire for a while from the midst of the more heated atmosphere of the saloon.

"And now, fair lady—or rather, I should say

your Majesty," observed Lord Harold Staunton, in a tone of courteous gaiety, as he conducted his companion to a seat in the alcove and placed himself by her side,—"may I be permitted to behold that countenance which is to shed the light of such joy upon my heart, and the beauty of which is to render me for ever the most devoted of your admirers?"

"Lord Harold Staunton," replied the lady, in a voice which was not merely low and subdued, but also disguised,—a tone which, we may here remark, she preserved throughout the entire discourse that followed,—"you will perhaps find that this adventure in which you have embarked, is of a more mysterious and romantic character than you could possibly have conceived it to be. As yet you stand but on the threshold of it. If you hesitate to proceed farther, you are at full liberty to retreat at once—and there will be no harm done: but if you decide upon following up the enterprise, you must prepare to obey my dictates in all things, and to render me good service ere you can hope for your reward."

"The adventure has already become so interesting," at once replied Staunton, "that I am prepared to fall upon my knees at the feet of Queen Isabella of Spain, and vow the homage of my heart and the service of my arm."

"Speak not too quickly, Sir Cavalier," replied the unknown lady: "for I ought to address you according to your assumed character, and not as Lord Harold Staunton. But again I say, speak not too quickly—promise not too hastily—lest you should repent of your rashness and precipitation."

"It must be something of an extraordinary character which your Gracious Majesty has to command your humble servant to undertake that you should be in any doubt as to whether he will accept the service:"—and as Lord Harold thus spoke, he took the lady's hand in his own.

"The pressure of this hand," she at once said, suiting the action to the word, "is for the present the only earnest you can receive of that love which I bear you. For I warn you beforehand that I shall not even remove the mask from my countenance this evening—nor tell you who I am—nor allow you the slightest clue to the discovery of my name. That it is a proud and a noble one, I give you the solemn assurance——"

"And I am not to behold that countenance which I feel convinced is so handsome?" said Lord Harold, in accents of mingled cajolery and disappointment.

"No—not this evening. And yet I swear to you that it *is* handsome—handsomer perhaps than your imagination may depict—of a beauty indeed that may court comparison with the charms of any lady in this brilliant assemblage. And that I love you, my own cavalier,—if such I am indeed to call you, and if such you will prove,—I have already avowed and hesitate not to avow again. I am rich also," continued the lady; "and if it be any proof of my love to lavish my wealth upon you, that testimony shall likewise be given. Now, will you accept this love of mine? will you become the favourite cavalier on whose head Queen Isabella may shower her bounties? and will you in anticipation of the crowning recompense of all that woman can bestow, blindly and devotedly enlist yourself in my service?"

"*Devotedly*—yes," rejoined Lord Harold: "but *blindly*—I do not comprehend the sense in which you use the term, most Gracious Queen."

"I mean that you will undertake to fulfil the task I shall enjoin you, without questioning me as to my motives—without in any way seeking to discover them, until the time may come when I shall be permitted to reveal them. Now say, Sir Cavalier, have you sufficient faith in my love and my beauty, as well as in my gratitude, to devote yourself thus blindly to my service?"

"Yes—Oh, yes!" answered Lord Harold, lost in mingled wonder and infatuation; and even as he pressed the lady's gloved hand between both his own, he felt a thrill of ecstatic pleasure quivering through his entire frame.

"I shall not express my gratitude now for this assurance which you give me," she went on to observe, "because it is but the meet and adequate return you are making for the love which I have already given you. I have long loved you, my own handsome cavalier—I have often thought of revealing the secret of this love; but I have not dared to do so! And when I give you this assurance you will perhaps take it as a proof that it is no dissipated creature, no debauched demirep, no trafficker in numerous amours, who is now addressing you,—but one who has never yet proved faithless to the duties of her sex—never yet stained the purity of her reputation!"

"But the service you demand of me—tell me quick, my adored Queen Isabella," urged Lord Harold, "that I may undertake it with the least possible delay, and thus bring myself nearer to the crowning happiness which is to be my reward."

"I have already told you, Sir Cavalier," replied the unknown lady, "that it is a service of the valorous arm which I demand of you."

"Oh! but all this must be a mere jest, beautiful Queen Isabella," exclaimed Lord Harold. "Yet if it suits your whim or caprice to carry on the conversation in the same style——"

"You see," interrupted the lady, "that in order to be consistent with circumstances, we must be in all respects what we suppose ourselves—I Queen Isabella of Spain, and you my own cavalier. Now then, such being our present belief, we are living in the age of chivalry when gallant warriors court deeds of danger in order to distinguish themselves that they may win the admiration of their ladyeloves. Know, then, Sir Cavalier, that I have an enemy—a mortal enemy, of whom I wish to be rid. No matter how he became my enemy, nor what he has done, nor wherefore I wish to extirpate him from my path. It is sufficient for you to know that I have this enemy, and that the devoted champion who shall give him his doom, becomes the master of my heart."

The lady paused—but Lord Harold Staunton knew not what observation to make. He could not regard her words as serious; and yet they were uttered full seriously. He therefore held his peace; and through the eyelet-holes of his mask did he gaze upon the disguised unknown with a poignant desire to penetrate the mystery which enveloped her.

"Perhaps you imagine," she resumed, all the while speaking in a low and dissembling voice, "that this is a mere masquerading whimsicality?

But it is not so. We will if you please drop our fancied characters, and resume our real ones:—that is to say, you shall be once more Lord Harold Staunton, and I will be an unknown lady of high rank and title who loves you, who demands a service at your hand, and who offers you everything that woman can give as the recompense of that service when it shall be accomplished. It is true, as I have been telling you, that I have an enemy—true that he must be removed from my path: but start not, Lord Harold Staunton—I ask you not to commit the foul crime of murder! No—there are other means of accomplishing the aim. First of all, however, I ask that you will believe me when I assure you I have been insulted by a certain individual; and secondly, that I am serious in demanding his punishment at your hands."

"If you indeed be serious, most incomprehensible unknown," replied Staunton, "I will undertake to punish any man who has insulted you."

"This is what I require," continued the lady. "You must seek out this individual to whom I allude; and without appearing to have any special purpose in view, or to be prompted by a premeditated design, you must provoke him to a quarrel—level some insult at him—and then——For I understand that with the pistol no man in England can outvie Lord Harold Staunton——"

"But you are *not* serious—you cannot be serious!" ejaculated the young nobleman, who was not so thoroughly depraved as to listen without emotion to this murderous project. "If it were to inflict personal chastisement upon the individual to whom you are alluding, I should not hesitate——"

"And would not that inevitably lead to a duel?" asked the lady.

"True!" ejaculated Staunton: then in a slow and deliberate manner he said, "But to seek in cold blood a dispute with some one who has never injured me——"

"Our interview may end here," said the lady curtly as she rose from her seat. "I have been mistaken in Lord Harold Staunton; and I am sorry that I should have given him the trouble to listen to me thus far——still more sorry," she added in a murmuring voice, as if she were deeply moved, "that I should have bestowed upon him my love!"

"Stop one moment—do not let us part thus!" exclaimed Harold, whose head was turning with the bewilderment of his ideas and the infatuation of his senses. "Forgive me if I hesitated: but all this is so singular—so romantic—indeed, it appears to belong to another age and another country——"

"And yet it belongs to this age, to this country, and to the present moment," rejoined the lady, suffering herself to sink down again upon the sofa, in compliance with the movement which Harold imparted to the pressure of his hand as he grasped her own. "But in this age as well as in any other, and in this country too, the aspiring lover must often do something to win his beauteous mistress; and I have assured you, though I myself say the words, that the lady in the present case *is* worth the winning. Now listen to me for a minute longer. You are gay, Lord Harold—and the love of a beautiful woman cannot be indifferent to you: you are comparatively poor—and the wealth which she can lavish must be an object to you. You are asked to risk your life for her, that you may clear her path of an enemy; and if you accomplish this, you need not accept her love as a favour or her wealth as a boon, but demand them both as a right."

"I yield—I consent—I am your devoted Cavalier—and you are once again my Queen Isabella, to whom all homage is due!" and as he thus spoke, Lord Harold Staunton pressed her gloved hand to his lips. "Now, name to me this individual——"

"No—not to-night," at once replied the lady. "I must leave you a few hours to think well over the matter. To-morrow, soon after nine o'clock, you shall receive the name of the individual in a letter. But I must exact from you, my own cavalier, the most solemn and sacred promise that you will not breathe aught of all this to a single living soul. If by any accident you should suspect or discover who I am before the time comes when I may choose to reveal myself, you must still more rpligiously than ever keep the secret in your own breast. If you prove indiscreet I am certain to hear of it; if you breathe a single syllable in the ear of another, although you may exact an oath of inviolability from that other, yet shall I be certain to find out your imprudence—I will even call it your treachery. And in that case my love would turn to hatred; and instead of looking for a recompense, you would have to beware of my vengeance! But on the other hand, if you prove faithful to your promise—if you keep the secret as religiously as if it were one revealed from the dead—and if you serve me to the fullest extent, not deviating one single inch from the course I have laid down, there is nothing you can ask of me that I shall not be prepared to grant."

Having thus spoken, the lady rose; and Lord Harold likewise quitted his seat. He would have detained her still longer — he would have besought and conjured her to throw off at once the mystery wherewith she had surrounded herself—but she took his arm, and in a firm though still in a low and disguised voice, said, "Enough for the present! Let us now lounge forth again amongst the company."

They accordingly issued from the bowery alcove, and threading the whole range of state apartments, conversed upon indifferent topics. But there was to a certain degree a restraint and embarrassment on the part of both; and the lady, appearing to feel this, suddenly observed, "Lord Harold, let us separate for the present. Remember your promise: remember also that I love you!"

She then quitted him abruptly, and mingling amongst the thickest of the multitude, was speedily lost to his view. He remained standing where she had left him for two or three minutes, wrapt up in profound thought, from which he was aroused by being suddenly caught by the arm. It was Lord Saxondale in his pasteboard armour who had thus rejoined him.

"Well, my dear Harold, how got you on with your mysterious unknown?" he asked. "Is she mysterious still? is she still unknown? and was it all a mere masquerading trick? Or are you really and truly blessed with the love of some lady whose beauty outshines her virtue? By heaven, though I cannot see your face, yet I can tell that you are not altogether as you ought to be!"

"My dear Edmund, if I made a gesture of impa-

tience you must not take it as unkind," responded Lord Harold Staunton: "for I was thinking at the moment of all that had passed between that lady and myself."

"Then it is really a settled love affair," observed Edmund. "But I suppose you mean to tell me all about it after showing me the letter: besides which, you and I never have any secrets from each other——"

"Oh no, never!" ejaculated Staunton. "Only on the present occasion I have nothing to tell. Have you amused yourself?" he inquired, endeavouring to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Yes, uncommonly well. I have had such fun with some of the masques: they have endeavoured to find out who I am, but cannot for the life of them. My sisters are here—they are dressed as Maids of Honour in the time of Louis XIV: but my mother is not. I did not much think she would come—and the girls have just told me that she has shut herself up in her apartment at home in a fit of the sullens, or something of the sort. But come, let us go into the refreshment room and seize an opportunity of getting some wine without standing the chance of revealing who we are."

"Willingly," answered Lord Harold, glad that he had thus escaped at least for the present from farther questioning on the part of Lord Saxondale.

We need not dwell any longer upon the incidents, pleasures, or details of the masqued ball at Harcourt House. Suffice it to say that at two o'clock in the morning the supper-rooms were thrown open; and then it was expected—as indeed it was necessary for the purpose of partaking of the banquet—that all the guests should remove their masks. This was done; and infinite was the amusement produced by the revelation of countenances that now took place. But Lord Harold Staunton did not wait for the announcement of supper; and retired at an hour so early as to astonish and almost disgust Lord Saxondale, who declared his intention to remain until the end: but his friend pleaded sudden and severe indisposition as an excuse for his premature departure. The truth was that Harold was most anxious to reach his own lodgings, and ponder well upon all that had occurred between himself and the unknown lady. He was more infatuated with that mysterious being than it seemed possible for one of his reckless and dissipated character to become, and more than he himself could account for. When he retired to rest, sleep did not soon visit his eyes; and when it did come, he was pursued with the most fantastic dreams, Queen Isabella of Spain appearing conspicuous as the heroine.

He rose before nine in the morning, and anxiously awaited the arrival of the promised communication. Nor was he kept in suspense much beyond the promised hour. A letter was brought up by his valet Alfred at about half-past nine o'clock, and the address of which was written in the same disguised female hand as the billet he had shown to Lord Saxondale. On opening the letter he perceived at the first glance a bank-note for one thousand pounds; and inside the envelope was written a name——nothing but a name!

"Ah!" ejaculated Lord Harold Staunton as that name met his eye—the name of the lady's enemy with whom he was to seek a dispute: and then, having given vent to that ejaculation, he fell into a profound reverie.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GARDEN.

A WEEK had now elapsed since Florina's dream of bliss had been so cruelly destroyed by the tale she had heard and the discovery she herself had made relative to William Deveril. That tale from the lips of Lady Saxondale naturally seemed to the young maiden to be fully corroborated by what she had seen at the villa near the Regent's Park; and she could come to no other conclusion than that Deveril was a depraved, profligate, and unprincipled young man. No doubt lingered in her mind upon this point: she would have hoped if there had been room for hope—but there was none: she would still have furnished him with an opportunity of explaining his conduct—but she felt that there could be nothing to explain. That he was living with the eminent ballet-dancer was clear beyond the possibility of doubt; and with this proof of his depravity it was impossible any longer to suspect the truth of Lady Saxondale's narrative.

Florina wrestled with all her strength against the grief which she experienced; but the shock had been so rude, the disappointment was so severe, that she could not help feeling it most deeply—most keenly. Her aunt Lady Macdonald, not for an instant suspecting the real truth, fancied that Florina was indisposed; and the young lady did not contradict the supposition. At the same time she declared that she was not sufficiently an invalid to require the attendance of the family physician, but that in a few days she should be herself again. The greater portion of the week was passed by Florina in the solitude of her own apartments,—but not with her ivory-painting nor her music. All the implements connected with the former did she place out of sight, inasmuch as they reminded her of him from whom she had learnt the art; and as for her music, she was not in spirits to enable her to play enlivening airs, and was already too sad to practise melancholy ones. It was a long and anxious week for poor Florina: often and often did the tears flow down her cheeks—often and often too was her bosom convulsed with sobs!

But during that week, had Deveril made no attempt to communicate with her? The reader will recollect that when he called at the house on the same day as Lady Saxondale, the door had been shut in his face, and he was dismissed with the intimation that his services were no longer required, but that he was to send in his account. At first he thought that Lady Macdonald had discovered what had taken place between himself and Florina: and he was thus plunged into the deepest despondency. But on the following day he learnt from other sources how Lady Saxondale had been propagating the most odious calumnies concerning him; and he now at once understood the motive of the treatment which he had received at Lady Macdonald's house in Cavendish Square. He thereupon addressed a letter to Lady Macdonald, stating that the tongue of slander had been busy at work to injure him, and beseeching an opportunity to ex-

plain and vindicate his conduct in respect to Lady Saxondale. But Lady Macdonald returned him his letter in a blank envelope. He wrote to her again; and the second letter was returned unanswered. He called at the house once more, but was sternly denied an interview with her ladyship. Subsequently he waited about in the neighbourhood, on various occasions, in the hope of seeing Florina: but in this expectation he was disappointed. Not for an instant suspecting that it was she whose voice he had heard under such mysterious circumstances, that evening when she visited his villa-residence and when she had fled so precipitately, he of course knew not that she herself had any reason more than her aunt for thinking ill of him; and in his own heart he hoped and believed that Florina had *not* put faith in Lady Saxondale's story. Thus Deveril buoyed himself up with the idea that Florina herself had not turned against him, but at all events that if her suspicion or her jealousy had been excited, a word of explanation from his lips would clear up everything. He was therefore most anxious to find an opportunity of seeing her: but the whole week passed away without furnishing him such an occasion.

On her part Florina learnt from her aunt that he had called a second time and had also sent letters, but that his visit had been refused and his communications returned to him. It was only in a casual manner and in the course of conversation that Lady Macdonald mentioned these circumstances to her niece; for, as before stated, she entertained not the slightest suspicion that the young lady experienced any degree of interest in William Deveril. But what did Florina think of the young man's pertinacity in seeking to communicate with her aunt? She could only set it down to a brazen effrontery; and her unfavourable opinion of him was thus materially enhanced.

"He knows not," she said to herself, "that it was I who was indiscreet and imprudent enough to repair to his country-residence, and even penetrate up to the very threshold of his door, on that night when the fatal truth of his profligacy was made known to me. No—he could not suppose for an instant that I should have taken such a step—that I should have compromised myself in such a manner! He therefore fancies that the mode in which he is living is utterly unknown to me, and that therefore it is but Lady Saxondale's story which he has to explain away. This he seeks to do through the medium of my aunt, in the hope that if he succeeded therein he would stand on the same footing as heretofore in respect to myself. Alas, alas! the deeper the insight I obtain into William Deveril's character, the greater does his duplicity appear. Ah! and I who would have trusted my happiness to such a man—Oh! what a wreck should I have made of it. Better, better far to become the wife of Edmund Saxondale, who simulates no virtues, and therefore in his vices is at least free from hypocrisy, than bestow my hand on William Deveril, who is all deceit, all falsehood. I must banish his image from my memory——would that I had not loved him as I have! But after all, the lesson is perhaps intended by heaven to render me obedient to the wishes of my relatives, and entrust my happiness to their guidance. Surely, surely, my aunt, who has been so kind and good to me, can have but one motive in wishing me to espouse Edmund Saxondale?—and that motive is for the best. I will accept my destiny—and henceforth will be ruled by her who has supplied to me a mother's place."

Such was the train of reflections into which Lady Florina Staunton fell one evening, at the expiration of the week which had elapsed since the discoveries made concerning Deveril. She was seated in an apartment which looked upon the garden at the back of the house. The window was open—the bright green foliage of the trees outside waved around the iron railings of the balcony—and the perfume of the flowers was wafted into the room. There was a gentle breeze fraught with a refreshing influence after the sickly warmth of a sultry day; and Florina stepped forth upon the balcony to woo the cooling zephyr to her throbbing brows and flushed countenance. For her cheeks had a hectic red, and seemed to burn with the fever-heat which was upon her and which had arisen from the troubled state of her mind.

It has already been stated in a previous chapter that there was a means of egress from the premises at the back part of the house. This consisted of a side-gate opening from the garden into a carriage-way that ran between Lady Macdonald's mansion and the adjoining one, the stables belonging to both being at the bottom. As Florina stepped forth on the balcony, from the height where she stood she could see over the enclosure-wall into the alley just spoken of, and it was with feelings which suddenly became strangely agitated and conflicting that she beheld the object of her thoughts—William Deveril!

Yes—there he was, standing in the lane, evidently watching for her appearance; and the ejaculation of joy which burst from his lips the moment she stepped forth upon the balcony, reached her ears in the stillness of evening. Her first impulse was to retreat: but a still more powerful feeling held her rivetted where she stood. What followed was the work of an instant. Deveril flew to the gate—tore it open—and rushed into the garden. There was something which struck Florina as so audacious, so full of a matchless effrontery in this proceeding, that all her patrician dignity came to her aid in a moment. Drawing herself up to her full height, she waved her hand, saying, "Depart, sir—dare not to intrude yourself within the privacy of this garden!"

Deveril stopped suddenly short beneath the balcony, and gazed up with a look so full of astonishment and mournful reproach—so full of mingled tenderness and deprecating sorrow—that Florina felt a gush of ineffable emotions welling up from her heart, making her bosom throb, and producing a suffocating sensation in the throat,—so that her whole appearance grew suddenly changed and she seemed melting, yielding, forgiving!

"Lady Florina," said William Deveril, "I beseech you to grant me a few minutes' interview. It shall be to say that everything is at an end between us, if you will—but let me not be discarded for ever from your heart in consequence of a vile calumny. After everything which has taken place between us, I have a right to expect the opportunity of giving an explanation—and you can scarcely be so cruel or unjust as to refuse me one."

The young man spoke in a subdued but earnest voice. He spoke thus in a low tone for fear of

being overheard at other windows or by the neighbours; but so clear was his voice in its masculine melody, and so earnest were his accents in their manly pleading, that not a syllable was lost to Lady Florina's ears, although the balcony in which she stood was a considerable height from the ground. Then too, as she gazed down upon that young man whose personal beauty was of so fascinating a character, and whose form was so perfect in its statue-like symmetry—the music of his voice, too, flowing with such tender earnestness upon the evening zephyr, as if the melody of the human soul mingled with the perfumes which the flowers sent forth,—Lady Florina felt all her stern resolves thawing away, and the hostile feelings which had frozen in ice round her heart melting beneath the influence of reviving tenderness. Still she answered not immediately, but with a softening and mournful look gazed down upon him whom she had loved so tenderly and so well, and whom she would give the world to be able to love again!

"Ah! I see that you have believed the tale which has reached your ears," resumed Deveril as he anxiously watched her looks and thought that he understood all that was passing in her mind: "but now that you see me you can believe it no longer! Lady Florina, will you descend for a few minutes into the garden? or will you tell me how I may forward a letter to you? I have longed—Oh! I have longed to write, but was fearful of committing an indiscretion—afraid of compromising you——"

"Compromising me!" echoed Florina, with an access of scornful feeling, a sudden and total change taking place within her all in a moment, effected by that talismanic word which he had so unfortunately uttered: for she felt that she had indeed been compromised by having been beguiled into an avowal of love to that young man who dwelt privately with an opera-dancer. "Compromised!" she repeated bitterly; "Oh, you have already compromised me too much with myself!—and I know not how it is that I have so far forgotten all the proper pride of my position and my sex, to linger here even for the few moments that I have suffered you to address me."

Another instant, and Florina had disappeared from the balcony! She flitted away like an apparition—thus abruptly retreating into her apartment; and it seemed as if by magic that she had gone so suddenly. The casement was immediately closed; and Deveril, almost staggered by the blow, felt as if hope had suddenly perished within him.

"Good heavens!" he murmured bitterly, "has Lady Saxondale so successfully spread the venom of her calumny?"

He lingered for a few moments, gazing up at that balcony where the bright and beautiful object of his adoration had just before stood, and whence she had vanished as swiftly as hope also had vanished from his own heart. All in an instant he felt that he should be wrong to remain any longer there; and with a deep sigh he turned away. But as he issued forth from the garden-gate, he came in somewhat violent contact with an individual who was about to enter. They both retreated a step or two, and their lips gave ejaculatory utterance to each other's names.

"Ah! William Deveril!"

"Lord Harold Staunton!"

And then there was a pause, during which the young nobleman looked strangely upon the youthful artist—while the latter had some difficulty in recovering from the confusion into which this most disagreeable and unexpected encounter had thrown him.

"May I inquire, sir," at length said Lord Harold sternly, "what you are doing here?"

"I came," at once responded William Deveril, "to give certain explanations which I have sought to give by all legitimate means——"

"I understand from my aunt, Lady Macdonald," interrupted Lord Harold Staunton, "that she has forbidden you the house, and that you have been persecuting her with calls and letters. I presume therefore that you have now been endeavouring to force your way into my aunt's presence—or that you penetrated hither for that purpose, but thinking better of it, were beating a precipitate retreat——"

"Your lordship must put what construction you will upon my conduct," returned Deveril, mildly but firmly: and he was determined to say nothing that should compromise Florina.

"What! you dare treat the matter thus coolly?" exclaimed Lord Harold. "Know you not, sir, that a nephew is bound to protect his aunt against such intrusion, or attempted intrusion as this?"

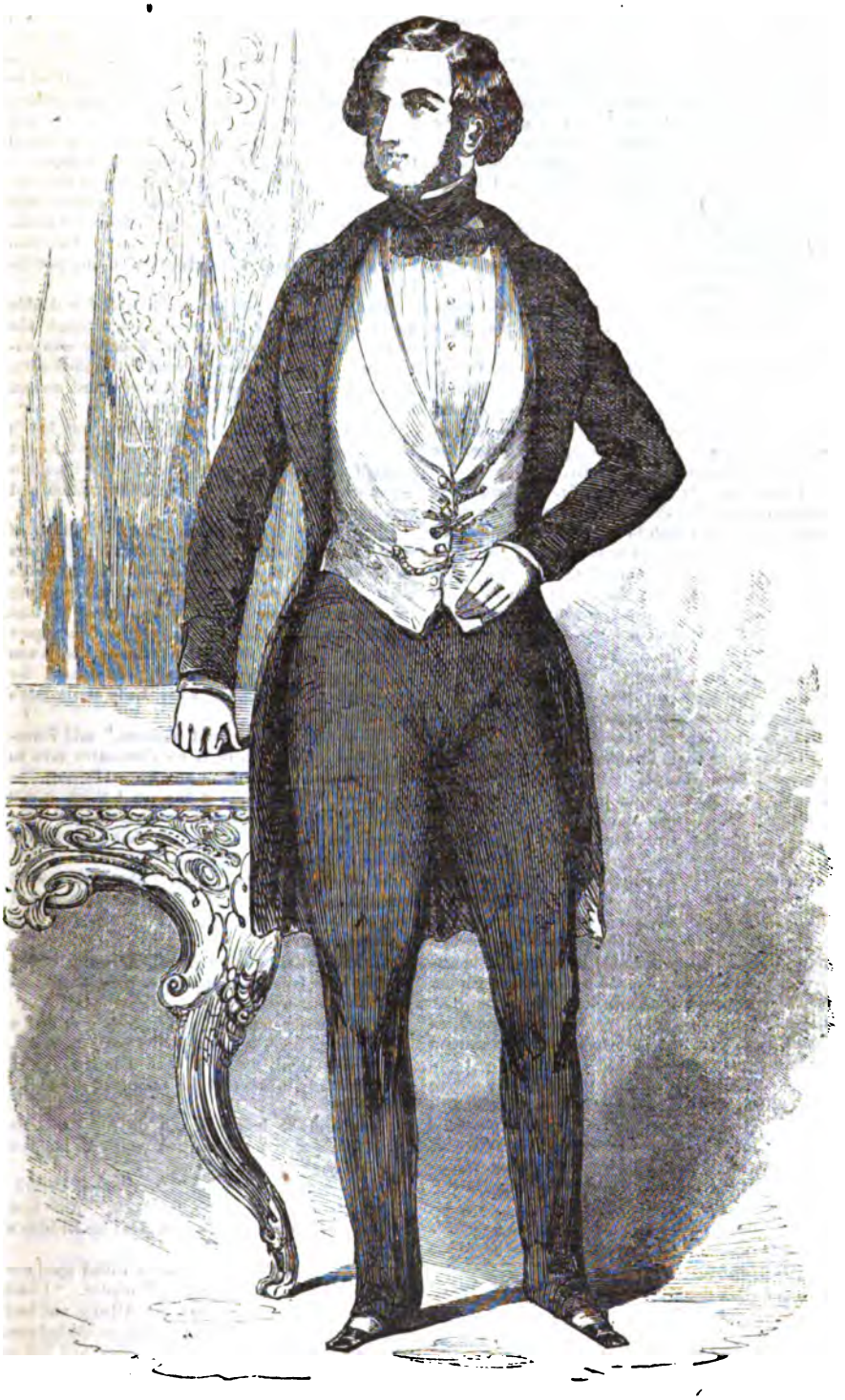
"I am well aware that my conduct must seem suspicious," replied Deveril, still calm and unexcited—and he was inwardly rejoiced to perceive that Lord Harold Staunton entertained not the slightest suspicion that it was to seek an interview with his sister and not with his aunt, that he (Deveril) had come thither.

"Suspicious indeed!" exclaimed the young nobleman, working himself up into a rage. "It is more than suspicious, sir—it is downright impudent—in short, it is conduct which deserves personal chastisement. Pity it is that no lacquey was at hand to kick you out of the premises into which you have dared intrude."

"My lord," said Deveril, his cheeks now reddening, "it would grieve me sorely to aggravate the impropriety of my conduct by saying anything harsh to you: but I must beg to remind your lordship that you are using language which I cannot listen to without indignation. I am well aware that I have been indiscreet in entering Lady Macdonald's premises in a surreptitious manner: but I have not done so without some excuse. Vilely calumniated, I was refused admittance at her ladyship's front-door—my letters were returned unopened—and not choosing to incur her ladyship's evil opinion without giving explanations on my own part to vindicate my character, I certainly sought admittance into her dwelling."

"You have been expelled her front door, and your letters have been returned unopened?" exclaimed Harold Staunton, repeating Deveril's words in a taunting manner. "Surely those indications were sufficient to convince you that your presence could be dispensed with; and any attempt to intrude again becomes an act of the grossest rudeness and most flagrant indecency. We will not however discuss the question farther. You must give me satisfaction, sir, for your impertinence."

"My lord," replied Deveril, now assuming a haughty dignity, which, as he was no aristocrat, was



entirely his own—the natural pride of a man of high feeling,—"had you spoken in other terms I should certainly have held myself bound to make an apology for my intrusion within the precincts of Lady Macdonald's dwelling. Indeed, I have already said as much as to express my sense of its impropriety, and therefore my sorrow that I should have been guilty of such conduct. But, considering the tone which your lordship now thinks fit to adopt towards me, I decline to offer a single word in the shape of excuse or apology."

"Ah! is this your decision?" exclaimed Lord Harold fiercely.

"It is—most positively," returned Deveril, with increasing hauteur.

"Then," immediately rejoined the nobleman, "you will name the friend to whom I may send mine."

"What! would you provoke me to a duel?" cried Deveril, who had scarcely apprehended that it was Harold's intention to push matters to this extreme—and his heart smote him at the idea of standing up in a hostile manner against the brother of her whom he loved so devotedly.

"I have already told you, Mr. Deveril," was Staunton's answer, "that you must afford me satisfaction. I do not wish to give any unseemly provocation on my part: but as it appears," he added scornfully, "that you yourself require some such inducement to make you show your courage, I am forced to act thus. Consider, sir, that I have given you a blow:"—and with the tips of his fingers he touched Deveril on the cheek.

"Enough, Lord Harold!" exclaimed the young artist, his own spirit now thoroughly aroused. "You have asked me to name my friend—I refer you to Mr. Forester, whose apartments are in the Albany."

"I have some slight knowledge of Mr. Forester," responded Lord Harold, "and will lose no time in sending a friend to communicate with him."

He then bowed coldly and distantly, and turning on his heel, walked away without entering the precincts of his aunt's dwelling.

William Deveril lingered for a few moments to let him get to a distance, and then likewise proceeded up the lane into Cavendish Square.

We may here observe that on quitting the balcony, Lady Florina retreated into another apartment, which did not command a view of the garden nor of the premises at the back of the house. She therefore did not observe that William Deveril, on issuing forth from the enclosure, had encountered her brother in the alley.

Deveril bent his way direct to the Albany, where he inquired for Mr. Forester; but learning that this gentleman was not in at the moment, he penned a hurried note to prepare him for the visit which he might expect from Lord Harold's friend in the course of the evening. Having left this note with the porter of the Albany, Deveril proceeded to his lodgings in Pall Mall; on reaching which he immediately sat down at his writing-table and wrote the following lines:—

"Pall Mall, ½ past 8 o'clock.

"Dearest Angela,

"I promised you to be home by supper-time this evening: but urgent business retains me in town. I intend to sleep at my lodgings, but hope to be with you early in the forenoon to-morrow. Your affectionate

"WILLIAM."

This note Deveril at once despatched by a porter in a cab to his villa-residence in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. He then resumed his writing, and penned several letters. The first was also to Angela—another was to Mr. Gunthorpe—a third to Florina, and the others to friends or acquaintances. The task had occupied him nearly two hours; and when he had finished this correspondence, he sealed the several letters and packed them all up together in a sheet of paper. He then wrote upon the outside of the envelope, "*It is earnestly requested that the letters contained herein, may be delivered immediately to their respective addresses.*" He then locked up the packet in his writing-desk, and put the key in his pocket.

It was now half-past ten o'clock; and a double knock at the front-door resounded through the house. In a few moments Mr. Forester was announced. He was a young man of four-and-twenty, with a pleasing countenance, a genteel figure, and an air of mingled good-nature and frankness.

"My dear Deveril," he said, taking our hero's hand, "how the deuce have you managed to get yourself into this scrape with Lord Harold Staunton—you who are of such a peaceable disposition and excellent temper?"

Deveril gave Mr. Forester a hurried outline of what had taken place—or rather of such particulars as he thought fit to describe,—leaving Florina's name altogether out of the question, and suffering his friend to retain a similar impression to that which Lord Harold himself had received in respect to his intrusion into the garden; namely, that it was to seek an interview with Lady Macdonald, for the purpose of explaining away Lady Saxondale's calumnies.

"Well, it is an unpleasant business," said Forester: "but it seems there is no alternative save to exchange shots. Of course you know, Deveril——and mind, I do not say it because I think it will make any undue impression on your mind——but it is my duty to mention the fact, that Lord Harold Staunton is what is termed——"

"I know what you mean," observed Deveril quietly, "a crack shot. I have heard it mentioned that he has performed the most astonishing feats with the pistol."

"I have seen him," rejoined Forester. "But you, my dear fellow—what sort of a marksman do you consider yourself?"

"I have never practised, and scarcely ever fired a pistol in my life," responded Deveril. "Besides, you do not think for a moment, Forester, that I mean seriously to attempt the taking of my adversary's life?"

"You will be insane if you do not," was his friend's answer: "for if you risk your own life, you certainly ought to do your best——"

"Enough upon that point," interrupted Deveril "At all events I shall do my duty. And now tell me, have you received a visit from his lordship's friend?"

"Captain Lennox of the Guards called upon me at half-past nine o'clock," replied Forester. "I had just returned to my rooms in the Albany, and had received your note, which not a little astonished me. However, everything is settled. You had better come and pass the night with me—we will have supper and champagne, and so forth——"

"Thank you—but I must decline your hospitality. I will breakfast with you at any hour you name in the morning."

"That must be at five punctually," rejoined Forester: "for we have to be upon the ground at half-past six o'clock."

"And which is the appointed place?" asked Deveril.

"The fields in the immediate vicinage of Hampstead Heath. By the bye, Captain Lennox undertook to bring the regimental surgeon with him; and therefore we need not trouble ourselves on that point. Have you got pistols? No. Well, I will take mine—and at all events you will have the benefit of good ones. And now, what are you going to do with yourself? You will not come with me to my rooms—shall I stay with you? or shall we go out together for an hour or two?"

"I wish to remain alone," answered Deveril. "Do not think me rude or churlish, nor insensible to your kind intention——"

"Not at all, my dear fellow," exclaimed Forester. "In these circumstances one does exactly as one chooses. Good night, then. You will be with me at five?"

"Not a minute later," answered Deveril: and Mr. Forester thereupon took his leave of the young artist.

CHAPTER XL.

THE DUEL.

If we look into Lord Harold Staunton's lodgings in Jermyn Street, at precisely the same time when the preceding interview took place between Forester and Deveril in Pall Mall, we shall find that nobleman seated alone in his drawing-room. Captain Lennox had just left him, having communicated the arrangements made with Mr. Forester, and having settled the hour of appointment when they were to meet again in the morning.

Lord Harold's countenance was grave and serious. It was not that he feared the duel, nor dreaded its consequences in respect to himself: but he scarcely admired the part he had played in provoking it.

"When once I stand in the presence of William Deveril," he said to himself, "I cannot help taking a deadly aim at him. It is for this purpose I have provoked the duel—and I almost wish that what has been done could be safely and honourably undone. But no: that is impossible! I am a fool," he suddenly exclaimed, speaking aloud and rising from his seat, "to let these feelings grow upon me. What is a duel after all? It is an incident in the life of every man of the world, and is fraught with an *eclat* of a flattering nature. Well, but somehow or another I cannot see the thing in this light on the present occasion. Pshaw! this is drivelling folly—I will and must be gay!"

Scarcely had he spoken these words, when a loud double knock reverberated through the house; and Lord Saxondale was speedily introduced.

"A pretty fellow you are, Harold, to make an appointment with me to dine at Long's and then break it. So I had to dine by myself. Good turtle and venison, however—and iced-punch excellent. Those were consolations."

"You must forgive me, my dear fellow," answered Staunton; "but some particular business kept me away from you. However, we can now go out and pass an hour or two together."

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" asked Edmund, surveying his friend with attention: "you have a strange look, and a sort of forced gaiety. Has anything happened? I hope nothing bad. Perhaps your creditors have been dunning you——"

"Well, it is something of that sort," observed Staunton, compelling himself to laugh, although he was not altogether in the humour. "But come—let us go and amuse ourselves somewhere."

"That is exactly what I wish," returned Saxondale. "Emily Archer is dancing away to-night at the Opera—and she will not have me to escort her home."

"What do you mean? You have broken with her already."

"Not I indeed! I mean that since I am going to amuse myself with you, she must amuse herself alone for once. Come."

The two young nobleman now strolled forth together. First of all they visited the gaming-table; and Saxondale, though by no means a shrewd observer, could not avoid noticing a continuation of that peculiarity which he had already seen in his friend's manner: but Harold had his own reasons for saying nothing to Edmund relative to the pending duel. He gambled recklessly, and drank large draughts of wine. His purse was well filled with money: for the reader will recollect that he had received a thousand-pound-note in the morning from the unknown lady of the masquerade. At least three hundred pounds of this sum he lost in about half-an-hour; and then suddenly flinging down the dice box, he said to his friend, "Come, Saxondale—I have had enough of this. Let us be off."

Sallying forth from the gambling-house, the two young noblemen visited the cider-cellars — then looked in at the *Coal Hole*—and subsequently bestowed the honour of their presence upon three or four other places of the same sort,—Lord Harold everywhere drinking immoderately. At two o'clock in the morning they wound up their amusements with a supper of devilled kidneys and Welch-rabbits at *Evans's* in Covent Garden; and then they separated, Lord Saxondale going home uncommonly tipsy in a cab, and Lord Harold Staunton proceeding to Jermyn Street on foot, that the fresh air of the morning might cool his heated brows. Not that he himself was intoxicated. He could always imbibe with impunity a large quantity of liquor; and though within the last few hours he had partaken of far more than even on such occasions he was wont to do, yet he scarcely felt the effects thereof.

On entering his lodgings he bade Alfred — to whom he had confidentially communicated the pending duel—call him precisely at five o'clock: he then threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, and sank into a troubled and agitated sleep.

But we must now transport the reader's attention to Mr. Forster's rooms in the Albany, and suppose that the hour of five in the morning was being proclaimed from all the steeples of the West End. Punctual to his appointment, William Deveril made his appearance. Forester grasped him cordially by the hand, and surveyed him earnestly to see how he bore the prospect of the life-and-death affair about

to take place. The young artist seemed as cool and collected as ever; and a stranger gazing upon him would not have known that there was anything unusual in his mind. He was dressed with his usual neatness, and appeared as if he had enjoyed several hours of calm and refreshing sleep.

An excellent breakfast was served up, of which Deveril partook. When it was over Mr. Forester looked at his watch, saying, "It is now half-past five—my carriage will be at the door in ten minutes. If you have anything particular to say, you had better do so at once."

"I have but one request to make,' answered Deveril, producing a small key from his pocket. "Take this—it opens the writing-desk at my lodgings. If I fall, you will know what to do."

"Depend upon it, my dear fellow," returned Forester, "whatever your instructions are they shall be fully and faithfully attended to. Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing," responded Deveril, "except to express my thanks for your kindness."

Mr. Forester's valet entered the room to announce that the carriage was in waiting. That gentleman now produced from a cupboard an ominous-looking box in a green baise bag; and this the valet at once conveyed down to the carriage. Forester and Deveril followed, and took their seats in the vehicle, which then drove rapidly away.

During the ride to Hampstead the two gentlemen conversed upon indifferent matters; and Deveril showed that young as he was—being, as the reader is aware, scarcely twenty, though he looked a year or two older—he possessed a firm and courageous mind. Not that he treated the matter with unbecoming flippancy—very far from it: there was a certain gravity and sedateness in his mien and tone which became the position wherein he was placed, but which was as far removed from the sentiment of fear as it was from levity.

On reaching the heath, Forester and Deveril left the carriage, which drove away to a distance so as not to excite suspicion in the neighbourhood; and they proceeded on foot to the appointed place. Forester had purposely put on a loose over-coat that he might carry the pistol-case concealed beneath it: for the compass-looking box before referred to, was the one containing the deadly weapons. It was twenty minutes past six as they entered the field where the duel was to take place; and the quick glance which Forester threw around showed him that they were first upon the ground.

It was a beautiful morning: the sun was already shining brightly—the birds were singing in the trees—and nature, reviving from the lethargy of night, was arraying herself in her most cheerful smiles. Deveril could not help heaving a sigh as he reflected how perverse was the heart of man, that by its passions it could lead to the desecration of a world which the Creator had made so fair and beautiful, and the, sunny joyousness of which too often formed so strong a contrast with the deeds enacted by its human denisens.

His meditations were however cut short by a sudden ejaculation from the lips of Forester, who cried out, "Here they come!"—and Deveril, looking in the direction where his friend's eyes were fixed, beheld his opponent accompanied by two individuals advancing across the field.

Lord Harold Staunton, ere quitting his lodgings, had made certain hasty improvements in his toilet: nevertheless his appearance was not altogether characterised by the same degree of neatness as that of William Deveril. On the contrary, he looked as if he had passed a portion of the night in a debauch. His companions were Captain Lennox and the military surgeon. The former was a fine tall man, of commanding appearance, and evidently of great physical strength; he wore a moustache, which together with his thick brows and keen piercing eyes, gave him a certain fierceness of look; while his air was haughty, self-sufficient, and aristocratic. As for the surgeon, he was altogether of an opposite appearance—being short and stout, with a rubicund face and a particularly red nose, as if he were amazingly addicted to the pleasures of the table.

Lord Harold bowed with distant politeness to Mr. Deveril, who returned the salutation in a similar manner. The two seconds—namely, Captain Lennox and Mr. Forester—almost instantaneously proceeded to a settlement of the preliminaries,—measuring the ground, and loading the pistols in each other's presence,—during which proceeding the military surgeon walked apart, and while pretending to blow his nose, applied a brandy-flask to his lips. The seconds, having made their arrangements, placed their principals in their proper stations; and thus, to use Captain Lennox's military phrase, "the ground was made clear for action!"

"You have nothing more to say to me beyond the instructions already given?" inquired Mr. Forester of Deveril, as he handed him a loaded pistol.

"Nothing," was the answer, returned in a tone of grave firmness.

"Then there need be no farther delay," rejoined Mr. Forester. "It is arranged that Captain Lennox will give the signal. Observe where he has now taken his place with a white kerchief in his hand. When he drops that kerchief, you will avert your head, raise the pistol, and fire."

Deveril intimated that he understood these instructions; and Mr. Forester drew aside to a little distance, so as to avoid the chance of receiving Lord Harold's bullet. This nobleman had in the meantime received his weapon from Captain Lennox, who had immediately after posted himself in such a position that he formed with the two duellists the apex of a triangle. The military doctor had seated himself under a hedge, where he regaled himself with a second dose of the contents of the brandy-flask to settle the qualms of an empty stomach.

Everything was now ready: but just at the very instant that Captain Lennox was about to let the handkerchief fall, a loud stentorian voice roared out, "Stop!"

All eyes being turned in the direction whence this command emanated, the unmistakable figure of Mr. Gunthorpe was seen clambering over a gate in the hedge close by where the doctor was seated. Up jumped the medical gentleman, as much startled as if a whole posse of policemen had appeared upon the spot: but on perceiving that the new comer was alone, he regained his self-possession, and deliberately took a third pull at the brandy-flask. Over the gate did Mr. Gunthorpe scramble,

—his naturally red face being quite purple with excitement, while the perspiration rolled in large drops down it; and his brown scratch wig had got turned all awry under his broad-brimmed hat. He brandished his gold-headed cane as if it were a constable's staff, and rolled along on his little fat legs towards the spot where the duellists and their seconds stood.

"Who the deuce is this?" exclaimed Captain Lennox, twirling his moustache. "I suppose it's some justice of the peace——"

"No, sir," interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe, who had just arrived near enough to catch the remark. "I do not come in a magisterial capacity——"

"I should think not indeed!" observed Lord Harold contemptuously. "Magistrates and county-justices don't usually take up their quarters at a boiled-beef house on Holborn Hill."

"This affair can proceed no farther," said Mr. Gunthorpe, bestowing not the slightest heed upon Lord Harold Staunton's insolent observation: but placing himself midway between the two duellists' he said, "I did not choose to involve you all in exposure by bringing the police authorities with me: but I am nevertheless determined to put a stop to this business. So if you mean to fire, gentlemen, I must become your target."

William Deveril had started with astonishment on seeing Mr. Gunthorpe; and Forester, observing the effect thus produced by that gentleman's presence, hastily inquired of Deveril if he knew who he was?

"Yes—I do indeed know who he is; and have every reason to do so," responded the young artist. "He is one to whom I am under many obligations. But it is most provoking that he should have found us out!"

"Oh! he must not be allowed to interfere in this way," added Forester. "I will see what Lennox says."

He and the Captain thereupon accosted Mr. Gunthorpe, and asked him by what right he strove to put a stop to this affair of honour?

"An affair of honour do you call it!" exclaimed the old gentleman indignantly and scornfully. "I pronounce it to be an affair of *dis*honour——"

"Beware, sir, what you say!" interrupted Captain Lennox fiercely: "for with that remark you impeach the characters of all concerned—and if you dare repeat your insolence, I shall be compelled to pull your nose for you."

"It is a great pity, sir," rejoined Mr. Gunthorpe, "that the people should have to pay taxes to maintain a set of military bullies of whom you are a very fair specimen."

"By Jove, this is too much!" ejaculated Captain Lennox. "I must chastise you, sir."

"And I will knock you down with my cane, if you dare touch me," at once retorted Mr. Gunthorpe, holding his stick in a manner which showed that he was serious.

"Don't hurt the old gentleman," said Mr. Forester, seizing the arm of Captain Lennox who was about to commit a prompt onslaught on Mr. Gunthorpe. "Let us endeavour to reason with him."

"You will not reason me into giving my consent to this duel," observed the object of the remark. "And so you call it an affair of honour, do you? What! is it honourable for two young men to stand up and endeavour to take each other's life, for some trumpery cause or another?"

"Permit me to ask," interrupted Mr. Forester, "whether you are acquainted with the motives and causes which have led to the present meeting?"

"No—I am not," at once rejoined Mr. Gunthorpe; "and what is more, I do not want to know them. It is sufficient for me that by an accident I ascertained what was going to take place; and so I hastened off to prevent it."

"I will tell you what we must do," exclaimed Captain Lennox: "we must tie the old fellow to yon gate, or else to a tree."

"Yes—that's the way to dispose of him," said Lord Harold, who for the last two or three minutes had not been mingling in the conversation.

"No," said Deveril, now advancing towards the group in the middle of the ground: "I will permit no indignity to be offered to Mr. Gunthorpe. At the same time I must earnestly represent to Mr. Gunthorpe himself, that he will see the impropriety of persevering in his attempt to stop this proceeding."

"What! such words as these from *your* lips, William Deveril?" said the old gentleman reproachfully.

"My dear sir," responded the young artist, "I have admitted to Mr. Forester that I am acquainted with you—and your presence here may therefore be construed in a light prejudicial to my character."

"Oh! they will say that you were afraid to fight, and that you got a friend to stop the duel—will they?" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe. "Well then, I pledge my honour that such is not the case. Indeed, it was quite in another way I learnt what was going on——"

"We are not bound to believe you, sir," remarked Captain Lennox stiffly; "and therefore, as Mr Deveril has observed, you will only prejudice his honour by persisting in your interruption."

"Nevertheless, I do persist," said Mr. Gunthorpe resolutely.

"Then, sir, we must remove you by force," at once rejoined the Captain: and with a sudden movement he wrenched the gold-headed cane out of Mr. Gunthorpe's hands.

He and Forester together, then dragged the old gentleman off towards the gate, which they managed to do despite his struggles and resistance.

"Deveril—William Deveril!" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe, in accents of mingled anger and reproach: "is it possible that you stand idly by and see this indignity committed? What, sir! you do not move? —I am ashamed of you!—I am astonished at you! After all——But I will have nothing more to do with you. Lord Harold, you too shall smart for permitting this! Will you not help me? Oh! you refuse, do you? Well, mind what you are about! You will repent it, I say—you will repent it! Deveril, you declared you would not see me ill-treated—and yet you—you——"

While thus giving vent to broken ejaculations, poor Mr. Gunthorpe, breathless and exhausted with his cries and his struggles, was hurried up to the gate; and there Captain Lennox and Mr. Forester bound him securely to the rails with their handkerchiefs. Lord Harold laughed contemptuously at

the old gentleman's threats: but William Deveril stood with his arms folded, his looks bent down, his face pale, and his lips white and quivering. He said not a word; and yet it was evident that he deeply felt the indignity offered to Mr. Gunthorpe.

The Captain and Mr. Forester, having done their work, hastened back to the measured ground in order to hurry on the proceedings as quick as possible, so as to prevent farther interruption. The military surgeon walked up to Mr. Gunthorpe, who was struggling desperately to emancipate himself from his bonds; and producing his brandy-flask, he offered to pour some down the captive's throat, "in order to soothe him." But Mr. Gunthorpe bade him begone with such fierce indignation, that the doctor did not persist in his proposal.

Meanwhile Captain Lennox had resumed his former position, with the white handkerchief ready to drop: Lord Harold and William Deveril again found themselves confronted according to the laws of honour—the signal was given—but only one pistol was fired. That one was Lord Harold Staunton's. Deveril however stood unhurt.

"You did not fire, sir!" exclaimed Captain Lennox to the young artist.

"It was not my intention," was the latter's cold but firm reply. "It was not I who provoked this duel——"

"Enough! say nothing, Deveril!" interrupted Mr. Forester. "I presume that Lord Harold Staunton is now satisfied?" he added, turning towards that individual.

The young nobleman hesitated what reply to give. His better feelings prompted him to answer in the affirmative: but the empire which the lady of the masquerade had acquired over him, became paramount—he felt that to obtain the crowning favour of her love he must prosecute the murderous game still farther—and his decision was therefore taken accordingly.

"I cannot consider it an act of bravery on Mr Deveril's part to abstain from firing," he said: "but I choose to regard it as a proof that he was resolved to avoid the chance of a second exchange of shots. Therefore I am not satisfied."

"We must proceed, Mr. Forester," said Captain Lennox, with cold-blooded laconism.

"This is nothing short of downright savage butchery and barbarous murder!" vociferated Mr. Gunthorpe, now struggling more desperately than ever to extricate himself from his bonds. "Deveril—Lord Harold——"

But here the old gentleman's throat became so dry with excitement and hoarseness, that his voice failed him and he could say no more.

Fresh pistols had in the meanwhile been handed to Lord Harold Staunton and William Deveril—Captain Lennox again took his post—the signal with the white handkerchief was given—and a sharp report rang through the morning air. Again was it Lord Harold's weapon that was alone fired: but this time not without effect—for Deveril dropped upon the grass!

"You have murdered him!" cried Mr. Gunthorpe, now suddenly recovering his voice: and with a superhuman effort he broke away from the gate to which he had been bound.

The military surgeon was already rushing to the spot where Forester and Lennox were raising Mr. Deveril. Lord Harold, much agitated, likewise lent his assistance. The young man's eyes were closed—his shirt and waistcoat over his right breast were already saturated with blood—his lips moved not—the breath of life appeared to waver there no more!

"Fly, fly!" exclaimed the military surgeon: "he is dead; It is useless for you to remain."

"Dead! My God, is it possible? Dead! no—no!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe, who now reached the spot: and falling upon his knees, he bent over the inanimate form of William Deveril.

"Here, sir," said Mr. Forester. "You are innocent of any hand in all this—take that key—it opens a desk at poor Deveril's lodgings—and there you will find certain instructions to be fulfilled. For God's sake, do not neglect them."

Thus speaking, Forester thrust the key into the hands of Mr. Gunthorpe, who was sobbing and weeping over the young artist as if his heart would break. Forester then sped away, along with Lord Harold Staunton and Captain Lennox,—Mr. Gunthorpe and the surgeon alone remaining with him who had fallen in the duel.

It must not however be thought that Forester meant to leave them to manage as they might in the matter. He made straight for the spot where he was to meet his carriage, and ordered it to proceed as near to the field as it possibly could get—likewise giving instructions to his domestics that they were to hurry to the scene, render what assistance they were able in removing the body into the vehicle, and then hold themselves entirely at the orders of Mr. Gunthorpe. Having done this, Forester rejoined Lord Harold and Captain Lennox, and hastened away with them in their own vehicle.

CHAPTER XLI.

MORE SCENES AT SAXONDALE HOUSE.

It was about half-past ten o'clock at night, when the tall form of a man, with a hat slouched over his countenance, and muffled in a cloak, advanced hurriedly up Park Lane. Considering that it was the middle of summer, it was doubtless somewhat singular for an individual to be thus apparelled; and such a superfluity as a capacious mantle could only be for the purpose of disguise. So thought the policeman who was sauntering leisurely down the street: but in that aristocratic quarter the constable could not think of interfering with the object of his notice. He set it down as some affair of gallantry, and proceeded on his way.

The muffled figure stopped at the door of Saxondale House—knocked and rang—and during the few moments that elapsed ere his summons was answered, appeared excessively impatient and nervous. The door was however soon opened; and at once entering the hall, he himself, anticipating the functions of the porter, shut the door quickly; then removing his hat, he revealed the countenance of Lord Harold Staunton. He likewise threw off his cloak,—at the same time saying in an agitated manner to the porter, "Of course you know what has occurred? Hence this disguise! Is Lord Saxondale at home?"

"No, my lord—he is not," was the reply.

Lord Harold appeared to hesitate—and then said, "Do you know where he is?"

Again the answer was in the negative, accompanied by the intimation that Lord Saxondale had been absent the whole day.

"Perhaps her ladyship knows?" immediately rejoined Harold: "and she will tell me—for it is highly important that I should see my friend. Is her ladyship within?"

"Yes, my lord," responded the porter.

"And alone—disengaged? But perhaps the young ladies are with her?"

"No, my lord: they are gone to a party, and her ladyship is alone."

The hall-porter, to whose ears certain flying rumours of the duel had been wafted, was at no loss to understand wherefore Staunton had come thus disguised, nor why his looks were wild and haggard. But he of course made no remark in allusion to the subject; and forthwith summoning a footman, desired him to escort Lord Harold to the room where Lady Saxondale was seated. This was accordingly done; and in a few moments the young nobleman found himself alone with her ladyship.

"Perhaps you did not expect to see me here to-night?" he said, throwing himself upon a seat near the sofa where Lady Saxondale was placed.

"Indeed I did not," she answered coldly; "and I am much surprised that you should come at this hour and under such circumstances."

"You are surprised?" ejaculated Staunton, now gazing upon her with amazement the most unfeigned. "Have I not fulfilled your injunctions?——yes, even to the very letter!"

"My lord," answered Lady Saxondale, haughtily, but still with some degree of astonishment, "I am at a loss to understand you. Reports of what happened this morning have reached me, and I therefore can come to no other conclusion than that your reason is affected."

"Lady Saxondale," cried Staunton, starting up from his seat as if goaded almost to madness by this unlooked-for reception, "is it possible that you can treat me in such a manner? Now, do not think that though I may seem excited I have in any way compromised you with the servants: for I purposely asked after Edmund first, and appeared to wish to see *you* only as the result of a second thought and for the purpose of ascertaining where Edmund is."

"Compromise me with my servants!" said Lady Saxondale, slowly rising from the sofa; and drawing herself up to the full of her superb height, she bent her magnificent dark eyes with eagle look upon the astounded young nobleman: "I am at a loss, my lord, to understand such language. Think you that because your sister is engaged to become my son's wife, that you possess the privilege of having the run of the house—to enter it at such an hour as this—force your way into my presence——No, my lord!"

Harold had remained stupified while Lady Saxondale was thus speaking: but when she ceased, a sudden rage seized upon him, quick as the gust of the whirlwind sweeps over the ocean; and while his eyes flashed fire and his lips were white with rage, he said in a thick hoarse voice, "Madam, your conduct is abominable!"

"This to me?" cried Lady Saxondale: and she reached her hand towards the bell-pull.

"No!" ejaculated Staunton: "you must not add this crowning ignominy—or I will kill you—by the eternal heaven, I will kill you!"

Lady Saxondale seemed suddenly dismayed, and her countenance became pale: but speedily recovering herself, she said, "It is but too evident that the calamity of this morning has turned your brain. I must not therefore be too hard upon you."

Thus speaking, she resumed her seat, with a slight relaxation from that cold dignity and freezing hauteur which for the last few minutes she had maintained. Lord Harold, still standing, fixed upon her the keenest scrutiny, as if to fathom what was really passing in her mind, and penetrate beneath the mask of studied reserve and repelling chillness which he fancied she had purposely put on. But at length resuming his own seat likewise, he said, "You have alluded to the calamity of this morning. Can you look me in the face and tell me that you really regard it as a calamity?"

"What!" cried Lady Saxondale: "to kill a person in a duel—is not this a calamity?"

"Stop!" said Lord Harold imperiously. "Does your ladyship know this?"—and he produced the diamond-clasp which he had worn on the front of his cap at the masquerade.

"No—certainly not," responded Lady Saxondale, just deigning to fling one glance upon the jewel.

"Nor this?" continued Lord Harold Staunton, next producing the letter which made the appointment for that self-same masquerade.

"What a question!" cried Lady Saxondale with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "As if I knew aught of your correspondence!"

"Then perhaps your ladyship is equally ignorant of this?"—and now he produced the letter which contained naught save a name—and that name was *William Deveril!*

"My lord, I begin to grow very weary indeed of these follies. I have put up with them for the last ten minutes out of compassion for your state of mind: but I must beg that they be not persevered in."

"Lady Saxondale," answered Lord Harold Staunton, with a strange and ominous outward calmness which rather denoted than concealed the pent-up fury of wrath and rage concentrated below: "it suits your purpose to treat me thus—but you will not succeed! No: it shall not be permitted to any woman to make use of me as her blind instrument for a particular object, and when that object is accomplished, cast me off. Nay, worse than cast me off—ignore my services and repudiate me altogether! Madam, it was *you* who sent me that clasp—*you* who wrote that letter—*you* also who penned that name inside the envelope, which moreover contained a certain sum of money."

"Lord Harold, your friends will have to put you under restraint," responded Lady Saxondale.

"We shall see!" he rejoined drily. "Now, madam, you are giving me proof of the most matchless effrontery that ever woman displayed or that the world saw. Can you possibly maintain that it was not you yourself who gave me the appointment to be at the masquerade—you who enjoined me to remove your enemy from your path—you who wrote me the name of that enemy on this paper, that name being William Deveril? Madam,

no earthly conjecture could I form as to who Queen Isabella of Spain might be, until the morning after the masquerade. But when I received this missive mentioning the name of the enemy with whom I was to seek a quarrel, provoke to a duel, and thus extirpate from your path, my suspicions instantaneously fixed themselves upon you. Suspicions? —no! It was a certainty—a conviction, beyond the possibility of doubt. And could you yourself have been so insensate as to hope that I should not fathom your secret? Why, all London was ringing with the affair between William Deveril and yourself. He had insulted you—at least such was your story—and at all events you had taken the trouble to make the round of your acquaintances and spread the intelligence. There was a malignity in this conduct on your part which showed a determination to ruin William Deveril. What cause subsequently impelled you to wish his destruction, I know not: but that the Lady Saxondale to whom I am now speaking, was the Queen Isabella of Spain who gave me my mission at Harcourt House, I felt assured the moment I read the name of her enemy."

"I have listened to you in silence, if not with patience," said her ladyship, "because I was desirous to ascertain the real nature of the delusion under which you are labouring. I now begin to fathom it. You have mistaken some one else for me."

"No—it is not so!" answered Lord Harold vehemently. "I repeat that not until I read the name of your enemy, did I suspect who Queen Isabella of Spain could possibly be. But the instant that name met my eyes, I knew that it was Lady Saxondale. Yes—not merely because you had notoriously some strong cause of dislike against Deveril, but also because she who personated the Spanish Queen was of your stature—of your form —with the same dark eyes flashing from behind the mask—yes, and with the same accents of the voice, despite the consummate art with which that voice was disguised! Lady Saxondale, if it were the last words that I had to speak in this life, it would be to proclaim to your face that you were the woman who urged me to this deed of assassination!"

"Did I not firmly entertain the belief that your reason is impared, I should not tolerate such conduct. Even as it is, I know not whether I am justified in permitting you to remain another instant in my presence:"—and as Lady Saxondale thus spoke, it was with a look so well corresponding with her words that for an instant Lord Harold Staunton felt himself staggered.

But only for an instant! The doubt vanished as quickly as it came, giving place to a conviction stronger than ever; and he said with a fiercer look and in a hoarser voice than before, "Lady Saxondale, I have become a murderer for your sake! The death of that young man sits heavy upon my heart: my conscience is a nest of scorpions. Oh! what I have done and what I now suffer, demand an immense reward! That reward you promised me: that reward you shall give! It may be that your love-tale—which I was foolish enough to believe at the time, and have believed since until I stood in your presence ere now,—it may be, I say, that this tale of love was but the coinage of your brain—an artful delusion adopted in order to model me to your purposes. Infatuated fool that I was, to put faith in it! Yet who would not have done so? who could have believed that there was treachery so foul—so damnable—in the heart of woman? But no matter. I *did* believe it: else never should I have suffered myself to become the instrument of your designs—never should I have availed myself of the opportunity which an unlooked-for accident furnished to provoke William Deveril to the duel of death. If you had really loved me, your love, Lady Saxondale, would have been some consolation for the crime I have committed and for the remorse which fastened its vulture-talons upon my soul the instant that deed was done! But if you do not love me—and if you sought to make me alike the instrument of your vengeance and the sport of your trickery, only to repudiate me afterwards, and perhaps laugh at me in secret—I will still demand my recompense ——that I may be avenged on you! Madam, do you understand me?"

"I understand," was the patrician lady's response, "that I have a madman for my companion at this moment—and that if I thus bear patiently and kindly with him, it is only from compassion for his misfortune."

"Compassion? I scorn the word—I disdain to become the object of such a sentiment! Look you, Lady Saxondale—I am a desperate man. In a few short hours an immense change has been effected within me. Hitherto I have been the dissipated rake—the reckless *roué*—the inconsiderate spendthrift; but now I have become the deep criminal—the man who bears about with him a remorse as the convict carries with him his chain. Aye—and the iron of that remorse is eating into my soul more deeply and with a more corroding agony than the iron of the chain can eat into the convict's flesh. What consolation, then, is there for me? A mad and a reckless career, composed of all the intoxicating influences that can drown thought, or the wild ecstacies and thrilling delights that can absorb reflection! Wine and women—deep draughts of wine and the glowing embrace of superb and impassioned women—these are the only blandishments left for me! Into this catalogue do you enter: it is you who must lead it—thereby fulfilling the promise that you gave!"

"Poor young man!" said Lady Saxondale, shaking her head: "what will become of you? As one whom I have known for a long time—as my son's bosom friend—as the brother of his future wife—and as the nephew of the esteemed and respected Lady Macdonald, I am bound to entertain some degree of sympathy for you. Besides, you appear to feel so deeply the calamity of this morning——"

"Oh, talk to me not thus!" ejaculated Harold, with rage upon his countenance. "If I am not mad already, you will drive me so. By heaven, you are grandly beautiful! I always considered you as eminently handsome; and since yesterday morning, when I first knew that you were the lady of the masquerade, I have feasted my imagination upon your charms. Yet never did they seem so magnificent as at this moment! Even in this very conduct which you are pursuing towards me—treacherous, ungrateful, and abominable as it is—there is something so tantalizing that I could scarcely wish it to be otherwise. It is the acrid ob

giving flavour to the rich juice of the grape:"—and Lord Harold Staunton laughed wildly, almost with a maniac laugh, as he thus spoke.

"Now let this interview end," said Lady Saxondale, rising from the sofa: and despite the calm and dignified reserve, mingled with a slight expression of pity, which she wore outwardly, she was evidently not free from alarm within.

"Is it possible that you are serious and sternly resolved in treating me thus?" cried Lord Harold, in a wild mournful voice. "Woman, I have become a murderer for your sake! Yes—I tell you again that I knew it was *you* the instant I received the letter containing the name yesterday morning. And knowing it to be *you*, I did not to-day engage your son as my second—I did not even communicate to him the fact that a duel was pending. See, then, all the consideration I have manifested, in addition to the crime which I have perpetrated on your behalf! And now——"

"I say, my lord," interrupted Lady Saxondale, "that this inverview must end!"

"No—the interview cannot end: but the foolish and insensate portion of it shall!" exclaimed Lord Harold: and with wide-extended arms, he sprang forward to clasp Lady Saxondale in his embrace.

A half-suppressed shriek escaped her lips as she retreated to the bell-pull: but at that very instant the door flew open, and in rushed Mabel the housekeeper, her countenance purple with rage.

"Save me—save me, Mabel, from this maniac!" cried Lady Saxondale, as if joyously catching at the circumstance of the woman's opportune appearance, and not choosing to notice her wrathful looks.

"Eh—what?" screamed forth Mabel. "Lord Harold, who killed Deveril this morning! He here!"—and the woman looked unfeignedly astonished.

Lord Harold's extended arms dropped to his sides as if paralysed. He stood confounded for a few moments, uncertain how to act. He dared not pursue his present object any farther: for all in an instant it flashed to him that if a disturbance were created in the house, it might end by his falling into the hands of justice—and he by no means relished the idea of being committed to Newgate to take his trial for the disastrous issue of the duel. He therefore saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances; and advancing towards Lady Saxondale, he said in a quick hoarse whisper, "We shall speedily meet again:"—then rushing past Mabel, he quitted the room, and soon afterwards the house.

"Your coming was most fortunate," said Lady Saxondale, endeavouring to make the incident itself available for the use of language to propitiate the woman. "I do most sincerely thank you."

"Thank me, indeed! there's nothing to thank me for," cried Mabel. "I didn't come for that: how did I know what was going on? And really," she added, with a sneer, "your ladyship seems to be very unfortunate just at present: everybody is persecuting you with love-overtures. First poor Deveril, who has been killed: secondly, this Staunton, who killed him! It's really a strange coincidence! But it wasn't for *that* I came: 'twas to tell you that things are getting every day worse and worse with me. The conduct of the servants is unbearable."

"What has happened now, Mabel?" asked Lady Saxondale.

"What's happened? Why, that hussey the laundry-maid says she isn't to take her orders from me: and there's the butler just refused me a bottle of cordial, saying I must get your order. Of course they are encouraged to do this. They see how that jackanapes Edmund treats me—how that minx Juliana behaves to me——but I won't put up with it; and now I am going to have things settled."

"In what way, Mabel? in what way?" asked Lady Saxondale, gradually becoming deeply grave and ominously reflective.

"Oh! I will soon tell you what I mean," rejoined the housekeeper insolently. "I will have you summon the whole of the servants up into this room within the hour that's passing——yes, this night I mean—and you will tell them all that you insist upon their obeying me just as they do yourself. Now, that's what I will have done without any more delay."

"Well, Mabel, whatever you desire shall be done," answered Lady Saxondale in a deeper and more subdued tone than she was wont to adopt. "But allow me to suggest that it will be more dignified on your part if you appear quite cool and collected in the presence of the assembled servants."

"Oh! then you don't object to what I propose?" said the housekeeper, considerably mollified by Lady Saxondale's conciliatory words. "All I want is to be put on a proper footing——"

"And so you shall be, Mabel," at once replied her ladyship. "I do indeed perceive now that your authority is not sufficiently established. I will call all the servants together, and give them such instructions as shall satisfy you for the future. But when I think of it," she added, glancing towards the time-piece on the mantel, "it is somewhat late to take such an important step to-night. It is half-past eleven. Some of the servants may already be in bed—those who get up earliest in the morning. Suppose I do what you wish immediately after breakfast? That is the better time for settling domestic matters."

"Well, since your ladyship takes such a just and proper view of the matter," observed Mabel, now completely appeased, "I think it would be better to wait till the morning"

"And I tell you what you shall do, Mabel," continued Lady Saxondale. "In order to give greater effect to the proceeding, it shall appear as if you had really been making serious complaints to me; and I will read the whole of the servants such a humiliating lecture in your presence, that they shall never dare dispute your authority again."

"I was always sure that you would not see your faithful servant ill-treated," rejoined Mabel, who began to feel all the love of former days revive towards her mistress. "I shall now sleep comfortably to-night—which I have not done for a very long time. Good night, my lady—God bless your ladyship!"

"Good night, Mabel—I hope you *will* sleep comfortably."

The housekeeper left the room; and as the door closed behind her, a gloomy look gradually settled upon the countenance of Lady Saxondale—a look as ominous in its expression as that which she wore on the last occasion of her quarrel with Mabel, and which was related in a recent chapter.

It was past midnight when the carriage returned with Juliana and Constance, who had been to a

party. They came home very much fatigued, and at once retired to their own apartments. Edmund did not make his appearance; for since his intimacy with Emily Archer he seldom slept at Saxondale House, but was plunging headlong into dissipations and extravagances of every kind.

Soon after her daughters' return, Lady Saxondale repaired to her own chamber; and by one o'clock silence prevailed throughout the mansion.

In the morning some surprise was experienced by the domestics when the clock struck nine and Mabel had not made her appearance in the servants' hall. In consequence of her restless spirit and her ever-recurring anxiety to assert her authority, she invariably rose at a much earlier hour, and was wont to be down by at least seven o'clock, finding fault with everything, quarrelling with everybody—being contented with no one, and discovering naught to her satisfaction. It was therefore a relief to the servants generally that she was so late on the present occasion. Her lateness however naturally engendered surprise, for the reasons explained. Half-past nine—then ten o'clock—and still no Mabel. Surprise increased to alarm: but none of the female-servants chose to ascend to her room to see if she were ill, or ascertain the cause of her non-appearance, inasmuch as there was the risk of receiving a terrific scolding for what might be regarded by the ill-tempered woman as an intrusion. It was however thought right to let Lady Saxondale know that Mabel had not as yet come down stairs.

Her ladyship was seated at breakfast with her two daughters when this intelligence was conveyed to her. It was Mary-Anne, the handsome maid, who brought in the announcement; and Lady Saxondale bade her go up-stairs and knock at Mabel's door,—adding, "Perhaps the poor creature is ill."

The lady's-maid did not dare disobey this command: and perhaps she, of all the female servants of the household, stood least in awe of Mabel—her confidential position with her young mistresses giving her a certain stability in her place not enjoyed by the others. She accordingly proceeded to Mabel's chamber: but in a few minutes she came hurrying back into the breakfast-parlour, with a countenance pale as death and her looks expressive of terror and dismay.

"What, in heaven's name, is the matter?" asked Lady Saxondale.

"Mabel—Mabel is dead!" replied Mary-Anne, now recovering the faculty of speech, which in her horror she had temporarily lost.

"Dead!" echoed Lady Saxondale, starting from her seat. "Poor Mabel dead! With all her faults she was an attached and faithful servant."

Thus speaking, her ladyship hurried from the room, followed by her daughters and Mary-Anne; and speeding up to the housekeeper's chamber, they saw at a first glance enough to confirm the maid's statement. Yes—Mabel was dead. Rigid, cold, and white, she lay stretched on her couch! Lady Saxondale placed her hand upon the face of the corpse, and immediately said, "It is like ice! She has been dead for many hours. Poor creature! it must have been apoplexy."

The intelligence soon spread throughout the mansion that Mabel had died in the night: but we must candidly inform the reader that no particular grief was testified by any of the domestics. Lady Saxondale however appeared much distressed by the occurrence; and Constance likewise shed tears—for she could not help recollecting that in her girlhood she had been an object of especial favour with Mabel, before the temper of the latter had grown so sour and disagreeable as of late years it was.

As for Juliana, she neither experienced any sorrow nor chose to affect it.

In the course of the day an inquest was held upon the body. The medical men declared it to be a case of apoplexy; and a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God," was accordingly returned. For there was not the slightest sign or evidence to indicate that Mabel had committed suicide; and as for foul play, who could possibly have dreamt of such a thing within the aristocratic walls of Saxondale House?

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BILLET.

We must now return to Henrietta Leyden. Three days had elapsed since that memorable night on which her attempted escape, in company with the strange haggard figure in the loose dressing-gown, had been so suddenly frustrated. During this interval she had seen nothing more of Lord Everton, and therefore concluded that he had either been called away elsewhere by business, or that he was allowing her time to recover from the effects of that scene of excitement ere he renewed his persecutions. She still continued to occupy the same suite of apartments, Susan the servant-woman attending upon her as heretofore. She saw nothing of Mrs. Martin, and her existence during those three days was thus unvaried by a single occurrence worthy of note.

That there was a secret door opening through the wall into her bed-chamber, she had been made aware by the incidents of the night just alluded to: but so admirably was this door fitted into its setting, that it was no wonder if it had all along escaped her notice until that occasion when its existence was revealed to her. She remembered sufficient of its whereabouts to search for it on the following morning; and she then discovered how skilfully it was contrived so as to defy detection when shut. The paper of the room was of a pattern having large squares to represent the wood-work of wainscotting, and was likewise of an oaken colour and well varnished. It was marked with lines to represent the framework of panellings; and the secret door was so artfully managed that it formed as it were two of the squares (one above the other) of the paper-pattern. The numerous lines, both perpendicular and transverse, which tinted the paper, concealed the traces of the door's configuration, and absorbed as it were all marks of its existence. As a matter of course the door fitted with the utmost accuracy and tightness; and altogether it was so well concealed that it was no wonder if it had escaped Henrietta's notice when in the first instance she had searched her chamber to ascertain if there were any secret means of gaining admission thereto. But now that she had been made aware of the existence of that door, and knew where to look for it, she could just distinguish its outlines on the paper.

On each of the three nights which had elapsed since the memorable one of her frustrated attempt to escape, she had not occupied the bed-chamber, but had slept upon the sofa in the drawing-room, carefully locking the doors of communication. The reader may be assured that she had over and over again examined the walls of this apartment to assure herself against the existence of any other secret door; and having now the experience of the former discovery to guide her, she was better able to come to a positive conclusion on the point. So far, therefore, as it was possible to judge from all she knew, and from the most scrutinising survey frequently reiterated, she felt confident that in respect to a secret means of communication with the drawing-room she was safe enough.

Need we pause to say how profound was the unhappiness of the young maiden at this prolonged captivity, or what torturing reflections she experienced when fixing her thoughts upon home? Her position appeared to be entirely hopeless: the place of her imprisonment was as well secured as any gaol could possibly be; and moreover she had learnt enough to make her aware that its ostensible purpose was that of a lunatic-asylum. She knew full well therefore that if she exhausted herself in shrieks, and screams, and cries for succour, all would be unavailing. What, then, was to become of her? Must she indeed resign herself to the horrible conviction that Lord Everton would triumph at last, and that she could never hope to go forth from those walls except dishonoured and undone?

Truly, the young maiden had sufficient topics for her thoughts, not only in immediate connexion with herself, but likewise in respect to the mysterious adventure of that memorable night. Who could the individual be that had come to her rescue, and had endeavoured to accomplish her escape and his own? Was he indeed some unfortunate lunatic confined within those walls? or was there some deeper and darker mystery attached to it? Was he still alive? had he been merely stunned by the blow with which Bellamy had struck him down? or was he killed upon the spot? All these things were beyond the power of conjecture to solve. Certain it was that since that memorable night, Henrietta had heard neither cry nor lamentation to indicate his existence: for that those lamentations and that wild thrilling cry which she had heard on the same night that was so eventful to her, had come from his lips, she would not doubt. But then it was possible that if he still lived he had sunk into a state of quiescence again, or had been removed to some other part of the house whence his lamentations could not reach her.

That he must really be a lunatic she was more than half inclined to believe: for that he had visited her room by means of the private door on those occasions when his presence so much frightened her, was beyond all doubt—but wherefore had he not addressed her at the time of these visits? Wherefore steal into her chamber thus, merely to terrify her as it would seem, and then flit away again? This appeared to be the conduct of one whose reason was indeed unhinged; and therefore, as above stated, she was inclined to adopt the belief that he was really a lunatic.

Hopeless as the poor girl's condition seemed, she nevertheless revolved in her brain a variety of projects for the accomplishment of her escape. Such is ever the case with persons in captivity, although the circumstances of their incarceration may seem to preclude the possibility of success. Oh! if she could escape and return to her mother and little Charley—how happy would she be! Yes: but when she looked at those bars her heart sank within her And yet she went on revolving plan after plan, until she would fall into moods of such fanciful dreaminess that when starting up from these reveries, she was stricken with the dread that her brain was turning and that her reason was becoming affected.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the night of memorable incidents, that Henrietta arose from her sofa-couch at a very early hour, and proceeded to put into execution something that she had finally resolved upon. It was but a little after five, and the profoundest silence reigned throughout and around the house. The fields were not as yet cheered with the beams of the sun; but they appeared of an emerald brightness in their own natural freshness and with the dew upon them. The reader will recollect that the garden stretched down to a shrubbery standing upon the bank of the New River, and that on the other side of the stream the meadows of the picturesque landscape stretched onward. From her window Henrietta had often seen persons on the opposite bank—some occasionally riding on horseback through the field—and others remaining there to fish. These circumstances had inspired her with the idea which she was now about to put into execution.

She had books in the room, but no writing materials: not so much as a pencil had she at her command—much less pens and ink. But she had already devised a substitute. Scraping some soot from the lower part of the chimney in one of the fire-places, she mixed it with a little water in a tumbler, and thus managed to form an ink which would at all events answer her purpose. From one of the books she tore out a blank leaf; and with a pen-knife which she found in a dressing-case upon the toilet-table, she contrived to fashion a rude but serviceable pen out of a lucifer-match. She then sat down and wrote the following lines:—

"Into whomsoever's hands this may fall, it is earnestly requested that immediate information may be given to the Police-authorities that a young female, named Henrietta Leyden has been forcibly carried off and detained against her will in the house kept by a Mr. Bellamy and generally supposed to be a lunatic asylum Even if it does really serve such a purpose, it is likewise made available for the perpetration of wrongs, and villanies which require exposure. Let it not be thought that this is the effusion of a maniac. For heaven's sake let not this appeal be disregarded! Whatever be the result, the person finding the billet will at least perform a humane and benevolent act by placing it in the hands of the authorities. Oh, let not this earnest entreaty be disregarded!"

Such were the lines which Henrietta penned by means of her ingeniously-contrived writing materials; and she managed to make the note even more legible than she had at first dared hope or than the agitated state of her feelings seemed to promise.

But now, in what manner was the billet to be conveyed out of the house? Her plan was already settled, even to its minutest details. Her corset afforded some pieces of whalebone, wherewith she promptly formed a bow and an arrow. Having mate-

rials for needlework in the room she was not at a loss for thread wherewith to string her bow. Thus far her task was completed: and opening the window gently, she anxiously waited until some person should appear on the opposite bank of the river. During the interval she measured the distance with her eye—calculated the strength of the bow—and felt assured that it would shoot the arrow to the requisite distance. We need hardly state that the billet she had written was fastened to the end of the arrow.

She did not tarry long in suspense, for to her joy she presently beheld a person mounted upon a dark chesnut steed, riding along the river's bank. She waved her white handkerchief in the hope of attracting the rider's attention; and to her joy she succeeded—for the person reined in his steed, stopped, and gazed towards the house. Then Henrietta discharged the arrow from the bow: and to her still greater joy she beheld it clear the shrubbery and the river, and fall into the field but a few yards from where the horseman stood. The next instant that individual sprang from the steed—picked up the arrow—and read the billet. A white handkerchief was waved as a signal that its contents would be complied with: or at least Henrietta hoped that such was the meaning of the sign. The horseman sprang upon his steed again—cantered along the river's bank—and was soon out of sight.

Henrietta closed the window and burst into tears of joy: for she felt assured that her deliverance would now be accomplished. Oh! wherefore had she not thought of this plan before? It now appeared so simple—so natural—that she was astonished at herself for not having previously adopted it. But better late than never: and clasping her hands in the fervour of rapturous hope, she murmured, "Ah, my dear mother! ere many hours shall have elapsed, you will learn that your daughter did not wilfully fly away to abandon you. And dear Charley too—Oh, how rejoiced shall I be to strain him in my arms once more! But heavens! if this long absence, so utterly unaccountable to my poor dear mother, should have killed her, ill and enfeebled as she was!"

The recurrence of this dreadful thought—a thought which over and over again from the first moment of her captivity had haunted the poor girl—suddenly threw a damp upon the joyousness of hope which a few moments back had filled her soul; and now the tears gushed forth again—but this time they were tears of bitterness!

At the usual hour Susan brought in the breakfast; and towards mid-day Mrs. Martin made her appearance. Henrietta had not seen her since the occurrences of that memorable night so often alluded to; and the flesh crept with a shuddering chill upon her bones, as she found that detested woman again in her presence. It appeared to be ominous of evil; and the young damsel's heart sank within her.

"I dare say you were surprised," said Mrs. Martin, "that I did not come near you: but I thought it better to leave you altogether by yourself for a few days, so that you might have leisure to reflect upon the folly and uselessness of refusing his lordship's overtures. Do I find you in a more pliant mood now?"

"No—ten thousand times no!" answered Henrietta with hysterical vehemence.

"Don't put yourself into a passion," said Mrs. Martin. "You have really no hope except in submission; and you are only quarrelling with your own good fortune by this perverse obstinacy. Perhaps you think that the miserable lunatic who, by finding a means of getting stealthily out of his own chamber, came to your assistance the other night, will prove your champion again? But we have taken precautions against the possibility of such an event. He is in a more secure place now, I can assure you!"

"Then he is not dead? he was not murdered by that brutal blow?" said Henrietta anxiously: for she knew not precisely what was the meaning to be attached to the woman's words.

"Dead—no!" cried Mrs. Martin. "Though Mr. Bellamy struck hard, he did not kill: and besides, that miserable wretch seems to have as many lives as a cat."

"Who is he? what is he?" asked Henrietta, shuddering at the idea of the ill-treatment which the poor unfortunate creature most probably received in that house, and to which the woman's allusion appeared to point.

"Who is he?" said Mrs. Martin: "why, what else could he be but a wretched madman—one however of the cunningest description, I can tell you! Those were his cries you heard and that you talked to me about in the garden—only it did not suit me to be communicative then: but since you have seen the man, there is no necessity to observe any particular mystery with regard to him. However, I did not come to you now to talk on that subject, but to tell you that Lord Everton will be here this evening—and he has intimated his pleasure to sup with you. He hopes that you will receive him in a proper manner. He has suffered much from the blow which the miserable lunatic dealt him the other night; but that is not the only reason why he has abstained from visiting you for three or four days past. He hoped that during this interval you would see the necessity of securing your own happiness and accepting his proposals. What am I to tell him?"

"Tell him?" ejaculated Henrietta, the colour mounting to her pale cheeks: "that until the very death will I resist him! And now let not another word pass between us; for your presence is abhorrent and revolting to me."

"Oh! if this is still your mood," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, tossing her head with mingled rage and contempt, "the sooner you are reduced to submission the better."

With these words she quitted the room, locking the door as usual behind her.

"Oh, wherefore does nobody come?" murmured Henrietta to herself, as the clock of Hornsey church at this instant proclaimed the hour of noon. "Surely there has been time for that gentleman to fulfil the request contained in my letter, if he meant to do it at all. But, alas! he may have reasoned that it was the effusion of a lunatic; or even if he did take it to the authorities, they may have put that construction upon it. Yes—it must be so! Idiot that I was to indulge in such wild hopes. Heavens! it is almost a proof that I am in reality becoming insane!"

Hour after hour passed, and not the slightest indication presented itself to show that Henrietta's billet had produced any effect. Gradually her spirits sank altogether; and she bade farewell to hope. Yes: but still she did not resign herself to the idea of succumbing to the wishes of Lord Everton: there was still one alternative—the last resource of despair—namely, death!

The evening came—the sun went down—the haze of dusk stole over the landscape—and the obscurity deepened into gloom. Susan made her appearance with the candles—drew the curtains—and began to lay a cloth in the dining-room for supper. Henrietta observed that she need not give herself the trouble to do this,—adding, "You know that I never take anything in the evening."

This she said in order to ascertain whether it was really Lord Everton's intention to force himself upon her; and when Susan answered calmly, "His lordship is going to sup with you, Miss,"—the young damsel felt as if the crisis of her fate were indeed approaching.

An idea struck her. She could do as she did once before—lock herself in another apartment. But Susan, evidently anticipating her design, hastened to the door of the drawing-room—took out the key—and secured it about her person. Henrietta saw that her enemies were determined; and she felt herself weighed down by a wretchedness so utter—a despair so profound—that the instant Susan left the room, she seized a knife from the supper-table with the intent of plunging it into her heart. But the images of her mother and little Charles suddenly appeared to rise up before her; and flinging the knife back upon the table, she murmured, "No—not now—not now. That must be the last resource of all!"

Presently Susan returned, followed by the footman, and both of them bearing numerous dishes containing the materials for a succulent repast. They likewise covered the side-board with fruit and wines; and when all this was done, Lord Everton, extravagantly dressed in the evening costume of an old *beau*, made his appearance. At a sign which he gave, the servants withdrew; and Henrietta found herself again alone with her persecutor.

"I hope," he said, "that you will spare me the necessity of arguments, threats, or entreaties. You must feel that you are completely at my mercy—you would do well to make a merit of your position—and if you agree to render me happy, there are no bounties which my hand can bestow which shall not be showered upon you."

But Henrietta gave no reply: she remained sitting in one corner of the room, with her looks bent down; for the sight of that old nobleman—as old in iniquity as he was in years—was indescribably loathsome to her.

"Is it possible, Henrietta," he continued, "that you can be so foolish? I cannot attribute it to mere virtue on your part: for I am terribly sceptical of the existence of such virtue at all in any female—especially where there is so much to gain by the sacrifice of the flimsy shadow. I therefore suppose that you are indignant at having been carried off—disappointed at not having been able to escape the other night—spirit-broken by the monotonous existence you have led? Well, I must endeavour to cheer you. See here, my dear girl—look at these bright things,—which, if your eyes can reflect their lustre, will make them doubtly bright also. And here," he continued, "is a proof of my liberality. See what happiness you may now ensure to your mother and your little brother, of whom you spoke to me the other day."

While thus addressing her, Lord Everton displayed first of all a casket containing a set of diamonds, a superb gold watch with an exquisitely worked chain, several rings, and other jewels,—the whole not having cost less than many hundreds of pounds: and in the second place he produced a small pocket-book which he opened, showing that its contents were a large roll of bank-notes.

Henrietta threw one languid glance towards the objects of temptation which he thus displayed; but it was an involuntary glance—one dictated by a transient and feeble curiosity, and followed by no result in his favour. On the contrary, her looks were instantaneously cast downward again; and she sat silent and motionless, the prey to a deep and absorbing sorrow.

"This is childish to a degree!" said Lord Everton petulantly. "Do you think that after all the trouble I have taken I mean to let you slip through my fingers? If so, you are very much in error. I have spoken fairly to you—I have just now proved that I can be bounteous and liberal: will you force me to use threats? Because, remember that threats will be followed by their execution, and will not be uttered in vain. Now listen—since to threats it is evident that you mean to impel me. Here is a little phial,"—and he produced one from his waistcoat-pocket,—"containing a powerful narcotic, but of a perfectly harmless character in other respects. It is now ten o'clock. I mean to remain patiently and quietly until eleven, partaking of my supper and enjoying my wine, whether you choose to join me or not. But if at eleven o'clock you have not thought better of your obstinacy and perverseness, I shall pour a few drops of this fluid into a glass, and fill it up with wine. Then, in spite of your resistance—in spite of your cries—in spite of your entreaties—my servants will pour the contents of that glass down your throat. Now, Henrietta Leyden, you understand me. You know what the effect will be! Insensibility! And then——But I need say no more. One hour have you for reflection."

Still the young maiden answered not: she appeared to have sunk into a stupor or apathy more profound than even despair.

Lord Everton seated himself at table, and partook of the delicacies served up. He then rang the bell; and the servants who answered the summons removed the dishes and placed the fruit and wine on the board.

"The next time I ring," he said, addressing himself to Susan and the footman, "both of you will answer the summons; and let Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Martin accompany you:"—then as the door closed behind them, he turned to Henrietta, saying, "You perceive that I am in earnest."

Still she gave no reply. But stupified or apathetic as she might seem, she was not really so. Her thoughts were now terribly vivid within her. She had heard Lord Everton's diabolical threat in respect to the narcotic—she had heard likewise the order he had just given the domestics—and she did

not require to be told that he was quite capable of putting his menace into execution. On the contrary, she knew full well that he would do so; and now therefore it appeared as if there were no alternative for the poor young damsel but to make up her mind to die. She saw that there were knives upon the board and she resolved that one of them should presently drink her heart's blood. Still she lingered and lingered, painfully feeling how the time was passing away, and yet not daring to execute her fatal purpose. Oh! in the depth of her soul how sad, how sad was the farewell which she took of her parent and her little brother,—saying to herself, "I shall never see you again, but may heaven prove kinder towards ye both than it is has been to me! Unless indeed in its mercy it has already taken you, my poor mother, unto itself!"

The tears trickled down her cheeks—she clasped her hands convulsively—and her sobs reached the ears of the pitiless old nobleman, who was seated at the table luxuriating in delicious fruits and choice wines.

"Perhaps you have come to a resolve?" he said, bending his eyes upon her.

"Yes, yes—a resolve—my mind is made up!" she exclaimed, rising from her seat and advancing towards the table.

Everton's first thought was that she was about to signify her submission: but there was something in her looks which startled and troubled him—even for an instant filling him with dismay; for her gaze was so wild—her face so ghastly white—her excitement so terrible.

"Henrietta," he said, rising also from his chair, "what am I to understand? what mean you?"

"My lord, once for all," she asked, "is your purpose settled?"

"Yes: have I not said it? But your's——"

"Is settled also," she rejoined quickly: "and that is—to die!"

Then with incredible promptitude she caught up a fruit-knife from the table, and was in the very act of dealing a blow at her heart, when Lord Everton, with an alacrity and also a strength of which his enfeebled frame seemed incapable, seized her arm and wrenched the weapon from her hand—but not without receiving a ghastly wound across his fingers in so doing.

"Wretched girl," he cried, "what would you do? But this shall not save you!"—and catching her round the waist, he impelled her towards the bell, which he rang violently.

Half-fainting—utterly overcome—and with a dizziness in her brain, Henrietta sank upon the floor; and in a few moments those individuals whom Lord Everton had ordered to be in attendance, hastened into the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LADY BESS'S ENTERPRISE.

It was close upon nine o'clock on the same evening of which we are writing, that Lady Bess, habited in her male apparel, dismounted from her gallant chesnut steed at the door of Solomon Patch's house in Agar Town. The potboy ran out to hold the horse; and the amazonian lady entered the boozing-ken. At the bar she inquired if Chiffin the Cannibal were in the house: but Solomon, without giving her a verbal reply to the question, made a significant sign, and beckoned Lady Bess to follow him. Several persons were either drinking or having their jugs filled at the bar; and she therefore supposed that Solomon did not choose to speak in their presence. She accordingly accompanied the obsequious, fawning old man, up into that little room which was used for private purposes, and has before been mentioned.

"I suppose you know, my lady," observed Solomon, with a mysterious look the instant they were alone together, "that Chiffin is on the shy. The truth is, he's wanted on account of the business in Park Lane yonder——"

"What business?" inquired Lady Bess. "I have heard nothing about it. I have been down at Dover for some days past and only returned to town yesterday. What has happened?"

"Why your ladyship must be informed," responded Patch, "that Chiffin and Tony Wilkins did a bit of a crack at Saxondale House——"

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the amazon, with a smile which displayed her magnificent set of teeth: for the name recalled to her mind her freak with young Lord Saxondale on the road to Edmonton. "This is the first I have heard of it. But I *must* see Chiffin to-night—as well as Tony Wilkins and one or two others. It is imperative, Sol."

"Good, my lady—very good. As for Tony Wilkins and two or three others," continued Patch, "your ladyship can either see them as you like—or I will within a few minutes send them any orders your ladyship may have to give: for though they ain't here at the moment, they're not very far off—not very far, my excellent lady."

"Well then," said Lady Bess, "let Tony and two others set off and meet me in the lane behind Hornsey church between ten and eleven o'clock. Now I trust this to you, Sol—and you must not fail. But what about Chiffin? He is so absolutely necessary to me in the enterprise I have in hand, that I must see him. Where is he, I ask? Come—speak out."

"He's uncommon well concealed, my lady," responded Patch, with an obsequious but knowing grin. "The fact is, my lady, the detectives have been down here to look for him. It isn't often they trouble Agar Town with their presence; but they've done it on this occasion. You see, my lady, when a rich person is robbed, these fellers take more pains and run greater risks than in or'nary cases. But I expect, from a hint that Madge Somers let drop, that the affair is very likely to be made all comfortable, and Chiffin will be able to show again soon."

"Never mind what is hoped or expected," said Lady Bess, stamping her foot impatiently. "Tell me where I can see him."

"I will take your ladyship to him," answered Solomon. "May I respectfully and humbly request that your ladyship will have the kindness to go and wait at the foot of the nearest bridge for me? I will jine you there in five minutes. The boy shall just put your horse into the stable while we are absent. It's not very far from here—and as it's now dark there's not so much risk."

"But do not fail to send word to Tony Wilkins and the others," said Lady Bess. "And observe, Solomon, let each of the three have a brace of pistols. You understand me?"

Thus speaking, Lady Bess put a few gold pieces into the old landlord's hand; and with a most obsequious bow and fawning grimace, he said, "Your ladyship has a knack of making anybody understand—or at all events, of doing your bidding. The message shall be sent; and I'll be with your ladyship on the bridge in a few minutes."

The amazonian heroine thereupon descended the stairs; and issuing from the house, bade the potboy put up her horse till she returned, but ordered him not to unsaddle the animal, as she had no time to waste. She then repaired to the bridge, and walked to and fro for about ten minutes, at the expiration of which time Solomon Patch emerged from the deepening gloom of the evening. He requested her to follow him; and crossing the bridge they skirted the canal for a distance of about a couple of hundred yards,—at which point they reached a flight of steps leading down to the towing-path. These they descended; and proceeding along the path for a little way, they reached a coal-barge moored against it.

"Hollos!" said old Solomon, in a peculiar tone: and then he gave a short cough.

A man, whom even through the gloom Lady Bess could perceive to be all begrimed with coal-dust, emerged from the hatchway of the cabin-part of the barge; and on recognising the old landlord, he said, "Well, what's brought you here?" At the same time he eyed Lady Bess askance through the obscurity of the evening.

"All right, Tugs," responded Solomon, stepping on board the barge.

Lady Bess followed, though she did not seem altogether to admire the dirty quarters to which she was thus being led; for, as the reader is well aware, she dressed in the most exquisite style and with what might be termed a little dandyism, as applied to her male costume. The grimy individual whose name appeared to be Tugs, descended the hatchway, followed by Solomon and Lady Bess; and our heroine now found herself in the close fetid atmosphere of a little cabin, where by the dim light of a candle a woman was seated suckling a baby. This was none other than Mrs. Tugs; and it was an infant specimen of the Tugs' family which she was nourishing at the maternal bosom.

Lady Bess expected to find the Cannibal here; but she was disappointed, and therefore began to wonder wherefore she had been conducted to such a place at all. But she was not kept long in suspense: for the bargeman proceeded to open a cupboard in the bulk-head, or wooden partition that enclosed the cabin transversely; and then he lifted the whole of this cupboard out bodily. The entire array of shelves being thus removed, left an aperture about two feet wide and four feet high. A light glimmered within; and the odour of tobacco-smoke saluted the nostrils.

"There he is," observed Solomon Patch to Lady Bess.

Our heroine accordingly entered the opening; and in a little nook about six feet square, she beheld Chiffin the Cannibal, sitting on an inverted tub and puffing his pipe with a grim and sullen look.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked in a savage growling tone. "I suppose you've come, Lady Bess, to blow me up for running away and leaving you that night in the lurch—when we stopped the carriage, I mean. But, by Satan! I thought you was dead—or else I would have stuck by you to the last."

"And how did you know that I recovered?" asked Lady Bess.

"Cos why I saw Israel Patch from Gravesend up at Solomon's t'other day, and he told me as how you had rode down to Dover and thrown the rascals overboard. It was a deuced clever thing—and if I was in the humour I wouldn't mind saying summut more handsome still about it."

"Never mind compliments, Chiffin," rejoined Lady Bess, with a smile: "I know that they are things not much in your way. But how long do you mean to remain cooped up in this den? where ——excuse me laughing——you look just for all the world like a bear in his cage at the Zoological Gardens."

"Ah! it's all deuced fine to make a jest of it," growled Chiffin, more savagely still: "but blow me if I like it. The detectives never were so sharp on a fellow before. Howsumever, if what old Madge says is true and she really does possess any influence in the affair, I expect it will be all right in a day or two."

"And if you saw your way clear to make a few guineas to-night, wouldn't you risk the danger and leave this crib, which is enough to suffocate you?"

"'Pon my soul," answered Chiffin, taking the pipe from his mouth and puffing out an immense cloud of smoke, "I should be glad of almost any excuse to get out of such a cursed hole as this. But if one does risk one's safety it must be for some good reason or another; or else it's mere foolhardiness."

"Then I propose to furnish you with such an excuse," rejoined Lady Bess. "Come, pluck up your courage, Chiffin—and you shall make a good thing of it to-night."

"Oh! as for the courage, that's not wanting," returned the Cannibal, in a somewhat more cheerful tone, and with an endeavour to put on a little more amiable look. "Besides, somehow or another I've took a fancy to do things with you, Lady Bess—for you seem to have a deuced good run of luck. I used to be the boy for getting safe off: but this time things went wrong—and so I was obliged to come and play at hide-and-seek here with my friend Tugs the Blue-ruin Carrier."

Lady Bess now understood what the avocation of the bargeman was: for under the cloak of keeping an aquatic conveyance for coals, Mr. Tugs was in the habit of receiving on board his vessel the product of the numerous illicit stills worked in Agar Town. Hence his nick-name of the Blue-ruin Carrier—"blue-ruin" being the patter synonym for "gin."

"Come, Chiffin," said Lady Bess, "and prepare for action. You have a good walk before you. But it is now quite dark; and by following the pathway of the canal a little while, you may emerge safe at some convenient spot, whence you cross over to Hornsey church, where you must meet me at a quarter to eleven at the latest. Is it an understanding?"

"It can be the object's worth going after," replied the Cannibal.

"I am not in the habit, generally speaking, of embarking in unprofitable enterprises," rejoined Lady Bess,—"that precious affair of the lawyers excepted."

"Well, it *is* an understanding then," said Chiffin; "and I will be at the place punctual. I've got my barkers in my pocket; and with my club in my fist, it won't be an easy thing for two or three, or even four detectives to take me."

Lady Bess now quitted the barge, accompanied by old Solomon Patch; and they retraced their way to the boozing-ken where the heroine had left her horse. The gallant animal was at once brought forth from the stable—the amazonian lady vaulted upon its back—and having ascertained from Solomon that he had duly sent her instructions to Tony Wilkins and two others of the gang, she made the best of her way from Agar Town.

At about half-past ten o'clock Lady Bess arrived on foot in the immediate vicinage of Hornsey church, which, for the benefit of many of our readers, we should observe was not above a mile from her own cottage-residence. At the place of appointment she found Tony Wilkins and two others of the gang whose head-quarters were in Agar Town. These two auxiliaries were respectively known as Mat the Cadger and Spider Bill—the latter deriving the prefixed nickname from the circumstance of possessing very long legs which were excessively thin and resembling in shape those of the particular insect alluded to. A few minutes after Lady Bess made her appearance, the little party was joined by Chiffin the Cannibal, who seemed in a somewhat better humour than was his wont; for the fresh air and the prospect of "business" cheered his spirits after having been cooped up in the close and fetid atmosphere of the barge-cabin.

Lady Bess now hastily but distinctly describ-

the exact position of the house which was to be the scene of operations; and the little party all separating, each individual bent his way singly in the direction named. In a few minutes they were reunited in front of a house which stood a little back from the lane in which it was situated, and was embowered in the shade of large and wide-spreading trees. The gate was locked: but over this insignificant barrier the invaders promptly clambered. Scarcely had they thus set foot in the grounds, when a large dog sprang towards them: but Chiffin at once knocked him down with one blow of his club, and with a second despatched him. Lady Bess and her followers then advanced up to the front door, at which the heroine knocked imperiously; while the four men stood a little aside, so as not to be immediately observed by the person answering the summons.

In about a minute the door was opened by a female-servant; and Lady Bess, glancing rapidly around the hall, beheld no other person nigh.

"Now, don't be frightened, my good woman," she said, crossing the threshold: "for no harm will happen if you remain quiet; but if you cry out you must take the consequences."

While thus speaking, Lady Bess produced a pistol, merely to show that she was armed, but did not point it in a threatening way at the woman. The female was nevertheless profoundly frightened; and being overpowered by her terror as much as coerced by the intimation given her, she held her peace. The four ruffians now made their appearance: and the whole party passing into the hall, closed the front door behind them.

"Now, my good woman," said Lady Bess, "you will remain here with one of my men, while I examine the premises with the others. Tony Wilkins, to your charge I entrust her."

The terrified woman sank down upon one of the hall-chairs, still speechless with terror: and Tony Wilkins, armed with a brace of pistols, posted himself by her side. Chiffin, Mat the Cadger, and Spider Bill also produced their pistols; and led by Lady Bess, they at once entered the rooms opening from the hall. Therein they discovered no one: they accordingly descended to the kitchen-premises, where they found the gardener and the cook quietly eating their supper and perfectly unconscious of what had taken place in the hall. They were however terribly frightened at the sudden incursion of this armed band; but their fears somewhat subsided on receiving from Lady Bess the assurance that they should not be ill-treated if they kept quiet. They naturally gazed with surprise upon this amazonian leader of the ruffian-band: for at a second glance they had not failed to discern her sex. They were marched up into the hall, where they were consigned, along with the other female-servant, to the custody of Tony Wilkins.

Lady Bess and her three followers next ascended the staircase—examined all the rooms on the first floor—but found no one there. They proceeded to mount the second flight; and on reaching the landing they heard voices speaking, and sounds as if a struggle were going on, within a room the door of which stood ajar.

Into this room they at once burst, Lady Bess leading the way: and there the following scene met their view. A young girl upon her knees, with dishevelled hair and anguish-stricken countenance, was imploring mercy at the hands of five persons who surrounded her. This young girl was, as the reader has no doubt already suspected, Henrietta Leyden; and the others, whose forbearance she was imploring, were Lord Everton, Mark Bellamy, the footman, Mrs. Martin, and Susan. Mrs. Martin held in her hand a wine-glass the contents of which she was ordering Henrietta to drink; while Bellamy and Susan were at the moment laying violent hands upon her in order to compel her to swallow the draught.

But at the sudden invasion of Lady Bess and her party, the whole aspect of the scene changed in an instant. Mrs. Martin dropped the wine-glass in alarm—Susan shrieked—Henrietta sprang to her feet—Lord Everton looked astounded—the footman knew not how to act—and Bellamy was the only one who had courage or presence of mind enough to accost the intruders at once and demand their business.

"You see that any attempt at resistance is useless," replied Lady Bess, playing with a pistol in such a manner as to indicate that she knew how to use it: while Chiffin on her right hand showed by his murderous-looking countenance that he was not a man to be trifled with.

As for Mat the Cadger and Spider Bill, they seemed very suitable companions indeed for such a person as the Cannibal; and when it is remembered that they were all well armed, the reader cannot be surprised if nothing in the shape of resistance was ever attempted.

"But what do you want? what is your object?" demanded Bellamy.

"In the first place, to rescue this young woman," responded Lady Bess.

"Oh, I thought that you were the same!" cried Henrietta, in the enthusiasm of joy; and she at once bounded forward towards the heroine—for she had no room in her soul at the instant for dismay or misgiving at the sinister-looking aspect of her companions.

"Yes—you have nothing to fear, poor girl!" at once responded Lady Bess. "It is in consequence of your note that I am here to deliver you. Stand back for a moment, while I transact a little business with these people."

Henrietta, full of mingled joy and amazement,—joy at this unlooked-for deliverance, and amazement at perceiving her deliverer to be a woman in male apparel,—glided hastily behind the heroine and her band.

"Now secure these men," said Lady Bess to her followers; "and if they dare offer resistance you will know how to act."

The order was speedily obeyed,—even Chiffin acting as a mere subaltern on the occasion, and by his conduct acknowledging the ascendancy of Lady Bess. Lord Everton, the footman, and Bellamy, were compelled to submit to the process of binding by means of the cords which the capacious pockets of the intruders furnished; while Susan, retreating into a corner of the room, gave vent to her terror in piteous lamentations—and Mrs. Martin stood silently watching the proceedings, but with a countenance that bespoke profound dismay.

"You will not harm them?" said Henrietta, addressing herself in a tone of entreaty to Lady Bess.

"Cruelly as I have been used, I seek not for revenge."

"My dear girl," responded the amazonian lady curtly, "you must leave us to manage after our own fashion. It is sufficient for you that these people are no longer capable of injuring you, and that you shall be presently free to go where you will. Are there any other females in this house under circumstances similar to your own?"

"I cannot say," responded Henrietta: "but I am inclined to think not. There is however one individual in whom I am interested—a prisoner under mysterious circumstances——"

"Enough! he shall be delivered also," cried Lady Bess.

"No—you dare not perpetrate such a foul wrong," exclaimed Lord Everton, in mingled rage and terror, as he literally writhed in the chair to which he had been bound,—Bellamy and the footman having undergone a similar process.

"Who is this old reprobate?" asked Lady Bess, turning towards Henrietta. "Is he the person named Bellamy?"

"Answer no questions, my good girl," cried Lord Everton, in a voice of the most abject entreaty: "I implore that you will not!"

"Yes—but she will," was the cool response given by Lady Bess: "for she will obey the directions of her deliverers."

Henrietta had certainly no reason for showing any favour towards the old nobleman, nor indeed any one of the individuals who had been concerned in persecuting her; and she accordingly named them all one after the other.

"Oh! then the suspicions excited by your note and the result of the little inquiries which I myself have caused to be privately made during the day, are fully confirmed. This then," continued Lady Bess, "is nothing more than one of those mansions of convenience which under some plausible disguise serve the infamous purpose of an aristocratic voluptuary. Ah! what pretty things have we here?"—and she advanced towards the sofa where the jewel-casket which Lord Everton had intended as a temptation to Henrietta, was lying open. "And here is a pocket-book too, with bank-notes in it. Come, you shall take charge of these little matters," she added, turning towards Chiffin, whose eyes glistened at the sight of the diamonds.

Henrietta now looked aghast, and a faint shriek escaped her lips: for all in an instant was she made aware that her deliverers, instead of being impelled by the most disinterested purpose in respect to herself alone, entertained predatory views as well.

"A thousand pounds—that's what this here book contains," said Chiffin, who had hastily glanced over the roll of bank-notes.

"My dear girl," said Lady Bess, turning towards Henrietta, "you really must not attempt to interfere with our proceedings. We mean to reward ourselves for the trouble taken on your account."

"And considering all things," added Chiffin, glancing towards the prisoners, "they won't dare to make a piece of work about it. So there's no need to cut any throats or blow any brains out. But we may as well get as much as we can out of 'em."

Thus speaking, he made a sign to Mat the Cadger and Spider Bill; whereupon they all three proceeded to rifle the persons of Lord Everton and Mr. Bellamy, despoiling them of their watches, their rings, and their purses: but they took no notice of the footman, nor of Mrs. Martin and Susan. Henrietta surveyed these proceedings with the most painful sensations: but she dared not give utterance to a word of remonstrance.

"Now, about this other individual whom you wish to have rescued?" said Lady Bess, once more turning to Henrietta.

"You will have to search for him. I know not in which part of the house he is confined."

"We will soon discover that," responded the heroine. "But you would do well to put on such clothing as you may intend to go forth with, as we shall soon take our departure."

Henrietta hurried to the door of the drawing-room, which she had to pass through to reach the bed-chamber: but that door was locked—for Susan, be it remembered, had taken away the key. This circumstance Henrietta at once named; and Susan produced the key from her pocket. The young damsel then took up one of the lights and proceeded to the bed-chamber.

The instant she had quitted the room, Lord Everton said to Lady Bess, "Whoever you are, I beg that you will give me your attention for a few moments—in private, I mean—or else aside——"

"Speak out," cried the heroine: "there need be no secrets from my companions."

"In the first place be so good as to tell me," said Lord Everton, "under what circumstances you came hither."

"They were ingenious enough," was the reply, delivered with a smile. "A whalebone arrow, shot from one of the back windows of the house, conveyed to me a note as I was riding on the river's bank; and the note gave me the intimation that there was a forlorn damsel to be rescued within the walls of this terrible fortress, whereof *you*, Lord Everton, appear to be the ogre: for assuredly you are not a giant either in courage or size. And now, what more have you to say? for it is ridiculous enough that you should play the part of a questioner and I that of the questioned."

"Are you not satisfied with what you have done?" asked the nobleman, who was evidently a prey to the direst apprehensions. "You cannot think of giving his release to a wretched lunatic: for such indeed is the individual to whom this girl Henrietta refers——"

"A lunatic?" echoed Lady Bess. "From all I have heard and seen, I scarcely think that Lord Everton would in reality keep a private madhouse. No, my lord: I have fathomed the nature of this secluded mansion——"

"I can assure you," he promptly rejoined, "it is duly licensed as a lunatic asylum—it is not mine—I have nothing to do with it—my friend Mr. Bellamy keeps it."

"Then wherefore are you, my lord, so deeply interested in the safe custody of this alleged lunatic in whose behalf my aid has been evoked?" asked Lady Bess, with an incredulous smile.

At this instant Henrietta re-appeared, with her bonnet and shawl, ready for departure; and having caught the last words which had fallen from Lady Bess's lips, she at once comprehended that during

her temporary absence some endeavour had been made by Lord Everton to prevent the rescue of the mysterious unknown with the pale sad face and the loose dressing-gown.

"Oh! do not be persuaded against a good deed," she exclaimed, in earnest appeal to Lady Bess. "Whoever you are, and whatever you may be, I conjure you to accomplish this night's work thoroughly. The unfortunate being for whom I have appealed, is under some dread coercion here—a strange mystery surrounds him——"

"Ah! this becomes more and more interesting!" exclaimed Lady Bess. "But let us see the individual we are speaking of."

"One word in your ear!" cried Lord Everton, as if clutching nervously at some last resource. "Only one word, I beg—I entreat!"

Lady Bess accordingly approached the nobleman, and bent down her head to catch what he had to say: then turning away again after he had whispered a few hurried syllables in her ear, she exclaimed aloud, "Two thousand guineas—eh? not to interfere any further! The offer is a tempting one: but it strikes me that if it be worth so much for your lordship to pay to keep the alleged lunatic in custody, it must be worth double or treble the sum for us to set him free. We will do the latter."

"Mind what you are about," growled Chiffin in a low voice, as he drew Lady Bess aside for a moment. "Two thousand guineas isn't to be sneezed at."

"Leave me to manage," was Lady Bess's prompt but whispered answer. "From something I have heard strange suspicions are afloat in my mind: and I rather think that we may make this night's business worth many thousands of pounds to us."

"Well, you know best," said Chiffin, yielding to the ascendancy which this extraordinary woman appeared to assert and most assuredly to exercise over all those who acted in concert with her.

"Now, Miss Leyden," she exclaimed, "we will pursue our researches. You two," she added, speaking to Mat the Cadger and Spider Bill, "will remain here for a few minutes to mount guard over the prisoness and see that these women do not leave the room."

"One word more!" cried Lord Everton: "only one word—one last word—I beseech you!"

"Not a word—not a syllable," exclaimed Lady Bess: and as she passed out of the room, followed by Chiffin and Henrietta, the wretched old nobleman gave vent to a cry expressive of feelings wrought up to an excruciating agony—while Bellamy muttered deep but bitter imprecations, and Mrs. Martin shivered from head to foot with mingled rage and terror. Nor were the footman and Susan unconcerned: but probably they had less reason to be so deeply agitated as the rest.

Meanwhile Lady Bess, Chiffin, and Henrietta had emerged upon the landing outside; and taking a lamp which was burning on a table there, they ascended to the higher storey, where Miss Leyden deemed it most probable they should find the object of their search. They reached a passage which appeared to run the whole width of the building, with an array of doors on either side. First of all, in pursuance of Henrietta's suggestion, they endeavoured to enter a room which as nearly as she could calculate was immediately above the suite of apartments she had occupied in the house: for she fancied that from thence must have descended the lamentations and that thrilling cry which she had heard one night. The door was however locked: but a crowbar from Chiffin's pocket speedily forced it open. The room which they now entered, and which was tolerably well furnished, was found to be unoccupied; but it evidently had not been long without a tenant: for the bed had not been made since it was last slept in, while other indications justified the belief. Issuing from this room, they were about to examine the next, when a loud cry coming from overhead, thrillingly reached their ears. That cry—it was instantaneously recognised by Henrietta! Those piercing accents—the wild lamentation which characterised them—the penetrating anguish of the sound—all were the same!

A staircase at the end of the passage caught their eyes. They hastened to ascend it; but their way was suddenly impeded by a trap-door closing the top. It was secured by a staple and a padlock; but Chiffin's crowbar speedily forced these obstacles. The quick trampling of feet, as if some one were rushing towards the trap-door, met the ears of the searchers: and the moment the door itself was removed, Henrietta beheld, by the light of the lamp, the ghastly and unmistakable countenance of her unknown friend, gazing in mingled terror and suspense down the opening.

It was a long loft to which Lady Bess, the Cannibal, and Henrietta had thus found their way: and until the moment when the light of the lamp developed the features of the scene, the captive had been entombed in darkness. A truckle bedstead, a washing-stand, a table, a chair, and a few other necessaries, were all the furniture to be seen in that dreary, dismal place. And there was the unfortunate prisoner himself, enveloped in the long dressing-gown secured at the waist, and with that pale thin countenance which, once seen, could never be forgotten!

The unfortunate being recoiled in dismay from the ferocious looks of Chiffin the Cannibal, who was highest up the staircase: but gathering courage, he gazed down again, and seemed stricken with surprise at beholding a female in man's attire. Then he caught sight of Henrietta Leyden, whom he at once recognised; and a smile of satisfaction, amounting even to joy, spread itself over his countenance. Still, in all these rapidly varying changes of expression, there was blended a certain wild vacancy, which if not indicative of complete mental aberration, at all events denoted a partial disorder of the reason.

"Speak to him; he seems to recognise you," said Lady Bess to Henrietta.

"We come to deliver you, if you like to go away with us," the young maiden accordingly said, in the gentle accents of her sweetly musical voice.

"Yes, yes—I will go away with you," was the response, joyfully delivered; and without another word, the stranger descended the stairs in the rear of the three persons who had rescued him.

"But he never can leave the house in this guise," said Lady Bess aside to Henrietta. "We must obtain proper apparel for him. Let us see how it is to be managed."

"Perhaps the footman may have some plain clothes?" suggested Henrietta: "for neither Lord Everton's nor Mr. Bellamy's would fit him."

While this rapid exchange of whispered observations was going on, the party had threaded the passage, descended the staircase, and reached the landing whence opened the apartment where the prisoners had been left.

"Remain here," said Lady Bess: and she passed into the dining-room.

Lord Everton at once began pouring forth the most piteous entreaties that she would not take away with her the individual whom he suspected she had just rescued from captivity: but she paid no regard to his prayers: and ordering Mat the Cadger to loosen the footman from his bonds, she bade the domestic follow her. This command he promptly obeyed; and when outside the room, Lady Bess said to him, "Has this unfortunate creature got any other clothes of his own, besides the wretched things he has on?"

"Clothes? no, sir—ma'am," responded the footman, not knowing exactly whether to address Lady Bess as a male or a female: for although there could be no doubt as to her sex, yet he knew not in what style she herself might choose to be spoken to.

"Then I suppose he has been here a long time?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes—a long, long time," answered the footman. "But I have got some clothes of my own," he added, "which are very much at his service—very much indeed."

"Hasten and fetch them," said the heroine: but as the footman was hurrying away, she made a sign for Chiffin to accompany him.

In a few minutes they returned, the footman bearing a large bundle of clothing: and the mysterious unknown was desired to pass into the nearest vacant room and put them on. This he did, and in about ten minutes came issuing forth, considerably improved in appearance, and wearing a look of delight at the change thus effected in his garb. There was however something childish in this look,—another indication that the mind of the unhappy man was indeed somewhat unsettled. Lady Bess perceived this and hesitated for a moment whether she ought really to take the strange being away. But recollecting the intense anxiety of Lord Everton to prevent her—the heavy bribe he had offered—and the information which she herself had gleaned during the day, she hesitated no longer.

"Now," she said to the footman, "you can return to your employers:"—and she made an imperious sign towards the door of the room where they had remained bound to their chairs. "You can also tell my two men to rejoin me."

"Beg pardon," said the footman hesitatingly; "but I see there's most likely to be a rumpus about *him*;"—and he glanced towards the pale unknown. "If so be such a thing as a witness is wanted——"

"Ah! the suggestion is not bad," ejaculated Lady Bess. "At the same time I cannot attend to the matter to-night. What is your name?"

"Theodore Barclay," responded the footman; "at your service, ma'am—sir—ma'am——"

"Very well, Theodore Barclay," said Lady Bess. "You can inquire to-morrow or next day at the post-office in Hornsey if there is a letter for you; and should you find one, you will do well to attend to any appointment it may indicate."

"Depend upon it I shall not fail. But mum's the word:"—and thus speaking, he retreated back into the dining-room in obedience to another sign hastily and imperatively made by Lady Bess.

Mat the Cadger and Spider Bill now came forth from that room where they had been keeping guard; and the little party descended to the hall, where the gardener and the two female servants had remained in the custody of Tony Wilkins. These servants were not a little surprised to behold the pale-faced stranger in company with the intruders and Henrietta: they did not however say a word—and the party emerged from the house.

Reader, can you possibly depict to yourself the feelings of lively joy—the emotions of exultant bliss—which arose in the heart of Henrietta Leyden as she once more breathed the fresh air of liberty? For the instant all other considerations were lost sight of: she remembered not the evidently too desperate character of those to whom she owed her deliverance—she thought not of the possibility of her prolonged absence having proved fatal to her mother—she recollected not that another individual had been rescued that night. Nor was it until they were at some little distance from Beech-Tree Lodge, that she was recalled from that paradise of abstraction to the full remembrance of all other things.

"Now, Miss Leyden," said Lady Bess, stopping short near that point where the diverging road joined the main one, "have you any settled plan to adopt—any home to go to? If not, I will give you an asylum——"

"Oh, yes—I have a home——or at least I hope so ——God grant that nothing may have happened to my poor mother in my absence!" she cried, thus giving audible expression to the anguished thought which suddenly recurred to her. "But I have not as yet expressed my gratitude to you for my deliverance. Oh! may I hope," she added in a low but fervid whisper, as she drew Lady Bess aside with the sudden force of a nervous agitation,—"may I hope that I have not altogether comprehended some portion of what has passed within those walls?"

"I know to what you allude," interrupted Lady Bess; "the appropriation of certain little things by the men who accompanied me? Think no more of that—or at all events talk of it no more. Rest contented with your deliverance. You see that I did better than place your note in the hands of the police-authorities, as its terms enjoined. Had I done so, they would not have interfered, Beech-Tree Lodge being really licensed as a mad-house. I was therefore compelled to strike a bold and prompt blow to deliver you. I have done it: and surely you are not disposed to quarrel with the means employed?"

"I am incapable of ingratitude," replied Henrietta energetically. "Tell me the name of her to whom I am so much indebted?"

"In my present apparel I am Captain Chandos," responded the heroine: "if I were in a female garb I should be Mrs. Chandos. Here," she continued, taking a card from a case, "is my address. Perhaps you will like to learn more of that strange being whom we have this night delivered? If so, you can call upon me: for I purpose to take him with me. And now tell me—are you happy in your own circumstances? would money be of any service to you?"

"No, no," replied Henrietta, giving perhaps a

little more vehemence to her response than was altogether consistent with the gratitude she owed Lady Bess: but still the girl's honest feelings were predominant at the time.

"I understand you," said the heroine, neither moved nor offended. "You are afraid that whatsoever gold my purse may contain, is not honestly acquired? Well, if you need no pecuniary assistance, so much the better. And now, one word more ere we part. It will be well that no noise should be made about the adventure of this night. I have a claim upon your gratitude; and the way in which you can testify it is by taking care that your friends do not seek redress at the hands of justice for whatsoever you may have suffered from Lord Everton. Because if once you endeavour to put the law in force, you cannot tell half the truth, but must explain it all; and if you loudly proclaim how you got into Beech-Tree Lodge, you will be compelled to proclaim as loudly how you got out of it. This might lead to unpleasant inquiries after myself; and these of course you would not willingly be the means of setting afoot."

"Depend upon it I will do nothing to compromise you," answered Henrietta. "And excuse me if I add—with the deepest, deepest sincerity—that may God grant you never do more to injure yourself than I shall do to injure you!"

"You are a good girl," rejoined Lady Bess: "but it is evident that our paths run in opposite ways in life. Nevertheless we shall meet again: for I know that you will come and see me."

Thus speaking, the amazonian lady wrung Henrietta's hand; and a separation then took place—Lady Bess, with the stranger and her companions, proceeding one way, and Miss Leyden in another.

Long, lonely, and weary was the walk—or rather run—which the young damsel had at that midnight hour (for so late it now was) until she reached Holloway; and thence she obtained a conveyance into London. It was two in the morning when she reached the court in the vicinage of Soho, where she had last seen her mother and Charley. Oh! with what a beating heart did she approach the door—with what deep and painful misgivings did she await the response to her summons! She looked up to see if there were a light in the attic-window: but there was none.

At the expiration of five minutes she heard steps approaching down the passage from within: the door opened—and the landlady appeared with a light. She started on beholding Henrietta: but hurried and breathless was the inquiry which the young girl made. Her mother was alive: thus was the instantaneous source of an almost overpowering joy! But she was very, very ill: and this second intimation produced as quick a re-action of the feelings. She was still in the house—but in a better room, on the first floor. The benevolent gentleman—Mr. Gunthorp by name—who had interested himself in the poor family, had wished to have her moved into the country, a little way out of London: but poor Mrs. Leyden had declared that she would remain in that house until her daughter returned; so that when she *did* return there might be no unnecessary delay ere they met—and if she never returned, then the unhappy mother would die there!

Such was the information which Henrietta gathered from the landlady's words; and even this she would not have paused to receive, had not her feelings been so overpowering for the first few minutes as to prevent her from speeding up to her mother's chamber. But at length recovering the use of her limbs, she was enabled to obey the dictates of her heart; and rushing up the stairs, she was in a few moments clasped in Mrs. Leyden's arms. Little Charley awoke; and that was indeed a happy meeting! For in the midst of kisses, and tears, and fervid embraces, Henrietta breathed a few words in her mother's ears—but sufficient to make that parent understand and give her the assurance that pure and stainless as her daughter was when she went away, so pure and stainless did she return.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BARGE.

It was the night after the adventures at Beech-Tree Lodge, and between ten and eleven o'clock. A lantern was suspended to the ceiling of the cabin of the barge moored in the canal at Agar Town; and at the little round table three persons were seated. These were Chiffin the Cannibal, Mr. Tugs, and the latter's wife. The cupboard was removed from the recess which it usually occupied, the aperture being thus left ready for the Cannibal to pass into his lurking-hole should any visitor of a suspicious character make his appearance. Upon the table stood a bottle of gin, the product of one of the illicit stills worked in the neighbourhood; and three glasses showed that the persons in the cabin had been partaking of the alcoholic fluid. Tugs and the Cannibal were smoking their pipes; while Mrs. Tugs was suckling the child, which was about eight or nine months old. She was a young woman, and if clean would have appeared fresh-looking and not altogether ugly: but she had a somewhat grimy appearance, and was not over tidy in her dress.

"Well," said the Cannibal, removing the pipe from his mouth and vomiting forth a cloud of smoke, "I wonder whether Madge Somers will come here to-night? You say that she was here last night, just after I had left the barge to meet Lady Bess at Hornsey church?"

"Yes: Madge came last night," responded the woman, to whom the question was addressed. "Tugs had gone up into the Town to see some of the blue-ruin brewers"—meaning the workers of the illicit stills—"and so I was here all alone."

"And she wouldn't leave no message, then?" said Chiffin inquiringly.

"On'y that she would come back agin to-night, and that you was to keep close till she did. So I suppose she will be here soon."

"I hope so," observed Chiffin with one of his wonted growls; "for I am precious tired of being cooped up here. At the same time, mind you, I am very much obleeged to you, Mrs. Tugs, and your husband, for making me so comfortable: but for a man which likes his liberty, this here sort of confinement isn't altogether the thing."

"And yet you had a little change last night,"

observed Tugs. "It was a pity it didn't turn out better for you."

"For my part I was precious savage at the disappointment," remarked the Cannibal. "Taking all that trouble and running all that risk without getting a penny by it!"

"Well, it was perwokin', no doubt," said Tugs, as he filled the three glasses from the bottle. "But I say, who is that Lady Bess, as you call her? I never see her afore. What a smart-looking creetur' she is."

"And doesn't she look well in that there dress she wears!" exclaimed Mrs. Tugs. "What a elegant-fitting frock-coat! It gave her quite a man's look—except about the bust, which is rayther too full to let the disguise be complete. I should think she must look uncommon well in her own proper dress—I mean when togged as a woman."

"I never see her dressed in any other way but as she was last night," observed the Cannibal. "She is a queer creature, no doubt."

"Do you mean she is a rum un as a woman?" asked Tugs.

"No—not in that sense," replied Chiffin. "I never heard anything against her: quite t'other way—for it is said she hasn't even the feelings and passions of her sex—no lovers, and therefore no intrigues. Such is what they say of her: but I believe precious few really know anything about Lady Bess."

"She's quite the lady," said Mrs. Tugs. "And what a nice-spoken creatur' too! One would think she was a person of quality—quite!"

"I should say she's quite *the gentleman*," observed Tugs with a laugh. "Her manners is so good, and she has such a sort of off-hand way with her, it's quite pleasant to hear her talk and observe her hattitudes. She's a dandy after her own sort: but yet not one of them kind of dandies that you'd like to kick all along a street. What do you think, Chiffin? You know more about her than we do."

"I know deuced little about her," responded the Cannibal. "She's always in just the same mood you saw her last night—first-rate spirits, and with that sort of jovial frankness and open-heartedness, as one may say, that somehow makes you like her. And then, although engaged with her in business that puts you on a sort of equality, you can't help feeling the whole time that you are with a superior. That woman exercises what we may call an ascendancy over one; and however much you mayn't like to acknowledge it to yourself, still you can't help feeling it. Did you notice what a pair of eyes she has? don't they seem as if they could pierce you through and through?"

"I never saw such splendid eyes in all my life," said Mrs. Tugs. "And what teeth too! I should think the handsomest and proudest young lord in the land would be glad to get a kiss from such lips as them."

"And I think that if he was to attempt it," replied Chiffin, "he'd get Lady Bess's whip pretty comfortably over his shoulders. At least, if all I have heard tell about her is true, that she hasn't got the feelings of the sex——"

"How extr'ornary!" said Mrs. Tugs, apparently in a musing strain. "I know blessed well I've got all them ere feelings:"—and as she thus spoke, to all appearance in a very sentimental mood, she emptied her glass, except two or three drops which she let drain down the baby's throat.

"I see that the little creetur' likes blue-ruin as well as his ma," observed Chiffin with a laugh: but there was something horrible and ferocious even in the most good-humoured laugh which Mr. Chiffin could possibly assume.

"It's natur'," said Mrs. Tugs. "Natur' makes us all love lush from our wery birth. Lord bless yer! I've seen smaller babbies than this von suck down the blue-ruin just as if it was their mother's milk. But what more about this Lady Bess that I'm quite interested in? If so be she was raly a man, I should make Tugs jellus. Where does she bide?"

"Ah! that she keeps precious dark to herself," replied Chiffin. "But I know that she is mostly seen about Edmonton and Tottenham; and one or two of my pals have twigged her more than once riding about them neighbourhoods in a lady's dress—a habit as they call it,—and looking quite elegant and tip-top like. There must be summut very rum about that woman's history!"

"There must indeed, from all you have said," observed Mrs. Tugs. "And so she actually does business on the highway? What a bold dashing creetur' she must be! If I was a rich young gen'elman I shouldn't at all mind being robbed by such a highwayman as that. You don't know, then, what made her take to the road?"

"Not I," responded Chiffin. "All that I know about her I've told you."

"And so the adventure of last night turned out a failure, did it?" said Tugs as he filled the glasses again.

"Oh! a precious failure," answered Chiffin: "nothing got by it! But I wonder whether this precious Madge is coming to-night. I am deucedly in want of the fresh air——"

"Why don't you take a little stroll along the towing-path?" said Tugs. "The night's dark enow, and you ain't likely to meet any unpleasant customers. If Madge comes we can keep her till you return."

"So I will," observed Chiffin: and having tossed off the contents of his glass, he ascended from the cabin, stepped ashore, and sauntered along the bank of the canal.

"Now, Polly," said the Blue-ruin Carrier when he and his wife were alone together in the cabin, "has no hidear struck you at all?"—and he looked very hard at her.

"You mean that Chiffin's got money about him?" replied the woman, returning the look.

"That's just what I do mean," said her husband, drawing closer towards her and speaking in a still lower and more significant tone. "I'm sure he has; and I don't believe for a minute that the affair of last night turned out so queer. Chiffin never would have took it so quiet—he's not the chap."

"That's what I thought," responded Mrs. Tugs. "And now, d'ye know why I took and questioned him so much about Lady Bess?"

"Woman's coorosity, I s'pose," was the response.

"Woman's fiddlestick!" cried Mrs. Tugs. "It was just to see whether Chiffin would speak in a way to show he had been disappointed with Lady Bess last night. If he had, it would have appeared

in his manner: he couldn't have concealed it—it would have been uppermost in his mind, and so have showed itself in his observations. But it didn't: and so I'm as sure that he got loads of swag last night as that I'm suckling this here blessed babby."

"What a clever woman you be, Polly," was the compliment now paid her by her husband. "Who'd have thought you was pumping the Cannibal all the time you seemed to be chatting so cosy and familiar?"

"Well, but it was so," replied Mrs. Tugs; "and if that feller hasn't got his pockets lined with blunt, I'll eat this babby up at a mouthful—I will."

"A precious mean chap he is, then!" exclaimed Tugs now looking particularly ferocious through the black grime on his face.

"Mean!" echoed his wife: "he's a measly skinflint—coming here, bolting our grub, and swallowing our lush, and just giving us a shilling or two tow'rds housekeeping, when he ought to come down handsome and make us a jolly good present. I'm sick of such conduct, I be."

"Well, Polly, if what's passing in my mind is passing in your'n too, we'll have the whole of his blunt afore many hours is over;"—and the man looked hard at his wife to read her answer in her countenance.

"When a chap behaves his-self as Chiffin is doing now," she replied, "I would as soon draw a knife across his throat and sink him in the canal as I'd eat my dinner. So if you're the man, Tugs, to do the job, I'm the woman as will help yer."

"Then I'm blowed if it isn't as good as done," responded the Blue-ruin Carrier: "perwided we settles how it is to be done—that's all."

"Done? Why, in the way I've said," was the quick answer given by his wife. "Hush! some one calls."

Tugs hastily jumped up from his seat, and thrust his head out of the hatchway of the cabin. A woman was standing in the towing-path; and through the gloom Tugs at once recognised Madge Somers.

"All right!" he said. "Come on board."

Madge accordingly stepped on the barge, and descended into the cabin. Tugs offered her some gin: but she refused to take it—immediately adding, "Where is he?"

"What news have you got for him?" asked Tugs, evading the woman's question.

"Good news," she replied. "But where is he, I ask?"

"Well, that's a pity," said Tugs: "for he's gone out for the night again."

"How provoking!" exclaimed Madge Somers. "But if he didn't mind running these risks, what was the use of my troubling myself to get the thing put right and square for him? I cannot wait till he returns—I cannot come back again when he is likely to be here; and therefore I must leave a message with you. You can tell him that the business is hushed up, and that her ladyship has intimated to the police that all her things have been restored to her on condition that she would not move any further in the matter, and that as she has got them back her object is answered. Of course a single word from her ladyship was sufficient to stop the proceedings; and so Chiffin has nothing more to fear in that quarter."

"This will be good news for him," said Tugs "He told me he shouldn't be back till just upon daylight, and I'm going to sit up for him."

"Then you can deliver my message," said Madge: and appearing to be somewhat in a hurry, she took her departure.

"Well, didn't I manage capital to perwent the woman staying?" said Tugs. "If she had, Chiffin would have flitted away on hearing the news, and we should have been baulked in our job—eh, Polly?"

"Yes—you managed capital," responded the woman. "Now mind you manage as well presently when the thing is to be done—that's all."

The husband and wife then drew closer together until their faces almost met; and in subdued whispers did they discourse upon the murderous project they had devised.

In the mean time Madge Somers, when quitting the barge, had pursued her way along the towing-path; and at a short distance she encountered Chiffin the Cannibal.

"Ah!" she exclaimed: "then you have altered your mind?"

"Altered my mind?" he repeated, in a growling tone. "What the deuce are you talking about?"

"Why, in coming back so soon—that is how you have altered your mind: for I suppose you are now on your way to the barge?"

"To be sure. I only just came out to get a mouthful of fresh air. I can't endure being cooped up in that coffin-like place."

"Then what made you tell those people that you did not intend to return till close upon daylight?"

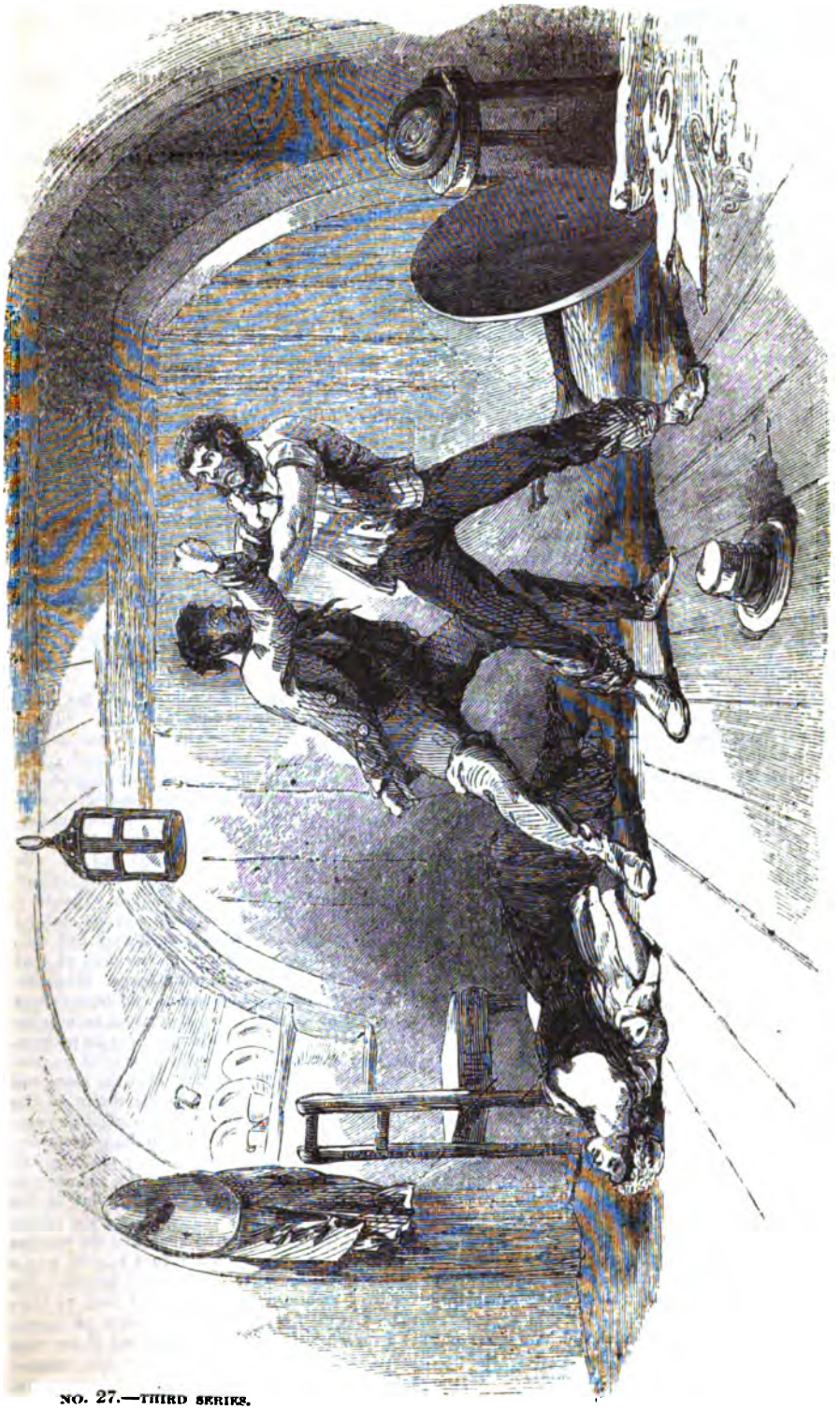
"You don't mean to say they told you that?" exclaimed Chiffin.

"But I do though: and that's the reason I did not stop. I however left a message with them for you——"

"And what's it about? Have you made it all right?"

"Yes—after a great deal of trouble," responded Madge. "Her ladyship has intimated to the detectives who had the thing in hand, that she does not wish the proceedings to go any farther. The excuse she made was that somebody had been to her, brought all the things back that had been stolen from the house, and besought her mercy and forbearance; and that therefore, as her chief object was gained in recovering her valuables, she was disposed to grant the request. In short, she gave the detectives to understand that she did not choose to have the trouble and discomfort of a prosecution, especially as she was very soon going out of town. The detectives went and called upon her ladyship in consequence of this note which she sent them: but as she gave them each a pretty handsome sum for the trouble they had already taken, they of course promised to follow her directions. So as far as that affair goes, you are safe enough. I saw Tony Wilkins just now; and he told me that you had a fine affair of it last night—heaps of money, besides a lot of diamonds and other valuables: so what with the swag you got from Lady Saxondale, the money I gave you a little time back, and the produce of last night, you must be quite rich."

"Well, do you mean to turn borrower, Madge?" asked Chiffin, evidently not relishing the woman's



discourse, and fancying that it was a prelude to demanding some pecuniary favour at his hands.

"Don't be afraid, Chiffin," she replied, having read what was passing in his mind. "You know that I am not one who asks favours of that sort: or if you don't know it, you ought to do so—for you and I have been acquainted long enough. What I was going to say is, why don't you settle down into some quiet kind of life—take a public or a shop, for instance—or even set up a lodging-house?"

"No, no—a public is the thing for me," answered Chiffin; "a good boosing-ken in some precious queer neighbourhood. I should be in my glory there; and to tell you the truth, Madge, I have been thinking of summut of that kind. Now that this cursed affair of the detectives is over, I shall look about me. But I say, wasn't it rather queer of those Tugs people to tell you such a precious lie? I can't think what could be the meaning of it."

"Evidently to prevent me from waiting to see you," replied Madge. "You had therefore better take care of them: there's some treachery lurking in that quarter."

"Well now," observed Chiffin in a musing tone, "I thought them Tugs was the honestest people towards their pals that ever was. Of course I didn't tell them I had anything in the shape of blunt about me, for fear they should get on the borrowing plan; and one couldn't very well refuse what they asked after all their kindness. But there's something that isn't right in that quarter. I don't like this affair of their stalling you off from seeing me: it looks precious suspicious."

"Well," returned Madge, "you have no need to go back to the barge again unless you like."

"Yes—but I have though," replied Chiffin: "for to tell you the truth——But no matter! I must get back as quick as ever I can. Good night, Madge—and thank you for what you have done."

The woman and the Cannibal then separated, and the latter sped along in the direction of the barge. He had indeed good reason for returning thither; inasmuch as he had left his great loose shaggy over-coat in the little nook or recess that formed his place of concealment; and in that self-same coat he had got a quantity of bank-notes sewn inside the lining. But as he went back to the barge, he felt in his breeches' pockets to see that his pistols were safe, muttering to himself the while, "If these Tugs mean treachery, I'm blowed if I don't make them both sleep at the bottom of the canal before daylight—and their babby along with 'em for that matter."

Resuming however his wonted look, which with all his endeavour to give it a good-humoured aspect, was still of the most hang-dog and sinister character, he reached the boat and gave a peculiar whistle. The head of Tugs was soon perceived thrust above the hatchway—the assurance that all was right came from that individual's lips—and Chiffin descended into the cabin. He cast a quick but keenly-searching glance upon Tugs and his wife; but nothing in their looks betrayed any treacherous purpose. Chiffin was not however the man to be thrown off his guard by this seeming equanimity on their part.

"How unfortunate you should have gone out just at the moment," exclaimed Tugs. "But perhaps you had the good luck to meet her?"

"Meet who?—Lady Bess?" exclaimed Chiffin, as if utterly unsuspicious.

"No—Madge Somers."

"Ah! she's been then? What news? Why the deuce didn't she wait?"

"She couldn't: she had summut particular to do. Besides, she had on'y a word to say."

"And what's that?" asked Chiffin. "Anything good?"

"Pretty well," rejoined the Blue-ruin Carrier. "Madge says that it will all be right in the course of to-morrow; and she'll be down here by nine in the evening at the latest, when she is certain sure of having good news to tell yer. She says you may make yourself quite easy on that score."

"Perdition take it!" growled Chiffin, affecting to be in a rage. "Somehow or another I fancy that Madge is humbugging me. Which way did she go? I have a deuced good mind to cut after her."

"I didn't see which way she went," answered Tugs. "Besides, she's been gone more than a quarter of an hour; and so you couldn't possibly overtake her, even if you knowed which way she did go."

"Come, Mr. Chiffin," said Mrs. Tugs, looking as amiable as she could through the grimy mask upon her face, "you had better make up your mind to rest patient and be comfortable till to-morrow evening. It isn't wery long to wait; and from what Madge said, it's certain sure you'll hear good news then."

"Well, I suppose I must," returned the Cannibal with the air of one who resigns himself to a temporary disappointment.

"Take another glass of the lush," said the Blue-ruin Carrier, as he passed the bottle. "It's a famous thing to make chaps happy and contented."

"With all my heart," responded Chiffin: and having tossed off the liquor, he lighted his pipe.

The conversation progressed upon indifferent subjects; and while joining in it with seeming unconcern, the Cannibal revolved in his mind the course that he should adopt. That Tugs and his wife meant treachery was evident enough: their conduct in respect to Madge Somers proved this. That they had not discovered the bank-notes in his coat, he felt assured; because if so, and if they had self-appropriated them, there would be no need of that stratagem to keep him still in the barge. He therefore argued that they supposed him to have money concealed about his person, and meant to murder him to obtain it. He had his pistols in his pockets, and they were loaded: he had a great mind to produce them suddenly and shoot both the man and woman at once; but there was the chance of the report being heard by individuals who might be passing along the towing-path, or up in the houses overhanging the canal. Then he thought of suddenly felling the Blue-ruin Carrier with his club, and at once turning round to despatch the wife. But if the first blow should fail in its effect, a desperate struggle might take place: for he knew that the woman was a determined one—while Tugs himself was a man of great muscular power—and therefore the result of such struggle might prove fatal to himself. His chief object was, as a matter of course, to recover possession of his coat: but if he went into the little crib to obtain it, he felt assured that he should be immediately attacked from be-

hind and murdered. Even if he got possession of his coat by means of a stratagem, it would be difficult for him to get safe out of the barge without first making away with Tugs and his wife: for if he pretended to go out for any purpose, they would attack him as he was ascending the ladder and he would be overpowered. All things considered, the Cannibal came to the conclusion that he must anticipate the intention of the Blue-ruin Carrier and Mrs. Tugs by murdering them both. But then *again* recurred the question, how was this to be done?

Suddenly an idea struck him; and he now saw his way clearly enough.

"What a terrible close place this is to live in, to be sure!" he said, in a careless sort of way, taking advantage of a pause in the discourse to make the remark. "I do believe it would kill me outright in a very short time."

"Why, you see, me and my old woman here is accustomed to it," responded Tugs.

"But it's the smell that's as bad as the heat," resumed Chiffin. "Boiled pork and greens is very nice things for dinner; but they leave an uncommon disagreeable odour in the place where they're cooked."

"But we had fried sassages to day," said Mrs. Tugs.

"Well, sassages leaves a smell too," said Chiffin. "And you had cabbages too, mind."

"But the bakker smoke takes all that away," cried the bargeman as he refilled his pipe.

"I am sure Mrs. Tugs don't like all these here smells," said the Cannibal—"greens, and sassages, and bakker smoke, and the canal, and what not—particklar in such a close place as this—do you, Mrs. Tugs? Now, what should you say," he continued with a grim smile upon his countenance, "if so be I was gallant enough to give you a bottle of scent, which to tell you the truth I went out just now to buy at the hairdresser's up in the road?"

"I should say that it was raythor an extro'rn'ary thing for Mr. Chiffin to do," replied the woman, laughing.

"Then that same extro'rn'ary thing I have done," continued the Cannibal: and as he thus spoke he produced an elegantly-cut scent-bottle from the breast-pocket of the coat that he had on.

"Well, did you ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Tugs "If Lady Bess had done such a thing as this, one wouldn't have been astonished, 'cause she's so exceeding perlite."

"We never know," said the Cannibal, appearing to laugh in the merriest good-humour, "whose book we may take a leaf out of. Lend us your fogle, Mrs. Tugs."

"My sakercher, you mean?" she said. "Well, I do think I have got such a thing:"—and she produced a dirty rag which answered the purpose of the article named.

"I like scent very well at a distance," said Chiffin, as he poured a few drops from the little bottle on the handkerchief, holding his head somewhat back as he did so: "but I can't abear it near. Now, just you take and smell this. It's the most deliciousest scent you ever come near in all your life. Put that up to your nose, ma'am."

Mrs. Tugs, who appeared to enjoy the whole proceeding heartily, and of course saw no sinister design in it, took the handkerchief amidst a great deal of laughing, and at once applied it to her nose. At the same instant she fell on the floor of the cabin, with the babe in her arms, as if stricken down by lightning: and also at the very self-same moment, Chiffin's club dealt a tremendous blow on the head of the Blue-ruin Carrier. But this blow so far from being fatal, did not even stun the man, who perhaps possessed a skull of more than ordinary thickness: or else the blow itself descended in a manner that could do little hurt notwithstanding the violence with which it was dealt. For an instant—and only for a single instant—did Tugs totter on his seat; and then springing up with a terrible imprecation, he closed with the Cannibal just as the latter was about to repeat the blow. The table was upset in an instant, and fell over the insensible woman and the stunned child as they lay upon the floor.

For a few moments the struggle with the two men was desperate; and then they fell heavily together, The Cannibal was undermost: and for an instant Tugs nearly throttled him—but with a desperate effort Chiffin threw his adversary off, and then was uppermost in his turn. Still Tugs held him in such a manner that he had not the free use of his arms: he could not reach his club which had dropped from his hands, nor take a pistol from his pocket. For a minute the contest was frightful: the wretches glared upon each other with demoniac looks, as they were thus interlaced by each other's arms—they gnashed their teeth—foam was upon their lips—their struggles and convulsions were the fullest developments of extraordinary muscular power. Again did they roll over: again was the Cannibal in the most perilous position. Another instant, and he would have been strangled by his adversary: but suddenly catching that individual's nose between his teeth, he bit it clean off. The man roared with the pain, and Chiffin was in an instant covered with the blood that streamed down upon him. The next moment the circumstances of the horrible contest were changed again: Tugs was underneath—Chiffin was uppermost—and the former, faint with excruciating pain and loss of blood, relaxed his hold on his diabolic enemy. Then the Cannibal was enabled to catch at his club; and with the tremendous bludgeon he beat out the Blue-ruin Carrier's brains.

Thus ended this horrible combat; and the conqueror stood in the midst of the cabin, wiping his adversary's blood from his face. The woman lay insensible upon the floor—the child was inanimate likewise. Chiffin deliberated with himself for a few moments how he should act. Should he kill the woman, or let her recover as she might? But when she recovered, would she not denounce him as the murderer of her husband? Assuredly she would: and therefore she must die!

Having come to this resolve, after a very brief self-consultation, Chiffin drew his clasp-knife from his pocket—opened it—and then plunged it deep down into the heart of the unfortunate woman. Not a sound escaped her lips: there was a slight convulsive movement of the body, as if a momentary spasm shot through it; and thus she passed from insensibility into death.

Chiffin drew out his clasp-knife from the flesh in which it was embodded—wiped it—and returned

it to his pocket. The blood gushed forth in a torrent, pouring over the babe, and thus covering it with the sanguine tide from that very breast whence it had been wont to receive its nourishment.

The Cannibal, unmoved by the ghastly spectacle which he had himself created—unless indeed it were a grim satisfaction that he experienced in having done the fearful work and thus secured his safety and his vengeance at the same time—now procured water and a towel, and washed as well as he could the stains of murder from his person. This being done, he possessed himself of his coat from the recess, and was about to take his departure, when he bethought himself of the bottle which contained the chloroform. He had placed it on the table the instant he had poured some of its contents on the handkerchief: the table had been upset—and where was the bottle? He searched, and found that it had fallen upon the garments of the woman: the stopper had not come out; and with infinite delight the Cannibal re-possessed himself of an article which had already proved (according to his own notions) so exceedingly useful, and which might therefore be of the same utility on a future occasion.

The ruffian now at length quitted the barge, and was speedily at a distance from the scene of his fearful crime.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LADY OF MANY LOVERS.

It was about half-past ten o'clock on the same night of the frightful tragedy, that Lord Harold Staunton knocked at the door of Evergreen Villa in the Seven Sisters Road. The reader cannot have forgotten that this beautiful little suburban residence was the abode of Miss Emily Archer—*alias* Mademoiselle Emilie d'Alembert—the fascinating *danseuse*, who had succeeded in ensnaring the foolish and frivolous Lord Saxondale in her meshes. Prettily furnished as the villa was previously to her acquaintance with him, it now presented a a spectacle of almost oriental luxury: that is to say, in miniature. Everything that the taste of a most extravagant woman could possibly fancy, or that the infatuation of a reckless spendthrift could supply, in the shape of exquisite furniture, mirrors, pictures, ornaments, nick-nacks, and costly trifles of every variety, was now to be seen within the walls of that villa. The connexion of Lord Saxondale with Miss Archer had been exceedingly brief as to time, but had already proved wonderfully expensive as to money. She had introduced him to a person of whom we shall have to speak more anon, and who was supplying him with funds at a most exorbitant rate of interest: and by far the greater portion of the moneys thus obtained, went to gratify the syren's whims and caprices.

Miss Archer remained upon the stage for several reasons. In the first place she liked the excitement connected with the ballet—she liked the applause bestowed upon the dancers—she liked the flattery and the flirting that took place behind the scenes—and she liked to see the name of Mademoiselle Emilie d'Alembert in the dramatic criticisms in the newspapers. She moreover knew that her connexion with Lord Saxondale could not last for ever; and she regarded her position at the Opera as the means of obtaining a new admirer when circumstances should sooner or later sever her from the present one. She liked, too, to have an opportunity of boasting her good fortune in the presence of the other ballet-dancers; for she fancied that her position was a very brilliant one, and that instead of any shame being attached thereto, it was exceedingly enviable and admirable.

But returning from our digression, we must hasten to describe wherefore Lord Harold Staunton was on the particular night of which we now speak, paying a visit to Evergreen Villa. On knocking at the door he inquired of the servant who answered the summons if Lord Saxondale were within?—but before any answer could be given, that young nobleman himself rushed out of the exquisitely furnished parlour on the ground-floor, exclaiming, "I thought I could not be mistaken: I knew it was your voice! Come in, my dear fellow—I am delighted to see you!"

Lord Harold accordingly entered the parlour, where a supper consisting of all imaginable delicacies and dainties was spread upon the table, and where Emily herself was lounging negligently on a sofa. She was dressed—or rather we should say undressed—in a French wrapper trimmed with the most costly lace; and her beautiful dark hair was flowing in luxuriant masses over a neck more exposed than was consistent with perfect modesty.

"Ah, Lord Harold!" she said, extending her hand to the young nobleman, with whom she was well acquainted, and indeed had been very intimately acquainted on some former occasion: "I am glad to see you at the villa. But, you naughty man, you! what have you been doing? fighting a duel! Oh fie! I am shocked at you."

"It is one of those unfortunate occurrences, Miss Archer," responded Staunton, with a forced gaiety, "which will happen in life. Here is our friend Saxondale who will some day or another have to do the same thing. Who knows, indeed, but that he may be compelled to fight a duel on your account?"

"Oh, that would be amusing!" exclaimed Emily, clapping her hands gleefully, as if some new source of gratification had been suddenly developed to her mind; and she felt as Xerxes might have been supposed to feel had anybody suggested the "new pleasure" for the discovery of which that royal voluptuary offered a reward.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear Emily," said Lord Saxondale, "for wishing to place my life in jeopardy: but I am not enough tired of you yet to wish to be prematurely cut off from your sweet society."

"Beautifully expressed!" exclaimed the *danseuse*. "Don't you think your friend Edmund is exceedingly witty and clever, Lord Harold?"

"Oh! I always told him so," was the response: and Staunton, as he gave it, darted at Emily a quick glance of mockery, which she acknowledged by a transient archness of the curling lip. It was as much as to say on Lord Harold's part, "You know he is a fool;" and on Miss Emily's, "Of course I do."

"Thank you both for the compliment," cried

Saxondale, taking it as such. "And now tell me, Harold, how is Deveril? have you heard anything more about him? For I saw by this morning's paper that the report of his death was incorrect—that he survived—and that the wound is not even mortal, though terribly dangerous."

"I know no more on the subject than you do," answered Staunton. "In fact, I am playing at hide-and-seek till the result developes itself in one way or another. For of course until Deveril is pronounced completely out of danger, I am liable to arrest at any moment. But I want to speak to you, Saxondale, most particularly."

"Is it any secret?" asked Edmund, glancing towards Emily, whom he was evidently fearful of offending by excluding her from a knowledge of what was about to be said.

"Just as you may think fit to decide," responded Harold. "It is about that lady in the Spanish dress that you know of——"

"Ah! at the masquerade?" cried Saxondale. "Oh, no—what earthly necessity can there be for secrecy on that head? Besides, as I really have no secrets at all from my dear Emily——"

"I understand," said Lord Harold: "you have already told Miss Archer everything about that little adventure of mine at the masquerade——that is to say, as far as you are acquainted with it."

"Well, to confess the truth, I have told Emily," observed Edmund. "But then she is discretion itself."

"And I do enjoy hearing of intrigues and adventures of that kind!" exclaimed the *danseuse*. "Do tell us, my dear Lord Harold, whether your adventure has turned out as you could wish: for we know nothing beyond the fact that in pursuance of a certain note you met some lady at that masquerade. Of course it is a delicious intrigue—a delightful affair of gallantry! Come, take some champagne, and then tell us all about it. What happened? and who was the fair *inamorata*?"

"Now," resumed Lord Harold after a brief pause, during which he reflected profoundly, "I have not the slightest objection to state the issue of my adventure: but will you, Edmund, promise that whatsoever I may say you will not be shocked or annoyed? In a word, will you give me free permission to speak out frankly?"

"Why, of course," responded Saxondale, surprised at the question. "If it regarded either of my own sisters, or my lady-mother, I should like to hear all the particulars."

"Perhaps your random observation may reach a little nearer home than you imagine," observed Lord Harold.

"Ah! I begin to suspect," ejaculated Saxondale. "Is it possible that my own lady-mother has taken it into her head to play tricks of this sort? Well, now that I bethink me, it *was* exactly her height and figure——"

"And it was she herself!" rejoined Lord Harold.

"This is delightfully amusing!" exclaimed Emily Archer. "You were saying, Edmund, the other day that you wished you had some means of exercising a power over your mother, as you know that she is doing her best with your guardians to make them send you abroad in the diplomatic service or else compel you to go and live down at your old castle in Lincolnshire till you come of age."

"It would be really capital fun," observed Edmund, with disgusting flippancy, "to be put in possession of any secret which would place my mother in my power. By Jove! she should not bully me then: I would very soon be even with her. Therefore, my dear Staunton, so far from offending me, you could not do me a greater service than by telling me all about this adventure of your's."

"It is too complicated at the present moment," replied Lord Harold: "and besides which, I want to obtain some positive proof of the fact that the Spanish Queen at the masquerade was Lady Saxondale. In my own mind I know it was—I am morally certain of the identity: but as I did not see her face, she could of course turn round and indignantly deny the fact: for you will excuse me for saying, my dear Edmund, that your lady-mother is not wanting in what may be termed a bold effrontery."

"Wanting in it!" ejaculated Edmund. "On the contrary, she has got plenty of it. But what sort of proof is it that you require, Harold, in the case we are speaking of?—and can I assist you in any way?"

"It is precisely your assistance that I require," answered Staunton: "and I am sure that you will give it to me all the more readily after what you have been saying—because it is of course very convenient as well as important for you to get your mother completely under your thumb."

"To be sure! What would you have me do?"

"I suppose that you would not hesitate to avail yourself of an opportunity for searching Lady Saxondale's wardrobes, and drawers, and cupboards, for some particular object—would you?"

"Not I indeed! I will ransack and rummage them from top to bottom if it is necessary for your purpose."

"It is," rejoined Harold. "Do you not comprehend? If we could only find the fancy-dress which Lady Saxondale wore at the masquerade, it would be impossible for her to deny her identity with the character of Queen Isabella. The chances are a hundred to one that the dress is secreted somewhere in her ladyship's apartments."

"And if so, I shall be sure to ferret it out," exclaimed Edmund.

"Oh, do, my dear Edmund," said Emily Archer, with witching accents and looks of cajolery. "I am always afraid that your proud and haughty mother will be separating you from me; and it will be a great relief to my mind to know that you are in possession of a secret which will put her upon her good behaviour."

"I have already promised to do my best in the matter," responded Edmund. "I will go home to-morrow morning and watch for an opportunity to ransack the place: although, by the bye, I did not intend to show my face there for the next week—for the old housekeeper is dead, and somehow or another I have a great aversion to be beneath the same roof with a dead body. It is not, you know, that I am in any way frightened; but it seems as if there was a sickly smell—a nauseating kind of odour. However, I will return to Saxondale House immediately after breakfast to-morrow morning. But still, my dear Harold, I cannot make all this affair out. What on earth did my mother meet you at the Harcourts' for, after writing that letter—unless

it was to arrange matters for a future appointment——"

"Don't question me any more now," interrupted Staunton. "It is a very extraordinary story, and I will give you all the particulars when we have obtained the proof that you are to seek *for*. So you must restrain your curiosity—and Miss Archer likewise. I suppose I can see you here again to-morrow evening?"

"Yes—but what on earth is to prevent you from staying here with us for a few days until this duel affair is blown over? You will give him house-room—won't you, Emily?"

"Oh! with the greatest pleasure, if his lordship will condescend to accept such hospitality as my humble residence affords:"—but the look of proud satisfaction which the *danseuse* cast around the exquisitely-furnished room, was in flat contradiction to the humility of her words.

"An offer so kindly made cannot be rejected," remarked Staunton, with a smile. "I therefore accept your hospitality, and will instal myself here for a few days."

Throughout the whole of this discourse the champagne bottle was frequently put into requisition; and it was not until a late hour that Staunton was conducted to the chamber appropriated to his use. In the morning breakfast was served at about ten o'clock; and this repast, like the supper of the previous night, consisted of all imaginable delicacies. It was about eleven when Lord Saxondale took his departure for the purpose of accomplishing his pleasant and agreeable little task of endeavouring to discover proofs damnatory to Lady Saxondale's reputation.

Lord Harold Staunton remained alone in the beautifully-furnished parlour with Miss Emily Archer; and no sooner was Edmund out of sight, than a great and sudden change took place in the bearing of these two towards each other. The courteous respect with which Harold had treated the handsome *danseuse* while Edmund was present, now turned into the familiarity of closest intimacy.

"Well, my dear Emily," said Harold, "you have got my friend Edmund tolerably tight and secure in your silken chains. But no wonder: for you are certainly handsomer than ever."

"I would rather receive those few words of compliment from your lips, Harold," was the lady's response, "than ten thousand of the mawkish and insipid flatteries which that frivolous fellow Saxondale bestows upon me. But come, sir—why do you not embrace me for old acquaintance' sake?"

"That shall I do most cheerfully," rejoined Staunton: and he suited the action to the word. "So you find my friend Saxondale somewhat insipid?" he continued, placing himself by the beautiful dancer's side upon the sofa where she was half-reclining in her morning *negligée*.

"Of course you and I can talk these matters over confidentially between us," replied Emily; "and therefore we may admit to each other that of all the frivolous, foolish, conceited coxcombs, Edmund Saxondale is the worst. I really do not know one redeeming quality that he possesses——"

"Except the zeal which he displays in surrounding you with all luxuries and comforts," remarked Harold: "is it not so?"

"But that is conferring no boon upon me," rejoined the *danseuse*: "it is the return he makes for the show of love with which I honour him. I understand he is engaged to be married to your sister? I have seen Lady Florina in her box at the Opera: what a beautiful girl she is! and what a sacrifice to bestow her on such a being as Saxondale!"

"My dear Emily, we must not touch upon that point," returned Lord Harold, somewhat gravely. "Marriages in high life, you know, are not always affairs of the heart, and there is not much trouble taken to assort them with the nicest regard to outward looks or mental qualifications. And now let us change the discourse and talk upon any other topic you please. We have the prospect, I suppose, of being many hours together; and therefore we must render ourselves as agreeable as possible to each other."

"Are you sorry at having this prospect before you?" inquired Emily, with a look of mingled archness and tenderness.

"Sorry indeed! how could that be possible? Are you not as charming as ever—or indeed more charming? for as I said just now, you are handsomer than when you and I used to be tolerably well acquainted a couple of years ago. Tell me, have you been happy since then? But I need scarcely ask. I have seen you bounding with joyous elasticity upon the stage; and I find you occupying a most beautiful little suburban residence. But tell me candidly, my dear Emily—how many lovers have you had during these two years past?"

"Well, I will tell you candidly, my dear Harold," responded the handsome but profligate *danseuse*, with a look of increasing archness most mischievously fascinating and roguishly enchanting: and then, in the same playful mood, she counted off the names as she mentioned them on the tips of her long taper fingers with their rosy-tinted and almond-shaped nails. "First there was Lord Everton: but though he was very liberal and behaved very well indeed, I was obliged to turn him off; for he was so made up with falsities and artificialities—I mean in respect to his toilet—that he was absolutely repulsive to me. Then there was the Rev. Mr. Tarleton,—the fashionable preacher, you know, and whose opinions are so strongly evangelical. He was all very well, though he had not near so much money to bestow upon me as Lord Everton: but he would insist that I should go to his church twice every Sunday. He said that he could preach so much better when he saw me in my pew: he felt that he was preaching for some one whose admiration he most of all loved to secure. He cared nothing about his wife, who is really a very handsome woman, being present in her pew: *that*, he said, was by no means the same thing. Well, I went for five or six Sundays: but I soon got tired of it—and because I flatly refused to go again, we quarrelled and parted. Then circumstances threw me under the protection of Patrick O'Flanaghan, the Member for Blarneyville; and as he drove a dashing four-in-hand, kept plenty of servants, and lived at a first-rate hotel, I thought him a great catch. Now, to tell you the truth, my dear Harold, I was shamefully deceived by that man. He drank up every drop of wine and spirits that I had in my cellar—borrowed every farthing of money I had saved up—and even made me pledge my jewels to provide him with fresh

funds. He was always expecting immense remittances from his Irish estates—but they never came. He was however such an agreeable fellow—so gay, so good-humoured, so full of fun, so sprightly and clever, that I was quite smitten with him. It was a sort of infatuation—so that I believed all he told me. He used to get me to write out his speeches to his dictation; and then he would learn them by heart, and go down to the House of Commons and surprise them all with what seemed to be a genuine outburst of extemporaneous eloquence of the highest order. But on one occasion he made a very fatal mishap. Two distinct questions were coming on for discussion on the same night, and on both of which he intended to speak. For I afterwards found that he had been put in for Blarneyville by the Marquis of Donkeyderry, the patron of the borough; and so he was compelled to speak, and vote, and act, precisely in obedience to his lordship's directions. Well then, he had these two distinct subjects to speak upon for the same evening. One was the Irish Fisheries; and the other was the case of the Rajah of Rumandbrandypoore. So you may see that they were indeed very discrepant. Well, my friend Patrick O'Flanaghan dictated two brilliant speeches, which I wrote down for him very carefully; and he learnt them by heart. He then primed himself with a couple of bottles of champagne, and went down to the House. But there, it appears, he took some ten or a dozen glasses of whiskey-toddy at Bellamy's: so that when the debates came on he did not precisely know whether he stood on his head or his heels. The first question was the Irish Fisheries—when up jumped O'Flanaghan and began vomiting forth a perfect torrent of eloquence. But unfortunately it was the brilliant speech which related to the Rajah of Rumandbrandypoore. The House was astonished—the Speaker sate aghast. On he went, rushing like a madman through the wildest declamations against the East India Company, and drawing such a picture of the wrongs of the unfortunate Rajah of Rumandbrandypoore that he grew perfectly furious with the excitement of indignation into which he lashed himself. There he was, far away amidst the jungles of India—when he ought to have been with the shoals of herrings on the Irish coast! Of course this scene could not continue long: the House, recovering from its consternation, exploded in shouts of laughter—and poor O'Flanaghan was at length made sensible of his error. He fled from the House with precipitation, and next day accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. The Marquis of Donkeyderry then put his butler or his head groom—I forget which, but it's all the same—into the vacant borough of Blarneyville; and poor O'Flanaghan was never heard of any more. I have been told that there is now a billiard-marker at Bath or Cheltenham very much resembling him: but I cannot answer for the truth of it."

Lord Harold Staunton laughed heartily at this anecdote, and complimented Miss Emily on the style in which she told it.

"Having thus lost my Irish lover," she continued, abandoning her hand to that of her companion, "I accepted the protection of a Judge; and he placed me in very handsome apartments at the West End. He was compelled to be exceedingly cautious in visiting me, as he was so well known. He was very liberal, and indulged me to the utmost of his means: so that I speedily regained the jewellery I had lost through the Member for Blarneyville. It appears that my friend the Judge was very fond of making pathetic speeches from the bench when sentencing prisoners. On one occasion, some time before I knew him, a case came before him at the Old Bailey, in which a servant-girl was accused of conniving with a young man to rob her master's house. It transpired during the trial that the servant-girl had become infatuated with the young man—was seduced by him—and secretly admitted him into the house at night to remain with her. On one of those occasions he robbed the premises, while the poor unsuspecting girl was fast asleep. Her innocence, so far as any complicity in the depredations was concerned, was most satisfactorily proven; while her lover was shown to be the guilty party. The Judge, in sentencing him and discharging her, made a long and most pathetic speech, showing the evils which arose from giving way to sensual passions; and he expatiated in such terms upon the dreadful effects of loose principles on the part of men and frailty on that of women, that he drew tears from every one in the court. In short, it was a perfect moral essay, and seemed to prove that the learned Judge who could deliver such sublime sentiments must himself be the most immaculate of men."

"But how does this anecdote apply to any thing in connexion with yourself, my dear Emily," asked Lord Harold; "since it happened long before you knew your Judge?"

"You shall hear. I had been under his lordship's protection for about three months, when I happened to discharge my housemaid and took another, the new-comer having an excellent character from her last place. But only conceive the scene which ensued, when my Judge, on arriving one evening to sup with me, was instantaneously recognised by the new housemaid, who was the very same servant-girl he had so pathetically lectured at the Old Bailey. The consequence was the evaporation of the learned Judge from my lodgings; and the next day he enclosed me a hundred-pound-note as a token of adieu. I then passed under the protection of Mr. Walter of the Opera, and thence under that of Lord Saxondale. Such, my dear Harold, is a true and faithful narrative of my proceedings during the two past years."

"And now tell me, my dear Emily," said Staunton, —"because I am really interested in you,—have you managed to save any money during all this time?"

"I had saved a little previous to my acquaintance with O'Flanaghan: but he got it all out of me. Since then I could save nothing until within the last week or two; and now I am making a beginning again. But you don't know how money slips away with women in my position. When I look back and think of what I might have saved, I wonder where it has all gone, and why it has not been saved. Sometimes I think what a fool I am to spend so fast and so recklessly: but it is all in vain to make good resolutions for the future. The fact is, women placed as I am can't save permanently. As I just now said, I am saving at present; but I dare say that something will arise at no distant time to sweep away all these savings."

"And tell me, Emily, do none of the young ladies connected with the Opera, and who are under the protection of gentlemen, manage to save?"

"Not one out of one hundred ever does," was the reply. "The truth is, what they get at one time from the doating foolishness of some of their admirers, they themselves lavish at another time in their own infatuated folly upon penniless lovers. But this strain of conversation is a mournful one for me. I tell you what it does, Harold—it makes me think of the future: and *that* is something I do not like to think of. I know that as long as I am young, and handsome, and attractive, I shall be enabled to live in a handsome house, keep my carriage, and be surrounded with every luxury: but when my beauty begins to wane——Ah! then it will be very different! Now, this is the reflection which sometimes creeps in upon my mind, and saddens me deeply—deeply. Yes, it steals in like a spectre at a festival,—steals in, I say, even at those times when I have everything to make me happy: it comes like the gust of an ice-wind penetrating into the warm and perfumed atmosphere of a brilliantly lighted saloon. Do you comprehend me?"

"I do, Emily," responded Harold. "But surely it is your fault that there should be a cause for this apprehension? You have many opportunities of saving while you are young and beautiful and courted: why do you not avail yourself of them?"

"Ah! why—why—it is so easy to ask that question *why*! Ask the drunkard, when racked with the headache after his night's debauch, why he does not reform himself; and if he answer truly he will say it is because he has not the moral courage. Why, for instance, do *you* not reform your habits? why are you extravagant, and wild, and always in debt? Now you see I am speaking plainly: but it is not to offend you—merely to make your own conduct serve as an illustration to account for mine. I have got into certain habits of extravagance, and cannot get out of them. If I have a whim it must be gratified, provided I have the means; and therefore I can scarcely hope ever to save continuously and put by a store for the future. I am saving now, as I have told you: but if you, for instance, wanted money at this moment, I would give you all my savings—because I like you."

"You are a good girl, my dear Emily," responded Harold, bestowing upon her another embrace. "But if I have been questioning you in this way, it was not for the purpose of ascertaining your means with a view of self-appropriating them. I return you my thanks all the same."

"Well, the conversation has taken a turn to make me rather dull," said Emily, starting up from the sofa: "let us go and walk in the garden. The fresh air and the flowers will cheer and enliven us—at least they will have this effect upon me. You do not know how fond women in my position are of gardens, and flowers, and the country. And therefore," she added with a smile, "it cannot be said that our tastes are utterly perverted and depraved along with our morals."

Thus speaking, with all her wonted mischievous archness and roguish gaiety, the handsome *danseuse* led the way into the garden.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RANSACKING OF THE WARDROBE-ROOM.

WHILE the preceding scene was taking place at Evergreen Villa, all London was ringing with the news of a frightful crime committed during the past night in a barge moored in that part of the canal which intersects Agar Town. It appeared that at a somewhat early hour that morning, a couple of Excise-officers, in consequence of certain information received, had proceeded to pay a visit to that barge; but on descending the hatchway into the little cabin, they were horrified on beholding that spectacle which has been already described to the reader. The bargeman lay on one side of the cabin, with his head so frightfully beaten and smashed and so covered with clotted blood, that it was scarcely recognisable as that of a human being; and a minuter search showed that the wretched victim's nose had been bitten completely off and was lying at a little distance. On the other side of the cabin lay the bargeman's wife, who had evidently been murdered by a stab in the breast; and as if nothing should be wanting to complete this tragedy of horrors, the infant child had been smothered in the blood which had poured from its unfortunate mother.

Such was the account which was now horrifying all London: but from the flying rumours which prevailed, it did not appear that suspicion attached itself to any particular person or persons. The deed seemed to be shrouded in a dark mystery. There were all the evidences of a fearful struggle having taken place in the cabin; but the murderer or murderers had left no trace that might afford a clue to their discovery. Nevertheless, the most active officers of the detective force were already on the alert to endeavour to find some circumstances that should place them on the right scent.

Such was the narrative which young Lord Saxondale heard from some tradesman whose shop he entered to make a purchase in the vicinage of Park Lane. Thence he proceeded home, and straightway ascended to the drawing-room where his mother usually sat. Her ladyship was there, apparently engaged with a book, but in reality thinking over the various grave and serious subjects which agitated in her mind. She was just in one of those humours when the presence of Edmund was intolerable to her—for what reason she herself best knew. She did not therefore say anything to encourage him to remain in the room; and he accordingly resolved to avail himself of this opportunity to pursue the search for which purpose he had come. Having ascertained that his sisters were in their own apartment—and thus finding the coast to be clear—he ascended to his mother's private chambers.

An exquisitely furnished boudoir opened into the sleeping apartment; and beyond this was the wardrobe-room where her ladyship's dresses and articles of apparel were kept. If any of the maid-servants had been in the rooms at the time, Lord Saxondale was prepared with some excuse: but as he found no one there, the necessity did not arise for displaying his ingenuity in that respect. It naturally struck him that if his mother had such good reasons as he supposed her to have, for put

ting the masquerade dress altogether out of sight, it was sure to be under lock and key. He did not therefore take much trouble in investigating those wardrobes which were unlocked, but bestowed his attention upon the cupboards and closets that were closed. His hope had been that one of his own keys would fit these locks; but in this he was disappointed—and he therefore saw the necessity of obtaining possession of his mother's keys by some means or another. Issuing forth from her chambers again, he sauntered leisurely down the stairs, revolving in his mind three or four projects for obtaining possession of the keys. He likewise thought of repairing to a locksmith and purchasing a quantity of keys: but this latter plan he abandoned in consequence of the strange suspicion it was so well calculated to excite—or at all events he decided upon only having recourse to it in case other means should fail.

He returned to the room where her ladyship was seated; and on observing him re-enter she could not control a gesture of impatience and a look of annoyance.

"You appear a little out of sorts, my dear mother," he observed, with a subdued irony of accent: for he had not failed to notice that his presence was not altogether agreeable.

"It is so unusual a thing for you to seek my company now," replied Lady Saxondale coldly, "that I cannot help thinking you must have some ulterior object in view."

"I only came to have a little chat, my lady-mother," answered Edmund: and the glance which he threw around, settled upon a bunch of keys lying on the table at which her ladyship was seated. "Have you heard the account of the horrid murder which has been committed in a barge on some canal?"

"I have not seen the newspaper yet," returned Lady Saxondale.

"I don't think it is in the newspaper—in fact it can't be; for it was only discovered this morning:" —and Edmund then proceeded to retail such particulars as he had learnt at the tradesman's shop.

Lady Saxondale made some remark upon the horrible nature of the case, and then appeared to bestow all her attention upon her book.

"There will be a hanging-affair for that, I dare say," resumed Edmund with a negligent yawn. "For although there seems as yet to be no clue to the murderers, I have no doubt they will be found out in the long run: because it isn't often that a murder does go undiscovered. Now, isn't that curious though? but it's really the case when I come to think of it."

Lady Saxondale raised her eyes, and looked at her son, as he thought, in a somewhat peculiar manner: but the next instant he supposed it could only be fancy on his part—and indeed her eyes were almost immediately bent down upon the book again.

"When is old Mabel to be buried?" he inquired after a pause.

"Why do you ask?" said Lady Saxondale quickly.

"Oh! only out of curiosity. I suppose by way of saying something—for you don't appear to be very much inclined for conversation."

"I am sorry to say that your conversation is seldom of a very entertaining or edifying character."

"Thank you, my dear mother, for the compliment. The ladies don't think so generally: for I know I am a precious great favourite amongst them."

"With what class of ladies?" asked Lady Saxondale, her lips curling with a contempt she made no endeavour to conceal.

Edmund was about to give some impertinent reply, when a footman entered the apartment to announce that Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow had just arrived, and had been shown into the Green Drawing-room.

"Whew!" was the prolonged sound which Lord Saxondale sent out from his lips at this intelligence: then, as the footman retired, he said, "There's not much difficulty in guessing what that old fogy and that bustling pettifogger have come here for."

"How dare you speak thus of your guardians?" exclaimed her ladyship. "You ought to treat them with respect."

"Oh, yes! fine respect indeed, when they are plotting all kinds of things against me. But perhaps ——However we shall see!"—and he stopped short abruptly.

Lady Saxondale looked very hard at him, evidently to fathom his meaning, which had a sort of mysterious self-sufficiency and assurance in it that for the moment somewhat troubled her: then turning away with a look of disdain, as if she would not condescend to bandy any more words with one whom she certainly detested, she swept majestically out of the room.

But the keys? there they were—left upon the table! Her ladyship had forgotten them, or else had not dreamt of the necessity of taking them with her.

"Egad! it was high time that I should discover my mother's secrets," muttered Saxondale to himself as he triumphantly laid hold of the keys. "Petersfield and Marlow here—eh? They no doubt think that they will dispose of me just as they choose: but perhaps they will find the difference However, I must not delay."

Thus speaking, he hastened from the apartment—rushed up the stairs—and re-entered his mother's private chambers. The keys, of which he had possessed himself, opened the locks that had previously resisted his endeavours. He examined wardrobe, cupboard, closet, and drawers—he scrutinised the various costumes and packages contained therein: but no Spanish dress could he discover. His investigation had lasted at least half-an-hour, and he was about to retreat from the chambers, when he observed a trunk standing in the window-recess of the wardrobe-room. He was some minutes before he could find the right key to open this trunk; but at length he succeeded—and lifting the lid, observed that it contained the more costly articles of the family plate which were not in general use, but were only brought out on grand occasions. He removed some of the articles, and at length caught sight of the object of his search at the bottom of the trunk. With an ejaculation of joy he drew forth the dress, unrolled it, and became convinced beyond the possibility of doubt that it was the same one which he had seen worn by the lady who had joined Lord Harold Staunton at the masquerade.

He was now all in a flutter of trepidation and excitement lest Lady Saxondale or any of the maid-servants should appear to interrupt his proceedings; and it was with no very great care that he replaced in the trunk the massive silver articles which he had removed. This being done he locked the trunk again; and folding up the dress into as small a compass as possible, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and flew away with it to his own room. There he left it for a moment; and descending to the apartment whence he had taken the keys, deposited them on the table where he had found them. He then sped back to his own chamber, and enveloping the dress in a large sheet of paper, fastened it with a string. Summoning his valet, he ordered the domestic to follow him with the parcel; and issuing from the house, proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, where he entered a vehicle—took charge of the packet—and sent his servant back home.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Lord Saxondale returned to Evergreen Villa; and the moment Lord Harold Staunton and Emily Archer beheld him rush up the front garden with the parcel in his hand, they knew full well that his mission had been a successful one. The envelope was torn off—the dress was revealed—and Staunton at once pronounced it to be that which was worn by his masked companion at the Duke of Harcourt's ball.

"Now we have the proof!" exclaimed Saxondale, as proud and rejoiced as if he had accomplished one of the noblest and best of deeds. "You will keep your promise, Harold, and tell us all that remains to be revealed in respect to my lady-mother. For it now becomes more imperative than ever that I should have the means for defying her. Would you believe it? when I left Saxondale House she was in deep consultation with that prosy hum-drum Petersfield, and that talkative busy-body Marlow—all three of them no doubt laying their heads together to dispose of me just as it suits their good will and pleasure."

"I will keep my word and tell you everything," replied Lord Harold

He accordingly narrated to his astonished listeners the whole of his adventures with Lady Saxondale, in respect to the scene at the masquerade—the instructions she had given him relative to Deveril—the reason he had therefore sought a duel with the young artist—and the manner in which he was treated by Lady Saxondale when he called upon her, as already described. Astonished indeed were those listeners; for they were little prepared to hear that the circumstance of the duel was in any way mixed up with the incidents of the masquerade at Harcourt House.

"It is not perhaps a very pleasant tale for a son to hear of his own mother," added Lord Harold Staunton; "and I take heaven to witness that you never would have heard it, Edmund, if I had been treated otherwise by her ladyship. But after all the indignity I experienced at her hands, you can scarcely wonder if I sought to be revenged. My vengeance is now consummated: I desire no more. I have made you acquainted, Edmund, with your mother's crime—for a crime assuredly it is that she committed, in thus seeking the death of young William Deveril. She is now in your power! You may control her and coerce her at will: she can no longer deny her identity with the heroine of the masquerade. You need not fear therefore the plots and schemings which her ladyship may have concocted with Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow. But tell me—will there be any loss of friendship between you and me in consequence of all that I've now explained to you?"

"Loss of friendship, my dear Harold!" cried Edmund, astonished at the question. "How is it possible you could think of such a thing? You had a perfect right to fall in love with my mother if you chose; and I am only sorry she has used you so scurvily. As for seeking to be revenged on her by putting her in my power, the effect is to do me the greatest possible service: and therefore so far from entertaining any ill feeling towards you, I consider myself immensely your debtor. We will pass a jovial evening: Emily does not go to the Opera to-night, and we will draw a few champagne-corks before we go to bed. To-morrow I will pay another visit to my lady-mother—see what she may have to say—and then if she holds out any more threats about sending me abroad, or compelling me to live at the castle in Lincolnshire, I will let her see that I am not to be trifled with."

We need not linger over this scene, which in many respects is a painful one to describe. Let us hasten to observe that Miss Emily Archer, Lord Saxondale, and Lord Harold Staunton sat down to a delicious banquet at about six o'clock, and remained at table until a late hour. On the following day Lord Harold learnt by a paragraph in the newspaper that Mr. Deveril was now altogether out of danger; and he therefore no longer feared to return to his lodgings in Jermyn Street. He bade farewell to Miss Archer, with whom he exchanged significant looks as he thanked her for all the marks of kindness and hospitality she had bestowed upon him at Evergreen Villa; and then he accompanied Lord Saxondale to the West End.

"I should like to know as soon as possible what takes place between yourself and your mother," he said, when they reached the point where they were to separate.

"Let us dine together this evening," answered Saxondale. "I dare say I shall have something to tell you. Emily goes to the Opera to-night—and so I am well disposed to amuse myself."

The two young noblemen accordingly settled an appointment, and then parted—the one returning to his lodgings in Jermyn Street, the other bending his way to Saxondale House.

It was a little past noon when Edmund again crossed the threshold of the stately mansion; and he was at once informed by the hall-porter that her ladyship had ordered that when he came in he was to be told she wished to see him on very important business. This was exactly what he wanted: he was desirous of bringing matters to an issue, and literally panted for an opportunity to display his power over his mother. Accordingly, without loss of time he hurried up to the apartment where she was seated. He found her alone, as on the previous day; and he saw by the cold hauteur of her looks that there was a sternly settled purpose in her mind.

"Edmund," she said, "have the goodness to sit down and let us see if we can talk quietly and peaceably together for a few minutes."

"Well, my dear lady-mother," he answered with his usual flippancy of style, as he threw himself with a languid air in a half-reclining position upon a sofa, "you can talk away as much as ever you like, and I will listen. You needn't be afraid of fatiguing me; because it suits my purpose very well to lie here for the next half-hour."

"Even at the commencement you put on this insufferable coxcombry," resumed her ladyship. "Do you really think, Edmund, that it is becoming, or calculated to inspire respect? Believe me, you only render yourself ridiculous. But it was not on this subject that I wished to speak. Are you attending?"

"With the same respect and earnestness as if it was to the fag-end of a three hours' sermon and you was the preacher. But you mustn't think I wasn't attending because I had my eyes shut: I can always hear best like that."

"Now, Edmund," exclaimed Lady Saxondale, her cheeks flushing with anger, "I began by speaking kindly to you, and you answer me in this impertinent style. You appear to think that there is something very fine in defying me: but depend upon it that you will discover your mistake. Now tell me, once for all, shall we converse as if we were on good terms with each other, or will you have me explain what I have to say in the form of commands which are to be enforced?"

"Let it be whichever way you choose," answered Edmund, with a prolonged yawn. "I dare say it will be all the same in the long run."

"If you treat the matter thus, I will without farther preface tell you what has been resolved upon by your guardians and assented to by myself:"—and as Lady Saxondale thus spoke, she drew herself up with a haughty stateliness. "The post of Attaché to the Embassy at Berlin has been placed at your disposal; and it has been accepted on your behalf by Lord Petersfield——"

"How exceedingly kind!" interjected Edmund, laughing in a subdued manner with his cracked voice.

"In three days you will set out," continued Lady Saxondale, not appearing to pay the slightest heed either to his observation or his laugh, "to undertake the duties of this honourable post which you are to fill. To-morrow her Most Gracious Majesty holds a levee, on which occasion it is the desire of myself and your guardians that you be presented to kiss the royal hands."

"The royal fiddlesticks," observed Edmund, with another laugh.

"To kiss the royal hands, I repeat," continued Lady Saxondale, accentuating her words, "on receiving this appointment. The Foreign Secretary has kindly undertaken to present you. You will therefore lose no time in making all requisite arrangements for your presentation, and also for your departure. It is proposed by your guardians that two hundred pounds a month shall be paid you by a banker at Berlin to meet your current expenses: for of course you will proceed thither and also dwell there in a style becoming your rank. These are the communications that I have to make; and I will add, Edmund, that I do most sincerely hope you will enter with a good spirit upon the course thus marked out."

"And what if I refuse to comply with these autocratic ukases which your ladyship has been issuing?"

"I regret that you should compel me to enter into any explanation with regard to the alternatives: but if it must be so, they shall be described concisely, though firmly. Now listen:"—then after a minute's pause which her ladyship made to give solemnity to the proceeding, she said, "If you refuse to yield obedience to the wishes of your guardians and myself, it is the settled resolve of Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow to exert all the powers with which the law invests them; and those perhaps will be found to be greater and stronger than you have an idea of. In the first place it will be by a royal command that you are enjoined to proceed to Berlin in the capacity already named; and disobedience to the Queen's mandate may be followed by unpleasant consequences. In the second place, it is resolved by Lord Petersfield and Mr. Marlow that not another shilling shall be paid to you in the shape of allowance till you come of age, save and except under the conditions already laid down; and if you attempt to raise any money from usurers, advertisements will be inserted in the journals cautioning all such persons to beware how they deal with a minor."

"Has my dear lady-mother anything more to say?" asked Edmund, with an air of *nonchalant* indifference.

"Nothing, sir," was Lady Saxondale's response: and she rose from her seat as if to quit the room.

"But I have something more to say—and a good deal too," at once rejoined Edmund. "In the first place, it is not my intention to quit England at all; and therefore you had better get Lord Petersfield to undo as quickly as he can all that he may have done in respect to this embassy-business. Secondly, you will have the kindness to send for Marlow and Malton, and tell them that if they dare attempt any coercive measures with me, they shall be made to suffer for it. Thirdly, so far from stopping my allowance, you will at once get it doubled; and it will not *then* be necessary to put any advertisements into the newspapers, because I shall not require the assistance of usurers. Fourthly, you would do as well to have my debts paid at once, so as to prevent the annoyance of duns coming to the house."

Lady Saxondale remained standing in the middle of the room while her son thus spoke; and a visible trouble came upon her—for she now saw by his manner that he did not feel himself so completely at her mercy as she wished him to be. Perhaps he had fathomed one of the many secrets which agitated in her bosom? But if so, which was it? Knowing how intimate he was with Lord Harold Staunton, it naturally occurred to her that the affair of the masquerade and the circumstances of the duel had been revealed to him.

"And pray, sir," she said, conquering the outward appearance of her emotions, "by whose advice are you acting, or upon what pillar are you supporting yourself, when thus coolly defying your mother—your guardians—even your Sovereign?"

"If you must know," returned Edmund, "it may be as well to put you out of all suspense at once. You need not think, my dear lady-mother, that all your tricks have escaped my knowledge. I will mention a name that perhaps may be sufficient to show you what I do know, and convince you of the prudence of leaving off your tyrannical conduct towards me."

"And that name, sir?" asked Lady Saxondale, nerving herself to hear it without agitation: for she full well divined what name he was about to speak.

Edmund looked with insolent hardihood in her face; and with a still more impudent kind of leer, he said boldly, "Lord Harold Staunton."

"Ah, I understand you!" cried Lady Saxondale, assuming a look of sovereign contempt blended with haughty indignation. "That unhappy young man has had his wits turned by the duel——"

"A duel which my dear lady-mother was the secret means of provoking."

"You dare not repeat so base a calumny, vile boy!" exclaimed her ladyship, for one moment becoming livid with rage, and then turning the colour of a peony.

"Calumny indeed?" echoed Saxondale: "it is the truth—and I can prove it."

"You prove it?" cried her ladyship: and her splendid dark eyes were rivetted with scrutinising intentness upon her son.

"Yes: prove it,—prove that you were the lady that I myself saw in the Spanish dress at the masquerade—prove that you wrote the letter making the appointment with Harold there—prove likewise that the name of William Deveril in another letter, or rather in a mere envelope, was penned by the same hand that wrote the first epistle! All these things can I prove as easy——"

"Edmund, is it possible that you believe the calumnies uttered by a worthless young man like Staunton, in preference to the solemn assurances of your mother?"

"Ah! but what about the dress?" cried Edmund, his countenance becoming wickedly malignant.

"The dress?" echoed her ladyship: and for an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed to her mind: but the next moment banishing it as untenable, she said coldly, "I do not comprehend you."

"Then you very soon shall," rejoined Edmund: "and not to mince matters any longer, you must know that I ferretted out the beautiful Spanish dress from the great plate chest in your wardrobe room——"

"Infamous boy! reptile that I have cherished to sting me!" cried Lady Saxondale. "If you have perpetrated this atrocity, I will be avenged—I will have a terrible vengeance——a vengeance of which you little dream——But tell me, tell me quick," she said, now speaking with hysterical impetuosity, "have you told Lord Harold——"

"Told him? to be sure I have!" answered Edmund flippantly. "Why, it was at his instigation that I searched for it, while you were busied yesterday with old Petersfield and the lawyer."

"Then, Edmund, do you know what you have done?" asked Lady Saxondale, in a deep voice and with an ineffable look: "you have placed your mother's virtue in the power of an unprincipled young man—you have abandoned me to the will and pleasure of Harold Staunton."

"Then why did you put yourself to such a position?" cried Saxondale, utterly unmanned by the sudden discomfiture which he had thus produced on the part of her ladyship. "Don't you see, mother, it's all very easy to take me to task for being wild, and gay, and thoughtless, and extravagant: but you do not appear to be over-circumspect yourself. You want to get me sent from the country to keep me out of mischief: but I think that you ought to take yourself out of the reach of mischief at the same time. However, I tell you very candidly I do not want to have any words: let us come to an understanding. You must do what I want, and I will keep your secret. You have nothing to fear from Harold. He says that he is sufficiently avenged for any slight you have put upon him, by betraying you to your own son; so the thing can be hushed up quiet enough—and all I want is for you to fulfil the conditions I laid down just now."

Lady Saxondale stood gazing speechlessly upon the young man as he thus addressed her; and by the varying expression of her countenance it was evident that a flight of strange, conflicting, and painful thoughts swept through her brain. She longed to say something and do something—but which she dared not either say or do. She looked as if she had it in her power to strike a terrible blow—but that she felt she herself would be crushed by the rebound. Therefore her ideas of loftiest vengeance sank down into a feeling of bitterest hate, which was reflected in her looks as she still kept them fixed upon her son.

"You have done all this," she said, in the same low deep voice as before; "and you did not take into account all that you owe me? You had no gratitude—no love—no respect: you have dragged your mother through the mire of disgrace, and shame, and dishonour: you have exposed her to an unprincipled young man, for whose keeping the secret there is no possible guarantee. All this have you done; and even now your heart is not touched—your soul is not smitten. Edmund, if I told you that I hate you, you would deserve it—and I do not know that I should be telling an untruth."

"You are uncommon candid, at all events," he replied, with the utmost indifference. "I could retort a great deal; but perhaps it is not worth while. The best thing is for us to settle the matter quietly. You get Petersfield to have the appointment cancelled: tell Marlow and Malton you are highly delighted with me—that I have promised to reform—and that you believe me—or anything else you like to invent: only let me be left alone, with plenty of money, my debts paid, and no more bother or nonsense such as we have been having lately. On these conditions I keep your secret."

"And if I refuse?" said Lady Saxondale.

"Then I must declare open war. First I shall tell Juliana and Constance what a charming example of a mother they have got——"

"Enough, enough!" ejaculated the unhappy woman: "it is indeed *too* much! Edmund, you have placed me in the humiliating condition of being compelled to accede to your terms. Go then—everything you wish shall be done. But beware how you drag me down still farther into the depths of disgrace! Stop—one word more ere you depart. If to the ears of your sisters you breathe a syllable of all this, I swear that——But no matter: things must take their course."

With these words Lady Saxondale hurried from the room; and soon afterwards Edmund sallied forth to make some purchases (upon credit) for Emily Archer, ere he kept his appointment to pass the evening with Lord Harold Staunton.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—THE PORTRAIT.

LADY SAXONDALE retired to her own private apartments in a state of mind all the tortures and goading anguish of which can be more easily imagined than described: and going straight to the plate-chest, she indeed discovered that the Spanish dress, which she had hidden with so much care, had disappeared. She sat down in the middle of the wardrobe-room; and the scalding tears trickled down her cheeks. It must have been a terrible condition of feelings which could make that proud woman weep: for even to herself, or in the solitude of her own chamber, was she ever loath to give way to what she considered the weakness of her sex. Not long however did she remain thus overpowered by the strength of her emotions; but wiping away the tears, she passed into her boudoir and there penned the following letter to her son's senior guardian:—

"My dear Lord Petersfield,

"I have just had an interview with Edmund of so highly a satisfactory nature, that it is with feelings of the sincerest joy I am enabled to communicate circumstance to you. I explained to him the intentions which you and Mr. Marlow had formed concerning him; whereupon he threw himself at my feet, acknowledged that he had been wild, undutiful, and extravagant—but besought and implored not only my forgiveness but that of his guardians. The idea of being separated from me and his sisters for a lengthened period, by being compelled to accept this post at Berlin, afflicted him profoundly. He declared that when travelling on the Continent for only a few months, some time ago, his thoughts were incessantly fixed upon home; and he says that however great his faults may have been, this exile into which it is proposed to send him will be far too severe a chastisement: In short, he faithfully promises a thorough and complete amendment, if his guardians and myself will accord him

our pardon and give him another trial. He frankly avowed that he had contracted several debts, but with the best feeling of honour besought that they might be paid at once, so as to rescue him from the fangs of usurers.

"Under all these circumstances, my dear Lord Petersfield, I ventured to take it upon myself to promise full and complete pardon; and I am sure your lordship, in the kindness of your heart, and your friendship towards me, will sanction my proceeding. It will be easy for your lordship to procure the cancelling of the appointment, which fortunately is not yet gazetted; and as for Edmund's debts, I will send Mr. Marlow a list of them in the course of a few days, so that in the mean time you will kindly sanction their payment: for of course whatever you and I agree upon, Marlow and Malton will assent to.

"You recollect, my dear Lord Petersfield, what I hinted relative to Francis Paton: for I am fearful the great personal beauty of this youth has made some little impression upon Juliana's heart; and therefore as your lordship has testified an interest in the lad, I leave you to deal with him as you think best. I therefore send him with this note, and shall tell him to wait and see if there be any answer; so that your lordship may have him into your presence and speak to him. At all events his prompt removal from Saxondale House is most advisable; but as I yesterday hinted, this object should be accomplished in a way the least calculated to arouse Juliana's spirit and make her adopt any rash step. It is not however for me to dictate, nor scarcely even suggest any particular course to a nobleman of your lordship's profound wisdom and large experience.

"Believe me to remain, my dear Lord Petersfield,

"Your very faithful and obliged friend,

"HARRIET SAXONDALE."

Having duly sealed this letter and addressed it to the Right Honourable Lord Petersfield, Portman Square, Lady Saxondale descended to the drawing-room and rang the bell. A footman promptly answered the summons; and she bade him tell Frank to come to her immediately. The footman quitted the room; but full ten minutes elapsed without his re-appearance—so that Lady Saxondale, growing impatient, rang the bell violently once more. The footman now returned, apologising for the delay, but assuring her ladyship that he had searched everywhere throughout the mansion for the young page, but without being able to find him; and yet it was certain that he had not gone out, for the two hats which he had in wear were hanging in their accustomed places.

"But he must have gone out, if you cannot find him in the house," said Lady Saxondale. "The moment he returns, let him be ordered to come to me."

Again the footman retired; and so soon as she was alone, Lady Saxondale felt a strange suspicion arise in her mind. Her countenance became pale as death; and starting from her seat, she proceeded at once to the apartment where her daughters were in the habit of sitting together, as stated on a former occasion. There she found Constance alone;—and in a casual manner, without appearing to have any particular object in view, she asked where Juliana was. Constance replied that her sister had a very bad headache, and had gone to lie down. Lady Saxondale bit her lip almost till the blood came: for the dire suspicion which had already entered her mind, was now strengthened. Leaving the apartment where Constance was apparently employed in reading a book, but between the leaves of which she had thrust a letter from the Marquis of Villebelle the instant her mother had entered the room—Lady Saxondale ascended to the storey where her daughter's bed-chambers were situated. She tried the door of Juliana's room, but found it locked; and then Juliana's voice from inside asked who was there.

"It is I," responded Lady Saxondale, adopting her usual tone. "Constance tells me that you are unwell——"

"I shall be better presently, my dear mother," answered Juliana from within.

Lady Saxondale thereupon quitted the immediate vicinage of the door; but instead of descending from that storey at once, she went and concealed herself in another room—and there, keeping the door ajar, watched her elder daughter's chamber. In a few minutes she saw Juliana come forth—cast a hurried look up and down the passage—and then retreat into her room again. The next instant Francis Paton issued thence and sped down stairs.

Lady Saxondale's suspicion was now thoroughly confirmed. But, oh! to what a harrowing pitch were her feelings wrought up as she thus received the unmistakable proof of her elder daughter's shame. For a few moments she stood rivetted to the spot—petrified—statue-like: then in obedience to a sudden impulse, she proceeded to Juliana's chamber. The door was not locked now: she entered—and her daughter, who was in a voluptuous *deshabillée*, at once turned pale and became troubled as she saw by her mother's look that everything was at least suspected, if not actually discovered. But this look of uneasiness was only momentary, and was succeeded by one of mingled indifference and hardihood, as she turned aside towards the mirror and began fastening up the luxuriant masses of her glossy raven hair.

"Juliana," said Lady Saxondale, suddenly clutching her daughter violently by the arm, "you are lost—you are undone—unhappy girl that you are!"

Again for an instant did that look of trouble and shame appear upon Juliana's countenance at thus acquiring the certainty that everything was known: but it was succeeded by an expression of even bolder effrontery, as she said, "The less, mother, that we interfere with each other the better."

"Ah! are you all going to hurl defiance at me?" muttered the wretched Lady Saxondale, as she thought to herself that Juliana also was acquainted with some secret which emboldened her to adopt this mien and manner of defiance: and relinquishing her hold upon the young lady's arm, she staggered back against the wall of the chamber with a feeling so dread and so inexplicable that she knew not whether she was about to faint or shriek forth in hysterical frenzy.

Juliana went on arranging her magnificent raven hair before the mirror: but still her hands trembled—there was a varying flush upon the delicate olive of her complexion, a certain restless flashing of the eyes, and a troubled heaving of the superb bust which the morning wrapper left more than half revealed. For although determined to put the boldest countenance upon her amour with the young page, and to hurl all requisite defiance at her mother in asserting her own independence, yet she still was not so completely depraved as to be enabled to contemplate without emotion the detection of her shame.

"Juliana," said Lady Saxondale, speedily recovering her presence of mind—or rather, we should say, an unnatural degree of composure,—"tell me, I conjure you—tell me, unhappy girl—am I to suppose the worst—the very worst?"

"You are to suppose, mother, exactly as much as you happen to know," was the coldly insolent reply given by her daughter. "I presume you have been watching my chamber; and therefore it is useless to deny anything, even did I consider it worth while to condescend to a denial."

"Oh! this is enough to drive me mad!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, again losing all power of self-command and wringing her hands in mingled rage and anguish. "Good heavens! an intrigue with a menial——"

"'And why not I with a menial, as you contemptuously denominate him, as well as yourself with an artist?"—and as Juliana thus spoke, she bent a look of the haughtiest defiance upon her mother.

"Ah! I understand," muttered Lady Saxondale, with white and quivering lips. "I have been betrayed:"—and she alluded to Edmund, thinking that he had told his sisters everything which she had so positively enjoined him to keep secret.

"For your satisfaction and peace of mind in one respect," said Juliana, "I can faithfully promise that no one has betrayed you; but I and Constance happened to overhear every word which took place the other day between yourself and Mr. Gunthorpe. And therefore I repeat, if a lady of quality can condescend to offer herself as the paramour of an artist, whose humble calling she affects to despise, there can be no harm in her daughter taking a leaf out of the same book."

"Juliana," exclaimed Lady Saxondale, stamping her foot upon the floor, "that I am as pure and immaculate in respect to that young man to whom you have alluded——"

"Yes, my dear mother; but it is not your own merit that you are so," responded Juliana, with a contemptuous sneer. "You must not take to yourself the credit of a virtue which you do not possess: for if you did not throw yourself into William Deveril's arms, it was for the simple reason that they were not open to receive you."

Lady Saxondale sank down upon a chair like one annihilated. She felt all that was disgraceful, demoralising, and unnatural in this scene on the part of a mother and her daughter. Her veins appeared to run with molten lead—her brain was on fire. It was a subdued frenzy that she experienced—a frenzy all the torture of which was concentrated within and testified itself in no other external wildness than the workings of her countenance. She screamed not—she shrieked not—she did not dash herself on the floor nor against the wall; but yet for a few minutes she felt as if she were a prey to a raging madness.

Juliana the while continued to dress her hair; but she also felt that it would be an infinite relief when this scene was over, no matter how it should end.

"Juliana—my child," said Lady Saxondale, at length slowly rising from her seat, and approaching her daughter with a look so dismal, so dreary, so woe-begone that Juliana, who was not devoid of some generous feelings, was suddenly smitten with compassion for her unhappy parent,—"my child, what has been done cannot be undone: but in the name of God! persevere not in a course which must end in dishonour and disgrace. O heavens! I tremble to think of the consequences!"

"Now, mother, listen," said Juliana. "I really do not seek to wound your feelings unnecessarily: I would not have uttered a word respecting you and William Deveril, had it not been in self-defence—that is to say, to ward off the explosion of your anger against myself. This course, you must understand, was natural enough. To be frank, I love this youth, all menial though he be, with a passionate devotion. I knew that I could not marry him—even as you felt that you could not marry the young artist; and I did as you would have done——"

"Enough! we must say no more upon the subject," interrupted Lady Saxondale, again recovering her cold and unnatural state of composure. "It is too shocking! But henceforth, Juliana, how can we look each other in the face?"

"We must dissemble, my dear mother," responded the young lady, with the assumed gaiety of an effrontery that is combined with a readiness of suggestion. "You cannot be altogether a stranger to the necessity of dissimulation, nor inexperienced in the art thereof, woman of the world as you are: and for my part, I am old enough to manage for myself. Let us go on very quietly, my dear mother,—you pursuing your own course and acting according to your own inclinations, but leaving me free to do the same. Those are the terms upon which we must henceforth live together."

Lady Saxondale was about to say more—perhaps to entreat her daughter to renounce her intrigue with the page and consent to his prompt removal from the house; but if so, a second thought must have told her that Juliana possessed a spirit impatient of dictation, and that at all events at the present moment she was in a mood to assert her independence with the boldest effrontery. Her ladyship accordingly held her peace; and turning abruptly round, quitted the room.

There is no power of language to describe the state of mind in which the unhappy mother found herself now. And well might she be so! All her children seemed not only inclined to rebel against against her, but to use such rebellion as the means of securing impunity for their own vicious courses. Edmund had reduced her to submission and to his own terms, that he might continue in a career of profligacy and extravagance:—Juliana, beyond all doubt fallen from the pedestal of virtue, had likewise used coercion to prevent interference with her licentious amour:—and what hope had the miserable mother that Constance would prove more dutiful or more virtuous? Perhaps even she was already fallen?—for Lady Saxondale was not entirely without her suspicions that her younger daughter still sustained a correspondence with the Marquis of Villebelle. Lady Saxondale dared think no more upon the subject: she endeavoured to escape from thought as one would fling off the coils of a hideous reptile, or flee from the spectres haunting one in a vision:—but the task was difficult indeed!

After having passed a quarter of an hour in her own chamber to compose her feelings as well as she

possibly could, Lady Saxondale recollected her letter to Lord Petersfield, and again descended to the drawing-room. Almost immediately afterwards the door opened, and Frank Paton made his appearance. With the utmost difficulty could Lady Saxondale prevent herself ordering from her presence the youth who was the object of her daughter's love and the cause of her shame. But she saw the necessity of proceeding cautiously in whatsoever she might do; and she bade him take the letter to Lord Petersfield and wait for an answer. Frank bowed and quitted the room: but he felt that while standing before her ladyship, he had looked troubled and confused. And no wonder, when we consider that he was in Juliana's own chamber at the time her mother had knocked at the door.

The young page issued from the house, and took the direction of Portman Square. As he went along he thought to himself that if he had an opportunity of speaking to Lord Petersfield alone, he would again fling himself upon his knees in that nobleman's presence, and beseech him to give him some intelligence concerning that lady whom in his earlier years he had thrice seen, who had caressed him so tenderly, and whom he so confidently believed to be his mother. On reaching Portman Square, he found that Lord Petersfield was at home; and he waited in the hall while a servant took the letter to his lordship. In a few minutes the footman re-appeared, bidding Frank follow him.

"Then I am about to see this nobleman," thought the page to himself, "who I feel convinced knows more concerning me than he has ever chosen to admit. Surely that letter of which I was the bearer, could not regard myself?"

But the youth had no farther time for reflection; for he now found himself upon the threshold of the apartment where Lord Petersfield was seated. He entered—the door closed behind him—and he was now alone with that nobleman.

"Francis Paton," said the cautious and solemn diplomatist, "it may be that you are somewhat surprised at being asked into my presence? I do not say that you are—and I do not wish you to reply without previous reflection. Take time——"

"My lord, I am not altogether surprised," responded the young page; "because I cannot divest myself of the belief that your lordship is the depositor of some secret respecting myself and my sister. And Oh! if it be to tell me anything on that point——"

"You must not speak so rapidly," interrupted Lord Petersfield, with even a degree of sternness: but almost immediately wearing a milder aspect, he said, "Neither must you assume any such opinion as that which you have so rashly, so precipitately, and I may even say so unadvisedly put forward. Young man, I wish to know——but do not answer hurriedly—I never like taking people unawares—— I wish to know, I say, whether you are so well contented with your present position that you would be unwilling to change it? But understand me thoroughly. I mean, suppose that I could procure you a better one. But let me explain what I mean by the word *better* in this sense; because there never should be any mistake as to the real application of terms. Better signifies —— ahem —— it signifies better: that is to say, better in point of standing and better in point of salary You received a good education—I think I am justified in presuming that you are clever: but mind, I do not wish you to answer in the affirmative without having well considered the question whether you *are* clever or not. I may however add that if *sufficiently* clever, I think I can venture so far as to promise you a clerkship in a government office——"

At this moment the footman returned to the room, to announce that the Duke of Harcourt had just called and desired an interview with his lordship.

The cautious diplomatist looked exceedingly grave, and appeared to reflect whether it were possible that the Duke could have any sinister motive in view: but at length coming to the conclusion that such a result was not to be apprehended, inasmuch as his Grace was an ultra-Tory and therefore entertaining the same opinions as himself, he resolved to see the Duke at once. Bidding Francis Paton await his return, Lord Petersfield issued slowly and gravely from the room.

On thus finding himself alone, Frank listlessly—or we might say mechanically—began to turn over the leaves of one of the books which lay upon the table. The volume which he had thus happened to light upon, was of large folio size, handsomely bound, but with the binding very much faded and the leaves themselves the least thing dingy with the influence of time. The front page showed that it had been published in the year 1829, consequently about fifteen years back: it was entitled *Beauties of the Court*, and consisted merely of a number of portraits of ladies, with no descriptive letter-press whatsoever. In short, it was one of those luxuriously got up pictorial works issued to fill the publisher's pocket by gratifying the vanity of ladies in the aristocratic circles, and therefore only fitted to lie upon a drawing-room table.

The young page's thoughts were far away from this volume the leaves of which he was turning over: but still as Lord Petersfield continued absent, he went on looking at plate after plate—and as the engravings were most superbly executed and formed specimens of the very highest style of the art, it was no wonder if Frank, who possessed a refined taste notwithstanding his menial position, proceeded with the inspection.

He had turned over upwards of a dozen pages, and had contemplated the countenances of the most beauteous peeresses and the loveliest daughters of the aristocracy, when he suddenly lighted upon one which caused him to start suddenly as if galvanised with a powerful electric force, while an ejaculation of mingled wonderment and joy burst from his lips. Then, quick as lightning, did his eye glance to the foot of the plate to learn the name of her whose well-known and beauteous features were represented there: but indescribable was his disappointment on beholding naught save this inscription——"A PORTRAIT."

A portrait! yes indeed; and one which he had not failed to recognise:—but a portrait of whom? Hurriedly did he turn over leaf after leaf of that book in the hope of discovering some descriptive letter-press: but there was none. He looked to the index to see whether it should happen to mention the original of that portrait: but it did not. The pang of disappointment was however mitigated by the pleasure of contemplating that transcend-

A PORTRAIT.

ingly beauteous countenance, of which his memory had since his boyhood retained so faithful an impress: for the reader will not have forgotten those words which the young page had so feelingly addressed to the Hon. Miss Juliana Farefield.

"Even," he had said, "if I had never seen that lady but once—and even if it were only on the first occasion when I was but six years old—her image would have remained indelibly impressed upon my mind. But recollect, Miss Farefield, that on two subsequent occasions did I behold that lady at about a year's interval each time, and that on the last occasion I was eight years old. At this age the mind is callous and insensible to many things, but equally susceptible and sensitive in other things. Amidst the Alpine forests there is a tree which if, when a tender sapling, a name be engraved upon it, will, as it grows with the progress of years, retain the inscription thus made; and while increasing in bulk and height, it still preserves the name indented upon its rind—and the larger it becomes, the deeper, the wider, and the more palpable grows the inscription also. So it is with certain images which are engraven upon the youthful heart. The human sapling grows up to man's estate, and time, instead of obliterating the inscription, deepens it, makes it spread over a wider space of the heart, and allows it not to be effaced."

But let us pause for a moment to describe this portrait in the volume of illustrations on which Frank Paton's eyes were so intently rivetted. The lady had a countenance of a perfect oval shape, with a forehead of noble height; and the beautiful face was framed as it were with a cloud of raven tresses which showered upon her shoulders and upon her back. A single white rose adorned that hair of luxuriant magnificence. Her brows were darkly pencilled, but yet with delicacy—that is to say, not with thickness: her eyes were dark, and seemed full of lustre even in the print. The nose was nearly straight, with a scarcely perceptible elevation in the classic outline; the mouth was small, the under lip appearing slightly full, but not pouting and very far from coarse. The expression of her countenance was pleasing and affable, but mingled with the conscious dignity of rank—perhaps also of being the cynosure of admiration. She was dressed in evening costume, the low-bodied dress revealing shoulders splendidly sloped and allowing a slight glimpse of a fine bust. Her arms appeared to be well rounded even to robustness, but perfectly symmetrical; and the portrait altogether gave the impression of a fine handsomely-made woman, the voluptuousness of her shape being subdued into gracefulness and elegance. The engraving was surrounded by a tasteful border of tendrils and leaves, and was decidedly the most beautiful specimen of the art in that volume. We should add that the lady who served as the original of this portrait, must have been about thirty years of age at the time the likeness was taken,—which, judging from the title-page of the book, was in the year 1839.

"It was in 1834 that I last saw her whom I believe to be my mother," thought Frank within himself, as his eyes remained rivetted upon the picture. "Then, according to the best of the conception which at that age I could form, she appeared to me about five or six-and-thirty. Yes—she did look some few years older than in this portrait—but not many; and considering the dates," he added referring to the title-page to mark the year again, "it is undoubtedly the same. Oh! not for an instant can I be mistaken. And she was a beauty of the Court? Here is the confirmation of another idea which I entertained, that she was connected with the Court. But wherefore is her name not given in this book? Oh! if thou art, as I believe thee to be, the reflex of my mother's countenance, let me kiss thee here, as I have embraced the original!"

And bending down, the youthful page pressed his lips upon the cold inanimate portrait, and a tear-drop fell from his eyes thereon. At this moment he heard footsteps approaching the door; and hastily raising his head, he passed his handkerchief across his eyes. Lord Petersfield re-entered the room; and at once perceiving the open book, he rushed to the table in a manner totally at variance with the usual gravity of his movements.

"My lord, that portrait," exclaimed Francis Paton, "is one which I immediately recognised. Tell me, my lord—tell me, I conjure you—was not this lady my mother?"

"Young man, I—I—am not accustomed to have such home-thrust questions put to me. But wherefore should you address such a question to me at all?" asked the nobleman, who in a moment had regained his wonted composure and self-possession. "How long will you cherish this delusion that I am in any way connected with you or your private affairs?"

"My lord, you must excuse me for saying that I can believe my own eyes. You see that my memory is good—that I at once recognised this portrait. It is ten years since you took me to the school at Southampton, and I was not then too young to have your lordship's image impressed upon my mind, nor is the date so remote that in the interval your lordship has changed to a degree to defy recognition."

"Nevertheless you are mistaken," rejoined Petersfield, with mingled coldness and compassion,—a coldness of tone and yet a certain sympathy in the look. "Now let us return to the subject whereupon we were talking before I left the room. I presume that you have had leisure to reflect upon my proposition? But don't answer too hurriedly—take time—never commit yourself: the most terrible calamities have arisen to men and to nations from hasty and unreflected speech."

"I thank your lordship," answered the youth, with even a kind of petulance, "but I cannot devote my thoughts to mere worldly matters now. All my ideas are centred in this portrait. Will your lordship make me a present of the book? I know that the request is a very bold one; but under circumstances I hope your lordship will excuse it. No matter, however, if you cling, my lord, to the book—I will hasten and purchase a copy."

Thus speaking, Frank Paton again glanced to the title-page, and took note of the publisher's name and address. Lord Petersfield for an instant looked annoyed; but the next moment resuming that diplomatic gravity which served him as a mask, he said, "A government situation of about a hundred and fifty pounds a year is something that no youth of your age and in your position should refuse to accept. That is to say," he added, as if

afraid of being caught in the act of recommending precipitation for once in his life, "having duly considered its eligibility. I do not think that I transgress the bounds of propriety and prudence—certainly not those of the truth—when I state that I experience some degree of interest in you, and will endeavour to help you on in the world."

"My lord, at this present moment," returned Frank, "I can decide upon nothing. It is clear that you will give me no information upon the point most vitally interesting to myself; and therefore I need intrude on your lordship no longer."

Then, without waiting to ask if there were any letter or message to take back to Lady Saxondale,—without even recollecting upon what errand he had come,—the young page hurried from the room, rapidly descended the stairs, and issuing from the house, continued his way with the same precipitation towards the street indicated on the title-page of the book as that where its publisher resided. Oh! to possess the portrait of her whom he believed to be his mother and whose image his mind treasured up,—*that* would at least be a mitigation of the sorrow he too often experienced when pondering upon the mystery that enveloped his parentage!

The street was not above half-an-hour's walk from Portman Square for a person proceeding leisurely and deliberately: but Frank, who ran the whole way, accomplished the distance in half the time; and so breathless was he on entering the shop, that he could not immediately give utterance to the words that trembled on the tip of his tongue. At length he stated what he required.

"I have not a copy of that book left," replied the publisher. "In fact the whole impression was subscribed for before issued; and I do not think that if you were to offer a hundred guineas you could procure a single copy. They all found their way into the hands of persons by no means likely to part with them."

Here was a disappointment. But suddenly an idea struck the youth,—an idea which in the hurry and excitement of his rapid run had not occurred to him before. The publisher most likely knew who was the original of the engraving simply described as "A Portrait;" and in vehement haste did Frank put the question.

"You seem, young man," said the bookseller, "to be strangely excited. Is it for yourself, or for the family in whose service you are, that you want the book?"

"No matter," replied Frank. "Do pray answer my question—who was the original of the picture described as *A Portrait?*"

"Well, I do recollect that there was one so described; and I believe it was simply because the lady herself had not enough vanity to wish her name to be paraded. But I can't for the life of me recollect who she was. I entrusted the getting-up of the book to the eminent engraver who undertook the plates; and he borrowed the original pictures from the ladies themselves to make his designs from them. I left it all in his hands, and do not recollect anything more about that portrait you speak of."

"But the engraver—where does he live?"

"He is dead," replied the bookseller.

"Dead!" echoed Frank, smitten with the despondency of renewed disappointment. "There seems to be a fatality about this. Have you not a single copy even for your own private use?"

"I am confident I have not," replied the publisher. "It was but the other day I was regretting to my wife that we had not saved one for ourselves—but such is the fact, I can assure you."

Francis lingered to ask a few more questions in the hope of discovering some means of gratifying his wishes: but nothing favourable transpired. He accordingly issued from the shop with a slowness of pace very different from the excitement with which he had entered it. He was bending his way mournfully homeward, pondering upon all that had taken place and inwardly wishing that he had torn out the portrait from the book ere Lord Petersfield returned to the room,—when he suddenly heard a female voice exclaim, "Frank! Good God, is it possible? Yes—it is—it is—he is alive!"

That voice, even before the young page raised his eyes, touched a chord which vibrated to the depths of his heart; and glancing up, he beheld his sister.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

It was in the middle of a somewhat secluded street that this sudden and most unexpected encounter took place: but had it been in the middle of Regent Street or any other of the most crowded thoroughfares of London, the brother and sister would have thrown themselves into each other's arms as they did then and there. The few passers-by at the time were naturally struck by beholding a very well-dressed lady of exceedingly handsome appearance (for such the sister was) thus suddenly fold a livery-page in her arms: but the ejaculations which escaped their lips, explained the close kinship existing between them.

"Oh, my long-lost sister!" cried Frank in the wilderment of his wild joy.

"Dearest, dearest brother!" exclaimed the lady in accents of gushing enthusiasm: "it is indeed you—and you are alive! Thank God, thank God!"

Full evident indeed was it that both for the moment forgot that it was the open street and the broad daylight of a summer afternoon that they thus met. Expressions of sympathy were uttered around them by those who had paused to witness this affecting scene; and a shopkeeper standing on the threshold of his establishment, in face of which the occurrence took place, considerately stepped forward and with much kindness of manner invited the brother and sister to walk into his house. They at once accepted the proposition; and the worthy tradesman, having conducted them up-stairs, to a neatly furnished apartment, left them there.

The brother and sister being thus alone, and free from observation, embraced again and again; and when the first excitement of feelings attendant upon this meeting was over, they naturally began to ask each other a thousand questions, so that neither for the first few moments could give any replies. It was a perfect torrent of tender and affectionate queries—but no answers.

"My dear Frank," said his sister, at length laughing at the confusion into which the very ecstacy of their emotion plunged them, "we shall

never get on at this rate. You must answer me first. Whose livery do you wear?"—and her looks became suddenly disdainful as she spoke: not disdainful of her brother—for *him* she caressed fondly at the same time; but disdainful in respect to that garb of servitude.

"I am at Lady Saxondale's," he replied.

"Lady Saxondale's!" she echoed, with something like a sudden start, and even a changing of the colour on her truly handsome countenance.

"Yes. Do you know her?" cried Frank, perceiving those evidences of emotion.

"No: but the name is familiar to me," returned his sister. "Dear Frank, I am so rejoiced—so ineffably rejoiced to see you—you know not how much!"

"And now tell me, dear Elizabeth," quickly resumed Frank, "why for the last four or five years you have not written to me? why have I never heard from you?"

"Why, my dear brother?" she exclaimed, now becoming red with indignation, and her eyes flashing fire. "Oh, why?——because I was given to understand that you were dead. Ah! my dear brother, you know not how bitterly, bitterly I wept for your supposed loss! It was treachery of the foulest description: but I can fathom it all—yes, all! Heaven be thanked that you are alive! I could scarcely believe my eyes when they fell upon you—and yet I knew you in an instant!"

"But you spoke of treachery, dear sister," said Frank, in astonishment. "Who behaved threacherously? What is it that you can fathom?"

"The story is much too long to tell you now, dear boy," she replied, speaking with a sort of maternal air at the moment: for, as the reader has been informed, she was nearly eight years older than her brother. "Besides, I am now somewhat pressed for time, and must hasten elsewhere. To-morrow, my dear Frank, you shall come to me: and *that*," she added emphatically, "shall be the last time you wear this badge of servitude. Tell me, dearest Frank, have you been happy? But I am afraid to ask the question: for when I met you just now, you seemed to be absorbed in profound and melancholy thought."

"I cannot say, dear sister, that I have been altogether happy. I have been much troubled by your unaccountable silence: but that source of grief is now, thank heaven, removed. Oh! I am so delighted to behold you again, and to see by your appearance that your circumstances must be good. But tell me, dear Elisabeth, have you obtained any clue to——"

"The reading of past mysteries?" said his sister, anticipating the question. "No—not the slightest. And you, Frank?"

"Upon that subject I was pondering when your voice—your dear voice, so quickly recognised—fell upon my ear."

"Had anything new occurred to plunge you thus into such deep abstraction?"

"Oh, yes! I will tell you. You remember," continued Frank, "that when I joined you at the school at Southampton—that was upwards of ten years ago—I told you how I had been taken to a strange-looking red brick building, where I saw that lady again, and where a nobleman with a star upon his breast spoke to Mrs. Burnaby? Well, I have since found out that the red brick building was St. James's Palace."

"Ah!" ejaculated Elizabeth: "was it so? Then she whom we believe to be our mother, was connected with the Court?"

"Listen," resumed Frank. "You recollect that the same nobleman with a star upon his breast was the one who took me to see that lady at the beautiful country-house the last time I ever did see her—and he then conducted me to the school at Southampton. You remember I told you all this, Elisabeth?"

"Certainly. How could I forget it? But go on, dear Frank—go on."

"Well, that nobleman is, I am convinced, Lord Petersfield—although his lordship denies it."

Frank then proceeded to acquaint his sister with the rest of those particulars which are known to the reader,—how he was so mysteriously provided with the situation of a page at Buckingham Palace—how he had there recognised the two ladies whom he had formerly seen in company with the one whom he believed to be his mother, but how they had denied any knowledge of him. Then he described how he had accosted Lord Petersfield at the palace—how his lordship had likewise denied all the antecedent circumstances—and how, through his lordship's aid Frank had obtained the situation at Saxondale House after his summary though not ignominious dismissal from the palace. Finally, Francis Paton told his sister all those particulars relative to the portrait in the *Court Beauties* which have just been described.

"It is of the highest importance to procure that portrait," said Elizabeth, who had listened with the deepest attention and most absorbing interest to her brother's narrative. "It will be certain to afford us a clue to the discovery who the lady was; and if once we ascertain that point, we may follow up the investigation so as to arrive at the truth whether we indeed have any right to regard her as our parent. You say that the publisher gave you no hope of obtaining a copy, and that Lord Petersfield showed no inclination to give you his own? Well, we shall see? You will come to me to-morrow, Frank: and perhaps I may be enabled to show you the portrait then. Oh! my dear boy, you need not look so surprised: depend upon it I will do my best to obtain one. And now I repeat, you must come to me to-morrow. Let it be in the afternoon—and with or without Lady Saxondale's permission, it matters not; for you shall return to her no more. But now I am going to astonish you somewhat. When you come to me to-morrow, you will find yourself in the home of your childhood——"

"What! is it possible?" cried Frank. "I am indeed amazed, but still more rejoiced. How happened it?"

"Simply that the cottage was to let and I took it some time back. But perhaps you have never seen it since you quitted it when eight years old?"

"I had altogether forgotten where it was: but it will give me unspeakable pleasure to behold it again to-morrow."

His sister now gave him her card; and as he glanced upon it, he cried with a new outburst of astonishment, "Then you are married, dear Elisabeth! And your husband?"

"I am separated from him. But look not so suddenly grave, dear Frank: it was through no fault of mine. However, we have not time to converse any longer now. We must separate. Embrace me, dear brother. I shall long for to-morrow afternoon to come, that we may be re-united."

They kissed each other affectionately, and then took their departure—but not before they had expressed their thanks to the worthy tradesman who had so kindly and considerately invited them into his house.

The reader will have observed that Frank Paton said nothing to his sister about his amour with Juliana Farefield. In the first place it was not a subject on which a mere youth, still timid and bashful from no very large experience of the world, was likely to touch upon in the presence of an elder sister: and secondly, even if in confidential ingenuousness he had been so disposed, there was not time in the hurry of discourse and excitement of feelings attendant upon that first encounter after a separation of six long years. While however he was returning home to Saxondale House, the image of Juliana Farefield crept into his mind; and though on the one hand he was rejoiced at the prospect of thenceforth living with his sister, who by her appearance seemed to be in very comfortable circumstances,—yet on the other hand he experienced a saddening sensation at the idea of being separated from Lady Saxondale's daughter. For he loved Juliana with an enthusiastic devotion,—loved her not only for her splendid beauty, but likewise with a feeling of gratitude that she should have learnt to love him, a humble page! He loved her too, because she had recognised in him a gentility above his social position—had delicately complimented him on his intellectual acquirements—and had done all she could to make him feel that he ought not to be humble, and obscure, and menial as he was. He therefore felt that by this love of her's he had been in some sense elevated from his lowly station; and as her impassioned endearments had been lavished upon him precisely as if he were her equal in all respects, he experienced a degree of devotion towards her which now rendered it painful to contemplate a separation.

While thus giving way to his reflections, Frank Paton reached Saxondale House; and then for the first time he bethought himself that he had not asked Lord Petersfield if he had any letter or message to send back. Not knowing exactly what answer to give her ladyship if questioned on the subject, Frank thought that the best plan would be not to signify his return at all: but scarcely had he made up his mind to this course, when one of the footmen told him that her ladyship's instructions were that the instant he returned he was to go up to her.

Frank accordingly ascended to the drawing-room, where her ladyship was seated; and he could not help thinking, by the earnest manner in which she fixed her eyes upon him, that she suspected a secret understanding had subsisted between himself and Juliana. For not actually knowing what had occurred after he had left Juliana's room, he had no precise information on the subject—nothing beyond mere conjecture and apprehension.

"Have you brought back any letter or message?" asked Lady Saxondale.

"None, my lady," responded Frank.

"Then what has made you so long? Surely his lordship could not have detained you all this time?"

"His lordship detained me a considerable time, please your ladyship, as the Duke of Harcourt called in Portman Square while I was waiting."

"But you have been nearly three hours absent," continued Lady Saxondale, regarding her watch. "Surely the Duke of Harcourt did not pay a visit of such length as to account for so much time. I suppose that Lord Petersfield himself kept you in conversation. Indeed, I know that his lordship is somewhat interested in you, on account of your orphan condition and your extreme youth. What did his lordship say?"—and Lady Saxondale put the question point blank.

"His lordship," returned Frank, "kindly stated that he would procure me a Government situation?"

"And of course you agreed to accept it? Why do you hesitate to answer me? You surely cannot be so blind to your own interests as to refuse such an eligible offer? Besides, a proposal coming from a great nobleman like Lord Petersfield, amounts to a command; and such a command is to be obeyed by one in your position. Still you remain silent? What is the meaning of this? If you have not given his lordship a decisive answer, you should do so at once."

"Please your ladyship," said Frank, at length breaking silence, "there is some one whom I must consult before I can pledge myself to a particular course. But I hope that I shall not be thought ungrateful for any intended kindness on his lordship's part, because I act deliberately."

"And pray whom must you consult?" asked Lady Saxondale, for the moment struck with the idea that he was thinking of Juliana; and the crimson glow of indignation rushed to her cheeks at the bare thought that he was thus hardy enough to allude to the young lady in her own mother's presence.

"Please your ladyship," answered Frank, "I have this day met my sister, whom I had not seen for a long time——"

"Your sister?" interrupted Lady Saxondale. "I did not know that you had any relations."

"Yes, my lady: I have a sister—and I met her just now. To tell the truth, it was because I remained conversing with her that I have been so long absent. She wishes me to leave your ladyship's service and go to her to-morrow, as she is herself comfortably off."

"And pray who is your sister?" asked Lady Saxondale.

"Here is her card," replied Frank, "with her name and address:"—and anticipating not the slightest harm in producing it, he handed the card to his mistress.

Lady Saxondale took it: but the instant her eyes fell upon it, she gave vent to an ejaculation of astonishment, and her look became indescribably strange, with a blending of malignant mockery, scorn, contempt, and triumph. Frank felt frightened, and knew not what to think.

"And this person—this woman," said Lady Saxondale, with accents of bitter irony as she pointed to the card, "is your sister?"

"She is, my lady," responded the young page, fixing his fine large hazel eyes upon his mistress in a terrified manner.

"Then listen, Francis Paton," continued Lady Saxondale, now speaking in a low deep voice and with a look that was nearly inscrutable. "This woman whom you claim as your sister—to whom you are to return to-morrow—and whom you must consult ere accepting his lordship's proffer, is a female highwayman!"

Frank gave vent to a wild cry—almost amounting to a shriek—as this crushing announcement met his ears: but the next instant rejecting with horror the possibility of belief in such an allegation, he said angrily and proudly, "Your ladyship is mistaken: it cannot be!"

At this moment the door was thrown open, and the footman announced Mr. Marlow. Thereupon Frank was about to withdraw; but Lady Saxondale beckoned him to remain: then turning quickly to the lawyer, she said, "I think I am not mistaken, Mr. Marlow, in my belief that the female whose name and address are upon this card, is the same who, disguised in man's apparel, stopped you and Mr. Malton?"

"The very same!" ejaculated the volatile lawyer, as he half snatched the card from Lady Saxondale's hand. "Mrs. Chandos, to be sure! She is a most extraordinary woman—possesses the effrontery of old Nick himself—regularly beat me at Dover. I can't conceive how it was done! that's a mystery I would give a thousand pounds to have cleared up. Did your ladyship ever happen to read the examination at the Town Hall at Dover? It never got into the London papers, but was reported at full length in the *Dover Chronicle*. I cut the slip out—and here it is."

While thus rattling on in his usual style, Mr. Marlow took out his pocket-book—turned over a quantity of papers—and selecting the slip he alluded to, was handing it to Lady Saxondale, when Frank, with a sort of cry of rage and despair, darted forward, snatched it from the astounded attorney, and hurrying to the farther extremity of the room, greedily and anxiously ran his eyes over the printed report. It gave, with singular minuteness and accuracy, such a description of the Mrs. Chandos therein mentioned, that the young page could not possibly fail to recognise his sister. His cheeks became the colour of marble—his lips grew white and quivering—and overpowered with anguish, he sank upon a seat. But still he read on. Then rapidly did a change take place in him—the colour came back to his countenance, with even the deepening glow of exultation—his eyes sparkled—and the whole expression of his truly handsome countenance was that of an enthusiastic joy.

"You see, sir," he exclaimed, suddenly starting from the chair, "that this Mrs. Chandos, whom you caused to be arrested at Dover, triumphantly refuted your allegation, proved that you were wrong, and was honourably dismissed by the Mayor."

Meanwhile Lady Saxondale had in a hurried whisper explained to Mr. Marlow that the young page was none other than a brother of the female highwayman,—which explanation was indeed necessary to account for that extraordinary conduct of a livery-page who had thus dared, with so much excitement, to snatch up a paper which was being handed to his mistress.

"Ah!" said Mr. Marlow, "it looks all very fine in the report—and certainly the case *was* mysterious enough. But when I tell you that—though I have really no means of proving it after all that took place at Dover—I am as firmly convinced of the identity——But I do not wish to hurt your feelings, young man: indeed I am sorry for you. For notwithstanding the rudeness you have just shown—which excitement was however perhaps natural enough under the circumstances—I have always taken you for a nice and well-behaved lad."

The expression of joy and exultation gradually faded away from Frank's countenance, and was succeeded by a look of painful bewilderment. The lawyer was so positive that the poor youth knew not what to think. He longed to vindicate his sister's good fame by flinging the lie at the attorney: but some secret feeling, vague and undefinable, withheld him.

"Now listen, Francis Paton," said Lady Saxondale, assuming an air and a voice of mingled compassion and seriousness. "Your own good sense must tell you that I cannot any longer keep beneath my roof a young man of such deplorable connexions: but at the same time I feel all the injustice of visiting upon you the misdeeds of your sister. You must leave: but the reason need not be known. I will not expose you: your secret shall not pass my lips—and I will answer for Mr. Marlow. But the condition of such forbearance is that you take your hat and quit the house at once, without pausing to communicate with a single soul. You must not even so much as ascend to your own room to change your garments or fetch your clothes. All that belongs to you shall be sent by the carrier to your sister's house to-morrow; and as for that suit of my livery which you have on, you need not trouble yourself about it. Now, do you understand me? and do you promise obedience to these conditions? Otherwise you will force me to expose you before the entire household."

The poor youth was overwhelmed with mingled consternation and bewilderment, as Lady Saxondale addressed him in these terms. Her look and her manner gave to the whole affair a portentous magnitude but too well calculated to produce such an astounding effect upon the unhappy Frank Paton. His senses seemed to be lost in the crushing influence that thus came upon him like a spell. For a moment he sought to raise his voice to vindicate his sister: but the words he would have uttered, died upon his lips. He felt as if he were standing at the bar of a tribunal competent to judge, and that its doom must be regarded as damnatory of his sister's reputation as well as fearful in its effect upon himself.

"Her ladyship," said Mr. Marlow, "has really no other course to adopt: and you would do well, young man," he added in a compassionating tone, "to follow her suggestions at once."

Frank dared not disobey: the spell which was upon him was stronger than himself; and the dread of the threatened exposure sat upon his soul with a stupendous horror. Throwing one dismal dreary look of despair upon Lady Saxondale and Mr. Marlow, he slowly dragged himself from the room.

In the landing outside he met Juliana Farefield.

"Dear Frank," she said, in a low quick whisper, as she caught him by the hand, "what in heaven's name has taken place?"

But the unhappy youth, not daring to tell the object of his heart's devotion—the proud patrician Juliana—what *had* transpired, flung upon her a glance of ineffable anguish; and murmuring, "No, no!" broke abruptly from her and rushed down stairs.

Seizing his hat, which he had left in the hall, he quitted the house, and wandered rapidly away without noticing the direction he was taking and without any settled purpose in view.

Juliana remained transfixed with astonishment upon the landing. Her first feeling was one of rage and indignation against her youthful lover, who she thought had perhaps been either persuaded or bought over by her mother to break off all future connexion with her: but as she recovered the power of calmer reflection, Juliana's shrewd and experienced mind told her that this was not the case. There had been too much anguish in the look which Francis had flung upon her—too bitter a lamentation in the accents of his voice as he murmured those words when breaking away from her—and too evident a despair in that frantic movement itself, to warrant the belief that he had yielded to either persuasion or gold in consenting to renounce her.

"These are some devilish arts of my mother," said Juliana to herself: and she at once proceeded into the drawing-room. But perceiving Mr. Marlow there, she instantaneously composed her countenance; and saying, "I beg your pardon: I did not know that you were engaged;" she abruptly quitted the apartment again.

Lady Saxondale immediately came out after her, having requested Mr. Marlow to excuse her for a moment: and catching Juliana by the arm, she drew her into another room, saying, "You evidently wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, mother—I do," responded the elder daughter, a strange and sinister light burning in her dark eyes, and an equally ominous expression appearing upon her countenance.

"I will not pretend to be ignorant of what is uppermost in your thoughts," said Lady Saxondale, having carefully closed the door. "You must have seen Francis Paton quit the drawing-room in despair: you know perhaps that he has left the house for ever."

"Ah! he has left the house for ever?" repeated Juliana, with a singularly cold and resolute air. "Then I also shall quit the house for ever:"—and she moved towards the door.

"Do so," said Lady Saxondale, assuming a demeanour and a tone as glacial as her daughter's. "But you will perhaps do well to hear first why it is that Francis Paton has quitted the house."

"You need not tell me why," answered Juliana, turning round and stopping to confront her mother. "I have learnt more of your character and more of your disposition within the last week or two, than during whole years I had learnt before; and one of my experiences is that if you have a purpose to gain, you are unscrupulous in the means you employ to reach it. Without precisely knowing what you have said or done to Francis Paton, I am at no loss to conceive that your diabolic ingenuity has invented something to banish him from the house. Perhaps you have worked upon his fears——"

"And perhaps," interrupted Lady Saxondale, still coldly as before, "the circumstances of his own position have furnished but too just an opportunity for such a course. Listen, Juliana. Francis Paton has this afternoon met his sister——"

"Well, I knew that he had a sister whom he had not seen nor heard of for four or five years."

"It may be so—or it may not," resumed Lady Saxondale. "But certain it is that this sister is none other than the female highwayman who stopped Marlow and Malton—the famous Mrs. Chandos of the Dover adventure which you yourself have laughed at so heartily when bantering the attorneys at being so egregiously outwitted."

Juliana became pale as death, and even staggered visibly at this announcement: but making a desperate effort to recover herself, and clutching at a straw of hope, she said in a hoarse voice, "This, mother, is some specious trickery of your's."

"No, Juliana, the facts are against such a belief on your part, or such a proceeding on mine. The boy produced his sister's card—and here it is. Behold the name of Mrs. Chandos! See also the address in the corner; it is the same place to which the lawyers were conducted by the female highwayman in the first instance, and whence she escaped by the window. Then Marlow gave the boy this report from a provincial paper to read; and it was clear that he recognised but too well the description of his sister. If you still doubt me, go into the drawing-room and ask Marlow himself."

Juliana saw no necessity for doing this: it was but too evident that her mother was retailing facts and had the game in her own hand. Still she felt the haughtiest disinclination to be beaten, and accordingly said, "The sister may be a bad woman: but Frank himself is untainted by her evil courses."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, with an ironical smile and a contemptuous toss of her head; "if you like to acknowledge the brother of a highwaywoman as your lover, be it so. I cannot restrain you. Our compact is not to interfere with each other: but you cannot certainly be so unreasonable as to expect I should keep the near relative of that female desperado a moment longer beneath this roof. Why, we should not be safe," continued Lady Saxondale, with an affectation of horror which, by appearing to include poor Frank in its apprehension, made every word she uttered a dagger to plunge deep down into Juliana's heart. "Who knows what influence this dreadful woman—this highway-robber—this prowling thief—this midnight bandit of feminine sex but masculine raiment,—who knows, I ask, what influence she might sooner or later obtain over him, even to be able to persuade him, if he remained beneath our roof, to admit herself and the gang with whom she is no doubt connected, into the house by night? We might all of us be murdered in our beds——"

"Enough, mother!" said Juliana, in a voice which, as well as her look, showed the utter abasement of a proud spirit. "You have succeeded in turning this strange discovery to your own purposes; you have triumphed over me for the present. But my turn may perhaps come."

"Your turn, Juliana?—what do you mean?" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, pretending to be aston-

ished at the implied threat. "What rancour can you possibly entertain against me on account of this most untoward discovery?"

"Because, mother," replied the daughter, the words hissing between her set teeth as if they came from the tongue of a serpent,—"because, mother, you are gloating over my discomfiture! Yes—in your secret soul—beneath that air of ingenuous wonderment which you have just put on—you exult in the sense of despair and shame which I now experience. But beware, mother—beware, I repeat ——it may some day be my turn to exult and to triumph!"

With these words Juliana Farefield quitted the room; and Lady Saxondale muttered to herself, "Ah! you may threaten, proud spirit! but in the meantime I *have* triumphed: for I have succeeded in creating an eternal barrier between *you* and your plebeian lover! Little do I understand your haughty character if I may not comfort myself with the conviction that you will not seek after him again."

With this exultation inspiring her thoughts, Lady Saxondale returned into the drawing-room to transact her business with Mr. Marlow.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DIPLOMATIST MYSTIFIED.

THE reader is now perfectly aware that Frank Paton's sister was none other than Lady Bess; and therefore we need endeavour to sustain no farther secrecy on that head. After parting from her brother in the manner already described, she hesitated for a few moments whether she should proceed on some business which she had in hand at the time she met him—or whether she should carry into effect a project which had just been suggested by certain things she had heard from Frank's lips. She decided on the latter course, and repaired accordingly to Lord Peterfield's residence in Portman Square. To her satisfaction she learnt that his lordship was at home; and on being asked by the footman who opened the door what name he should announce, she replied that being a total stranger to his lordship it was needless to mention any name at all. The footman hesitated for a moment, well aware that his cautious and suspicious master would not be over well pleased to receive a person refusing to give a name: but looking a second time at the visitress, and observing that she was a well-dressed lady, of handsome, elegant, and almost fashionable appearance, he resolved to run the risk, and requested her to walk in.

Lady Bess was conducted up-stairs to the apartment where his lordship was at the time; and he rose from the chair in which he was seated at the table. He looked grave and serious—more solemn indeed than usual: for he had not failed to observe the omission in respect to the announcement of the lady's name. He however bowed with a sort of reserved politeness, and indicated a chair.

"I believe," said Lady Bess, as she took the seat, "that I have the honour of addressing Lord Peterfield?"

"I——I do not know——that is, I cannot exactly say," responded the wary diplomatist, fearful of compromising himself by an unguarded answer. "To tell you the truth, I am not accustomed to have such exceeding home-questions put to me all in a moment—and by a lady who, pardon my saying so, has not as yet announced her own name."

"At all events, I take it for granted," Lady Bess immediately observed, "that I am addressing Lord Peterfield. Perhaps I may experience a little confusion on finding myself in the presence of one who has conducted the diplomatic affairs of this country with so much success at the principal European Courts on several occasions:"—and as she spoke, she bestowed her sweetest smile upon the old peer, as if intent upon making an impression on his heart.

"Really, ma'am," said Lord Peterfield, who had hitherto remained standing, but now slowly deposited himself back again in his arm-chair, "I know not how to receive these compliments—whether indeed I ought to receive them at all——or it receiving them, how to answer them——and if answering them, to what result our discourse may lead. Pardon me, ma'am—but you have forgotten to mention your name——"

"Your lordship *must* suffer yourself to be flattered," Lady Bess hastened to observe, affecting not to have noticed his last remark: "because any one who has rendered his country such great services, merits the gratitude o every individual."

"I think, ma'am," said his lordship, now looking so grave that it was utterly impossible to look graver, "that a lady who understands the merits of a cautious diplomacy as you certainly appear to do, should commence by stating at the very outset the name and business——"

"I know," interrupted Lady Bess, "that I ought to apologise for thus intruding myself upon your lordship; but so convinced was I of your lordship's urbanity, courtesy, and I might almost say chivalrous gallantry, that I felt a greater degree of confidence in calling on your lordship than under other circumstances I should have done."

"But, ma'am," interrupted the nobleman, getting bewildered—and it began to occur to him that his own ideas must be rather foggy at the moment, as he could not for the life of him discern amidst the cloud of his visitress's words what she could possibly be aiming at: "but, ma'am—ma'am——I——I——"

"You do well to interrupt me, my lord," said Lady Bess, hastening to speak again; "because I feel that my own intellect is so shallow in comparison with your lordship's, that I have possibly wandered from the subject——"

"Wandered from it, ma'am?" exclaimed Peterfield, a little impatiently; "I do not know that you have yet been near it. Pardon me if I observe, ma'am——"

"Some years ago I was in Paris," interrupted Lady Bess, starting off again at another tangent,—"and I can assure you, my dear Lord Peterfield, that your name was quite revered in all the highest circles of Parisian society. Whenever a comparison was to be made with a great diplomatist, it was invariably the name of Lord Peterfield, which was quoted for the illustration. Therefore, my lord, such being the fact—and I being here to tell it to you—and your lordship being there to listen to it——"

"Really ma'am, I must again beg your pardon,"

interrupted the nobleman, now beginning to fancy that it was a mad lady who had obtained access to him;—and if there were one thing more than another which his lordship dreaded, it was a lunatic —so that his countenance gradually assumed an expression of dismay: but still he went on to observe, "You must pardon me, ma'am, if I again remind you that I am still unacquainted with——"

"Perfectly true, my dear Lord Petersfield," ejaculated Lady Bess: "you *are* unacquainted with all those who spoke so highly of you in Paris. But considering the state of affairs at home, and looking at the condition of continental politics—thence carrying the range of our vision as far as the oriental climes, not even excluding China——"

"Ma'am, ma'am—I really must beg——But perhaps," exclaimed Lord Petersfield, now positively worked up to a state of excitement most rare and unusual with his cautious and wary character,—"perhaps it would be better if you were to explain your business to her ladyship. Lady Petersfield is at home——"

"That is the very thing that I *do* wish, and that I have already stated three distinct times to your lordship," interrupted Lady Bess, with an air of astonishment that he should only have this moment comprehended her meaning and her object.

"Oh, if that's the case," said Lord Petersfield, somewhat relieved, but more inclined than ever to think that his own ideas must have been hitherto somewhat foggy and opaque, "I will fetch her ladyship to you at once. Pray pardon me for leaving you for a few moments:"—but turning when he reached the door, Lord Petersfield made one more effort to elicit the name of his visitress by saying, "I beg pardon—who did you tell me I was to have the honour of stating to have called to see Lady Petersfield?"

"The question is most natural, my lord," answered Lady Bess; "and on your lordship's return—when your lordship shall have returned—and in so returning shall be accompanied by her ladyship—whom on your return I shall be so happy to see——"

"Oh, very well!" ejaculated Petersfield: and despairing of evoking the answer he required, he quitted the room in a degree of haste totally at variance with his usual sedate pomposity, and wondering whether Lady Petersfield would be able to make anything more out of this singular visitress than he had done.

But the instant the door had closed behind him, Lady Bess sprang from her chair and opened a book which lay upon the table, and on the gilt lettering on the back of which her eyes had ere now settled. For a moment she glanced down the index: then observing the particular page she required, she turned to that page—and the ejaculation of, "Yes, it is she! Frank was right!" fell from her lips.

For but a moment did her look linger on the handsome countenance of that portrait: and then she tore the leaf from the book. Hastily rolling it up into the smallest convenient compass, she secured it about her person; and closing the book, resumed her seat. Almost immediately afterwards the door opened, and Lady Petersfield entered, followed by her husband.

Her ladyship was a tall, thin, thread-paper looking woman, with a hatchet countenance, a vinegar aspect, and altogether a mien as unprepossessing as it was possible to conceive. She was stiff and prim: a poker was litheness in comparison. With a very evil eye indeed did she fix her looks upon Lady Bess, whom, from the few words his lordship had spoken to her ladyship while conducting her thither, she was prepared to regard either as a mad woman or an impostress. But Lady Bess, nothing abashed, affected to gaze upon her ladyship with mingled surprise and disappointment: and then turning to the nobleman, she said, "Is this Lady Petersfield?"

"I——I really cannot answer so point-blank a question," stammered his lordship, taken very much aback. "It may be Lady Petersfield: but——but ——I should be sorry to answer rashly or precipitately——I cannot compromise myself in so grave and serious a matter——"

"Well, but in any case this is assuredly not the lady whom I expected to meet," said Lady Bess. "Not but that her ladyship is a very agreeable-looking lady—still she is not the same——"

"And pray whom did you expect to meet, then?" asked Lady Petersfield, with a look which if shed upon vinegar would double its sourness.

"I see that there is some mistake," answered Lady Bess. "I sincerely apologise for the trouble I have given. I must have erred as to the name mentioned me by the lady whom I met at a mutual friend's in the country some time ago, and who pressed me to call upon her when I came to London. Really and truly, I am grieved at the trouble I have occasioned."

With these words Lady Bess made a graceful curtsey and issued from the room, leaving the nobleman and his wife nailed to where they stood, and not knowing what to think of this extraordinary proceeding.

"Petersfield," said her ladyship, "what is the meaning of this?"

"My dear, I——I am not sure even that I *am* Petersfield," stammered her husband: "for my thoughts were never so confounded before. I should not like to compromise myself by any rash opinion. I cannot make it out. It may be——it is possible to be some trick of the Whig party——some base device of the enemy——"

"Some base device of the fiddlestick," cried Lady Petersfield. "The woman was mad—quite mad; and I really do begin to suspect that you have had some share in her madness. Ah, my lord! I am afraid you have been a gay deceiver:"—and she looked daggers at her husband.

"I—Lady Petersfield——a what did you say?" asked the diplomatist in utter consternation: "a gay deceiver? I——I——am dismayed!"

But leaving the nobleman and his wife to settle the little dispute which had grown out of the visit of Lady Bess, we must follow the latter away from Portman Square. Right merrily did she chuckle over the success of her enterprise; and when she found herself in a cab, which she stopped and entered, she indulged in a long and hearty laugh at the way in which she had mystified the diplomatist. She now repaired to the place to which she was bound at the moment she met her brother. The cabman had received his instructions; and the vehicle soon stopped at the door of an office in Saville Row, Regent Street. But as Lady Bess looked at her watch and observed that it was so late as six o'clock in the evening, she said to herself, "It is hardly worth while to alight—for he is sure to be gone. But still it will be as well to inquire."

She accordingly descended from the vehicle and entered the house, the front door of which stood open. Passing through folding-doors of green baize, she proceeded along the passage, and knocked at a door on which was painted the word *Private*. A man's voice from within bade her walk in, which she did. The room that she thus entered was a lawyer's private office; and the attorney himself was seated at a desk therein. He was an old man—very short and very thin—with a cadaverous countenance, sharp angular features, and hair as white as snow. There was something sinister and disagreeable in his look; and every line and lineament of his face denoted that love of gold constituted the ruling passion of the individual.

Immediately recognising Lady Bess, he rose from his seat—bowed with profound respect—placed a chair for her accommodation—and did not resume his own until she had taken it. Altogether his bearing and manner indicated the deference shown towards one of superior rank.

"I scarcely hoped to find you here at this hour, Mr Robson," said the visitress.

"As your ladyship is aware," answered the attorney, "I usually leave at five o'clock: but business of some little importance has detained me until now."

"Ah! you are making money as fast as ever, I suppose," said Lady Bess, with a smile; and yet at the same time there was something like contempt or scorn in her looks as she threw them for a moment upon the old man. "Nothing like money, Mr. Robson—is there?"

"Well, even though your ladyship should be

speaking facetiously," replied the lawyer, rubbing his hands in the self-gratulatory style of one who possesses the pleasing consciousness of being well off, "your ladyship has given utterance to a solemn truth, and I presume that your ladyship has called for your own money now?"

"Exactly so, Mr. Robson. It is but a pittance—and yet it is as well to receive it. Have you the receipt ready drawn up for me to sign?"

"Here it is, my lady," was the reply. "I expected your ladyship yesterday or to-day, and prepared it accordingly. But let me look out the money."

Thereupon Mr. Robson opened a drawer in his desk, took out a number of bank-notes, and counted down sufficient to make up a hundred pounds. Lady Bess did not take the trouble to satisfy herself that the sum was correct; but crumpling up all the bank-notes together, she thrust them into her pocket—and then taking the pen which the old lawyer obsequiously handed her, she signed the receipt. But the name which she appended there was not *Chandos:* it had a title of nobility connected with it—a proud and a lofty title according to the estimation of those who value such nominal appendages and aristocratic distinctions.

This little business being transacted, Lady Bess quitted the office, accompanied however by the old attorney, who obsequiously persisted in escorting her to the cab; and though it was but a hired street-vehicle which she entered, he made her as profound a bow when it drove away as if it had been a private-carriage emblazoned with armorial bearings.

Lady Bess now drove home to her own pretty little cottage in the neighbourhood of Edmonton; and dismissing the cab, she entered the elegantly furnished parlour which has already been described in an earlier chapter of our narrative. Rosa, her faithful servant, followed her mistress into the room; and in anticipation of the question which Lady Bess was about to put, she said, "He seems to be much better. The doctor has been and declares his opinion that in a few days he will be convalescent."

"But has he become more lucid?" asked Lady Bess: "does his reason seem to be regaining its balance?"

"I think so," answered Rosa: "for I have been sitting up with the old nurse for some hours while you were out, and he asked several questions which appeared rational enough: but they were only put singly and at long intervals, and the answers did not seem to suggest other questions."

"What questions did he ask?" inquired Lady Bess.

"He asked where he was; and when I told him beneath a friendly roof, he only closed his eyes and looked just as if he was lost in thought: but whether he has the power to think so much at all, I cannot say. After a while he asked who the kind and handsome lady was that came in to see him three or four times a day; and when I told him that it was Mrs. Chandos, the same who had dressed herself in man's clothes to help in delivering him, a smile played for a moment upon his countenance, and he then again fell into that mood of seeming abstraction. Do you know, ma'am, that the more one looks at him, the more one is inclined to think that if he were well and rational, and had not that strange look, he would be handsome? He has got good features—his eyes are fine, but spoilt by that vacant regard which they possess. His teeth are remarkably good——"

"Well, well, Rosa," interrupted Lady Bess, laughing, "if you like to fall in love with him, you may. Is the old nurse attentive?"

"Very," answered Rosa; "and what is better still, she is not impertinently curious. So long as she has her beer and her brandy with due regularity, as well as her five or six meals a-day, I do not think that she will ask many questions."

"But the doctor—did he endeavour to ascertain from you any particulars concerning the patient?" demanded Lady Bess.

"Yes: but I told him that he was a cousin of your's, whom you had not seen for a long time—— in short, I said all that was necessary to satisfy the doctor, and likewise to prevent him from thinking it odd that you should have a young man in your house."

"That was considerate on your part, Rosa," responded Lady Bess: "for although you know that I am tolerably indifferent in most respects about the opinion of the world, yet there is one point on which I am rather scrupulous."

"Well, my dear mistress," rejoined Rosa, laughing, "whatever may be said of you after you are dead and gone, it is very certain that scandal must leave your reputation as a woman alone. It's really quite astonishing to me that such a beautiful, handsome, fine-looking creature as you are——pray excuse me for saying all this——"

"Indeed I shall not excuse you at all," interrupted Lady Bess, laughing: "for you know that I dislike this kind of flattery—or if being too indifferent to dislike it, I certainly think that you might talk upon another subject."

She put off her bonnet and shawl, and bade Rosa, who was going to carry the things up-stairs, see whether the patient was awake; as if so, Lady Bess would pay him a visit so soon as she had partaken of some refreshments which were already spread upon the table. Rosa returned in a few minutes with the information that he was wide awake, and was conversing with the nurse more lucidly and continuously than he yet had done. Accordingly, so soon as Lady Bess had finished her repast, she ascended to the bed-chamber where the invalid lay.

CHAPTER I.

THE INVALID.

THE individual of whom we are speaking was the pale-faced stranger whom Lady Bess had rescued from captivity at Beech-Tree Lodge. On separating from her companions on the night alluded to—having hastily divided with them the fruits of their expedition—Lady Bess had brought that mysterious individual home to her cottage: but so great was the excitement which this restoration to liberty produced, that scarcely had he crossed the threshold of the hospitable abode when he fell down in a fit and was conveyed to bed dangerously ill. Medical assistance was at once summoned from Tottenham—

composing draughts were given—and Lady Bess with Rosa sat up by his bedside for the remainder of that night. In the morning a nurse was engaged to attend upon the invalid; and thus everything was done to minister to his comfort, tranquillise his mind, and ensure his recovery. The third day since his rescue was now drawing to a close, and his progress towards convalescence was satisfactory.

On ascending to the sick-chamber after having partaken of refreshments, as above described, Lady Bess found that the patient was indeed much improved: and the instant she entered the room, an expression of joy and gratitude brightened upon his pale countenance, as he exclaimed, "Oh! my kind friend—my benefactress—I am glad you are come to me again!"

Lady Bess took his emaciated hand and shook it cordially: but he, retaining her's, pressed it to his lips with the warmth of his grateful feelings—and then tears trickled down his wan haggard cheeks as his head lay supported upon the pillows.

"You feel better?" said Lady Bess, sitting down in a chair by the bedside.

"Much better—Oh! so much better," answered the invalid. "And I am better *here* too," he added, placing his hand upon his forehead. "There are many things that I wish to say to you," he continued, thus appearing to proffer of his own accord those explanations concerning himself that Lady Bess so much longed to hear. "I have a great deal upon my mind and shall feel relieved when I have told you everything."

"And I," responded Lady Bess, "shall be rejoiced to become your confidante. If you feel well enough now to speak at any length——"

"Yes—I feel well enough," he answered. "But where is that sweet interesting creature who was also at the house yonder—Beech-Tree Lodge—you know whom I mean? Did she not leave it with us?"—and he again pressed his hand to his brow, but this time as if to steady his ideas and collect his reminiscences.

"Yes—she left the house with us," returned Lady Bess. "Her name is Henrietta Leyden. But perhaps you knew something about her?"

"No—nothing. Henrietta! what a pretty name!" and he repeated it three or four times over in a way that showed that there was still a certain degree of childishness characterising his mind. "Where is she? does she live here? I should like to see her again. But you, my dear friend, are not angry because I say this? No; I am sure you are not. You cannot be: you are too good to be angry."

"Angry? no, certainly not!" replied Lady Bess, with an encouraging smile. "Henrietta Leyden does not live here; she left us the other night, when we issued from Beech-Tree Lodge, to return to her own home. But she will come to see us—I feel assured she will. She was much interested in you."

"Ah, sweet Henrietta! pretty Henrietta!" said the invalid: and in a listless vacant manner did he go on repeating these words in a low murmuring tone.

Lady Bess began to fear that after all he would not be in a condition to give her any explanations at present; but suddenly raising his eyes towards her countenance with a return of their lucid expression, he said, "Now let us talk."

Lady Bess made a sign to the old nurse, who accordingly quitted the room; and she remained alone with the invalid.

"I do not know," he resumed, speaking slowly and deliberately, with the air of one who is afraid of throwing his thoughts into confusion by pursuing their thread with too much precipitation,—"I do not know that I shall be able to make you comprehend all I wish to say: for sometimes when it seems to me that I am catching a recollection of the past, it escapes from me, and then a cloud settles upon my mind and I see nothing clearly for some time. But let me try. I know that when I was a child I had a very sweet, pretty, and kind mother; and often and often has her image risen up so plainly and perfectly before me that I recognised it in an instant. She was Lady Everton——"

"Ah! I thought so," muttered Lady Bess to herself. "I felt assured it would be thus!"

"My father," he continued, "was Lord Everton ——not the vile wicked man who has kept me so long a prisoner at Beech-Tree Lodge—but his elder brother: and I suppose that it is because my father died long ago that my cruel uncle has become Lord Everton. And yet I do not know how this could be; because when I was a boy I was always made to understand that I should one day be Lord Everton. But I suppose it is that my cruel uncle shut me up and kept me captive that the world might think me dead, and he might be Lord Everton instead of me, and grasp all the riches that ought to be mine."

"That is the explanation of your uncle's wickedness," answered Lady Bess. "He did not dare kill you outright, and therefore he kept you shut up at Beech-Tree Lodge. But you shall be Lord Everton yet, in spite of him. Indeed you are Lord Everton now; and he is only an infamous usurper."

"Oh, my dear kind benefactress—my good Mrs. Chandos—my excellent friend!" exclaimed the invalid: "what joyful things you are telling me!"—and again seizing her hand, he conveyed it to his lips.

"Do not excite yourself, my good friend," said Lady Bess. "All that I promise you I will perform: but we shall have to proceed cautiously—and perhaps it will not be the work of a single day to establish your claims and prove your identity. But go on. Do you know how old you are?"

"I remember very well that my birthday used to be kept on the 8th of June——and stop——I remember too I was told that I was born in 1816——yes, I am sure of it."

"Then you are twenty-eight," said Lady Bess; "and that is about the age that I conjectured. Can you remember how long you have been at Beech-Tree Lodge?"

"Stay, and I will reflect," said the invalid, again pressing his hand to his brow: then after a pause, he said, "I know that I was twelve when I was told that my father was coming home from India after a long, long absence; and it was just at the same time that I was one night put into a carriage by Lord Everton, Bellamy, and Theodore Barclay, and taken off to Beech-Tree Lodge. There I have remained ever since."

"Sixteen years of captivity," said Lady Bess. "Poor young man, this is sad indeed! But where were you at the time when you were snatched away in that manner?"

"Oh! it was at Everton Park, where I used to live with my mother. It was a beautiful place—such a fine large house, and such numbers of servants! There were carriages, and horses, and everything in grand style. Oh! it was a dreadful change to be taken and shut up in that vile place from which you delivered me!"

"But," said Lady Bess, "it surely was not with your mother's consent that you were thus taken away?"

"God forbid that I should think so: for my poor mother seemed to love me dearly. I do not think she was happy—I often saw her cry, particularly when my cruel uncle called at the Park. They used to talk together in whispers; and he must have said very harsh things to her, for I recollect that it was always then she cried most and seemed so unhappy. No—I cannot believe that she let me be carried off in that manner. It was in the middle of the night when it happened; and though I cried very much and thought that my uncle was going to do me some harm, he would not let me see my mother before I was hurried away."

"And you say that your father was in India at the time and was coming home? Do you not recollect your father?"

"Not in the least. He went out to India soon after I was born. I know that he was a great General as well as a Lord, and went to India to command the armies there."

"And from the moment that you were taken to Beech-Tree Lodge sixteen years ago, you never saw your mother?" asked Lady Bess.

"Never," was the reply. "I used to cry very much for her, and asked Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Martin to take me to her: but they always told me to hold my tongue—and they even threatened to kill me if I ever spoke about her to any of the servants of Beech-Tree Lodge. Ah! I have been very, very miserable at the Lodge, all by myself in a room with iron bars at the windows, and the door constantly locked. I used to think that I should go mad; and sometimes it appeared to me as if I awoke from a very long dream, scarcely able to recollect what I had been thinking of. Indeed," he added slowly and with a deep seriousness of countenance, "I do think that there were intervals when I forgot all that was happening—where I was—everything connected with the past——in short, I am afraid that there were times when I was really mad."

"Do not think of those bad times any longer," said Lady Bess in a soothing tone. "No doubt your captivity has done you a great deal of harm: but you will get well soon, and be happy and comfortable again—because no unkindness will be shown to you here, and I will not allow any one to come to take you away. Indeed, your cruel uncle does not know where you are at present; and if he be searching for you, his search will assuredly be in vain. Of course you know that your father is dead?"

"Yes—because Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Martin were both talking of it one day when they had me out in the garden walking with them. That was soon after I was taken to Beech-Tree Lodge. They did not think that I was listening at the time; but I overheard what they said, and asked them about it. I cried very much; for I had hoped that when my father came back to England, he would take me away from Beech-Tree Lodge and punish my cruel uncle for keeping me there. I used to be told at Everton Park that when my father came back from the East Indies he would be so glad to see his Adolphus——"

"Then your Christian name is Adolphus?" said Lady Bess.

"Yes: I was named after my father—his name was Adolphus also. But do you think that Henrietta will come to see us?" asked the invalid, his ideas suddenly changing with feverish eccentricity into another channel. "I must tell you something about her. I used to think to myself latterly when I was at Beech-Tree Lodge, that if I could only manage to open the door of my room, I should be able to escape and get back to my poor mother. So I used to pass hours in examining the lock: but I could not open it. At last one day, when I was taken down to walk in the garden with that man Bellamy—a cruel, wicked man—I saw a rusty key lying on one of the borders. I picked it up unseen by him, and kept it. Several times did I try to open my chamber-door with it: I found that it turned in the lock—but still the door kept shut—and then I recollected that it was bolted on the outside. But one night—it must have been in the middle of the night, when I could not sleep—I thought to myself that if by any accident the person who had been last with me had not bolted the door I might get out. And sure enough, when I unlocked the door with my rusty key, it did open. I stole out of the room and descended the stairs all in the dark. I had to feel my way along the wall of the passage to reach the next staircase; and in so doing, my hand encountered something that seemed to be a knob in the wall. I don't know how it was, but by just touching that knob, a door seemed to open suddenly. I was at first very much frightened; but when I saw the moonlight shining in through a window facing the open door, I thought that this would perhaps be some avenue of escape. I stole in, and found myself in a bedroom. The curtains were closed at the foot of the bed; and I stood wondering whether anybody was in that couch. Perhaps it was my cruel uncle—perhaps it was Bellamy—perhaps it was Mrs. Martin? I was much frightened, and stood still listening to ascertain if I could hear any one breathe. I did—and it was the breathing of some person who was evidently asleep. Still I remained quiet, not knowing what to do: then the breathing ceased—and feeling great curiosity, I peeped through the curtains at the foot of the bed. By the light of the moon and stars I saw such a beautiful face upon the pillow: the eyes were looking at me—and I at once perceived that I was causing a terrible affright. I heard the sweet creature moan with a sort of horror; and much terrified myself, lest she should alarm the house, I retreated rapidly—shut the door behind me—and ran back to my own chamber. There I locked myself in again; and I do not know what more I thought of that night."

"I suppose that the occupant of the chamber you had thus entered was Henrietta?" said Lady Bess.

"Wait and you shall hear," resumed Adolphus, now appearing to have more command over his thoughts and recollections than he had hitherto pos-

ceased. "I think it must have been the next night that I tried my door again—again found that it had not been bolted on the outside—and again did I steal forth. I thought that I would go and see that sweet pretty creature in her chamber: for I know not how it was, but I entertained an idea that she was a prisoner like myself. I was much interested in her; and I thought that if she were a prisoner I would help her to escape with me. I felt along the wall of the passage for the metal knob—found it—and opened the door leading into her chamber. There was a candle burning in the room; and that beautiful creature, with her clothes on, was reclining in a large arm-chair. She was asleep—and I stood still to gaze upon her. I thought that I had never seen any one so beautiful: I longed to go and kiss her as she slept: there was such a sweetness in her countenance—so different to the disagreeable look of that horrid Mrs. Martin. She began to awake: and I knew not then what to do. I grew frightened; but mustering up my courage, I advanced towards her, determined to speak. I raised my hand to make a sign to her to be silent and not to be afraid: but she suddenly seemed to faint—and I was so confused and bewildered that I turned away, shut the door, and again hurried back to my own chamber. I did not think of any farther attempt at escape that night. Even if I had found the means, I do not think that I should have fled to leave that poor girl behind me. The next day, from the window of my chamber I saw her walking with that odious Mrs. Martin in the garden at the back of the house. How different was this sweet creature from the vile woman she was with! I thought to myself that if they would allow me to have that interesting being to come and sit with me a little and talk to me, I should not so much mind living at Beech-Tree Lodge. But no, no—I knew they would not: they never did anything to soothe me in my captivity—and so wretched was I at times, that I used to cry out aloud, even in the deep silence of the night, in the bitterness of my anguish."

"Do not think of that any more, Adolphus," said Lady Bess, as soothingly as if she were speaking to a child: "it will only make you unhappy. Have you told me all your adventures with the rusty key of your own chamber and the secret door of Henrietta's? for I am quite sure that you are speaking of her."

"Oh! I have a great deal more to tell you. We nearly succeeded in escaping together once; and I must explain to you how it was. Another night—I think it must have been the next—I again stole forth from my chamber, descended the stairs, and crept along the passage. But how frightened was I when I saw that secret door open and a light streaming out! I stopped to listen. Oh! that cruel uncle of mine was with Henrietta, threatening her—ill-treating her. I rushed in and dashed him to the ground. Then I seized Henrietta's arm and hurried her from the room. Oh, to escape! But no—we were not to escape *then*. Somehow or another the household had been alarmed, so that Bellamy and Mrs. Martin with some of the servants caught us. The monster Bellamy struck me down; and when I came to myself, I was no longer an occupant of the chamber which for so many years had been mine, but found that I had been removed up to that loft where you afterwards discovered me. That is all."

"And you still experience for Henrietta the same kind feeling—the same sympathy?" said Lady Bess, perfectly well understanding that the unfortunate Adolphus had become deeply smitten with the young damsel's beauty, though he himself did not comprehend the nature of the feeling.

"Yes—Oh, yes—I love her very much, and shall be so glad to see her again:"—and as he thus spoke, his pale haggard countenance became animated with a light reflecting the emotions of the heart.

"Depend upon it you will see Henrietta again," answered Lady Bess. "But have you not wearied yourself by so much talking?"

"Yes, a little: and yet I feel relieved by having told you all these things. I thought when I began that I should have had much more to tell you; but as I went on, a great deal of what I had been thinking of slipped out of my mind. Perhaps I shall remember more to-morrow; and you may rest assured that I will tell you everything."

"Now you would do well to compose yourself to sleep," said Lady Bess.

"If you will not go away. Promise me to remain here by my bedside, and then I shall sleep in peace and comfort."

"I will stay here," was the response of his kind hostess.

Thereupon Adolphus, like a tractable and satisfied child, closed his eyes and was soon asleep.

For some time Lady Bess sat thinking upon all he had told her: but gradually her thoughts wandered elsewhere and settled themselves upon the incidents of that day. She reflected with joy upon the meeting with her brother, and the happy discovery thus made that he was not lying cold in the silent grave as she had been treacherously led to suppose: but a gloom gradually settled upon her countenance as she thought to herself, "Oh, if he should discover what I am! But no, no—he must not be suffered to find out *that*. How strange that he should be in the Saxondale family, and it was the young lordling who bears this name that I despoiled a little while back. The lawyers too, connected with the affairs of that family, were those with whom I had that strange and exciting adventure:"—and now the radiance of triumph superseded the gloom upon the amazonian lady's features, as her grand exploit of the ride to Dover came back to her memory.

Again did her thoughts turn into another channel, and settle themselves upon her interview with Lord and Lady Petersfield, which likewise brought a smile to her lips: but suddenly becoming grave and serious, she drew forth the portrait which she had torn from the volume, and unrolling it, fixed her eyes upon the beautiful countenance of the lady represented there.

"Was this indeed my mother?" she said to herself, contemplating those features and endeavouring to trace therein some resemblance to her own. "Methinks there is a faint, faint likeness between this beautiful patrician lady and my dear brother Frank—yes, and also a likeness to myself. And yet it may be but fancy. Assuredly I am not capable of vanity sufficient to induce me to assimilate myself to this lady. And yet I do think there is a likeness to both me and Frank. The pencilling of

the brows resembles those of my brother: there is something too in the look—the expression—the general air, reminding me of him. But with regard to myself——"

"What have you there, my good friend?" asked the invalid, who had just awoke.

"A very pretty picture," responded Lady Bess. "I value it highly, but will let you look at it."

"Oh! I would not wish to keep anything that you value," answered Adolphus with affectionate gratitude towards her who had delivered him from his horrible captivity. "But do let me look at it. You seem to be surveying it with so much intentness, and your lips move as if you were talking to yourself."

Lady Bess handed the portrait to Adolphus: but the instant his eyes fell upon it, an ejaculation of wild joy burst from his lips—his pale countenance became illumined with the lustre of animation—and he cried out, "It is she—it is she—my mother!"

Lady Bess could scarcely believe her ears, and for a few moments she lost the faculty of speech in the wildering surprise which seized upon her. But as she still regarded the invalid with earnest attention, she saw that he continued to contemplate the portrait in a manner which forbade her to believe that the recognized identity was a mere delusion of his brain.

"You say that this is the portrait of your mother?" at length observed Lady Bess,—"the portrait of Lady Everton?"

"Yes, yes: it is the portrait of my mother!" cried Adolphus. "Oh! think you that her image is not sufficiently impressed upon my mind to render me confident of the fact? But you yourself knew it——you kindly and generously procured this portrait for me——O heavens! is my dear mother alive? Tell me, tell me where she is: let me go to her—or do you send for her——"

But Lady Bess made no answer: she was absorbed in the deepest reflection.

"If Lady Everton, then, be my mother and Frank's mother, we are the sister and brother of him who lies here now. But how can this be? No: it is impossible. There must be some strange mistake——some wild error on one side or the other. I know not what to think: I am bewildered. At all events it will be prudent to say naught of my own past history to Adolphus at present. No: for were I to unfold my suspicion that the original of that portrait was the mother of Frank and myself, it would be to proclaim the mother of Adolphus unfaithful to her husband. Yet during that absence in India what may not have taken place?"

"Wherefore are you thus thoughtful? wherefore do you not answer me?" cried Adolphus, whose ideas appeared to be more collected than they even were ere he went to sleep; and the expression of his eyes was more settled, or rather less vacant, while the light of joy was now shining in them.

"I can assure you, my dear friend," replied Lady Bess, "that it was by mere accident I showed you this portrait. I had no earthly conception that you would recognize it. I did not even know who the original was. It was torn from a book containing many portraits of the ladies of the aristocracy. But tell me, my dear Adolphus, do you know whether your mother was connected with the Court?"

"Yes—I remember now—she was often, very often with the Princess Sophia, and used to stay with her Royal Highness for weeks and months together—sometimes at Kew—sometimes at Windsor—sometimes at St. James's Palace. It is strange how my recollections are coming back."

"And no doubt your mother, Adolphus, used to have a great number of ladies staying with her at different times?"

"Yes: but I do not recollect any of their names now. Perhaps I shall presently, or another time:"—and he appeared to strain himself as it were to give a fresh impulse to his memory.

"Does the name of Lord Petersfield happen to be familiar to you?" asked Lady Bess.

"Lord Petersfield?" echoed Adolphus. "Oh, yes—he was a frequent visitor at Everton Park, and I have seen him also at St. James's Palace. I think at the time he occupied a post in the household of the Princess Sophia. I am certain he did. But now my ideas are becoming confused again—a dimness seems to spread itself over my mental vision—things that just now were vivid, are becoming dark——But, Oh! this portrait—every lineament—every line—even to the very expression of the countenance itself—all are as clear as ever in my brain!"

He ceased speaking, and reclining back upon the pillow whence he had started up in the excitement of his joy on first beholding the portrait, closed his eyes as if to concentrate all his powers of thought inwardly, and thus endeavour to extricate himself by a strong effort from the chaos of confusion into which he was relapsing. Sleep gradually came upon him; and Lady Bess, summoning back the nurse to the chamber, descended to her own elegantly furnished parlour. Just at that moment there was a knock at the door; and Rosa, having answered the summons, informed her mistress that a person named Theodore Barclay desired to speak with her. Lady Bess ordered him to be introduced; and the footman of Beech-Tree Lodge was accordingly shown into the parlour.

CHAPTER LI.

FOLLOWING UP THE CLUE.

THEODORE BARCLAY, who now appeared dressed in plain clothes, was a man about forty years of age, with a countenance that was not ill-looking, but the expression of the features indicating full plainly that he was of a cunning, crafty disposition.

"I received your note, ma'am, at the Hornsey post-office," he said, "and am here accordingly."

Lady Bess desired him to take a seat; and as he did so, he could not help contemplating with mingled curiosity and admiration the heroic lady whom he now beheld in the apparel that suited her sex.

"What has taken place at Beech-Tree Lodge?" she went on to ask. "Have any measures been adopted to search for him whom I rescued the other night?"

"No—none," returned Barclay. "Lord Everton is ill in bed through fright and excitement; and a sort of consternation prevails in the house. No one there seems to think or what to do: but the general belief is that there will be a precious explosion."

"Now tell me candidly," said Lady Bess, looking the man very hard in the face: "do you know who that alleged lunatic whom I rescued from captivity, really is?"

"Well, ma'am, to speak the truth, I do."

"And the other servants?" asked Lady Bess.

"They don't know as positive as I: but they have a very shrewd notion."

"Of course—that he is the late Lord's son—the present Lord's nephew—and therefore by rights the true Lord Everton?"

"That is it, ma'am," responded Barclay. "I may observe that Bellamy and Mrs. Martin used to take care that there was as little communication as possible between the prisoner and the servants generally, myself excepted. But we were all forbidden to gossip, on pain of dismissal; and as we were uncommon handsomely paid, it answered our purpose well enough to hold our tongues."

"But still you must be aware that in the village of Hornsey there are some strange rumours afloat relative to that alleged lunatic? When I determined the other day to effect an entry into the house at night, I went and made inquiries in the neighbourhood concerning the establishment: for indeed, in the first instance, I was altogether unacquainted with every particular regarding it. It was a note which Miss Leyden shot from the window and which accidentally fell into my hand, that made me resolve to espouse her cause; and the preliminary steps were naturally to ascertain as much as I could relative to the house itself and the people in it. I was told in the village that it was a licensed lunatic asylum, but that it was generally supposed there was but one lunatic within the walls, around whom a strange mystery hung, rumour declaring that he was the rightful Lord Everton."

"I myself was often questioned by the people in Hornsey upon the same point," answered Theodore Barclay: "but I used to tell them that these rumours had only got abroad from the fact that the poor lunatic believed himself to be Lord Everton's nephew, and that he had said as much to some of the servants, who whispered the thing about."

"Well, be this as it may," continued Lady Bess: "*you* of course have all along known that the alleged lunatic spoke the truth. How was it that you never thought of helping him to escape in the hope that if he recovered his rights you would be well rewarded?"

"To speak the truth," answered Barclay, "because I saw that the thing was so surrounded with difficulties I might have got myself out of a good situation in running after a shadow. You see, ma'am, the death of Adolphus Everton when twelve years old was generally believed: a funeral took place, and a coffin represented to contain the deceased was buried in the family vault. Moreover, the present Lord Everton slipped as easy and comfortable as possible into the enjoyment of the title and estates; and so, all these things considered, I never thought it worth my while to meddle any farther in the matter."

"Besides which," added Lady Bess significantly, "you had already meddled a little too much, perhaps: for I am no stranger to the part you played in helping to carry him off in the middle of the night. How long ago was that?"

"It was sixteen years ago: so he was quite a boy at the time. I was then three or four-and-twenty—quite a raw young man up from the country—totally inexperienced in life, and anxious only to make money. This I saw I could do in Lord Everton's service."

"And you have doubtless done so. But now, if in any way you can help me in putting this injured young man in possession of his rights, you shall be well and handsomely rewarded."

"To tell the truth," observed Barclay, after a pause, during which he seemed to reflect profoundly, "there *is* something which I might throw a light upon if I chose. I threw out the hint just now——"

"I did not understand it," responded Lady Bess.

"It was when I spoke of the interment affair. I was in *that* business; though as I have just said, quite a raw green chap. But how can you show me that it will be better worth my while to turn right round against the old man than to stick to him?"

"It will be better worth your while," replied Lady Bess, "because it is inevitable that the old man, as you call him, will be stripped of both title and estate, and the young one will be put in possession of them. The old man therefore will be deprived of the means of rewarding those who uselessly adhere to his desperate fortunes; whereas, on the other hand, the young man will shortly be enabled to reward handsomely those who are now instrumental in forwarding his views."

"I understand," observed Theodore Barclay; "and as you, ma'am, seem to have a pretty considerable finger in this pie, it will be to you that I shall trust for a handsome reward."

"Be it so: and now proceed. What have you to tell?"

"If you could only manage to find out a fellow by the name of Bob Shakerly——"

"What! he who was once a resurrection man?" exclaimed Lady Bess: for she had happened to hear the individual spoken of on one of those occasions which had thrown her in contact with the gang frequenting Solomon Patch's house in Agar Town.

"The very same. Is he alive? do you know anything about him?" asked Theodore eagerly.

"I can find out where he is: I know that he is alive—or at least was, a few months ago. But what of him?"

Theodore Barclay bent a very mysterious look upon Lady Bess; and leaning forward, said in an equally mysterious tone of voice, "It was Bob Shakerly, ma'am, the resurrectionist, who supplied a dead body that was passed off as the corpse of the Hon. Master Adolphus, and was buried with all due honours."

"Indeed! this is highly important," exclaimed Lady Bess. "You have given me information of the most vital consequence, and you shall be amply rewarded. But you say that you were mixed up in that business?"

"I helped to convey the dead body into the house at Everton Park. Mr. Everton that then was—the Lord Everton that now is—fetched me up from a little estate he had a good way off down in the country, on purpose to help in that job; and I also was one that assisted to carry off Master Adolphus. So, in plain terms, you see, ma'am, I was too deeply implicated in the whole affair not to be interested in keeping it as quiet as possible."

"You were indeed. And now tell me, who is that Mrs. Martin?"

"Once a mistress of Lord Everton—Mr. Everton, as he then was, and Mr. Everton as I expect he is likely to become again. Mrs. Martin has been a terribly profligate woman: she was once a brilliant beauty about town; and I do believe now that her passions are as strong as ever and have entirely outlived her good looks. Ah! ma'am, she is an awful woman, and I do not think would hesitate at any crime. She has a very comfortable berth at Beech-Tree Lodge—plenty of money—good clothes and good food; and therefore she has not hesitated to make herself useful in any way to the old man. As for Bellamy, he is another creature of the same selfish sort; and I suppose he has likewise feathered his nest pretty comfortably."

"Do you know what has become of Lady Everton, the mother of the unfortunate young man who has so long been kept out of his rights?"

"Her ladyship is living in some seclusion, very strict, and a long way off—in Wales, I think—but I really do not know. Concerning her we scarcely ever heard anything at Beech-Tree Lodge. But I do happen to know that she is alive."

"You know *that*? So much the better. I am rejoiced!" exclaimed Lady Bess. "Now you must do all you can to discover where she is. Take this sum of a hundred pounds:"—and she gave him the notes she had that day received from Mr. Robson. "It is merely a trivial earnest of what shall hereafter be done for you. Depend upon it your reward will be dealt out with no niggard hand; and whatever explosion may take place measures shall be adopted to ensure your safety. But I am in hopes that the entire affair can be settled quietly, and without any explosion at all. Of course you will return to Beech-Tree Lodge, and watch well everything that passes, so that you may be enabled to report occasionally to me. But lose no time in discovering Lady Everton's abode, if possible."

"I will do my best," answered Theodore, highly satisfied with the liberality already shown and the promises held forth; and after a little more conversation he took his departure.

It was now dusk; and Lady Bess, finding that Adolphus was sleeping soundly, and conjecturing that after the excitement of his long discourse with her, he would most probably sleep on for a considerable time, resolved to pay a visit to Bob Shakerly at once. She accordingly hastened to array herself in her male costume, substituting the tight-fitting frock, the waistcoat, and the pantaloons, as well as the neat-shaped boots and all the other requisites of the masculine toilet, for the silk dress and *et cetera* of the female gear. She then mounted her gallant chesnut; and it being now quite dark, rode away in the direction of London. On reaching the district of St. Pancras, she passed into Agar Town; and alighting at Solomon Patch's door, she entered the house. There she heard several persons talking about the double murder in the barge; but none of them attributed the deed to Chiffin. In fact, those who were thus conversing, had not the slightest idea that the Cannibal had been concealed in the barge at all, and consequently their suspicions fell not upon him.

This was the first that Lady Bess had heard of the dreadful deed. During the whole morning she had been at home at her cottage, whither the intelligence had not penetrated either by report or through the medium of the newspaper, of which she was no great reader. Afterwards, when she went into town, her attention had been so much engrossed, as the reader has seen, by other circumstances—the meeting with her brother, the visit to Lord Petersfield, and the call upon Mr. Robson—that she had had no opportunity of even catching the slightest floating whisper of the terrible occurrence. When therefore she now heard these people at the *Billy Goat* speaking of the murder of Tugs the bargeman and his wife, and the death by suffocation of their child, she was instantaneously inspired with a deep and fearful interest; and she flung a quick glance of inquiry at old Solomon, who was serving gin behind the bar.

"Please your ladyship to walk up-stairs for a minute," said the landlord; and he accordingly led the way up into that private room which has been before mentioned.

"Is all this true that I have heard?" asked Lady Bess, with ill-disguised horror.

"Don't be alarmed, my lady," replied Patch, whose attempt thus to reassure and encourage the amazonian heroine was so obsequious that it would have been ludicrous were it not in reference to so dread a subject. "It is indeed too true that Chiffin must have done this, 'cause why he was with 'em at the time."

"Good heavens!" was the subdued ejaculation which came from the lips of Lady Bess; and she literally staggered against the wall, as if stricken with awful remorse at ever having had anything to do with such a miscreant as the Cannibal.

"Deary me, deary me, what is the matter with your ladyship?" asked old Solomon, thinking she was going to faint. "Shall I run and get a drop of brandy, or gin, or rum, or sherry?"

"No, no—be quiet—hold your peace," answered Lady Bess impatiently. "This is truly frightful! Those poor people who sheltered and concealed him! Old man," she continued, in a voice tremulous with emotions, "there are certain degrees of wrong—I may even say of crime, if you will—to which one becomes habituated. Such is my case: but from any blacker turpitude my soul can recoil with as deep a horror as that of the most delicate creature utterly unacquainted with fault or misdeed."

"But your ladyship has always knowed that Chiffin wasn't over particular," answered Solomon Patch; "and that story of his'n about eating human flesh when he was a younker at sea——"

"He never dared tell it in my presence," interrupted Lady Bess. "It is true that it had reached my ears—but I set it down as an idle vaunt made by him when in his cups. Of course I knew that Chiffin was a desperado; but I did *not* know that his hands were embrued with blood. *Now* I believe the tale which hitherto I had regarded as an inflated boast; and I consider him capable of the most satanic deeds. Solomon, were he to enter the room this moment I should recoil from him in horror and aversion. But do not tell him this," she immediately added, shuddering visibly, "if you should see him. I now dread that man—I would not provoke his rancour for worlds——unless indeed he did suddenly appear before me; and *then* I feel convinced that I could not restrain my feelings."

"Don't be afeard, my lady—depend upon it I she'n't mention a word of what you say when I see Chiffin——That is, if I ever do see him again; for he is very likely to get out of the country."

"I think not: for from what those people said down in the bar, he does not even seem to be suspected. Has there been any pursuit after him?"

"Not that I can learn, please your ladyship," replied Patch. "I do not think the detectives has got on the right scent. But won't your ladyship take summat? You look all pale and no-how."

"No—nothing," she answered petulantly. "You know I never drink."

"Yes, my lady, I know that you have none of them small wices."

She was moving towards the door of the little sordid-looking apartment, when suddenly recollecting the object of her coming, she turned and said, "I had well nigh forgotten why I called. Do you know the whereabouts of a man named Shakerly?"

"What, old Bob Shakerly?" ejaculated Solomon. "To be sure I do. He was once a body-snatcher: now he's a knacker and makes catsmeat and sassages. It's down at Cow Cross, Smithfield. Your ladyship can't mistake: anybody will tell you Bob Shakerly's yard."

"Put up my horse till I return," said Lady Bess. "I do not like to ride him into London:"—and having thus given her orders, she quitted the room, descended the stairs, and issued from the house; but as those who stood at the bar respectfully made way for her, as she was held in the light of something very superior at the low boozing-ken, they could not avoid noticing that she was exceedingly pale.

Emerging from Agar Town, Lady Bess obtained a cab at the nearest stand, and jumping in, ordered the driver to proceed to Cow Cross. During the half-hour which the journey occupied, her whole thoughts were bent upon this diabolical murder of which she had just heard, and which had filled her with so profound a horror. Were her heart analysed at that moment, it might perhaps have been found that a remorse had arisen there for the adoption of that course of life which had thrown her in the way of such human reptiles as Chiffin, and compelled her to make use of them for her purposes.

On reaching the foul neighbourhood of Cow Cross, Lady Bess descended from the cab, bade the driver wait, and proceeded to inquire for one Bob Shakerly. He seemed to be as well known in that vicinity as an alderman in his ward; and she was forthwith directed to a narrow alley at the extremity of which she would find a knacker's yard. Scarcely had she entered the lane, when her nose was saluted by so fetid a stench that she recoiled for a moment from farther encounter with the pestiferous exhalation. It was a horrible smell of corrupt flesh and mouldy bones, mingling with the sickly steam from cauldrons in which the anatomised animals were seething down. None save those who have been so unfortunate as to venture upon the confines of a knacker's yard, can possibly conceive the horrible nausea produced by these blended effluvia: it was enough to make the strongest stomach heave and become sick. It was an odour, indeed, that was not only fetid and sickly, but pungent and penetrating as well,—an odour the pestiferous miasma of which one might expect to take away in one's clothes,—an odour that could not fail to pierce into all the surrounding dwellings, to mingle with the hot atmosphere of rooms where the poor lay huddled together in herd-like masses, or to render more fetid still the feverish air in the chamber of the invalid.

No wonder, then, that Lady Bess recoiled at first from the very approaches to that pandemonium of noxious odours: but the next instant conquering her repugnance when she considered the important object she had in view, she continued her way, literally battling however against the rolling vapours as if they were the billows of a strong tide which she had thus courageously to breast. Dimly through the mephitic exhalations did the lights burn in the wretched houses on either side of this alley; and the shouts of drunken revelry, the cries of quarrelling women, the imprecations of brutal husbands, and the screams of ill-treated wives, blended in horrible discordancy. Altogether, it was a neighbourhood which, existing in the very heart of the capital of civilisation, was a disgrace to civilisation itself!

Lady Bess passed onward, and reaching the end of the alley, found herself at an open gateway, revealing a full view of a spacious yard surrounded by tumble-down sheds and wooden buildings, from several of which the strong light of fires threw a lurid glow into the open space. All the frontages of these buildings gleamed ghastly in that light with the bleaching bones of animals hung up to dry. A glance into the places where the fires were lighted, showed Lady Bess large cauldrons in which the horse-flesh was boiling; and now that she was so near as to be within reach of the volumes of vapour which rolled away from these cauldrons, the odour became almost stifling in its nauseating intensity. It seemed as if it was an odour that could be felt—that clung around you—adhered to you—stuck to you like a thick and clammy substance—making you feel dirty all over, and long to hasten away to put off and eschew for ever the garments thus impregnated with the feculent effluvium.

Heaped up in the corners of the yard were putrifying masses of the entrails and offals of the slaughtered horses: pools of blood darkened the ground in many places—and ever and anon the foot slipped over some slimy substance, such as clotted gore or rotting pieces of flesh, so that a horrible shudder shot upward through the entire frame and the heart heaved as if rising to the very throat. A cart at one extremity, resting slantwise on its shafts, contained a dead horse that had been recently brought in; and in one of the sheds were four or five living horses, huddled together in a space not more than of sufficient dimensions for one. These poor brutes were starving—yes, literally starving: they were the merest things of skin and bone that ever managed to retain a particle of vitality—and perhaps they were goaded to a keener sense of that last spark of life by the pangs of famine.

Such was the knacker's yard! And this horrible spot, with its nauseating odours, its accumulated filth and feculence, and its instances of hideous cruelty to poor worn-out animals, was only one amongst several replete with kindred abominations in that neighbourhood. There they were, in the midst of one of the most densely populated quarters of London—hotbeds of feculence and corruption, ready to blaze up with gunpowder effect into all the devastating horrors of plague and pestilence. And there, too, they are now at the present day,—preparing a rich

and luscious banquet for the Cholera, whenever that most terrible missionary of Death shall revisit the British capital. Yes—there they are allowed to exist, not only by the bloated, rapacious, and besottedly ignorant Corporation of London, but what is worse still, by the Government which is supposed to exercise a paternal supervision over all the most vital interests of the people.

Into that pandemonium of pestilence was it that Lady Bess thus entered; and making her way,—but not without several pauses to conquer the nausea which seized upon her, and many slips over the slimy substances under foot,—towards a place where three or four men were busy in attending to the cauldrons, she asked for Mr. Shakerly. The men desisted for a few moments from their operations to have a good stare at Lady Bess, whose beautifully shaped figure in its elegant costume was brought out into strong relief by the lurid light of the furnaces. They were at first surprised at seeing such a fashionably-attired young gentleman appear within those precincts: but their wonder was enhanced into amazement as the conviction stole upon them that this handsome and exquisitely dressed young gentleman was indeed a very beautiful and fine-grown lady, the rich contour of whose form could not be altogether concealed by the artifices of the male toilet.

"Well I'm blowed, Bill," said one aside to another, "if this isn't a rum go. *She* don't come to contract for cat's-meat."

"No—or for sassages neither," was the response. "You wants the old un, ma'am——or had I ought to say *sir*?"

"Whichever you like, my good man," answered Lady Bess, "provided you will only tell me if I could see your master:"—for she was most anxious to escape as soon as possible from the intolerable atmosphere of that place.

"Where be the old un?" asked one of the men of his comrades: and then with a stout staff that he held in his huge hands he stirred up the whole seething contents of the cauldron, which sent forth a cloud of the sickliest vapour, so that volume after volume of the pestilential exhalation rolled over the well-nigh stifled Lady Bess.

"I think he be in the sassage-room," replied the man who had just been particularly appealed to: and as he spoke he lifted up in his hands an enormous piece of horseflesh so putrid that it was green all over, and tossed it into the cauldron: then without even so much as wiping his hands down his greasy blood-stained smock, he took out his tobacco box, drew forth a quid, and thrust it into his mouth.

"Will you tell your master that a person wishes to see him? or if you will tell me where I can find him, I shall be obliged?"—and Lady Bess spoke with ill-disguised loathing and disgust, for she could endure the hideous scene no longer.

"He be over yonder," was now the answer which her question received; and the individual who gave it, pointed to a part of the building where but a comparatively faint light was seen through the dingy windows.

Lady Bess hastened to traverse the yard; and as she drew near the place indicated, the sounds of a greasy mechanism in whirring motion met her ears. She opened the door, and found herself on the threshold of a small low room, the atmosphere of which was abominably sickly and fetid, and where a miserably shrivelled old man, with a greasy fur cap on his head and the sleeves of his filthy shirt tucked up to his very shoulders, was superintending the operations of the sausage-machine. On a board fixed against the wall and supported with one leg or prop, was a pile of pieces of meat of the most disgusting description. They certainly were not green with putridity; but they were black with the unwholesome blood and gore clotted upon them. Just at the very moment that Lady Bess opened the door, the old man was taking up in his hands a quantity of these loathsome morsels and tossing them into the receiver of the machine. Lady Bess turned aside, thinking that she must beat a retreat, and abandoning her object, flee away from this horrible place where every sense was offended or outraged.

"Hullo! who's that there?" exclaimed the old man: then as Lady Bess, conquering her repugnance for the tenth time since she had entered the knacker's yard, turned towards him, he raised one of his bloodstained hands to his cap, saying, "Beg pardon, sir, but didn't twig at once that it was a swell cove. My eye!" he suddenly ejaculated, now discerning her sex: "who be you, ma'am? Why, it's that famous Lady Bess I've heerd talked of when I've been once or twice up at old Sol Patch's. Ain't you Lady Bess?"

"I am—and I wish to have some conversation with you."

"At your service, ma'am. Please to shut the door, and we can talk as comfortable here as anywhere else."

"I could not," replied the amazonian lady. "I have no doubt that your avocation is lucrative enough, and that you do not like to be disturbed at it. But I can make it worth your while if you will just wash yourself a bit, put some decent clothes on, and meet me in a quarter of an hour at any public-house in the neighbourhood where we can have a room to ourselves and a bottle of wine."

"Well, that's an offer not to be refused," returned old Shakerly: "perticklar the making it worth my while. So it's a bargain. But I'm sorry you look so disgusted at what I'm doing: it's quite astonishing to me. Now surely there's nothink to make you turn up your pretty nose at that sassage-meat. Them's the primest pieces cut out of a couple of 'osses as fresh as can be. Why, I gives the heart and livers in with 'em, and that's the reason my sassage-meat is in such request. There isn't a slap-bang or small eating-house in London that doesn't send to me for sassage-meat. And I'll tell you a secret too——But answer me first; d'ye ever eat sassage-rolls at the pastry-cooks?"

Lady Bess made a gesture of impatience, and retreated to the threshold of the door.

"Well, if you have you've enjoyed 'em no doubt," continued the old man; "and if you hav'n't you've missed a treat. Let me tell you, Lady Bess, that there's many a fine pastry-cook as sells his sassage-rolls at tuppence or thrippence which is a deuced good customer to me. My meat, mixed up with pork—the proportions generally one to three—gives a rich flavour, and a firmness too which you can't get in pure pork sassages."

"I must really request that you will make your preparations at once," said Lady Bess ineffably disgusted: "for my time is precious."

"Oh, beg pardon!" said Mr. Shakerly. "Just you go to the public-house that I frequents, ax for a private room, order up the wine, and wait till I come. I sha'n't be a quarter of an hour."

Thereupon the old man described the whereabouts of the public-house to which he alluded; and Lady Bess lost no time in vanishing from the knacker's-yard. Right glad was she to escape from the noxious fumes and revolting spectacles of that horrible place. The public-house was speedily found—a private room was placed at her disposal—she did not forget to order the bottle of wine—and in about twenty minutes Bob Shakerly made his appearance. He was now somewhat more cleanly and presentable in person and in apparel: but nevertheless, if he had expended a bottle of some fragrant essence in expelling, or rather deadening the sickly odour that still clung to him despite his ablutions, it would have been all the better. For the effluvium of a knacker's-yard adheres to one like the taint of a crime or with the tenacity of a remorse!

"Now," said Lady Bess, producing her purse and counting down ten sovereigns upon the table, "this money is at your service provided you give me the information I desire."

The old man's eyes glistened like those of a snake at sight of the gold; and evidently eager to clutch it, he asked what information it was that Lady Bess sought.

"About sixteen years ago," she replied, looking at him very hard in the face to convince him that she knew something about the matter and that no denial or evasion would do,—"you were employed by a certain gentleman who since has borne the title of a nobleman, to procure the dead body of some boy and introduce it into a certain house in the country. It is concerning this transaction that I require all the particulars you can give."

"Well and good," returned old Shakerly. "But how am I to know that I mayn't get myself into trouble by telling you all about it?"

"You will get yourself into trouble if you do not," answered Lady Bess. "I have discovered so complete a clue to the unravelling of the whole conspiracy of which the transaction of the dead body forms a part, that I could at once invoke the powers of the law against every one concerned. But my object is to have the matter settled quietly—that is to say, as quietly as possible; and the way to do this is by convincing the guilty originator of the whole vile scheme that it *is* discovered in all its ramifications, and that he would do well to surrender his usurped title and estates in the way less liable to create exposure."

"I understand," said old Bob Shakerly: "frighten his lordship into it—eh? But ten guineas for such information as you want from me, is little enow," added the old man, anxious to drive the best bargain possible.

"Here are twenty," said Lady Bess, producing the remainder of the sum; "and I will make it up to fifty on the day that the true Lord Everton recovers his rights. If you will not take my word for it, I will give it to you in writing: but doubtless those who have already spoken to you of me——"

"Your ladyship need not say any more," interrupted the old knacker. "I am perfectly satisfied:" and then having helped himself to the wine, of which Lady Bess refused to partake, he proceeded to observe, "I suppose your time is precious, and therefore I'll come to the pint at once."

"Do so," said Lady Bess: "for I am anxious to be gone.

"Well then, it was as you have said," resumed the old man, "just about sixteen years ago that a genelman came to my lodgings—I was then living up Pancras way—and said that if I liked to do a certain job for him he'd pay me well. I axed who recommended him, or how he come to find me out: and he told me as how that he'd been making 'quiries in some of the low neighbourhoods of London for a resurrectionist. Of course in making them 'quiries he'd passed hisself off as a surgeon: and so it wasn't thought odd. Well, in this way did it appear that he came to hear of me. He then told me his business—which was that he wanted the dead body of a lad about twelve years old, such and such a height, and with dark hair. I was always a rayther cautious kind of a feller, and didn't like standing a chance of getting into trouble: so not liking this business overmuch, I said as how I must have more explanations. The genelman then goes on for to say that it suited his purpose, for family reasons and what not, to have a certain lad of that very same age put out of the way; but as he didn't choose to go very extreme lengths—which of course meant murdering him—his scheme was to have him locked up in a lunacy 'sylum and make the world believe that he was dead. So then I twigged of course that this was some affair of getting hold of an estate or summut of that sort; and seeing that I could reckon on good payment, I agreed. But I represented to the genelman that there was a many difficulties in the way; 'cause why, it wasn't *any* dead body that would suit, but must be one of a certain age, a certain height, and a certain colour hair. The genelman said as how he was aweer of all them difficulties, and was prepared to pay a good price. In short, he offered me a couple of hundred guineas for the job, and gived me twenty guineas as an earnest. He told me that I was to come to him the very moment I succeeded, and so of course he let me know who he was—the Honourable Mr. Everton—and he had a house somewhere up at the West End of the town, I forget exactly at this moment where it was."

"No matter where," observed Lady Bess. "Proceed with your statement."

"When the genelman had gone," continued old Shakerly, "I remained thinking of the business I had to transact, but couldn't exactly see my way clear at first. At last a thought struck me. It happened at the time that I had a precious bad leg through having tumbled into a grave one night when I was doing a bit of body-snatching work; and it rayther suited me than otherwise to lay up for a week or two and get it cured. So I fancied I might kill two birds with the same stone: I therefore went bang at once into the workus of my own parish, which was Saint Pancras, and got put into the 'firmary. The workuses then wasn't what they are now under the New Poor Law: it was easy enough to get into 'em, and there was always a precious swarm in the 'firmary. So I calkilated to myself that it would be odd indeed if out of such a lot there wouldn't be at least one young feller answering the purpose who'd die in the place;—and sure enough there was just such a lad as the genelman

required—I mean when he became a stiff'un. I slept in the bed next but two to that wery lad—and while he was dying I marked him as my prey——"

"Go on, go on—and spare the details," said Lady Bess, shuddering at this description.

"Well then," continued the old man, after having gulped down another draught of wine, "to make a long story short, the boy did die about ten days after I'd entered the workus. It was a hinternal disease, as they called it; and he made a pretty corpse enow. They didn't keep the bodies long above ground at the workus: so the funeral soon took place. That very day I discharged myself, although my leg wasn't cured: but that didn't matter—for I thought Mr. Everton's gold would be the best salve for it after all. Well, I lost no time in calling on Mr. Everton and telling him that I should be prepared that night. He told me to bring the body in a cart to the neighbourhood of Everton Park, which is about twenty mile from London, and named a particular spot where I should be met by himself and some others. He gave me such a good description of the place that I couldn't miss it; and so everything was arranged quite comfortable. That very night, betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock, I had the body out of old St. Pancras, and by two in the morning was at the place of appointment. Mr. Everton with two others met me. One of his companions was a friend of his'n which he called Bellamy: t'other was a country chap that he called Barclay—a sort of servant. Well, betwixt us we conveyed the body into the mansion by a back door, of which Mr. Everton had the keys. We placed it in a bed-room; he then paid me my money, and I took my departure. As I was driving in a leisurely way along the road towards the nearest village—I forget what its name is now—a post-shay and pair dashed past as if going to London; and as it was then close upon day-break, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Everton and Bellamy with a young lad inside the shay, and Barclay was sitting on the box. So I knowed what *that* meant: it was the young heir that was being took off to the lunacy 'sylum. Ah! thought I to myself——"

"No matter what you thought," interrupted Lady Bess: "is that all you have to tell me respecting the transaction of the substitution of the dead pauper for the living heir?"

"That's all," answered old Shakerly.

"Then take your money," immediately rejoined the amazonian lady; "and trust to me to fulfil my promise when the aim now in view is accomplished."

The old knacker did not require to be bidden twice to pick up the gold coins, which he deposited in a greasy purse, or rather canvass bag; and then he emptied the bottle of sherry. Lady Bess bade him good night; and quitting the public-house, she returned to the cab which was waiting for her. It bore her to the immediate vicinage of Agar Town, where she dismissed it; and proceeding to Solomon Patch's, she mounted her horse and rode away in a homeward direction.

It was midnight when Lady Bess reached her cottage; and as she alighted from her horse, the front door was opened hastily. Frank Paton sprang forth: but the instant he recognised his sister in her male apparel, he beheld therein the terrible confirmation of all he had that day heard from the lips of Lady Saxondale and Mr. Marlow—and with one wild cry of anguish and despair, fell down senseless.

CHAPTER LII.

THE OATH PROPOSED.

It was the afternoon, and Constance Farefield sat half-reclining upon a sofa in an apartment at Saxondale House. She was alone: books and musical instruments were scattered around her; and had a stranger entered at the time—or indeed any one unacquainted with the young lady's secret—he would have thought she was beguiling the time by means of those elegant accomplishments which principally pertain to females of her class. Yet it was not altogether so. True, the young lady had been singing, to her own accompaniment on the guitar, one of those sweet airs which her lover the Marquis of Villebelle so delighted to hear poured forth in the delicious harmony of her melodious voice; but when the guitar was laid aside, and although she still listlessly retained the music-book in her hands, her thoughts became entirely concentrated on the image of him who possessed the worship of her heart.

Sweetly beautiful was Constance Farefield; and she possessed a disposition which, if never subjected to the evil influences of fashionable life, and if never warped by the bad example of a mother, as displayed in circumstances already related, would have rendered her a being of signal virtue, propriety, and prudence. But she existed in an atmosphere where virtue is a flower that soon sickens, fades, and withers,—occasionally pining for a time ere it be blighted altogether, but often perishing with the unwholesome heat at once.

On the present occasion Constance Farefield was meditating upon the promise which, as the reader is aware, she had a short time before made to the Marquis of Villebelle,—"that in the world's despite she would love him on unto the end," and that so soon as he had secured the means of guaranteeing an adequate maintenance for them both, she would become his wife—that is to say, she would accompany him to the altar, and go through the mockery of the marriage ceremony: for no sophistry could blind her eyes to the fact that the Marquis was married already. But as she pondered upon this promise which she had given, did she tremble? did she hesitate? did she experience remorse? No: in her own thoughts and in her own resolves the Rubicon was already passed; and she even longed—ardently and fervidly longed—for the coming of the hour that was to give her to the arms of Villebelle.

It is impossible to deny that the young lady's passions were excited and her imagination inflamed by certain things which had come to her knowledge. Was she not aware, from the conversation she had overheard between Mr. Gunthorpe and her mother, that the latter had offered to become the mistress of William Deveril, rather than resign the hope of gratifying the passion which she had conceived for that handsome young man?—and as there were now no secrets between the sisters, had she not heard from Juliana the fact that this young lady

had abandoned herself up to the pleasures of a guilty love with Francis Paton? Yes: nor had Juliana concealed from her the discovery of her amour by Lady Saxondale, and the flight of the young page from the mansion. Thus was it that Constance had the evil examples of a mother and a sister before her eyes; and as she contemplated them, it was natural that her own imagination should be excited. Therefore was it that with the delicacy which had at first characterised the love of Constance Farefield, thoughts and feelings of a grosser contexture imperceptibly and insidiously blended themselves; and she looked forward with impatience for the day that was to make her the Marquis of Villebelle's own.

While thus giving way to her reflections, as she sat half reclining upon the sofa, the door opened, and Lady Saxondale entered the room. Constance blushed for a moment, fearing lest her thoughts should be penetrated by the keen eye of her mother: but instantly recovering her self-possession,—for *she* also was rapidly becoming an adept in hypocrisy,—she made room for Lady Saxondale to sit down by her side. And now she observed that her mother's looks were grave and serious, almost to solemnity; and she rapidly threw a mental retrospection over recent incidents in connexion with herself, to ascertain whether anything could have possibly betrayed her secret meetings and correspondence with the Marquis of Villebelle.

"My dear Constance," said Lady Saxondale, fixing her eyes in a scrutinising manner upon her, "it is my purpose to leave town almost immediately and pass two or three months at the Castle in Lincolnshire. Of course you will be prepared to accompany me?"

"When do you think of leaving?" asked Constance, for a moment taken aback by this announcement, yet again speedily recovering herself.

"The day after to-morrow," replied Lady Saxondale.

"But is not this resolve somewhat hasty on your part, my dear mamma?" asked Constance.

"It may be so: but I am sick and wearied of London life. The truth is, Constance, I am not happy. I fear that I have cherished rebellious children——"

"Oh, you must not speak thus!" interrupted the young lady, touched by the mournfulness of her mother's tones and looks. "I hope that you do not include me in this sweeping accusation?" Alas, I am well aware that Edmund is not quite so steady as he ought to be——"

"No—very, very far from it!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale: then with exceeding bitterness, she went on to say, "You know not all that I have suffered through his irregularities, his disobedience, his cruelties towards myself——But enough upon that head!" she added with a haughty bridling up. "It is not for me to complain thus of a son to a daughter. Constance,"—and now Lady Saxondale fixed her eyes with a peculiar earnestness upon her youngest child,—"tell me candidly, are you altogether in Juliana's confidence? Ah! that tell-tale blush—that sudden start——"

"Dear mother, what do you mean?" ejaculated Constance, frightened at the change which had suddenly swept over Lady Saxondale's countenance.

"I mean that Juliana is so shameless in her shame that she has not even had the decency, the delicacy, or the consideration to conceal her frailty from you. Do not attempt to deny it, Constance," added Lady Saxondale, impetuously; "I can read your thoughts upon your countenance as plainly as if they were printed in a book."

The young lady made no answer: she looked confused and ashamed—indeed well nigh overwhelmed; and her looks fell beneath those of her mother: for she felt that there was a guiltiness even in being the confidante in her sister's guilt. She felt too that she would not have thus been made a confidante at all, were she not of a kindred spirit, or else having some love-secret of her own; and all these things she naturally perceived at a glance must be fathomed by her mother.

"Now, Constance," said Lady Saxondale, "I wish to have some serious conversation with you. Edmund rebels against me—Juliana flies in my face. Tell me at once, that I may either have something to console me or else know the worst this moment,—tell me, I say, are you still my own good, kind, obedient daughter? or are you prepared to imitate the example of your brother and sister?"

"Oh, my dear mamma!" exclaimed Constance, snatching her mother's hand and carrying it to her lips, while the tears streamed down her face, "do not think too bad of Edmund and Juliana—make allowances for them——"

"It is of yourself, Constance, that I am speaking now. Let there be no evasion. In what light am I to regard you?—as a dutiful or a rebellious child? as one who will minister to your mother's consolation, or help with the rest to break her heart?"

"How can you ask me?" murmured Constance, profoundly touched by Lady Saxondale's words. "Would to heaven that I could see you happy!"

"Then I take this as an assurance that you are my own dutiful Constance still:"—and Lady Saxondale kissed her daughter upon the forehead. "But let me put your filial obedience to the test. Constance," she suddenly exclaimed, "look me in the face! There——like that——and now answer me ——answer me, I say, as if you were replying to your God——answer me, and say whether you yourself are still the pure, chaste, and innocent being which I love to think you are? or whether you also are fallen and disgraced?"

A quick blush suffused itself over the young lady's countenance—but her looks quailed not beneath those of her mother: and she replied, "I take heaven to witness that I am as you love to think me!"

"I believe you, Constance—I believe you," was Lady Saxondale's rapid response. "But now I wish to touch upon another subject. From Juliana's own lips," she continued more slowly, "did I learn that you both overheard a conversation which the other day took place between myself and an impertinent intrusive old vulgarian named Gunthorpe. Was this proper on your part, Constance? was it kind, was it generous, to become an eaves-dropper in respect to the affairs of your own parent? But I will not reproach you for that fault, inasmuch as you have now given me the assurance of duteous and filial obedience. It is done: it cannot be recalled. But let me ask—do you believe the vile calumnies which Mr. Gunthorpe on that occasion thought fit to hurl

against you mother? Ah! I see that Juliana has impressed you with the belief that those accusations are true. But it would grieve me deeply, deeply—it would afflict me more profoundly than I can ever express—to think that I should be regarded in such a light by you, Constance,—you, my youngest child—my best beloved—and the only one who now testifies due respect to your mother!"

"If you tell me, my dear mamma, that everything Mr. Gunthorpe said is false, it will be sufficient. I shall then regard his accusations," added Constance, "as odious calumnies."

"And odious calumnies they are!" rejoined Lady Saxondale, with an emphasis the strength of which was derived from her matchless effrontery. "Now do you believe me?"

"I do," answered Constance: and yet scarcely were the words spoken, when a secret voice appeared to whisper in her soul that her mother was deceiving her.

She accordingly looked with involuntary earnestness upon Lady Saxondale's countenance, and she thought she perceived a look that showed conscious guilt on that mother's part,—a look which was seen as it were behind the mask of cool and prideful effrontery which she wore. This was another lesson that Constance then took in the ways of the world—a lesson teaching her how to look more profoundly than she had ever yet been accustomed to do beneath the surface of the countenance and thus gaze down as it were into the depths of the human heart. It was a lesson showing her all the dark nooks and corners in which conscious guilt hides itself behind the mask of dissimulation,—thus affording her fresh hints and suggestions for the better veiling of her own thoughts and deeds in future. In short, it was a farther reading which Constance now obtained into the hypocrisies whereof the human heart is capable: it was a deeper insight which she acquired into the mysteries of duplicity and deceit. And this is the worst species of enlightenment which a young woman of her age and passions, circumstances and position, could possibly obtain: for what she thus learnt she was likely to practise—and by the discovery of the weak points in others, she would become the better able to throw the gloss of hypocrisy over her own.

Lady Saxondale was too astute and too deeply versed in those mysteries of the heart, not to perceive what was passing in her daughter's mind. She therefore saw that her declaration of innocence with regard to Gunthorpe's accusations was not believed, notwithstanding the assurance that Constance had given her that she did believe it. For a moment she knew not what to say or do: for the whole tenour of this conversation was to lead to a certain aim which she had in view, and unless she succeeded in carrying her daughter's mind along with her as it were, she felt that she must fail in attaining her object.

"Constance," she suddenly observed, "your lips declare that you believe me while your heart does not echo the averment."

"Why should you think so, dear mother?" asked Constance; and with the assumed innocence of her looks she proved how well she had profited by the new lesson of dissimulation which she had just received.

"Because your countenance showed me that your thoughts belied your words. Constance," added Lady Saxondale, with deep solemnity of tone and manner, "if I swear to you by everything sacred that I am innocent with regard to William Deveril, will you believe me? But stop!" ejaculated her ladyship: and with all the seeming hauteur of conscious truth in what she was about to say, she added, "I have been a widow, Constance, for nineteen years—and never once, as God is my judge, have I sacrificed my honour to living man!"

Constance at once perceived the subtlety of this asseveration. That her mother had remained chaste and pure in body, was possible: but that in soul she had become tainted—in short, that if she had remained virtuous in respect to William Deveril it was not her own fault—the young lady full well comprehended.

"Why, dear mamma—oh, why," she exclaimed, "should you think it necessary to address me in this strain? I believe you—I believe you!" she cried vehemently, in the hope of getting rid of the subject: and the excitement with which she spoke gave to her assurance the semblance of truth—so that Lady Saxondale, deceived for once, really thought her words had produced the desired effect and that she was believed at last.

"I speak to you thus," she said, "because I wish to impress upon yourself a sense of the duties which you have to perform: I have likewise an oath to exact from you; and I feel that I could not do all this if I appeared before you in the light of a mother showing a bad example by her own depravity."

"An oath that you have to exact from me?" echoed Constance, amazed and frightened by the announcement.

"Yes—an oath—and nothing short of the solemnity of an oath," at once responded Lady Saxondale. "The time has gone by for mere child's play. Had I been more severe than I have, Edmund would not be what he is—Juliana would not be what she is: and now it is natural that I should seek to save at least one of my children from ruin and dishonour. Constance, I have every reason to suppose that you still maintain a correspondence with the Marquis of Villebelle."

"No," answered the young lady: and with marvellous composure she looked her mother full in the face.

"If it be so, I am overjoyed," observed Lady Saxondale, though not exactly satisfied that she heard the truth: and yet she could scarcely fancy that her daughter had so soon become such an adept in dissimulation. "Under these circumstances, therefore, you will have all the less difficulty in taking the solemn oath which I now require from your lips."

"And that oath, mother?" asked Constance with an outward calm but with an inward shudder; for she expected what the required oath would be, and she dreaded as much to refuse it altogether as to take it falsely.

"The oath I demand from your lips, is, that you will never again give encouragement to the Marquis of Villebelle—never receive letters from him—never send letters to him—never meet him clandestinely—never think of him otherwise than as a stranger."

Constance remained silent: she knew not what reply to give. The colour forsook her cheeks; she sat pale, cold, and statue-like.

"I will give you a few minutes to consider of this," said Lady Saxondale: "for I see that it is more serious than from what you just now said I had a right to anticipate."

With these words, Lady Saxondale rose and passed into the adjoining room, closing the door behind her. Almost immediately afterwards, Mary-Anne, the handsome and astute lady's-maid, opened the door communicating from the landing; and looking in she perceived that Constance was alone. She was however immediately struck by observing the strange appearance of her young mistress: but a rapid sign which Constance made towards the adjacent room, at once showed the quick-witted abigail that Lady Saxondale was there. She therefore said not a word, but merely handing Constance a letter, retreated as noiselessly as she had entered. She however contrived, while appearing to shut the

door, to leave it ajar: for her curiosity was excited—she was most anxious to know what was passing between the mother and daughter—and from the sign Constance had made her, she understood that Lady Saxondale might every moment be expected to return into that room which she herself had just quitted.

Meanwhile Constance, having instantaneously recognised the handwriting of the Marquis of Villebelle, tore open the letter, and ran her eye over its contents. It was to the effect that his expectations had been realised—that he had that morning received from the French Government the notification of his appointment as Secretary to the Embassy at the Court of Madrid—that he was to leave London in four days—and that it therefore became absolutely necessary for him to see Constance as soon as possible, that they might make prompt arrangements for their marriage, which must immediately take place.

A sensation of joy thrilled through every vein and fibre of the young lady's form as she read these lines; and she forgot for the moment that her mother would re-appear in a minute or two to exact the oath. As this recollection however flashed back to her memory, she thrust the letter into her bosom with the deep resolve that, happen what might, she would neither prove unfaithful to the promise she had given her lover nor hostile to what she conceived to be her happiness. Scarcely had she thus disposed of the note,—and while the flush of joy was still lingering upon her countenance like the last tint of the setting sun upon the western sky,—Lady Saxondale re-entered the room. Approaching the sofa, she resumed her seat thereon; and then taking her daughter's hand, said, "Now, Constance, are you prepared to give me this proof of filial love which I require?"

"Why should you put so little faith in me that you exact an oath?" asked Constance.

"Because a mere pledge given is often broken, where an oath would be valued. And now let me ask why you hesitate to take this oath? Constance, it is for your own welfare that I am adopting so serious a course. Do not let me think that you ere now spoke falsely, and that you have really been maintaining a secret correspondence with the Marquis of Villebelle. I now tell you plainly, as I have often before hinted, that the Marquis is married. I have the positive assurance of it—and therefore if you become anything in respect to him, it can only be his mistress."

Constance made no reply. She deliberated with herself how to act, but could settle upon nothing. At length she said, "Mother, give me one week—or only three days if you will—to reflect upon all you have been saying."

"Ah! then you cannot decide at once? But you may *act* at once: and it is precisely *this* that I am resolved to frustrate. In a couple of days you will accompany me into Lincolnshire: but ere we go I wish to receive from your lips the solemn assurance that there is no chance of the Marquis being encouraged to follow you down secretly into that neighbourhood. In short, there must be an answer given at once. Therefore," added Lady Saxondale emphatically, "will you give me that oath? or by refusing it, will you leave me to my own surmises and to my own course of proceeding?"

"Mother," exclaimed Constance, now feeling that she had no alternative but to show her spirit and assume a firm mien, "you are threatening me—you are using strange language——"

"Say then at once you refuse to take the oath because you are confident of breaking it. Now, Constance," continued Lady Saxondale, rising from her seat, "it seems as if it were to become a struggle between you and me who is to be the mistress. False girl that you are! ere now you were embracing me and weeping—ere now you affected to be touched by my complaints against your rebellious brother and sister: and at present you are becoming rebellious in your turn! Take the oath—swear to me that you will not abandon yourself to this French adventurer: or I vow——"

"Mother, you dare not call him an adventurer!" exclaimed Constance, the flush of indignation appearing upon her features: "he is an honourable man——"

"Oh! since you are so vehement in his defence," interrupted Lady Saxondale, "it is another proof that you think more of him than you just now led me to suppose. But listen! The day after to-morrow you will accompany me into Lincolnshire. In the meantime I will watch you with an unceasing vigilance. Whithersoever you go I will follow you: at night you shall sleep with me in my own chamber: you shall not even send out a letter to the post without first showing it to me: nor shall you have an opportunity of communicating alone with any of the servants, lest you should make them your emissaries or your go-betweens."

"Mother," asked Constance, now deadly pale, "do you wish to destroy all love and respect in my heart?"

"I care not," ejaculated Lady Saxondale passionately. "As for love and respect, you have none: they are mere words—not feelings. You are like your brother and your sister. But depend upon it I will save you in spite of yourself."

"And what if I insist upon leaving the house?" exclaimed Constance, with a deeper irritation of spirit than she had ever yet known, much less ever before displayed.

"I will stop you," was Lady Saxondale's peremptory and imperious answer. "During your brother's minority, this house is mine—and now as well as afterwards, all these servants are mine—they are hired and paid by me. I will do as I think fit in my own house, and my domestics shall obey me. Do you understand me? will you drive me to extremes?"

"I am to understand," said Constance, pale, trembling, and agitated, "that I am a prisoner here?"

"You are," was her mother's firm and decisive reply. "If you attempt to go forth unaccompanied by me, I shall be compelled to expose you before all the servants, by ordering the hall-porter to lock the door, and by having every other issue properly guarded."

Constance burst into tears. She felt her spirit fail her: she was cowed—beaten—vanquished—almost crushed. Lady Saxondale saw the effect of the menaces she had held out, and inwardly gloried in her triumph. Withdrawing from the immediate vicinity of the sofa where Constance was seated, she placed herself on another at the farther ex-

tremity of the room; and taking up a book, she affected to read it: but her manner and her looks alike denoted that, true to her threat, she was in reality keeping watch upon her daughter.

The unhappy young lady knew not how to act. The Marquis of Villebelle would be anxiously awaiting her response: how could she possibly convey him one? In four days he was to leave England: indeed he was bound to do so, or else forfeit his diplomatic situation,—the only chance he had of retrieving his ruined fortunes—but a chance which if properly pursued, would doubtless lead him on to wealth and the fullest prosperity. Four days! there was evidently no time to lose. But if Lady Saxondale continued to watch her like a cat—if she had made up her mind thus to coerce her—she would be kept a prisoner there until the moment when she should be compelled, by the same strong will and tyrannical power, to enter the travelling-carriage that would bear her into Lincolnshire. What would the Marquis think of her silence? what would he suppose when he should come to hear of her abrupt departure into the country? Would he not imagine that she had been over-persuaded to renounce all future correspondence with him — that she had proved faithless to her pledges and her vows of love? would he not quit the country in despair? and what then was to become of her?

Such were the thoughts which swept through the brain of the unhappy young lady; and averting her countenance from the view of her mother, she wept in silence, with difficulty suppressing the sobs that convulsed her within.

Little thought the afflicted young lady that her confidential maid had been very carefully listening outside the door to the whole scene which had thus taken place since the mother's return into the room: and little thought Lady Saxondale herself that there was an eaves-dropper whose ear caught every syllable of threat and coercion that had been uttered. Such however was the case. There was Mary-Anne, —her fine figure bent forward towards the open part of the door—her red lips apart in listening eagerness—and her quick ear drinking in all that was said. When the colloquy between the mother and daughter was ended, Mary-Anne still remained there to listen if anything farther took place: but finding that a profound silence prevailed, she stole away from the door, murmuring to herself with a merry inward chuckle, "Love laughs at mothers as well as at locksmiths."

CHAPTER LIII.

JULIANA.

Lady Saxondale retained her station upon one sofa, while Constance remained upon the other until dinner was announced.

"Now," said her ladyship advancing towards her daughter and speaking in a low hurried voice as the servant held the door open for them to pass out, "you may or you may not, just as you choose, tell Juliana what has taken place. It will not alter my resolves one atom. But for your own sake I should advise you to maintain a composed demeanour in the presence of the domestics."

Constance said not a word, but rising from her seat, accompanied her mother from the apartment. They descended the magnificent staircase to the dining-room, where covers were laid for four. Edmund was not however there: but Juliana almost immediately made her appearance—and the three sat down to table. The elder sister,—who had kept her own room the whole day until this hour, for the purpose of as much as possible avoiding the mother whom she now hated,—immediately saw that there was something wrong with Constance: but she of course waited for a suitable opportunity to inquire the reason. The dinner passed over—dessert was placed upon the table—and the domestics then withdrew. The conversation, which had only been maintained for the sake of appearance in the presence of the servants, and which was even then languid enough, now ceased altogether. Juliana waited in the expectation that her mother would soon quit the table and retire to the drawing-room, as was her wont: but no—Lady Saxondale sat fast. Constance looked thoroughly unhappy: and Juliana's curiosity as well as anxiety being excited, she said to her sister, "Will you come and practise a little?"

But Constance only shook her head at her sister, and threw a depressing look at her mother. Juliana was now completely mystified; and after another long interval of silence, she said, "Is anything the matter, Constance? You certainly are not yourself this evening."

"Ask our mother for an explanation," was the young lady's reply, delivered in a sudden paroxysm of bitterness.

But Juliana, who now considered herself altogether at variance with Lady Saxondale, did not choose to make any approach towards a real conversational footing: for, as above stated, the few remarks she had made while the footmen were present, were only for the sake of appearances. She lingered however to see whether her mother would say anything of her own accord: but Lady Saxondale shut herself up in a cold reserve and a freezing silence. Juliana, thinking that if she retired Constance would follow her, rose from the table and quitted the room.

This conduct on her elder daughter's part was precisely what Lady Saxondale reckoned upon. She knew that Juliana would not condescend to ask explanations of her relative to the melancholy appearance of Constance; and she felt equally well assured that Constance herself would not open the whole controversy in her (Lady Saxondale's) presence. Thus her ladyship calculated that she should be enabled to prevent her elder daughter from learning the cause of the younger one's sorrow, and that thus she would not have the power of rendering her any assistance in communicating with the Marquis of Villebelle.

"We will remain here, or retire to the drawing-room, whichever you please," said her ladyship to Constance, so soon as Juliana had left the apartment.

Change of scene—change of place—anything for a distraction in the present state of mind in which the young lady found herself! She therefore rose from her seat, and accompanied her mother up to the drawing-room. Juliana was not there: she had again retired to her own chamber in the hope that Constance would come to her. When coffee was served up, a message was sent to Miss Farefield to

announce that it was in readiness. This message was borne by Mary-Anne; and having delivered it, she lingered in the room with an evident anxiety to say something. Juliana accordingly questioned her; and Mary-Anne, frankly confessing that she had listened at the door in consequence of observing how strange Miss Constance looked, told Juliana all that had passed.

"Ah! is it so?" exclaimed Lady Saxondale's elder daughter. "We must defeat this cruel scheme of my mother's. Hasten, Mary-Anne, to the Marquis of Villebelle's lodging—tell him what has occurred——"

"I have already been, Miss," responded the lady's-maid. "I went while you were at dinner. The Marquis was terribly excited: but I soothed and cheered him by the assurance that something should be devised to help Miss Constance to freedom. He will not stir out, but will wait at home all this evening and all day to-morrow for any message or tidings that I may bring him. I suppose you know, Miss, that the travelling-carriage is ordered to be sent to the coachmaker's the first thing to-morrow, to be put in good order and have the wheels looked to ready for a journey? It is to be sent back by to-morrow evening, so as to be in readiness for the following morning."

"Then her ladyship is going to take us off into Lincolnshire?" said Juliana. "Very well: we shall see. The moment positive orders are given as to the hour when the carriage is to start, let me know. I will then tell you how we shall act."

Mary-Anne promised obedience; and Juliana remained for a few minutes longer in her chamber ere she descended to the drawing-room.

"And so my mother proposes to take us into the solitude of that dull old castle?" she said to herself when Mary-Anne had retired. "She thinks that she will coerce Constance into accompanying her; and she knows very well that for decency's sake I must go also. She reasons that I dare not remain behind to inhabit this house by myself, while my mother and sister are elsewhere. And she reasons rightly. I must guard my reputation—I must endeavour to settle myself in marriage—I must obtain an independent position in order to escape from the thraldom of this tyrant-parent. The first old peer or wealthy old commoner who may propose, shall be accepted: then will I find out my beloved Francis again, and secretly may we see each other. But in the meantime poor Constance must be restored to freedom. There is now no alternative for her but to fly to the Marquis of Villebelle."

Having thus settled her plans, Miss Farefield descended to the drawing-room. Lady Saxondale took no notice of her; and therefore it was not difficult for Juliana to make a rapid sign of intelligence to Constance,—a sign which seemed to be fraught with hope—but how or of what kind Constance for the life of her could not possibly conjecture. Another rapid sign made her comprehend the importance of preventing their mother from perceiving that this intelligence was passing between them; and Constance accordingly appeared to relapse into her mournful mood. The evening passed away dreary enough: at half-past ten o'clock Juliana rose from her seat, and observing to Constance that she was tired, quitted the room without taking the least notice of her mother.

"Whenever it suits you to retire, Constance," said Lady Saxondale, a few minutes afterwards, "I am ready: but you can do exactly as you like. If you choose to sit up till midnight, I am indifferent."

"I will go at once," replied Constance, wearied in mind and in body: for the fatigue of the former frequently operates thus upon the physical energies.

Lady Saxondale and Constance accordingly ascended to the suite of chambers belonging to the former: and declining any attendance of the lady's-maids, for fear that Constance might find an opportunity of whispering something in the ear of any one of them, Lady Saxondale locked herself in with her daughter—taking good care to conceal the key in such a way that there was no chance of Constance rising stealthily in the night and discovering it.

On the following morning, when they arose, her ladyship continued to exercise the same vigilance over her younger daughter,—never losing sight of her—scarcely even moving away from her side—and inwardly rejoicing at the idea that things still were on thus without any explanation being given by Constance to Juliana. After breakfast, just as the latter was rising from the table to leave the room, Lady Saxondale said in a cold voice, "Miss Farefield, I am going into Lincolnshire to-morrow, Constance will accompany me. I presume that you also will proceed thither with us?"

"It suits me as well to be in Lincolnshire as in London," answered Juliana, in a voice as glacial as that of her parent.

She then left the breakfast-parlour; and as she was passing across the hall to reach the staircase, she perceived Edmund entering by the front-door at the moment. He had a very dissipated look—his garments were in disorder—and he seemed as if he had been up the whole night.

"Well, Julie," he said, in his usual flippant manner, "how are you? I suppose you think I'm a perfect stranger?"—and he gave a tipsy hiccup.

"Come this way, Edmund," said his elder sister, beckoning him somewhat mysteriously. "I want to speak to you."

They accordingly passed into the dining-room, and Juliana, making a sign for her brother to close the door, said to him, "Do you know that we are all going into Lincolnshire to-morrow morning?"

"Who's going?" asked Edmund, with a yawn. "Not I, by Jove! that's very certain. Our lady-mother and you two girls may go if you like: but I'll be hanged if I do. I am my own master now, thank heaven! and I mean to let people see it. You don't know what a jolly lark I've had during the past night. I and Harold pretty nearly killed a policeman between us: but I don't think that we were known—and, at all events, we got clear off."

"I suppose you have not been in bed all night?" said Juliana, not without a look of disgust, for she now perceived that he was half-tipsy.

"Not I: and so I was just going to lie down and have a three hours' nap—then get up again as fresh as a lark, and off to Emily——Oh! I mean ——But no matter:"—and seeing that he had committed himself, he burst out laughing.

"And pray who is Emily?" asked Juliana.

"Well, come, I will tell you, as you are older than me and quite a woman now, and therefore must know that such things are done."

"I suppose you mean that you have a mistress?" said Juliana.

"That's exactly what it is. Such a sweet pretty creature! I am sure you would like to see her."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Juliana, affecting indignation. "And Florina—what would she think?"

"Oh! bother, she needn't know it. But I can tell you that it was quite a series of romantic adventures that threw Emily in my way," continued Edmund, whom liquor had made boastful and garrulous. "Now do listen, Julie—it is such fun. The fact is, I was after Angela Vivaldi——you know——the celebrated *danseuse;* and I was led to believe she lived in a sweet little villa up beyond Holloway—the Seven Sisters' Road, they call the place. I dare say you know nothing about it: but it's a beautiful part of the suburbs. Well, pursuing my inquiries there, I fell in with such a strange woman—you never saw the like. I will just tell you what sort of a creature she is. She isn't so tall as you are—what would be called of a middle height for a woman: her hair was once black, but now turning gray. You never saw such masculine features in your life—and such eyes, dark in colour but bright as burning coals. Her great thick brows meet above her nose. She looks just like a man in disguise. Then, to complete this picture, fancy to yourself an old dingy coloured cloak and a dirty white cap on her head——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Juliana, as a sudden thought flashed across her brain: for the picture of this woman exactly answered the description which Frank Paton had given her of the one who had called at Saxondale House.

"Why do you cry out like that?" asked Edmund, looking at his sister with surprise. "Have I frightened you with the portrait? I shall astonish you now with what I'm going to tell you. I was fool enough to employ this harridan to be a go-between for me and the supposed Angela—I say *supposed*, because it wasn't Angela who lived at the villa after all—but beautiful Emily Archer, whose dramatic name is Mademoiselle D'Alembert."

"Well, but what about this woman?" asked Juliana. "You have interested me in her—I fancy you found her capable of any treachery or mischief by your description——"

"Treachery!" echoed Edmund. "I don't know what the deuce it was: but in the middle of the night—for I went to sleep at her cottage—she suddenly came and awoke me, and in a strange state of excitement bundled me out of the place. I really did think I saw a dagger in her hand: but it might have been fancy. Well, after that, I fell in with seven mounted highwaymen, led by a woman disguised as a man——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Juliana. "Go on."

"I have not the slightest doubt she was the one that stopped Marlow and Malton," continued Edmund: "for she called herself Captain Chandos to me——"

"The female highwayman indeed!" observed Juliana, who experienced a sad sickening at the heart, as she remembered that this was the sister of her much-loved Francis Paton.

"Yes: but if she had been alone, she wouldn't have succeeded so well, I can tell you," exclaimed Lord Saxondale. "But with five ruffians to back her——"

"I thought you said seven," remarked Juliana.

"Ah! five or seven, they were quite enough to overpower me in spite of the desperate resistance I made. I think I must have nearly done for one of them, and seriously injured another. You don't know how I fought——"

"But that strange woman," said Juliana—"where did you tell me she lived? Do you know, my dear Edmund, I am very much interested in these adventures of your's: so you must tell me all the details. In the Seven Sisters' Road, you say?"

"Just in that neighbourhood. The harridan's cottage is situated in a field upon the left as you go up—not far from *Hornsey Wood Tavern*. It's a lonely and queer place. But why do you ask so many questions? Are you anxious to visit the scene of my adventures?"

"Heaven forbid! But you had better go upstairs now and lie down: you look very much in want of rest. I dare say we shall have an opportunity presently of renewing our chat."

"Well, I do feel uncommon seedy," rejoined Edmund, with another terrific yawn: "so I will take your advice."

Thus speaking he quitted the dining-room where this colloquy had taken place: but Juliana remained there for a few minutes to reflect upon all she had just heard. She was determined to see this woman of whom she and her brother had been speaking. She had two reasons for resolving upon this course: first, that she might endeavour to glean the cause of the mysterious connexion between her mother and that female—and secondly, that she might make the woman in a certain way serve her design of giving freedom to Constance. Her first thought was to set off at once and find the woman without delay: but a second thought showed her the necessity of waiting till she had ascertained the precise hour when the travelling-carriage was to be at the front-door on the morrow. Moreover, even if she were at once acquainted with this fact, she still saw the prudence of delay, because if she went so soon, the woman might take it into her head to call upon Lady Saxondale immediately afterwards, instead of waiting till the hour when Juliana meant to tell her to be at the house—and if she did thus call prematurely, the young lady's scheme might be defeated. Therefore, having well reflected upon the matter, Juliana resolved to postpone until the evening her contemplated visit.

We need not dwell upon any farther details in respect to the vigilant guardianship exercised by Lady Saxondale over Constance throughout this day. Suffice it to observe that never did military sentinel more jealously or closely watch a prisoner than this patrician lady did her younger daughter. The only consolation experienced by poor Constance, was derived from the circumstance that Juliana contrived, unseen by her mother, to make another significant sign indicative of hope. Constance therefore saw that her sister either suspected, or had by some means, ascertained the precise cause and nature of this vigilance which their mother was exercising over her, and that she was secretly working

in her behalf. But in what Juliana's hope consisted—how she was working—or to what issue the whole affair was by her intervention to be brought, the young lady could not possibly conjecture.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening—after coffee had been partaken of in the drawing-room—that Juliana retired to her chamber to hold another consultation with herself what course she was to pursue. She had not as yet succeeded in ascertaining at what hour the travelling-carriage was ordered for the morrow. Her mother had said nothing upon the subject—and she was too proud to ask the question: but without obtaining this particular information, she did not see how it was possible to render the woman whom she meant to visit, useful in forwarding her designs. While she was pondering in this embarrassment, her chamber door opened, and Mary-Anne made her appearance.

"I have some news, Miss," said the abigail. "Her ladyship has this moment issued orders for the carriage to be ready at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"This is just the information I required," exclaimed Juliana joyously. "Now, Mary-Anne, you must proceed at once to the Marquis of Villebelle, and tell him to be in the immediate neighbourhood with a carriage, post-chaise, or vehicle of some sort by at least a quarter to nine in the morning. Arrange with him where he will be thus waiting with the conveyance. The rest may be left to me. And, Mary-Anne," exclaimed Miss Farefield, as the maid was about to quit the chamber, "you must procure for me by some means or another the key of the side-gate, as I shall have to go out to-night."

"You, Miss?" cried Mary-Anne.

"Yes: but I cannot enter into explanations now. You shall know everything hereafter. I have all my plans well settled and arranged in my mind. Of course you will accompany my sister to-morrow, should she succeed in escaping from her ladyship and joining the Marquis of Villebelle. And now lose no time—but hasten to his lordship's lodgings."

Mary-Anne accordingly departed to execute this commission; and Juliana descended once more to the drawing-room, where her mother and sister were still seated—the one a vigilant sentinel, the other a closely-guarded prisoner. Edmund,—who instead of his three hours' nap, had been sleeping the whole day in order to shake off the effects of the previous night's debauch,—now made his appearance; and strolling with the half-careless half-languid air of a dissipated rake into the room, with his hat and gloves on, ready to sally forth again, he said, "Well, mother, so I understand you are all going into the country to-morrow?"

"Such is my intention," was Lady Saxondale's cold reply.

"Well, I wish you luck. As for me, I would see the precious old castle burnt before I would go and bury myself in it."

"No one asked for your company, sir," replied Lady Saxondale; "and therefore perhaps you will spare your comments. By the bye, I may as well inform you that if you take that list of which you recently spoke, to Marlow and Malton, they will attend to it. You understand me?"

"To be sure. I shan't forget to do so. But about the allowance?"

"Every arrangement I made with you will be duly carried out by the solicitors."

"All right," exclaimed Lord Saxondale. "And now bye-bye. I wish you all a pleasant journey."

Thus speaking, he waved his hand in a half-patronising half-familiar fashion, and without offering to embrace either his mother or his sisters, lounged out of the room, to the great relief of Lady Saxondale, who was heartily glad to get rid of him.

"Did I understand my brother correctly?" asked Juliana, after a pause, and addressing herself to her mother with frigid voice and look, "that it is your purpose to proceed into Lincolnshire to-morrow?"

"Is this the first you have heard of it?" asked Lady Saxondale, looking steadily at the elder daughter.

"The first. I do not remember that you had condescended to give me any information upon the subject; and as for poor Constance, she seems to be overwhelmed by some melancholy which I cannot understand, but which at all events has the effect of placing a seal upon her lips."

"It is my intention to leave London to-morrow," said Lady Saxondale.

"Perhaps, then, you will have the goodness to inform me at what hour you purpose to leave," continued Juliana, as if previously altogether ignorant on the subject, "so that I may make whatsoever preparations are necessary."

"I have not as yet decided upon the hour," returned Lady Saxondale, resolved to keep Constance as much in the dark as possible with respect to her arrangements, so that the abruptness and the early hour of departure might take her by surprise, leaving no opportunity for escape;—and though for a moment she had fancied that Juliana might have heard something through the servants, she was now well satisfied to the contrary. Thus the elder daughter's duplicity deceived the astute and keen-sighted mother.

"If you are uncertain as to the hour of departure," said Miss Fairfield, "I had better commence my preparations to-night."

Lady Saxondale gave no answer, but affected to return to the book which lay open on the table before her. Juliana made another quick sign of intelligence, indicative of hope, to Constance; and bidding her good night—but without taking any farther notice of her mother—left the room. Ascending to her own chamber she whiled away half-an-hour in consulting a map of London, and in preparations for departure, the latter being made in case the journey should really take place, with or without Constance. At the expiration of that half-hour, Mary-Anne re-appeared.

"Everything is arranged with his lordship," she said, alluding to the Marquis of Villebelle. "He will have a carriage in waiting round the corner of the next street."

"Good," said Juliana. "And now for the key of the side-door?"

"Here it is," replied Mary-Anne. "Have you any farther commands, Miss?"

"No: none at present. Does the Marquis seem in good spirits?"

"He is full of hope, Miss, in consequence of the

assurance which I have given him that you are doing your utmost in behalf of Miss Constance."

"And we will succeed, too, Mary-Anne!" exclaimed Juliana in a tone of confidence: "I am certain we shall succeed. You had however better not remain here any longer now; but bring me word when my mother and sister and the household have retired."

Mary-Anne accordingly left the young lady's chamber; and another hour passed. It was now eleven o'clock; and the faithful abigail returned with the intimation that the inmates of the mansion had sought their respective chambers. Juliana was in readiness for her expedition. She had already put on a common straw garden-bonnet—the plainest dress she had in her wardrobe—and also the most unassuming shawl that she could find. Stealing down stairs, followed by Mary-Anne who carried the light, she passed out of the rear of the premises—issued from the side-gate—and telling the faithful maid that she need not sit up for her, hastened away in the direction of Oxford Street. There she entered a cab, and directed the driver to take her up to the Seven Sisters' Road in the neighbourhood of Holloway.

This ride took the best portion of an hour; and it was midnight when the intrepid Juliana descended from the vehicle at the commencement of the Seven Sisters' Road. She paid the man liberally beforehand as an earnest of her good faith that she would return; and bidding him wait for her, no matter how long, she hastened along the road. It was a beautiful clear night—so bright and lovely indeed that the small print of a book might have been read; and therefore all objects were visible to even a considerable distance. The map of London and its environs which the young lady had taken care to consult previous to leaving home, had sufficiently defined to her comprehension the whereabouts of the *Hornsey Wood Tavern*; and from what she had gleaned from her brother's lips she had little difficulty in discovering the cottage of which he had spoken. But when she turned out of the main road and began to traverse the field which it was necessary to pass through in order to reach the place of destination, she could not help feeling a sense of utter loneliness; and this being the first time in her life she had ever found herself in such a position—alone, at the midnight hour, in the open country,—it is no wonder if for a minute she experienced a vague and shuddering terror. But naturally endowed with a strong mind, she speedily recovered her fortitude, and resolutely advanced towards the cottage.

She now observed that it was indeed a wretched poverty-stricken tumble-down habitation; and as in the minds of the upper classes the loneliness and misery of a dwelling invariably associate themselves with the idea of treachery and crime, Juliana again felt that sense of shuddering terror come over her which she had already experienced. She therefore hesitated to proceed any farther with her present adventure: but the next moment conquering her fears, and blaming herself for even transiently giving way to them, she entered the little enclosure surrounded by the broken fence—advanced up to the door—and knocked with her closed hand.

For a few moments all continued silent within; and Juliana began to fear that the woman might not be at home. She knocked again: an upper window was then opened—and a harsh voice, but just sufficiently feminine to show that it was a woman's, demanded who was there.

"I wish to speak to you for a few moments," replied Juliana, "on very particular business."

"But who are you? and from whom do you come?" inquired the speaker from the window.

"Are you the same person who has been on two or three occasions to Saxondale House?" asked Juliana, though by the glimpse she caught of the countenance which was now thrust forth from the window, and which was surrounded by a great white cap, she felt assured she was speaking to the right individual.

"Yes—I am the same. Wait a moment: I will let you in."

The window was closed; and almost immediately afterwards the rays of a light glimmered forth through the dingy panes. Juliana heard the woman moving about in the room above as if hurrying on some clothing; and in two or three minutes more, steps were heard descending the stairs within. The door was now opened; and the woman appeared, holding a light in her hand. The glance which Juliana threw upon her at once cleared up any doubt which might have remained in respect to her identity. She had on the dirty white cap, and had thrown over her shoulders the dingy cloak that had been previously mentioned by Francis Paton and Edmund; and moreover her features exactly answered the description given from the same sources.

Juliana entered the hut, and was conducted into the little wretchedly-furnished room on the ground-floor. Madge Somers looked very hard at the young lady; and instantly recognising the likeness, she said, "Why, you must be Lady Saxondale's daughter?"

"I am," replied Juliana; "and therefore you may suppose it is under no ordinary circumstances that my mother has sent me to you this night."

"For what purpose?" asked Madge, in her own terse and dogmatic style.

"Lady Saxondale wishes to see you on most particular business at nine o'clock punctually in the morning. Can you be at Saxondale House precisely at that hour?"

"I can—and I will," answered Madge, evidently astonished at the invitation. "Is anything wrong, Miss?"

"My mother will herself explain the business," answered Juliana. "Of course it is connected with the secrets subsisting between yourself and her——"

"But am I to understand," interrupted Madge, looking very hard at Juliana, "that her ladyship has afforded you any insight into those secrets?"

"Surely your own good sense must tell you," rejoined Miss Farefield, meeting the woman's gaze with the steadiness of her own, "that my mother could scarcely have entrusted me with such a mission as this, unless she had given me the fullest explanations. I do indeed know what the secret is that enables you to hold my mother in your power," added the wily Juliana, hazarding the remark in order to draw out the woman.

And cunning though Madge herself was, yet Miss Farefield did succeed in drawing her out. She pretended to be weary, and was therefore invited to

rest herself awhile; and during the best part of an hour that she tarried at the cottage, there was of course some conversation. Upon what topic, therefore, could they talk, save and except concerning the matter to which Juliana had at random alluded, but respecting which Madge Somers naturally fancied that the young lady possessed the fullest information? So well did the crafty Miss Farefield manage her portion of the discourse, that until the end of this interview she sustained in Madge's mind the impression that she had known everything previously; and when she took her leave, she departed with the full knowledge of all that she wanted to learn. She took good care to slip ten or a dozen sovereigns into Madge's hand; and the woman faithfully promised to be at Saxondale House at nine o'clock.

Of strange contexture were the thoughts of Juliana Farefield as she retraced her way across the field into the Seven Sisters' Road. She had learnt her mother's secret: but it was a secret that appalled her. If, ere she had set foot within the cottage of Madge Somers, she had lived ten thousand years and in that time had exhausted herself in conjectures as to what her mother's secret could really be, she never would have lighted upon the truth. The wildest flights of fancy never could have reached that point to which accident had thus suddenly and strangely brought her. Even as she pondered upon that stupendous secret, she felt like one walking in a dream. She could scarcely believe in the astounding reality. Once or twice she actually stopped short to ask herself whether it were indeed true that she had heard what she thought she had heard, and that she knew what she believed herself to know. She looked around to fix her attention upon particular objects near, in order to acquire the certainty that she was really awake and to satisfy herself it was no delusive vision of the night. Then she walked on, and reached the vehicle which was waiting for her at the place where she had left it.

The morning had just begun to dawn,—the bright summer morning, bringing back the presence of day to arouse a sleeping world, to bid the flowers lift their heads and open their buds, and to signal the matin hymn from the feathered choristers in trees and hedgerows. It was four o'clock when Juliana alighted from the cab in the vicinage of Saxondale House; and with her veil carefully drawn down over her countenance, so as to conceal her features from the observation of the policeman whom an amorous cook was just stealthily letting out up the area-steps of a neighbouring mansion,—Juliana sped on to the side-gate. There she let herself in by aid of the key that she had with her, and passed safely into the mansion. Then, locking the back door, and fastening the bolts so as to avert suspicion of any one having issued from the house during the night, she regained her own chamber.

Thoroughly exhausted with her adventure, she speedily sought her couch, and fell into a deep slumber: but the particulars of her interview with Madge Somers followed her in her dreams.

She did not awake till eight o'clock, and would not perhaps have aroused herself then, had not Mary-Anne knocked at her chamber-door. Juliana hastened to give her admittance; and the lady's-maid bent an inquiring look upon her young mistress. But Miss Farefield had not the slightest intention of giving the abigail any account of her nocturnal expedition: she therefore spoke hurriedly and evasively—promised to tell her everything at a more fitting opportunity—and purposely gave her some commissions to execute which would occupy the next half-hour and thus prevent farther conversation. Mary-Anne did not perceive that she was treated with any deficiency of confidence, but expressed her delight at the assurance which Juliana vaguely gave her that measures were taken to ensure the emancipation of Constance from the close thraldom in which she was now held.

At half-past eight another lady's-maid—Lucilla by name—knocked at Juliana's door; and upon being desired to enter, she said, "If you please Miss, her ladyship purposes to leave at nine o'clock punctually, and hopes that you are now ready for breakfast, and that your things are all packed up."

"Here is the box I intend to take with me," said Juliana. "You can send up one of the footmen to fetch it down and cord it."

Miss Farefield then descended to the breakfast-parlour, where she found her mother and sister already seated at table. Lady Saxondale appeared inclined to unbend in some slight degree towards her elder daughter—probably deeming it convenient that they should be upon less chilling terms with each other, especially as they had a long journey before them, during which the frigidity of silence would prove irksome enough. Juliana herself had no objection to affect an inclination to meet her mother half way towards reconcilement, the better to lull her into the completest security and confidence as to the success of her own plan, so that the counter-plot which was arranged to happen should strike her ladyship with a suddenness that would leave her paralyzed and helpless, thereby ensuring the escape of Constance.

"You look pale, Juliana," said Lady Saxondale with an appearance of concern.

"I have not slept well, mother, and have a violent headache."

"The travelling will do you good."

"I hope so," rejoined Miss Farefield.

They talked on in this strain for a little longer; and at ten minutes to nine Lady Saxondale said, "We had now better put on our things; for the travelling-carriage will be almost immediately at the door. We have post-horses, of course. Two of the footmen will ride on the box: Mary-Anne and Lucilla will go in the rumble behind."

Juliana once more ascended to her chamber, while Constance accompanied Lady Saxondale to the latter's suite of apartments. But we should observe that the elder sister had again found an opportunity to make a sign indicative of hope to Constance. Still was this young lady a prey to the deepest suspense as to the meaning of all these signals of intelligence: but still, likewise, did she derive some consolation therefrom, for she stood so deeply in need of solace!

The travelling-carriage, with four horses and two postilions, drove up to the front of Saxondale House. The boxes were all corded in the hall, ready to be stowed away upon the roof of the vehicle, where they were now speedily packed in the usual manner. The two footmen who were to accompany the equipage, were in attendance; as were also Mary-Anne

CONSTANCE

and Lucilla. Lady Saxondale and her two daughters were now alone waited for. The clocks were striking nine as they descended the great marble staircase, dressed for travelling. Constance held her mother's arm—the last precaution which her ladyship fancied that it would be necessary to take in order to ensure the departure of her younger daughter from London and guard against the possibility of flight. Juliana followed a few paces behind. They crossed the hall—they issued forth from the mansion—one of the footmen held open the carriage-door, the steps of which were down. A glow of triumph thrilled through the entire form of Lady Saxondale as she felt confident that all her plans had now reached the acme of success; but a similar glow was experienced by Juliana Farefield, as she caught sight of Madge Somers in her old cloak, her dirty white cap, and with her forbidding looks of masculine harshness, rapidly approaching.

"You get in first, Constance," said Lady Saxondale: but at that instant she also caught sight of Madge Somers, and a ghastly paleness seized upon her as she staggered a pace or two back: then utterly losing her presence of mind, she advanced to meet the woman, entirely forgetting everything that regarded Constance.

"Fly, my dear sister!" were the quickly-whispered words that Juliana now all in a moment breathed in the ears of Constance. "Round the first turning to the left—and you are saved!"

Constance threw one look of affectionate gratitude upon her sister, and sped away in the direction indicated,—the faithful Mary-Anne following close upon her heels. The footman—Lucilla—the servants who were loitering on the threshold to behold the departure—even the very postilions themselves, were struck with amasement at this precipitate flight of the young lady and her maid; and those who happened to turn their eyes the next moment upon Juliana, saw that her features were radiant with an expression of satisfaction and triumph.

All that we have just related was the work of a few moments, during which Lady Saxondale had encountered Madge Somers and quickly demanded, "Why do you seek me now?"

"By your own commands," replied the woman, somewhat startled by this abrupt and most unexpected question.

"My commands?" echoed her ladyship. "What mean you?"—and a thousand wild terrific apprehensions flitted in an instant through her brain with agonizing poignancy.

"Did you not send one of your daughters to me last night——"

A shriek rose up to Lady Saxondale's lips—but she repressed it ere uttered; and feeling like one on whom frenzy was fastening, she quickly turned her head. Juliana was standing alone by the carriage-door. Lady Saxondale rushed up to the vehicle and looked in: but no Constance was there. That some hideous treachery had been practised, she felt convinced; and her looks instantaneously flashed upon Juliana. Then, in her elder daughter's countenance did the wretched, almost maddened Lady Saxondale read the expression of malignant triumph which showed that the treachery was her's and that it had fully succeeded!

For an instant the unhappy lady stood in utter bewilderment, not knowing how to act; but with a sudden effort she regained some of her lost composure, and darting a terrible look upon Juliana, made an impatient gesture for Madge Somers to follow her up the steps into the house. The next moment her ladyship and the woman traversed the hall, entered the dining-room, and thus disappeared from the view of Juliana and the amazed beholders of this scene which was so extraordinary and so incomprehensible to them.

Miss Farefield herself, not choosing to remain standing in the street as a target for the scrutinising looks of the servants and postilions,—and as a matter of course not having a single word of explanation to give, even if she would have condescended to any,—slowly ascended into the hall; and observing to one of the lacqueys, "If her ladyship should want me, I am here,"—passed at once into the breakfast-parlour.

The servants all exchanged glances of bewilderment. Every one appeared to ask the rest what on earth all this meant: but none could even venture so much as a conjecture to the solution of the mystery. Certain it was that Miss Constance had fled precipitately, with Mary-Anne closely following: certain also was it that Lady Saxondale had been strangely agitated on beholding that queer-looking woman with whom she had now shut herself up in the dining-room;—and certain likewise was it that Miss Juliana had experienced some good reason for triumphant satisfaction. Yes—all these things were certain enough: but what was the explanation of them? One part of the drama looked uncommonly like an elopement: the rest of it defied all conjecture.

Juliana had not been quite ten minutes in the breakfast-parlour, when the door opened and her mother appeared upon the threshold. She was ghastly pale—a ghastliness enhanced by the brunette tint of her complexion, the delicate duskiness of which now seemed to have changed into the sallowness of death. Her lips were blanched—her eyes were fixed, but shot forth strange fires. She was evidently a prey to emotions agitating in her bosom with all the pent-up fury of the boiling lava imprisoned within the volcano that still outwardly seems to sleep.

"I am ready," she said, in a cold but deep voice.

Juliana started for an instant as this intimation that the journey was to be pursued met her ears: for she feared lest Constance had been brought back. But immediately recovering herself she rose from her seat and followed her mother from the room. Lady Saxondale, who had now drawn down her veil to conceal from the domestics the horrible feelings which she knew to be reflected on her countenance, passed steadily on to the carriage—entered it—and took her seat. Juliana followed; and a glance at the interior of the vehicle quieted her apprehensions in a moment, showing her that Constance was not there. It was consequently with a renewed sensation of joyousness that she likewise entered the vehicle.

"Are we to wait, my lady?" asked the footman, still holding the carriage door open; and he spoke hesitatingly, while perplexity and bewilderment were depicted in his features.

"No: we will proceed at once," was Lady Saxondale's reply: but it struck Juliana that it was given

in the bewilderment of one who was in a state between stupor and despair.

The steps were put up—the door was closed—the footman leapt to the box—and the equipage dashed away from the door of Saxondale House.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE TETE-A-TETE IN THE TRAVELLING-CARRIAGE.

THE carriage pursued its way at a rapid rate through the streets of the metropolis: the suburbs were reached and passed—and the open country was gained. Nearly an hour had elapsed since the vehicle quitted Park Lane; and all this while not a single word was spoken inside.

Lady Saxondale had thrown herself back in the corner of the carriage, and had remained perfectly motionless from the commencement of the journey: her veil was still over her countenance, so that Juliana was totally unable to obtain the slightest indication as to her mother's feelings or what was now passing in her mind. The young lady herself sat absorbed in thought, revolving all she had heard during the past night and all that had happened this morning: she wondered where her sister and the Marquis of Villebelle were at the moment—and with a subdued sigh she thought of Francis Paton.

Presently Lady Saxondale slowly raised herself from that reclining posture, and as slowly lifted her veil. Juliana mechanically turned her eyes upon her mother, and gave a sudden start—indeed, could scarcely repress a scream—on beholding the fiendish expression with which that mother was regarding her. Grandly handsome as Lady Saxondale naturally was, she seemed at that moment absolutely hideous: her features were all convulsed with a satanic rage—her set teeth gleamed between her ashy lips which contortion kept apart—her nobly pencilled brows were corrugated—her lofty forehead was contracted into wrinkles—while her eyes glared, or even glowered in a manner horrible to contemplate.

"Ah! you are frightened, detestable girl!" she said in a thick husky voice: then as her countenance gradually assumed a more natural appearance, still however remaining ghastly pale, and with sinister fires gleaming in the eyes, she added, "Juliana, what do you think of yourself after all that you have done?"

"If you allude to the affair of Constance," responded the elder daughter, now having recovered the most perfect self-possession, "I rejoice and I triumph."

"Perish Constance!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, vehemently. "I cast her off—I abandon her for ever! I discard her: she is no longer a daughter of mine! Let her go, to become the paramour of a married man: let her drag out her life in infamy, shame, and dishonour! When the French adventurer is tired of her, he will thrust her off. She will perhaps come back to me, full of contrition and remorse: I will spurn her. Then she will go and fling herself into the arms of some new lover; and he in turn will cast her away from him when satiated. Perhaps she will come back again to me: I will spurn her with my foot as before. Then she will continue in the ways of profligacy, passing from lover to lover, but each time descending lower and lower in the social scale—till at length she will take her infamy with her into the streets. And there," added Lady Saxondale, with accents of bitter irony, but which were almost immediately succeeded by a strange and unnatural laugh resembling an hysterical shriek—"she will drag herself on through all pollutions—there the daughter of patrician parents will suffer all insults and all ignominies, till at length her wretched career will close in a ditch or a lazar-house!"

"I have listened to this tirade of your's, mother, with unspeakable horror and the deepest disgust," said Juliana, at first somewhat frightened by the terrible vehemence with which Lady Saxondale spoke, but afterwards showing an air of loathing and abhorrence. "Whatever Constance may have this day done, it was your tyranny that drove her to it; and as for the picture you have drawn, it is quite clear that in your malignant wickedness you depict what you desire should happen."

"You are adopting proud and haughty language towards me," said Lady Saxondale, now bending upon Juliana looks as ferocious as those of a tigress. "Infamous girl! what diabolical treachery did you practise during the past night!"

"And what a fearful secret did I learn, mother," retorted Miss Farefield.

"Ah! a secret—yes! I know that you discovered it: I know that by means of the most detestable artifice you wormed it out of that woman who, cunning as she generally is, was nevertheless thrown off her guard by your matchless duplicity. Well, that secret—go and proclaim it if you like! Are you disposed to do so? On my soul, it has cost me so much to keep it, that it would now take but little to induce me to proclaim it to the world at once. Therefore, Juliana, do not think that by the knowledge of this secret you have got me in your power, so that I shall henceforth cringe to your tyranny. If you imagine this, you are very much mistaken."

Lady Saxondale had spoken with extreme volubility, and in such a state of frensied excitement that her daughter had never seen her exhibit before. She would perhaps have gone on longer: but exhausted and breathless, she sank back in the corner of the carriage.

"It is no use, mother, for you to affect an utter recklessness with regard to this secret," said Juliana, in a voice that was spiteful in its very coldness. "You know perfectly well that all you have just been saying is not only false, but purely nonsensical. As long as you cling to life, will you cling to that secret: but even if you had made up your mind to suicide, you would not tell that secret to a living soul ere you accomplished the work of self-destruction. You might leave the secret, or rather its elucidation, written upon paper, so as to exercise a posthumous revenge against one whom you hate most cordially: but you would not dare look the world in the face and explain all the past."

"You know not what I shall dare—you know not what I shall be goaded to!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, quivering all over with a terrible rage, which appeared as if it must vent itself by doing her daughter a mischief—for it was the rage of the tiger-cat. "Why are you here?" she suddenly exclaimed, after a few moments' pause; "why did you

not go away with your sister? or why do you not run after your Francis Paton? Ah! have I called a blush up to those proud cheeks of your's? What are you? the mistress of a menial hind! You have had a lacquey for your paramour——faugh!"

"Go on, mother," said Juliana, the carnation hue suddenly flitting from her cheeks and leaving them colourless; but still she battled successfully against the rage which Lady Saxondale's words had excited within her. "Go on, mother: you will not provoke me to come to actual blows with you; for *that* I presume to be your object now. It would be a pretty thing for the postilions and servants to learn that the brilliant Lady Saxondale and her daughter fought like two cats in their travelling-carriage?"

"Juliana, how is all this to end?" exclaimed the miserable woman; and with an involuntary motion she appeared to wring her hands. "My God! is it possible that all this has happened? Nothing but troubles have come upon me lately; and when I told you just now that I cared not if the world knew everything, I spoke my thoughts. But, Ah! I remember—you then talked of suicide, and in connexion with myself. If you only knew how near I am resolving at this moment upon that catastrophe, you would say naught to goad me on to it. But again I ask, how is all this to end? You and I, Juliana, cannot live together upon these terms."

"It was not I who offered to accompany you down into Lincolnshire," was the young lady's freezing reply. "By the mere fact of your coming, you knew that I was bound to accompany you. Besides, after your interview with that woman just now, you came and told me you were ready. Did not this mean that you desired me to follow you?"

"I was half mad at the time—I knew not what I was doing," answered Lady Saxondale. "The carriage was at the door—flight from home seemed in itself a relief—it appeared as if one could flee away from thought! Besides, it would not do to stultify oneself before all the domestics by countermanding the carriage. And yet, good heavens! what must they have thought to see Constance disappear thus suddenly, and me compelled to conduct that vile harridan into the house—then closet myself with her——Oh! it is enough to drive one to frenzy! But after all, I was wrong not to institute a chase after Constance. We will return—we will retrace our way!"—and Lady Saxondale was about to thrust her head forth to command the postilions to stop, when Juliana pulled her back.

"If you think of returning to London in the hope of discovering Constance," she said quickly, "you may save yourself the trouble. The arrangements were so admirably made that all pursuit and search would be useless."

"And these arrangements were made by you!" cried Lady Saxondale, fiercely. "Consummate hypocrite that you are, Juliana—I hate you! I hate you!"

"You call me a hypocrite—do you? Well, it is by no means unusual or unnatural for daughters to take after their mothers," retorted Juliana.

"Oh! this becomes intolerable!" said Lady Saxondale, now utterly unable to restrain a violent outburst of agonised feelings: and she not only wrung her hands, but gave way to her tears.

Yes—that proud, haughty, high-spirited woman wept bitterly; and convulsive sobs rent her bosom. She felt herself subdued—crushed—overwhelmed. Her soul was filled with hideous passions, chiefly with a horrible spite against the daughter by her side—but a spite which she knew not how to vent. She could have turned round and dragged her nails down Juliana's face—she would have gloried in spoiling that grand beauty which was a reflection of her own—she could have torn out her daughter's eyes—have dashed out her teeth—have dug her nails deep into Juliana's flesh! How she restrained herself she scarcely knew: and it was perhaps because she felt that her rage was thus so impotent that she gave vent to her spite in tears, and sobs, and in the wringing of her hands. But this outburst of emotion calmed the unnatural excitement to which she had been worked up; and she recovered some degree of composure. Drawing down her veil again, she relapsed into silence.

It is not our purpose to dwell at any unnecessary length upon this journey into Lincolnshire—a journey which lasted until the evening. We must however observe that little was the conversation which ensued for the rest of the way between the mother and daughter. Lady Saxondale occasionally broke forth into fresh reproaches, to which Juliana was not slow in giving equally cutting retorts: until at length the mother, wearied of the horrible excitement attendant upon these fierce bickerings, shut herself up in a sullen reserve. In this way the last three hours of the journey were passed; and as the sun was setting, the towers and battlemented buildings of Saxondale Castle gradually developed themselves to the view of the travellers.

The carriage dashed up to the front entrance of the castle, where the servants were assembled to receive their mistress and her daughters. A letter which Lady Saxondale had written on the previous day, made them aware of her intended visit: for we should observe that there was a full complement of domestics always kept up at Saxondale Castle. The moment the equipage stopped, the servants perceived that her ladyship was accompanied by her elder daughter only; and when, after their mistress and Juliana had passed into the hall, attended by the senior domestics and Lucilla, those who remained outside learnt from the footmen who came with the carriage under what mysterious circumstances Miss Constance Farefield had suddenly disappeared with Mary-Anne, they were as much astonished as the household in Park Lane had been.

Two years had elapsed since Lady Saxondale had last visited the castle. Her visits were neither frequent in themselves, nor very lengthy when they were paid,—it being generally believed that her ladyship had no particular affection for her country-seat in Lincolnshire. During that interval of two years no change had taken place in the ancient edifice: nor indeed during the far longer interval of nineteen years since first we introduced our reader to that castellated mansion, had time effected much visible alteration. There it was still, that ancient castle—frowning in gloomy grandeur above the river and over the landscape through which the Trent winds its way!—there it was, that assemblage of buildings, constituting in their vastness one of the grandest and most remarkable mansions belonging to the British Aristocracy!

Lady Saxondale and Juliana ascended to their re-

spective bed-rooms, each attended by a maid; and having achieved some alterations in their toilet after their long, dusty, and fatiguing journey, they descended to the dining-room, where a late dinner—or rather supper, as it might be called in strict reference to the hour—was served up. But neither felt much inclination for the dainties spread before them; and they soon proceeded to the drawing-room, to take the more welcome refreshment of tea or coffee.

What a host of recollections now swept back to the mind of Lady Saxondale! It was to this room, nineteen years back, that Ralph Farefield had followed her from the chamber of the dead old Lord Saxondale, to satisfy himself that the child whose restoration had been announced to him was really there. As the widow of that old lord now cast her eyes around, every incident of that scene appeared to spring up to her view with as vivid a reality as when it took place at the time. There was the spot where Mabel was sitting at the moment with the child in her arms: there was also the spot where her ladyship's father, the Rev. Mr. Clifton, had said in the fervour of his grateful piety, "God in his mercy be thanked for the dear babe's restoration!"—there too was the window-recess where she and Ralph had conversed together when she gave him that appointment in the chapel—an appointment which he kept, but whence he never departed alive! And where now were all these of whom she was thus thinking? Ralph Farefield had perished miserably and mysteriously; and the lady had unexpectedly and startlingly found herself not long back confronted with his embalmed corpse in the museum at Dr. Ferney's dwelling. Years had elapsed since her father the Rev. Mr. Clifton had gone down into the tomb; and many a sun had since shone upon the church and many a winter's wind had howled around the walls of that same sacred edifice in the vaults of which his remains were interred. And Mabel—she likewise was no more: but a few days only had elapsed since she departed from this life, as detailed in a previous chapter. But the child which nineteen years back that same Mabel had held in her arms in this same drawing-room—for whose restoration Mr. Clifton had poured forth his gratitude—and whose presence there had so cruelly damped all the magnificent hopes and aspirations of Ralph Farefield,—that child had grown up to become a bitter curse to Lady Saxondale—the object of her hatred—and as she herself had so bitterly expressed it, "a viper that she had cherished to sting her!"

As her ladyship sat in this drawing-room with Juliana on the first evening of their return to the castle, her thoughts were assuredly of no agreeable complexion. All the memories with which this very room was associated, were fraught with unspeakable mournfulness for her. A deep gloom succeeding the terrific excitement of all the earlier part of the day, had fallen upon her spirits; and she felt a presentiment of approaching evil. She regretted having come to Saxondale Castle: the silence that prevailed throughout the edifice, appeared to strike her with a tomb-like awfulness. In London she was in the midst of life and gaiety. The mansion in Park Lane being smaller, there were the constant sounds of persons moving about the house: but here, in this vast baronial edifice, nothing was heard. In the metropolis, splendid equipages were constantly dashing by the mansion: here naught went by except the silent river pursuing its steady, noiseless, and inanimate way. In London, Lady Saxondale might have plunged into all imaginable gaieties for the purpose of drowning thought: here she must reckon upon passing hours and hours alone, or else in the companionship of a daughter whom she detested almost as much as she hated Edmund himself. Altogether, Lady Saxondale experienced a deep regret that she should have quitted the metropolis and come down into Lincolnshire.

Juliana sat apparently half-dosing in her chair, but in reality watching her mother's countenance. She herself experienced a gloomy despondency which she could not shake off; and she also regretted having left London. There she might have heard of Constance: there she might have carried out her design of ensnaring some old lord in his dotage, or some antiquated commoner, into the matrimonial noose, and thus be enabled to indulge in her licentious passion for Francis Paton. But here, in the country, there was by no means the same chance of accomplishing her aims: and as for Francis, she would lose sight of him altogether, and on her return to London know not how to fall upon any clue to his discovery. Thus was it that both mother and daughter felt the gloom of Saxondale Castle strike with a chill to their souls and plunge their spirits into the deepest despondency.

The clock in the tower over the entrance proclaimed the hour of ten, when her ladyship starting from her reverie, pulled the bell somewhat violently. A footman answered the summons; and she desired him to order her maid to attend with chamber-candles. Shortly afterwards Lucilla made her appearance; and as Lady Saxondale rose to issue from the room, she was struck by observing that the young woman's countenance looked pale and agitated. She gazed again: and although Lucilla endeavoured to compose her features, yet Lady Saxondale's keen penetrating eyes could not be deceived by this attempt on the abigail's part to veil unpleasant feelings.

"Is anything the matter?" demanded Lady Saxondale.

"The matter? Oh, no, my lady," replied Lucilla, now blushing and looking very much confused.

"Yes, but I can see there is," cried her ladyship. "Tell me, Lucilla—you need not be afraid to speak—what is the matter? I see that there is something upon your mind."

"Your ladyship would perhaps be angry," said the young woman, still hesitating.

"I have already told you not to be afraid to speak frankly. What is the matter?"

"Only, my lady, I was rather frightened by what I had heard down in the servants' hall——"

"And what is that? Do for heaven's sake make use of your tongue, and let us hear of what nature the gossip is that has so alarmed you."

"Please, my lady, the servants say that last night there was a ghost seen in the western side of the castle."

The reader will recollect that the whole of this portion of the edifice to which Lucilla had just alluded, as well as the extremity that may be termed the back or northern part of the building, had long been disused, but not shut up—for the

rooms which were in those quarters had for years and years past been attended to with the greatest care and shown as curiosities to all guests visiting the castle. These rooms were all furnished in the style of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries: the walls were hung with tapestry, which however was for the most part torn and tattered; and altogether the aspect of those apartments was that of the interior of the ancient mansions which romancists love to describe, and which superstition deems most congenial to the presence of spirits from the other world. Nor must it be forgotten that the chapel was on the western side, overlooking the River Trent,—that same chapel where Lady Saxondale's appointment was kept by Ralph Farefield, but from which he never went forth alive!

At that announcement relative to the ghost which Lucilla had just made, Lady Saxondale gave a contemptuous smile—as did also Juliana. The former was turning away to proceed to her chamber, when the latter said, "Perhaps you will tell us, Lucilla, something more about this apparition?"

The maid hesitated, seeing that Lady Saxondale was moving away: but her ladyship suddenly stopped, and again turning round, said, "Yes—give us the particulars: for it is possible that there may be ghosts with a predatory intent secreted in the castle; and if so, it will be as well to have a thorough examination of the place ere we retire to rest."

"From what I have been told, my lady," answered Lucilla, "it appears that some of the servants went into the tapestry-rooms yesterday to dust them and open the windows. Robert,"—alluding to one of the footmen,—"went into the chapel to open the windows there; and he entered the cloister of tombs. At that moment he thought he heard a door shut; and going back into the chapel, he saw that the door of the vestiary, which he had noticed to be open a few minutes before, was now closed. For the moment he was rather startled: but he opened it, and looked in. No one was there; and he accordingly concluded that it must have been the draught from the entrance of the chapel that had made the door shut. He therefore thought no more of the matter. In the evening he and two or three others of the servants went back to shut the windows again. They had lights with them: for it was then dusk. Having closed the windows in the rooms and the corridor, they passed into the chapel: but just at the instant they entered the place they saw a shape glide into the vestiary. They ran out in a terrible fright; but ashamed of themselves, stopped short in the passage. Then Robert mentioned the circumstance about the door shutting in the morning. They all resolved to go and explore the vestiary together. They did so, but saw nothing. They even opened the door which leads down into the vaults: but I do not think they descended the steps. However, the servants are all full of the idea that a ghost was really seen; and I hope your ladyship will not be angry with me for having felt a little frightened after what I heard—nor yet you, Miss——"

"Angry with you!" ejaculated Juliana: "who can be angry with you, for having told what you heard and what you were desired to tell?"

"It is very ridiculous," said Lady Saxondale, but with a certain air of constraint, and also in a low and altered voice;—"very ridiculous indeed for the domestics to give way to such foolish alarms. No doubt the wind caused the door to shut in the morning, and a shadow frightened the silly creatures in the evening. It would be giving too much importance to the matter to institute any additional search. I shall now retire. Good night, Juliana."

"Good night, mother," responded the young lady: and rising from her seat, she rang the bell for another maid to attend upon herself.

It must not be thought that this interchange of the usual valedictions between the mother and daughter proved that a reconciliation had taken place. They were still as much at enmity as ever: they had not exchanged ten words since they alighted at the castle—and it was only for the sake of appearances that they had thus wished each other good night in the presence of Lucilla.

On proceeding to her apartment, attended by the maid, Lady Saxondale was struck by its gloomy appearance. Not but that it was splendidly furnished, and belonging to what was termed the inhabited portion of the castle, was completely modernised in all its appointments: yet still it was very different from the elegant and cheerful bed-chamber which she was wont to occupy at Saxondale House in London. The deep doorway—the arched windows—the immense chimney-piece—the huge cornices, elaborately carved and inwrought with armorial bearings—struck her in strong contrast with the light, airy, and pleasing architectural arrangements of the mansion in the metropolis. Besides, this apartment was so spacious that although wax-candles burnt upon the toilet-table and a lamp on another table on the opposite side, the remote corners appeared to be enveloped in gloom. But Lady Saxondale struggled hard to throw off the oppressive feeling which sat so heavily upon her; and her pride would not let her make any comment upon her sensations in the presence of Lucilla.

When her night-toilet was completed and the maid was dismissed, Lady Saxondale did not immediately seek her couch. She could not conceal from herself that the ghost-story had made a certain impression upon her. If she had been asked whether she believed in the possibility of apparitions from the other world, she would have scornfully replied in the negative; and even if she had sat down deliberately to ask herself whether she entertained such a belief, the secret response to her own self-put query would have been precisely the same. Moreover, the reader is already aware that she was a very strong-minded woman. But her spirit had been much bent by the incidents of the morning: the terrific excitement through which she had passed had left in its reactionary influence the darkest despondency hovering around her soul; and her reflections in the drawing-room had conjured up memories and associations but too well calculated to increase the depression of her mind. She was therefore peculiarly susceptible of the gloomy impressions made by the antique appearance of the spacious apartment, notwithstanding all the embellishments of modern splendour which under other circumstances would have entirely eclipsed or absorbed that air of sombre heaviness: and in like manner was her imagination, borne down and attenuated as it was, accessible to a superstitious terror.

She did not therefore immediately retire to rest Perhaps, in addition to all that we have just detailed, there were still darker and deeper fears haunting her mind, excited by the memories of the past and the associations of the present. She felt afraid to enter her couch. But at length literally ashamed of her terrors, she said aloud, "This weakness on my part is preposterous!" — and she advanced towards the bed.

But obedient to an irresistible impulse, she stooped down, raised the drapery, and looked under it. No object of alarm met her eyes; and rising up again, she once more blamed herself for her silly fears. But still she had not the courage to lie down; and almost before she was aware of it, she found herself looking into the cupboards, and with the lamp in her hand taking a close survey of the apartment. Even to the dressing-room opening thence, and to a bath-room which lay beyond, did she push her investigation: but still she discovered naught to alarm her.

"Now," she said to herself, "I will lie down:"— but as she again approached the couch, she experienced a vague and deepening terror for which she could not altogether account.

Replacing the lamp upon the table, she stood hesitating in the middle of the room. She caught a glimpse of her countenance in the mirror suspended above the toilet-table, and saw that it was very pale. Her own looks frightened her, and a cold shudder swept through her entire frame. Her glossy black hair was gathered up beneath an elegant cap—a morning wrapper enveloped her superb form—her naked feet were thrust into embroidered slippers—and there she stood in the middle of the apartment, like a grand statue of classic beauty oppressed with a dumb deep consternation which she could not shake off.

"No, no,—it cannot be!" she suddenly said to herself, with the desperate effort of a naturally strong mind endeavouring to cast away the incubus of a terror to the cause of which her proper intelligence could not assent: "the spirits of the departed do *not* walk upon earth! And yet if it were so, the shade of *him* may indeed be supposed to revisit that place——"

But here her thoughts abruptly stopped short, for she dared not pursue their tenure: and then, by one of those inscrutable impulses which sometimes make their influence felt upon the denizens of this world, she experienced a shuddering desire to visit the spot to which she had just alluded and satisfy herself that there was no cause for alarm. Indeed, she began to feel that until she had done this she could not hope to shake off the vague terrors which had seized upon her—much less to pass her nights in tranquillity beneath that roof. And now all the fortitude of this naturally strong-minded woman came back to her aid; and she resolved upon obeying the secret impulse which was every moment becoming paramount above the alternatives of obedience or disobedience. It was growing irresistible!

"If his spirit may appear to any one, it will be certain to appear to *me*," she said to herself. "If so, better meet the apparition at once, than live in constant terror of beholding it draw aside the bed curtains or emerge from the obscurity of some corner in this room. But if not, then shall I indeed smile at the fears which have crept upon me—and they will revisit me no more."

These reflections, to which she could not have possibly been led in the broad day-light, were natural enough at the hour of night, when influences unknown in the sunshine exercise their mystic and indomitable sway. Lady Saxondale hastened to throw on some additional clothing; and taking the lamp in her hand, she issued from the room. She paused just outside the threshold to assure herself that the household had retired to rest and that all was still within the castle—and hearing no sound, she passed onward through the passages and corridors leading to the western side of the edifice. In a few minutes she reached that corridor whence the chapel opened; and here she stopped short suddenly, saying to herself, "The feeling that has brought me hither argues a greater weakness than the vague terror which first gave rise to it."

She was about to retrace her way: but no—she could not. An irresistible impulse urged her on; and in a sort of desperation, she said, "Yes, I will proceed, if it be only to convince myself that I have the courage to do so!"

She accordingly opened the chapel-door; and though it was the middle of summer, the place struck chill to her flesh, lightly clad as she was. She advanced a few paces, and then paused to listen and to look around. All was still—and no object of terror met her eyes. Through the open arched entrance her looks plunged into the cloister: but the light of the lamp did not penetrate far enough to develop in shapely outline the objects it contained: they looked like things darker than the darkness which enveloped them. She glanced towards the vestiary, and a shudder passed through her frame—while her countenance, already pale, grew paler still. But it was not that she saw anything to alarm her: for she did not. The door was shut—and all was silence, and stillness, and immoveability around.

She made a step forward to approach that vestiary; but with another cold shudder—a dread abhorrence for that spot—she turned aside and passed into the cloister. Now she was amidst the tombs, and in the presence of that colossal figure of black marble representing a warrior in complete armour with the visor closed,—the stone effigy of the founder of the proud race of Saxondale! Her ladyship was not a woman to tremble before this cold inanimate form; and she remained gazing upon it, as it stood there in its life-like attitude with the left hand upon the hip and the right arm extended towards the door. She even felt the proud satisfaction of proving her own courage by lingering thus in that place of tombs and in the presence of that marble man. At length she turned away; and now with a firmer step, a stronger compression of the lips, and a more daring spirit of research, she approached the vestiary. Without hesitation—without even allowing herself to pause, lest her fortitude should fail her—she at once opened the door. As the huge portal moved slowly upon its hinges, the light of the lamp which she carried in her hand threw its beams into the place; and then, with a still unflinching boldness, she crossed the threshold.

But, Ah! how was it that the lamp fell not from her hand?—for at the instant her blood all seemed

to curdle in her veins—the pulsations of her heart stood still—and an appalling consternation seized spell-like upon her. A form in human shape was stretched upon the huge oaken chest wherein the silver plate of the altar and the garments of the priests were wont to be kept in the Catholic period of that chapel's existence. But only for an instant lasted the superstitious nature of her horror:—transient as any human feeling can be, it was succeeded by another though scarcely less fearful species of consternation, as she recognised in that recumbent sleeping figure the unmistakable form and features of Chiffin the Cannibal!

CHAPTER LV.

THE VESTIARY OF THE CHAPEL.

LADY SAXONDALE'S first impulse was to fly—to raise an alarm—and to have the villain arrested: but all in a moment the light of the lamp flashing upon his eyes, awoke him—and he started up. He had slept with a loaded pistol by his side, which he instinctively clutched and presented at her ladyship, so that she still remained petrified with horror: but immediately recognising her, he lowered the weapon, and giving vent to a subdued chuckling laugh, said in his usual growling tone, "Why, what on earth brings you here, ma'am, at this hour?"

Lady Saxondale, recovering somewhat of her presence of mind, glanced around to assure herself that the ruffian had no companions with him; and perceiving that he was alone, she grew more courageous—so that it was even with a return of her accustomed haughtiness of look and manner, that she said, "Rather should I ask how dare *you* set foot within these walls?"

"For want of a better home at the present," replied Chiffin, as coolly as if there were not the slightest cause for alarm on his own account: and indeed such was his conviction.

"But what is to prevent me from summoning my domestics and handing you over to the grasp of justice?" demanded Lady Saxondale, wishing to ascertain the precise grounds of the man's self-sufficiency: for she could not help seeing that he considered her to be to a certain extent in his power.

"What should prevent you?" he said: "why, several things, to be sure—and I dare say you ain't far off from guessing some of 'em."

"Name them," rejoined Lady Saxondale, abruptly: for the terrible suspicion flashed to her mind that perhaps Madge Somers had betrayed her secret to the Cannibal, although the woman had positively sworn to her ladyship in the morning of that day, at Saxondale House, that she had treasured it closely in her own breast until it was inveigled from her by Juliana—but that to Juliana alone had she ever mentioned it.

"Name them—eh?" echoed the Cannibal. "Well, in the first place, it was rather a rum thing the way that my friend and employer Mr. Ralph Farefield——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, starting as if a viper had suddenly plunged its fangs into her leg: and then she glanced instinctively towards the door leading down to the subterranean vaults.

"Oh! then you didn't know that me and Mr Farefield was intimate?" said the Cannibal: "but such was the case. I should have thought Madge Somers would have mentioned that circumstance to your ladyship. I told her all about it one night not very long ago; and as of course I know she's been in communication with your ladyship, I thought she might have spoke on that subject."

"She never did," observed Lady Saxondale, with nervous petulance. "Do you know why she has been in communication with me?"—and she fixed her eyes earnestly upon the Cannibal.

"Why, I suppose because she saved your son's life that night up at her cottage—for what reason though I never could tell, as I shouldn't have spared him—and that's the truth."

"Yes, yes—you are right," said Lady Saxondale hastily. "That is the reason why the woman Somers asserts a claim upon my gratitude:"—and with a secret feeling of indescribable relief and satisfaction she mentally added, "He does *not* know the secret. Madge has proved faithful."

"Well, but as I was saying," resumed Chiffin, "wasn't it rather suspicious that Mr. Farefield should have met his death in so queer a way? It isn't likely he went down into that vault and drowned himself of his own accord: he wasn't the man to do it—particklar as when the old lord was dead, there was only the bantling betwixt Ralph and the title as well as the estate—and he knowed that I was ready to lend him a helping hand in the matter. But to tell your ladyship the truth, I never had any suspicion that Ralph met his death by foul means—I always thought it was an accident—till t'other night, when I took the little liberty of introducing myself to your ladyship at Saxondale House by the aid of a skeleton key and a crow-bar: for them's generally my letters of introduction."

"And why, on that night, did you begin to think otherwise concerning Mr. Farefield's death?" asked Lady Saxondale, pale and motionless as a statue, but her eyes burning like living coals as she kept them fixed upon the Cannibal.

"Because it struck me when I come to think of it afterwards," replied the man, with a look of sardonic significancy, "that for a lady to have that scent-bottle filled with stupifying stuff was a queer thing enow; and that if she had it, it could only be to use it—and that if she was bold enough to use it, it couldn't be for the very best of purposes. So putting two and two together, and remembering that your ladyship might have had good reasons for putting Mr. Ralph Farefield out of the way nineteen years ago——"

"You dare not throw such an accusation at me!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale.

"Ah! but I do though—and within the last few minutes your own conduct has confirmed the suspicion."

"My conduct?" echoed her ladyship in mingled astonishment and alarm; for she was at a loss to conjecture the man's meaning, but feared that she had unknowingly committed herself.

"Why, the moment I spoke of Mr. Ralph Farefield, you turned round and looked at that door behind you," answered Chiffin, with a still more satanic significancy of look than he had ere now worn. "Where does that door lead to? Down into the vaults. And what have the vaults got

to do with Ralph Farefield? Why, that he was drowned there. And if you hadn't a knowed this, why should you turn round so sudden and in such a quirky manner towards that door?"

"I did not—it is false—it is a mistake!" cried Lady Saxondale vehemently: but horrible distress was mingled with her impetuous excitement.

"Ah! but I say you did though," retorted Chiffin, "and you can't deceive me. If you knowed that Ralph Farefield met his death *there*, you must have had something to do with it; for if you had nothing at all to do with his death, you wouldn't have knowed he was there at all or how he died. That's as plain as possible. The world never knowed it: it was never put in the paper: all that was said was that he disappeared suddenly, and was supposed to have fled the country on account of his debts. But me and some pals of mine discovered him down there—fished him up—and sold him to a doctor."

Lady Saxondale gave an involuntary groan as the hideous, horrible, awful conviction was forced upon her that the deeds of the dreadful man who was in her presence had so mysteriously yet closely linked themselves with circumstances or associations belonging to her own career. Oh! to recall the past! But no: it was impossible. Was she—the proud, the haughty, the brilliant Lady Saxondale—constrained to linger here in discourse with the foulest of foul specimens of humanity? Yes—such was the necessity to which the dark incidents of her life had brought her: and therefore that groan—Oh! it expressed a world of horrible feelings, all conveyed through one deep, involuntary, hollow sound!

"Come, come, ma'am," said Chiffin, with coarse familiarity—and now the patrician lady shuddered from head to foot,—"don't take on so just because we're chatting over past things. You see that some events which happened in my life is pretty near connected with some of your'n. Well, I've fathomed

all about Ralph Farefield's business—and *that* is one reason why you won't attempt to do me a mischief. Another reason is——"

Lady Saxondale started convulsively: it was a movement the abruptness of which, and accompanied as it was by another anguished look, seemed to say, "What more, in heaven's name, can he know?"

"Another reason is," continued the Cannibal, observing the effect of his words, but taking a savage delight in showing the great titled lady how completely she was in his power—or at least how much he considered her to be,—"another reason why your ladyship wouldn't find it convenient to quarrel with me, and why you needn't talk again of calling up the servants, because you won't do anything of the sort——"

"But that reason?" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, again speaking vehemently and impetuously: for the anguish she endured was crucifixion itself.

"Why, because as I heard a *few* days back in London, there was that housekeeper of your's—— There! see how you start again——why, you're as pale as death——"

"Monster!" muttered Lady Saxondale between her set teeth: but her frame was quivering all over, and visibly too.

"What did you say?" growled Chiffin, with a ferocious leer. "Something not over polite, I dare say. But no matter. I'm precious tough, and can bear hard names—'specially when I know the lady which utters them is so nice and comfortable in my power. But as I was saying, there was that housekeeper of your'n, which died so sudden. Was there nothing queer about *that?* It struck me so at the time: for a lady which has such excellent stupifying stuff in her possession, perhaps knows what poison is:—or else, may be, that same stuff poured down the throat, will do the job in a twinkling."

"Enough of all this!" said Lady Saxondale in a low hollow voice. "You *must* know that you are inventing the most detestable calumnies——"

"I'm afeard you would have some trouble to prove 'em so before the beak at the Old Bailey," was Chiffin's cool response. "Why—do you think I've got no eyes? It was but a random sort of a shot that I fired when I talked about the housekeeper—just a suspicion that had been hovering in my mind: but the shot took effect nevertheless—it hit home, and you felt it."

"Enough, I say!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, now stamping her foot with passionate excitement. "What are you doing here? why have you concealed yourself in this place? There is already a suspicion of something rife amongst the servants——"

"Ah! then I suppose I was twigged yesterday by that hulking footman," observed Chiffin, with a coarse laugh. "I rather suspected that he thought he saw something: but I slipped down the steps there, and hid myself. I dare say you think to yourself what a pity it was he didn't draw the bolt and lock me in: but I don't throw away chances like that:"—and as he thus spoke, the Cannibal produced from his pocket his housebreaking implements,—adding, "There's never a door in all England that I wouldn't open somehow or another."

"No matter! Tell me what you are doing here. You must depart. I know you will ask me for gold:"—and Lady Saxondale spoke with feverish rapidity. "Well, I will give you some. Tell me what you require——Be moderate however: for I departed somewhat hurriedly from London, and have brought but slender resources with me."

"Wait a moment," said Chiffin. "After what I know of your ladyship, I needn't be over nice or stop to mince matters about myself. It's all very well to tell me to be off from this place; but how do I know that I shan't be running into the lion's mouth?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the mistress of the castle hastily.

"I mean that as London might be rather too hot to hold me, I trudged off—got a lift down by the coach—and determined to take up my quarters here for a short time. I knowed that half the place was shut up; and wanting a little country air, I thought I couldn't do better than fix my quarters here. It didn't strike me that those flunkeys and ringletted damsels of your's would come to dust and air all the rooms; and so I was nearly being surprised. And I didn't think either, that I should have the honour and pleasure of seeing your ladyship so soon. Howsumever, in one word, whether I go or stay just depends on what they say in London upon a certain business. By the bye, you don't happen to have this morning's newspaper with you?"

"What do you mean? to what is all this to lead?" demanded Lady Saxondale, with less excitement and with more courage than before: for she was getting accustomed to the horror of the present interview.

"Why, I mean is my name mentioned in any queerish kind of way in connexion with a little bit of a job——"

"Ah!" ejaculated her ladyship, recoiling with a dread loathing as the recollection of the barberous murder on the canal, of which her son had first spoken to her, but of which she had subsequently read, now flashed to her mind.

"Stop! don't go away!" cried the Cannibal, thinking that she was about to beat a retreat. "We hav'n't done our business yet. Will you answer me the question I've put? for the longer you delay, the longer you will be kept here."

"Was that your dreadful work?" inquired Lady Saxondale, gasping with horror as she looked upon the perpetrator of the hideous crime to which she was alluding: for whatever her own guilt might really have been, she was accustomed to contemplate *herself*, and therefore recoiled not from such self-contemplation: but from *another* who was deeply immersed in the blackest iniquities, she did recoil.

"What—the canal scene? Yes: if you must have it in plain terms, it was my business. And let me thank your ladyship for the use of the stupifying stuff, which did me good service on the occasion. They meant to do for me; but I done for them instead. But now, one word. Is there a hue and cry? is it knowed? am I suspected?"

"No—I declare solemnly *no*, if I may judge from what I have heard and what I have read," answered Lady Saxondale. "Your name has never been mentioned in connexion with the deed. But now, will you depart? Say but the word, and I will give you means if you lack them."

"Well, since your ladyship tells me that I am

safe, and that there's no hue and cry, I will take myself off. So if you have got a loose hundred or so that you don't know what to do with, you may give them to me. But mind—I am a good kind of fellow in my way; and so if ever your ladyship has any business you want done, just let me know. I'm always to be heard of at the sign of the *Billy Goat* in Agar Town, London. That's where I used to meet Ralph Farefield years back. A note directed to Mr. Chiffin—you needn't 'squire me—under cover to Mr. Solomon Patch, will be sure to reach me; and as I'm not likely to give up business altogether in my present way, even though I took a public or what not, as I have been thinking of, I shall always be ready to attend to your ladyship's orders. I want some good customers."

A horrible thought flashed through the mind of Lady Saxondale at the moment. Her daughter Juliana, recently become the object of her direst hatred, and in possession of a secret the revelation of which would at any moment create a terrific explosion, cover her with ignominy, and bring down the whole fabric of her plans with a terrific crash,—Juliana might be removed from her path, and before her was a wretch who would perform the deed! But no: Lady Saxondale could not induce her tongue to give utterance to the words which nevertheless trembled upon it; and it was with a strong revulsion of feeling that she resisted the temptation and triumphed over the idea of this new and stupendous crime.

"What is your ladyship hesitating for?" asked Chiffin. "Was you thinking whether there isn't some nice little business I might manage to do? If so, you needn't be nice about it. I dare say you can pay well; and there's nothing I wouldn't do for money. The next time you want to get rid of any body, a flooded vault mayn't be handy; and it would excite suspicion to have another sudden death like that of your old housekeeper. It must be a different sort of game—a knife across the throat, for instance: and as your ladyship's delicate hand mightn't like to do it, this here hand of mine is less particklar."

"For heaven's sake, silence! You are heaping horrors upon horrors!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, with an ice-cold shudder shooting through her frame: and again she succeeded in putting away the temptation to commit another crime. "Remain here—and I will fetch you the gold you require."

"Well, be quick then, if you mean me to be off."

Lady Saxondale sped away from the horrible presence of the Cannibal, and stole back to her chamber, with what feelings may be better imagined than described. Opening her writing-desk, she took forth a number of bank-notes and a quantity of gold: but as she was about to leave the room again, she felt so sudden a sensation of sickness and faintness come upon her, that she staggered and almost fell. She sought the toilet-table—filled a tumbler with water—and as the limpid draught was poured down her throat, it seemed to hiss as if passing over red-hot iron, so parched was that throat of hers! Refreshed however with the beverage, she gathered up the notes and gold in one hand, took the lamp in the other, and retraced her way to the chapel, in the vestiary of which she had left the ruffian intruder.

"Here," she said, "take this—and for heaven's sake be gone. If you are found within these walls I could do nothing to save you from being handed over to the grasp of justice."

"Well, you behave handsome enough, and I won't bother you by staying here:"—but as Chiffin spoke these words, he thought to himself that from that time forth Lady Saxondale should prove the source of a handsome annuity for him. "Now, which way do you mean me to leave the castle?"

"Doubtless," answered the lady impatiently, "you are better able to decide that point than I."

"Leave it to me, then. One of them windows overlooking the river is the best plan: for I suppose you don't want me to follow your ladyship all through the inhabited part of the castle down to the front gate?"

"Not for worlds!" cried Lady Saxondale.

Chiffin bade her lead the way with the lamp; and quitting the chapel, they entered the nearest tapestried room. From one of the windows in this apartment the Cannibal lowered himself by the aid of a tree, the trunk of which grew out of the bed of the river itself, and whose enormous branches reached up to the casement whence he now departed.

"Don't forget the *Billy Goat* in Agar Town," whispered Chiffin, as he paused for a moment on the bough to which he had just passed forth.

"No, no," was Lady Saxondale's hurried response. "Away, away with you!"

"All right," responded the Cannibal. "Your ladyship needn't wait any longer!"—and he began to climb down the tree.

Lady Saxondale closed the window, and hastened back to her own apartment. There she sat down in a kind of bewilderment, scarcely knowing whether all that had just passed was a reality or a dream: but gradually as her ideas became collected, her thoughts disentangling themselves from the confusion into which they had been thrown, she shuddered with indescribable horror at the quick retrospection which she cast over her interview with Chiffin. Good heavens! how completely was she in that miscreant's power! With a breath he could destroy her. These were her first and most natural reflections: but as she became still more tranquillised, her view of the subject changed; and gathering courage, she said to herself, "No! Coward, idiot that I was—I should have dared him! Who would believe any accusation from such foul lips as his against Lady Saxondale? The conduct of my whole life, as the world has read it, would give a denial to his averments and stamp them as the most odious calumnies. No: I am *not* in his power: it is ridiculous—it is absurd! And yet I am not sorry, after all," she continued in her musings, "that this meeting has taken place. It is as well to know where such a ready instrument of crime as that man is, may be found. Who can tell how soon I may need his succour? Dangers are gathering around me: I feel that it is so. I feel also that I must either succumb, or else with one bold stroke sweep from my path all who can interfere with my views, coerce, or intimidate me. Yes: it is as well to have learnt where that man is to be found. It is likewise as well to have assured myself that no phantom from the dead haunts the chapel, but that it was a living being of flesh and blood. But, Oh! what a being—what a monster!"

And again did a cold shudder pass through the frame of Lady Saxondale. But she no longer delayed to seek her couch; and though slumber soon fell upon her eyes, yet were the dreams that haunted her of a character to render that sleep but little refreshing.

On the following morning there were all kinds of rumours current throughout the castle. Some of the domestics who had sat up in their rooms awhile ere seeking their beds, had been startled and affrighted by beholding lights glimmering from the windows of the passage on the opposite or western side of the quadrangle; and some labourers who had returned home at a somewhat late hour, their way lying on the other side of the Trent, had also seen lights, from one of the chapel-windows as well as from the casements of the tapestry-chamber next to that chapel. Some portion of the domestics, who were not inclined to superstitious beliefs, put no faith in these statements: but the great majority—of course including those who had seen the lights—were firmly convinced that the western side of the castle was haunted.

When Juliana heard all these things, she smiled contemptuously: for she was no believer in the supernatural. But Lady Saxondale treated the matter in a more serious way,—indignantly rebuking the servants for what she was pleased to term "their silly fears." *She* could indeed well afford to do this, as she had no difficulty in explaining the mystery of the lights which had been seen glimmering from the passage, the chapel, and the tapestry-room on the western side of the castle.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE ELOPEMENT.

We must now return to Constance Fairfield, whom we left at the moment she fled so precipitately, closely followed by the faithful Mary-Anne. In pursuance of the rapidly-whispered instructions given by her sister Juliana, she turned into the next street; and there she beheld a chaise waiting, with the Marquis of Villebelle standing near, anxiously expecting her arrival. She flew towards him: some hurried words of endearment were uttered by both, as he caught her hand and assisted her into the vehicle. He made Mary-Anne enter next: then, having given his orders to the driver, he himself leapt in—and the chaise drove away. Quickly did it dash through the streets in the direction of London Bridge—traversing which, it bore the fugitives to the station of the Dover Railway. Fortunately a train was about to start: three first-class tickets were at once obtained; and a fee to the guard procured the accommodation of a compartment entirely to themselves. The bell rang—the doors of the carriages were closed in rapid succession—the shrill whistle blew—and away the train started.

Constance could scarcely believe that it was otherwise than a dream. To be thus emancipated from the rigid coercion of her mother—to be seated by the side of him whom she loved so well—and to have so suddenly as it were abandoned home, the world, the opinion of society and everything, for this one being in whom all her hopes were now centred,—all these constituted a gush of incidents appearing more like a fantastic vision of the night than a positive reality enacted in the broad daytime. But so it was: and Constance, throwing herself into the arms of the Marquis, wept for joy. The discreet Mary-Anne pretended to be looking very hard out of the window at the time; and though the billing sound of kisses certainly met her ears, yet she did not regard the fond embraces in which the lovers indulged.

When the first ebullition of feelings had thus found vent, the Marquis and Constance began to converse upon the plans which the former had already settled and digested in his own mind. So confident had been the hopes held out of the success of the stratagem devised for the emancipation of Constance, that the Marquis had made such arrangements as to permit his prompt departure from London in the manner just described: he had brought his trunks with him, and had taken out the requisite passports for himself, Constance, and Mary-Anne—and therefore proposed that they should make the best of their way to Paris, there to be united by the Chaplain of the British Ambassador. As in a whispering voice he thus communicated his plans to Constance, she listened with fond interest: but when he named the place where this marriage was to be solemnised for the satisfaction of her own scruples, she was struck by something like a presentiment of evil: for she recollected that it was *there* her beloved Etienne had five years back been so mysteriously united to a lady who was yet alive. The Marquis instantaneously comprehended the meaning of that sudden start which Constance gave, and why the colour forsook her cheeks, and why she flung upon him an almost frightened, deprecating regard: but he soothed her fears by the assurance that even if it were the same Chaplain, and if he recollected him, yet that the simple averment that the former Marchioness of Villebelle was dead would be sufficient to allay all scruples.

"And dead she is to me, as she has ever been from the moment of our marriage," whispered the Marquis in his fair companion's ear. "She herself will never claim me—never molest us. We have nothing to fear upon that head. Besides, dearest Constance, the moment our hands are united in Paris, we shall away to Madrid; and many, many years may elapse ere we seek the English shores again."

Now the young maiden's tears began to fall fast. She was reassured as to her transient alarm that their proposed union might experience some obstacle in the French metropolis: but she thought of the prospect of a long, long absence from the land of her birth and the sister whom she loved so well! For Edmund she certainly did not weep: neither had she any tears for her mother, smarting as she still was under the keen sense of Lady Saxondale's harsh conduct: but towards Juliana her mental looks were reverted with mingled longings and regrets. The Marquis of Villebelle understood the meaning of these tears; and fondly did he kiss them away from the damask cheeks down which they were flowing—so that Constance once more threw her arms about his neck, murmuring, "Pardon this transitory weakness! It is not that I repent

the step I have taken. No, no: it is my destiny—and I accept it with cheerfulness."

It was in the middle of the day that the train reached Dover. Totally ignorant as they were of what had ensued immediately after the flight of Constance,—and not for an instant conjecturing that Lady Saxondale had in very spite, as well as in the morbid state of her feelings, quitted London all the same,—the travellers were fearful of pursuit. For might not Lady Saxondale reason with herself that the Marquis being a Frenchman, it was natural enough for him to elope with his fair companion to his own native country;—and they therefore saw that if a chase were really instituted in any direction, it would be in that which they had taken. This calculation had not from the first escaped the Marquis: but he had no alternative in respect to the route he thus took, inasmuch as his diplomatic appointment would be forfeited if he did not hasten to his post. Thus, with the fear of pursuit before their eyes, the travellers determined not to put up at any of the first-rate hotels in Dover, but to procure accommodation at some inferior though respectable tavern, the better to elude any inquiries that in the course of the day might be instituted in the town. For be it understood that they were compelled to remain in Dover until the following morning, there being no more steam-packets to leave during the day of their arrival.

On inquiring at the railway station where they alighted for such a tavern as would answer their purpose, they were recommended to the *Admiral's Head;* and thither did they accordingly repair. For precaution's sake the Marquis had put no name upon his boxes; and thus, beyond mere personal description, there was no very positive clue to their discovery in Dover. As they repaired to the tavern, they settled upon the feigned names which they should adopt while there,—the Marquis taking a French one, and Constance an English one: for as a matter of course they did not as yet pass as a married couple, and the difference of the nations to which they belonged prevented them from representing themselves as brother and sister. Indeed, it was arranged for the sake of delicacy and discretion that Mary-Anne should for the time being cease to be regarded as a mere domestic, but should be treated in the light of the friend of Constance, so that she might sit with them during the day in the same room, and occupy the same chamber with Constance at night.

They reached the *Admiral's Head*, whither the trunks were presently conveyed. The Marshalls received their guests with their wonted urbanity and attention; and while Kate—the handsome, joyous, merry-hearted Kate—conducted Constance and Mary-Anne up to a chamber that they might arrange their toilet after travelling, the Marquis took the opportunity to draw old Marshall aside and intimate to him that one of the young ladies who accompanied him was to honour him with her hand on their arrival in Paris, and that he should be much obliged if no inconvenient answers were given to any inquiries that might possibly be made during the afternoon or evening at the tavern. Old Marshall was thus given to understand that it was an elopement; and as the intimation was accompanied by five guineas which were slipped into his hand, he had no hesitation in promising "that the gentleman and ladies might make sure of his own discretion, and that of his family and servants, in the eventuality alluded to." The Marquis then ordered dinner to be served up presently, and ascended to the sitting-room allotted for the accommodation of himself and his companions.

When Kate Marshall descended into the bar-parlour, she found her father, her mother, and sisters talking of the guests who had just arrived at the house; and Kate was then informed of the intimation which the gentleman had given, and of the handsome present by which it was accompanied. She, in her turn, observed that the young lady with the fair hair was evidently of rank and station, but most amiable and affable—one who in a very few minutes would enlist the sympathies of those who came in contact with her. Thus was it that though perfect strangers to the Marshalls, our travellers had succeeded in making friends of them at once.

While they were yet conversing in the bar-parlour, a tall gentleman, somewhat past the middle age, and handsomely dressed, walked into the tavern, and desired to have a few minutes' private conversation with the landlord. This gentleman had been residing during the summer months at Dover, where he lived in excellent style with his wife and niece. He was a baronet—Sir John Marston by name. He had a florid complexion—bushy whiskers that were nearly gray—and at the first glance a certain frankness of look: but a closer regard would satisfy the observer that in the small gray eye and in the lines about the mouth there were the evidences of cunning and evil passions. The Marshalls knew him by sight, as also by name: but he had never before entered their establishment;—and the request that he made, in a somewhat peremptory way, for a private interview with the old man caused no little degree of astonishment. However, Mr. Marshall of course acceded to Sir John Marston's demand; and conducting him into a private room, awaited farther explanations.

"Do you know," inquired the baronet, glancing towards the door to assure himself that it was shut, "who the gentleman is that within the last quarter of an hour has arrived at your house?"

"What gentleman?" said Marshall, knowing very well who was meant, but not choosing to give a direct response.

"Why, the gentleman, to be sure, who came with two ladies—or I should rather say, judging by their looks, a lady and her maid."

"Ah! I believe we have some guests: but I didn't take any particular notice of them."

"Well, I *did* then," said the baronet: "and I waited in the street to see whether they meant to stay here. I saw a quantity of luggage arrive soon after; and therefore I felt assured that they do propose to remain. Now, it suits my purpose to ascertain why that lady is accompanying this gentleman——"

"I beg, sir," interrupted Marshall, "that you will not attempt any interference with persons in my house; and if you think that I am going to play the spy upon them, you are very much mistaken."

"But I shall reward you well for the service I require of you," exclaimed the baronet, drawing out his purse and now condescending to a sort of familiar and coaxing tone.

"I don't take bribes," was Marshall's bluff reply.

for he was straightforward and honest after his own fashion—and having accepted the five guineas from his guest for a particular purpose, he would not have been tempted by fifty from the baronet to betray the confidence reposed in him.

"You surely cannot be so blind to your own interests?" urged Sir John Marston. "I tell you that it is of the greatest consequence to me to ascertain——"

"I beg, sir, that our interview may end here," interrupted old Marshall, in a resolute tone and with determined look.

"Well then," exclaimed the baronet, drawing himself haughtily up, and resuming the demeanour of a superior towards an inferior, "take up this card to the Marquis of Villebelle——for *that* is the real name of your guest, whatever he may call himself here——and tell him that I request an immediate interview. It is for his own interest that I am acting," added Sir John, perceiving that the old landlord hesitated to comply with his request.

"Mind you, sir," responded Marshall, "I don't know whether the gentleman up-stairs is a Frenchman or an Englishman—for he speaks English as well as you do: neither do I know anything about his being a Marquis: but I rather think he is nothing but a plain Mr. So, if you are wrong in supposing that you know the gentleman, you will of course take as final any answer he may send down to you."

"I will," was the baronet's emphatic reply. "This much I promise you. Take up my card."

Still old Marshall hesitated: but after some reflection he thought he had better do the baronet's bidding, particularly as the latter had assured him that it was entirely in the interest of the gentleman up-stairs. He therefore quitted the room where this interview took place, closing the door behind him. On issuing forth, he perceived his wife and daughters looking out of the bar-parlour in evident suspense as to what the mysterious interview could have been about. He therefore at once proceeded to join them, and in a few hurried words explained what had occurred. A rapid consultation was held, for all the Marshalls were entirely enlisted in favour of their guests up-stairs; but it was at length decided that the card should be delivered. Old Marshall was however one of those men who disliked missions of this sort; and he therefore delegated his elder daughter Kate to perform the task for him. This she cheerfully undertook; and with the card in her hand, ascended to the apartment where the Marquis of Villebelle, Constance, and Mary-Anne were seated.

Entering the room and closing the door behind her, Miss Marshall said, "If you please, sir, a gentleman has called who pretends that he knows you. He has sent up his card, and requests an immediate interview."

The Marquis received the card—glanced at the name—and immediately turned pale. Constance, who had anticipated something wrong the moment Kate began to speak, threw an anxious look of inquiry at her lover. The Marquis, having almost immediately recovered his self-possession, hastily whispered to Constance, "Do not be frightened:"—and then turning towards Kate, he said, "Tell me whether the gentleman who gave you this card has asked any questions. Pray be candid."

"I will, sir," responded Kate: and she then proceeded to explain what had taken place between her father and Sir John Marston, not forgetting to state that the former had refused the latter's proffered bribe,—a fact which Kate merely mentioned for the purpose of letting the lovers know that her family entertained friendly feelings towards them, and would rather assist than mar their plans.

"You may tell Sir John Marston to come up," said Villebelle, after a few moments' hesitation.

Kate Marshall accordingly quitted the room; and the Marquis immediately said to Constance in a low hurried voice, as he clasped her to his breast, "You must now prepare for a scene that may perhaps excite you: but acquainted as you are with all the incidents of my past life, there is nothing more that you have to learn——unless it be the names of those individuals—you know to whom I allude—I mean in the affair of my former so-called marriage. Take courage, Constance: there is no power to separate us, if you yourself be firm."

"Oh! that assurance has cheered me!" replied the young lady, with tears on her cheeks, but a smile playing upon her lips.

"And now," added the Marquis, in a hurried whisper, "go and prepare Mary-Anne for whatsoever may happen——I mean in case those revelations with which you are already acquainted, should transpire during the coming interview."

Constance pressed her lover's hand, and glided across the room to place herself by the side of Mary-Anne, who was discreetly seated at the farther extremity: for the apartment was a large one. Almost immediately afterwards the door opened; and Sir John Marston entered the room. Constance threw upon him a quick glance to see whether she recognised him as one whom she had ever met in society: but he appeared a total stranger to her. Then she looked towards the Marquis, and saw that he had drawn himself up to his full height, and with a calm demeanour bowed coldly to the baronet. The latter seemed somewhat excited, although it was evident that he endeavoured as much as possible to conceal his agitation beneath a haughty reserve. Looking back to assure himself that Kate Marshall, who escorted him up to the room, had closed the door behind him, he said, fixing his eyes with significant earnestness upon the Marquis, "It is necessary that I should speak to you alone."

"No, Sir John Marston," replied Villebelle; "whatever you may have to say must be spoken here in the presence of us all."

"Surely," responded the baronet, "you cannot be serious in what you say?"—and he glanced towards the corner where Constance and Mary-Anne were seated.

"I am most serious," returned the Marquis in a firm voice.

"Then perhaps I have laboured under a misapprehension as to the footing on which this young lady"—again glancing towards Constance—"stands in respect to yourself?"

"If the idea you have formed upon the subject be an honourable one in respect to this young lady, it is correct: but if the idea be a dishonourable one," added the Marquis, "it is most erroneous—and I hasten to dispel it."

"It is then as I thought," observed Sir John Marston. "In plain terms, it is an elopement—and

this young lady entertains the hope of becoming the Marchioness of Villebelle."

The Marquis coldly bowed an assent.

"My lord," at once resumed Sir John Marston, "you surely will not compel me to push this unpleasant business any farther? The moment I saw that young lady in company with your lordship, I penetrated the object which you had in view: it was scarcely possible to mistake it:—for the young lady will not be offended with me if I observe that there is something in her appearance and her whole demeanour which to the man of the world at once forbids the entertainment of a dishonouring idea."

"Well, sir, I understand what you mean," said the Marquis. "It occurred to you that this lady is accompanying me to France to honour me with her hand? You see that I am not afraid to speak out. There is no necessity for disguise. It is as you say."

"But is it possible that this young lady," exclaimed the baronet, now becoming as much bewildered as agitated, "is acquainted with certain particulars——your exact position, I mean——"

"She is, sir," responded the Marquis. "From her own lips may you hear the confirmation of my averment, if you choose."

"Then there is indeed no necessity for disguise," quickly observed the baronet. "Madam," he added, advancing towards Constance, "you are aware that you are about to bestow your hand upon a person who is already married—that therefore the ceremony can be but the veriest mockery so far as you yourself are concerned—and that in respect to the Marquis himself it will subject him to the penalties attendant upon bigamy."

Constance felt much distressed at having the matter thus put in so plain and pointed a style; and although it assumed no more serious aspect than it had previously worn to her knowledge, yet it wounded her keenest sensibilities to have it thus submitted in so cold, deliberate, and business-like a manner to her contemplation. But conquering her emotions, she said, "I beg, sir, that you will address none of your observations to me. As a perfect stranger, you have no right to control my actions:"—and then averting her head, she spoke aside to Mary-Anne.

"It is impossible that this affair can be allowed to proceed," resumed Sir John Marston, again turning to Villebelle. "You are already married—and your wife is alive. It was but yesterday I received documentary proof of this fact. Here," continued the Baronet, producing a paper from his pocket, "is a receipt for a certain quarterly allowance which she enjoys, and which receipt was duly forwarded to me by my agent in London. Do you dispute the fact? do you doubt it?" he demanded emphatically.

"I neither dispute nor doubt it," responded the Marquis: "for within the last few weeks I myself have seen the lady to whom you allude. But to show you the value she attaches to the marriage-ceremony which took place between us five years ago, here is the certificate—here also are other documents connected therewith—all of which she spontaneously surrendered up to me. Wishing to be free herself, she has cheerfully done her utmost to emancipate me from the same bonds of thraldom which she threw off."

"Ah! she has done this?" ejaculated Sir John Marston becoming very pale: then, as the colour rushed back to his cheeks with the excitement of rage, he exclaimed, "No, no—I do not believe it! You have possessed yourself by foul means of those documents! Or else they are forgeries which you have prepared, the better to silence the scruples of your intended victim!"—and now he pointed direct towards Miss Constance Farefield.

"Sir John Marston," exclaimed the Marquis of Villebelle, "dare to address me in that language again, and I shall fling the lie in your teeth. Nay, more—you may consider that I do so now. And there is the door. Depart!"

"One word," said the baronet exercising a strong effort over his feelings. "You may possess the marriage-certificate—you may possess other documents connected therewith—but still the marriage remains the same. It is registered at the Ambassador's chapel in Paris; and so long as that record does exist, is the marriage binding and valid—unless indeed a special law should dissolve it. Now, understand me well! I will keep close watch upon you—I will follow you and this young lady whithersoever you may go—and if you dare attempt to obtain the solemnisation of a marriage-ceremony with her, I will stand forward to forbid its progress. Ah! I have terrified you now—and you begin to perceive that the matter is indeed more serious than you would appear to think it."

"Oh, Sir John Marston!" exclaimed Constance, now advancing, her hands clasped in earnest entreaty, "wherefore interfere with us thus? Your threatened conduct will amount to a bitter persecution——exposure, disgrace, and ruin will follow ——Oh! sir, I beseech you not to be thus cruel—thus merciless. Join your entreaties to mine, Etienne," she cried, clinging to the arm of her lover.

"No, Constance, I will not entreat," responded the Marquis with firm look and decisive tone. "If Sir John Marston pushes this affair to extremes, he must account to the world—account also to the tribunals of justice——"

"Beware, my lord: you touch upon the threshold of the secret which you have sworn not to betray!"

"A secret, Etienne?" echoed Constance, with a sudden glance of suspicion and reproachfulness at her lover.

"Sir John Marston merely alludes to the names of those who were interested in that marriage," was Villebelle's quick response. "Constance, I have deceived you in nothing. I have told you everything except those names;—and you yourself can tell Sir John Marston the assurance which I gave you—that I honoured the secret in respect to those names—that I deemed it inviolable—and that I did not even betray it to you."

"Let the names transpire if you will," exclaimed the baronet, with ill-suppressed fury: "I will prevent this second marriage at all risks——by heaven, I will!"

Thus speaking, he turned abruptly away—drew open the door violently—and was about to rush out of the room, when he stopped suddenly short, exclaiming, "Ah! have we spies here?"—for he had caught sight of the retreating form of Kate Marshall as she flitted away from the vicinage of the door.

"Spies?" ejaculated the Marquis, disdainfully. "If there be any, they are in your employment."

The baronet said not another word, but hurried down stairs. In the passage below he met old Marshall, to whom he said in an angry voice, "Do you permit your daughters to play the part of eavesdroppers towards your guests?"

The old man made no reply, but turning on his heel, passed into the bar-parlour—and the baronet quitted the house.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE MISSIVE AND THE RESPONSE.

It was perfectly true that Kate Marshall had been listening at the door of the room in which the preceding interview took place. It was not through any impertinent curiosity; but because she had naturally apprehended some unpleasant scene: for although Sir John Marston had declared that it was entirely in the interest of the Marquis he had called, yet the shrewd keen-sighted Kate had not failed to observe that the French nobleman (as she now knew him to be) turned pale and looked agitated the moment the baronet's card was put into his hand. She therefore suspected that Sir John Marston's visit was not altogether of so friendly a character as he had wished to make it appear; and having had all her sympathies enlisted to an unaccountable degree on behalf of the lovers, she felt anxious to ascertain the nature of any impediment that might arise to interfere with the consummation of their happiness.

Kate had therefore listened: but as the conversation progressed within that room, it gradually assumed the form of a revelation to herself. Associating certain observations made by the Marquis and the Baronet, with a few circumstances already known to herself, she was enabled "to put two and two together," as the phrase is, and arrive at the solution of a mystery. Thus was it that as she listened she became more and more interested in what was taking place, and likewise found that she herself was being insensibly drawn in to play a part in the drama. The abrupt opening of the door by the baronet caused her to start away like a frightened deer; and not heeding the ejaculation of "Spies!" which burst from his lips, she sped upstairs to her own little private bed-chamber on the highest storey of the house.

In this room the reader has already on a former occasion seen the gay, good-humoured, and handsome Kate Marshall. The chamber was prettily fitted up, and had an elegant French time-piece standing upon a chest of drawers. In the roof was the little trap door of a foot square, kept shut by the very slight and flexible steel spring fixed underneath it. There was also the little tinkling bell—the rail a couple of feet below the trap door—and in a cupboard the food requisite for the beautiful breed of pigeons which Miss Marshall possessed.

Immediately upon entering this chamber, Kate sat down; and taking writing materials from a drawer, together with a manuscript book affording the special initial letter belonging to that particular date, she penned a note; and although to the uninitiated eye it would have seemed a mere jargon more incomprehensible than Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are nevertheless enabled to explain its meaning to our readers. The contents therefore of this billet were as follow:—

"DEAREST FRIEND,—The Marquis of Villebelle is here on his way to France with a young lady whom he proposes to make his wife. Sir John Marston threatens to follow them unceasingly, and forbid the ceremony wherever they may seek to have it performed. From the various remarks let fall by them, and from some few circumstances of your own life which you have on occasions mentioned to me, I have no difficulty in recognising your husband in the Marquis of Villebelle. What is to be done? or is anything to be done? Has the Marquis spoken truly that you have freed him to the extent of your power? I await your instructions.

"Your affectionate,

"C. M."

This note was penned in the most minute characters upon the tiniest piece of paper that would possibly serve for its contents. Kate folded it up in the smallest compass—tied a piece of silk round it—and then opening the trap-door, summoned her pigeons in a low, peculiar, but caressing tone of voice,—or rather with certain sweet melodious sounds sent forth from her charming lips. Three or four beautiful doves of the carrier-breed quickly answered her call, and perched upon the edge of the open trap-door. Her selection was promptly made; and extending her arm, the particular bird thus chosen at once hopped upon her wrist. Drawing it in, she closed the trap-door again—addressed the bird in fondling terms—and fastened the little billet under the right wing. Then she put the feathered messenger through the trap-door again. It at once soared up perpendicularly to a great height, so that for nearly a minute she kept it in view through that trap-door of only a foot square; and then she suddenly saw it dart off at a tangent in a north-western direction.

"If my fair friend be at home when the bird arrives," said Kate to herself, as she let the trap-door fly up again, "I shall receive an answer in a little more than a couple of hours."

She then descended to the bar-parlour, where she communicated to her parents and sisters all that she had overheard in the room occupied by her guests—the discovery she had thence made in respect to a certain intimate female friend—and the message she had just sent off by one of the carrier-pigeons. The Marshalls continued to discourse for some little time upon these matters: but it is not necessary to place their conversation upon record.

Meanwhile the Marquis of Villebelle had some difficulty in solacing his well-beloved Constance. The threats of Sir John Marston wore a very serious aspect to her mind. In short, she foresaw that if they were really carried out, they would have the effect of preventing any marriage-ceremony taking place at all;—and that he *would* persevere in his obstructive course, was to be inferred from the resolute tone and manner which he had adopted. But what was Constance to do? She felt that she was too seriously compromised to think of returning home: but on the other hand, if she remained with the Marquis, she feared that it could only be as his mistress. True, the marriage-ceremony could not be really looked upon as valid, if solemnised between them: but it would nevertheless be a means of appeasing her last scruples ere she abandoned herself

completely to her lover. We have already said that she was not so depraved as to be able all in a moment to make up her mind to accept the false and guilty position of a mistress, or to surrender her virtue in the intoxication of passion. Again and again therefore did she ask herself what she was to do; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Marquis could succeed in tranquillizing her.

He pleaded his love and his honourable intentions—deeply deplored that the latter should stand a chance of being frustrated by the threats of Sir John Marston—but besought that Constance would not think of leaving him. At the same time he declared his readiness to make any sacrifice in order to insure her peace of mind; and he placed his destiny entirely in her own hands. There was a deep sincerity in his words and an earnest tenderness in his manner, that could not fail to make a powerful impression upon Constance. She looked around, and read in Mary-Anne's countenance the course which the abigail would have her follow: namely, to persevere in accompanying the Marquis, and not for a moment think of retracing her way to London. When a woman of no strong virtuous principle, loves deeply,—passionately, adoringly, devotedly loves,—it requires no inordinate strength of argument and no very miraculous combination of circumstances to induce her to consult her own happiness in preference to all other considerations: and Constance was not likely to prove an exception to the rule. Still it was not however without many inward struggles—many impassioned outbursts of grief—many copious floods of tears—many sobs and many sighs, that she at length made up her mind; —and throwing her arms around her lover's neck, she murmured, "Yes, I will be thine—thine under any circumstances; thine now—and for ever!"

An hour had passed since Sir John Marston quitted the room; and Miss Constance Farefield was at length comparatively tranquillized. She had resolved how to act; and thus had surmounted the principal cause of agitation. She had resigned herself to the current of her destinies, and was therefore no longer tortured with battlings and strugglings against the whelming tide of passion which hurried her on. It is true that she had been compelled to stifle the last whisperings of virtuous compunction in her soul; and therefore if she were not altogether satisfied with herself, but was forced to banish farther reflection from her mind, she was at least composed, resolute, and determined.

Kate Marshall now made her appearance,—discreetly knocking at the door, however, before she entered the apartment; for she naturally suspected that the scene with Sir John Marston could have produced no very agreeable effect upon the lovers, especially on the young lady; and she did not wish to surprise them in the midst of tears and the pouring-forth of consolations. She was however immediately bidden to enter; and she was as much pleased as surprised to observe the composed demeanour of the young lady in whom she felt so considerable an interest.

She came to ask if they were ready to have dinner served up; and the Marquis, having replied in the affirmative, said, "By the bye, can you tell me what Sir John Marston meant just now by some ejaculation which he sent forth in respect to spies?"

"I suppose," answered Kate, who, as the reader has seen on former occasions, had a great deal of ready effrontery,—"I suppose it was because I happened to be passing along the landing at the time. But I did not condescend to give any answer to the accusation which that rude man had the impertinence to fling out against me."

"At all events," said the Marquis, with a smile, "I think from what we have seen of you, if you had overheard anything, you would rather render us a service than do us an injury."

"I would—I would," replied Kate, with a degree of emphasis that appeared also to have some deeper meaning in it.

She however immediately quitted the room, but presently returned accompanied by one of her sisters; and the two proceeded to lay the cloth for the repast that was now in readiness to be served up. The dinner was a good one; and although neither the Marquis nor Constance were much inclined to do justice to it, yet this was not the case with Mary-Anne, who failed not to convince the Miss Marshalls that she fully appreciated the culinary merits of the establishment. When she had superintended the placing of the dessert upon table, Kate ascended to her little chamber to watch for the arrival of the feathered messenger whom she expected with the response to the billet borne by her own faithful and intelligent dove.

The beautiful French time-piece on the chest of drawers indicated that two hours and a half had elapsed since Kate despatched the billet,—when suddenly the little bell tinkled—the trap-door sank down—and the expected feathered messenger was received on her outstretched arm. It was not the same bird which she had sent off: that one had been kept to repose itself at its place of destination; —but this was of the same breed and as beautiful as her own. Caressing it fondly, she at once gave it water, and then proceeded to detach the little billet which it bore beneath its wing. The contents of this scroll, as tiny as her own missive, may be thus interpreted:—

"DEAREST KATE,—The Marquis of Villebelle has said nothing but the truth. I do not regard him as my husband. To the utmost of my power I emancipate him from all moral bonds, and would never appear against him to enforce legal ones. If Sir John Marston persists in molesting the Marquis, let him but breathe the talismanic words, '*Lady Everton*' in the baronet's ears, and I shall be much astonished if they do not produce the desired effect.

"Your affectionate,

"E. C."

Having hastily perused this billet, Kate thrust it in her bosom, and then proceeded to administer food to the little messenger that had brought it. When she fancied the bird had eaten sufficiently, she caressed and fondled it for several minutes; and the intelligent little creature seemed pleased to nestle in her bosom, and put up its beak to her lips as if fully sensible that they were charming kisses which came from that rich red mouth. Then she let the bird issue forth through the trap-door, where it rested itself for some time in the little cote containing the saucers of food,—ultimately flying away of its own accord.

Provided with the important intelligence she had received, Kate hurried down stairs,—first of all returning to the room where her parents and sisters

were seated, in order to communicate to them the contents of the missive. They were well pleased at the prospect of the lovers being enabled to emancipate themselves from the tyrannous power of Sir John Marston, whose overbearing conduct had rendered the Marshalls more zealous than at first in their determination to succour their guests to the utmost of their power.

Kate had now a delicate task to accomplish. She had to put the Marquis of Villebelle in possession of the talismanic words that were to clear his path of Sir John Marston's obstructiveness: but at the same time she could give no explanations as how she had become possessed of such important information; for to no one, beyond her own family and those who were necessarily in the secret, did she ever reveal the mystery of the carrier-pigeons. She knew that she must expect to be questioned by the Marquis—but she prepared herself for the proceeding; and with the generous feelings of one who loves to do a kind action, ascended to the apartment where the guests were seated. The moment she entered the room, the Marquis, Constance, and Mary-Anne all three saw by her countenance that she had something of importance to communicate, and that it was of no disagreeable character.

"I hope you will pardon me," she said, addressing herself to the Marquis, "for the liberty I am taking in interfering in your own private affairs: but as you will presently perceive, it is with the very best intentions. In short, I think that I could effectually help you in setting Sir John Marston at defiance——"

"Oh, if this be possible!" exclaimed Constance, rising from her seat and advancing towards Kate with an effusion of gratitude.

"Yes," said the young woman, "I am convinced that you need entertain no farther fear of molestation on his part, if my advice be followed. To tell you the truth," she added, with an arch and roguish smile which displayed two rows of splendid teeth, "I did happen to overhear something of what passed just now: but I declare upon my honour it was only through kind feelings that I listened."

"We will forgive you all that," said the Marquis good-naturedly, "provided that you can really render us the immense service alluded to."

"I can—I will," answered Kate. "I had some such purpose in view when I gave a similar assurance just before dinner."

"And what are we to do? what advice is it that you have to give us?" asked Constance. "Speak, my dear friend—for such indeed you are proving yourself to us."

"A very few words will explain my meaning," responded Kate Marshall. "It is in fact by a sort of talismanic mystery you are to act. Let the words '*Lady Everton*' be simply breathed in Sir John Marston's ear, and he will molest you no more."

"Is this possible?" exclaimed the Marquis and Constance both in the same breath: and then the former immediately added interrogatively, "But what virtue can exist in the mere mention of that name?"

"You must ask me no questions," replied Kate. "Do as I tell you."

"Then are we to understand that you yourself are acquainted with certain mysteries in connexion with the baronet?"

"You are to understand nothing more than what I have chosen to tell you. And now," added Kate, with another arch smile, "your happiness is in your own hands: for I am enabled to assure this lady that she who might perhaps assert a prior claim to his lordship's affection, waives that claim altogether—leaves him free and unshackled—emancipates him to the utmost of her power—releases him from all moral obligations towards herself—and gives a solemn pledge never to appear in a legal sense against him."

As the reader may well suppose, the Marquis, Constance, and Mary-Anne gazed in speechless astonishment upon Kate Marshall as she made these announcements.

"Is it possible then," at length cried Villebelle, "that you are acquainted with her of whom you are speaking?"

"I know her well—intimately," responded Kate. "We were at school together at Southampton—we have frequently met of late years——But no matter! I am not going to enter into any particulars. Suffice it to say that I have put you in possession of a talisman which will reduce your tyrannical enemy to quiescence. And now, the sooner your lordship puts the value of the talisman to the test, the better. Your minds will then be all tranquillised."

"But how are we possibly to express our gratitude to you?" asked Constance, flinging her arms round Kate's neck and embracing her warmly.

"Excellent-hearted young woman that you are," said the Marquis, "we shall never forget you!"

"Who knows but that your lordship may some day or another be able to do me a service?" responded Kate, speaking thus rather for the purpose of escaping from farther effusions of gratitude, than because she really attached any special meaning to her words.

She was about to hasten from the room when the Marquis called her back to inquire where Sir John Marston resided. She mentioned a particular address on the Marine Parade; and the Marquis declared his intention of proceeding thither at once. Kate left the room; and Villebelle, having embraced the now overjoyed Constance, issued forth from the hotel. In the street he saw a person, looking like a footman in plain clothes, loitering about; and it immediately struck him that this was a spy whom Sir John Marston had planted there to watch the movements of himself and Constance. The suspicion was confirmed, when, as the Marquis continued his way along the street, the individual in question followed him. Villebelle however did not show that he noticed the circumstance: for if Kate's talismanic words should prove effective, there would be a speedy end to this espionnage.

The Marquis had to inquire his way to the Marine Parade, being almost a stranger in Dover. He however speedily reached the handsome row of houses fronting the sea, and knocked at the door of the one to which he had been directed. In response to his inquiry, he was told that Sir John Marston was at home; and he was immediately conducted into a handsomely furnished apartment, where the baronet was seated at a table with an open writing-desk before him and examining a number of papers.

"Ah! I presume you are come to signify your

submission?" said the baronet, with a look of ill-repressed triumph, the moment the Marquis made his appearance.

"It may perhaps be otherwise," returned Villebelle drily. "We shall see. Permit me to remark that it must be a proceeding of a strange character that makes it an object of importance to you, even at the present day, whether I contract another marriage or not——"

"Remember our compact, Marquis! Five years have elapsed since the occurrence took place, and you are as much bound to observe it now as you were then. You were to ask no questions—demand no explanations——"

"True," interrupted Villebelle: "but what if things have come to my knowledge without my seeking them?"

"What mean you?" suddenly demanded Sir John Marston, as he started up from his seat: but instantaneously resuming it again, he said in a satirical manner, "You fancy that by throwing out random hints and insendos of this kind you will terrify me. It is useless. I tell you that I have my own reasons for desiring that there should be but one Marchioness of Villebelle in the world."

"And I tell you in return, Sir John Marston," replied Etienne, "that I will no longer adhere to a compact of so unholy, so unnatural a character. It is monstrous to suppose that I will do so. My necessities were taken advantage of at the time——"

"Yes—you were in that bitter plight that you would have sold your soul to Satan," responded Marston: "but as you have made the compact, so must you abide by it. Now, I do not wish to be on unfriendly terms with you. It is the first time we have met since the marriage took place in Paris. I then promised that I would not lose sight of you; but I have been abroad the whole time until within the last two or three months, during which I have remained in the seclusion of this watering-place. Perhaps, then, I have neglected you—perhaps I have been regardless of my promise: but I am now willing to make amends. Say, do you require money?—for if by preventing this second marriage of your's I disappoint your hopes in clutching the fortune of an heiress——"

"Enough, enough, Sir John Marston!" exclaimed Villebelle indignantly. "You doubtless judge others by yourself. I have no such mercenary motive. The young lady whom you saw just now, has no fortune that she can call her own. But enough, I say, of this parley: it is beneath me to remain bandying words with you here. I give you due warning that if you continue the aggressor, you may perhaps bitterly regret the retaliation it will be in my power to offer. Ah! you seem to doubt me still?"—then after a brief pause, during which he looked Sir John Marston fixedly in the face, Villebelle said, "Perhaps the name of *Lady Everton* may convince you that it is no idle threat which I fling out."

The baronet half started from his seat, but sank down into it again; and falling back in the chair, gazed upon the Marquis of Villebelle in speechless dismay—so that the lover of Constance at once saw that the talisman did indeed possess the virtue which had been ascribed to it.

"How came you to learn this?" asked the baronet in a deep hollow voice: and indeed the effect which the mention of that name had thus produced was even greater than Villebelle had anticipated—for there were the mingled ghastliness and blankness of utter despair in the baronet's countenance.

"No matter—ask me no questions," responded the Marquis, assuming the tone of assurance which would be adopted by one conscious of wielding an immense power over another.

"But she——your wife——does she know all this?" asked Sir John, his manner now suddenly changing into the excitement of the liveliest anxiety and suspense.

"I will tell you nothing," rejoined Villebelle. "Ask me no more questions. Suffice it to say that it is not I who seek to quarrel with you."

"And therefore whatsoever you know you will keep to yourself?" eagerly interjected the baronet.

"Ah, your spy I perceive!" said the Marquis coldly, as he fixed his eyes upon the window, from which happening to glance forth, he beheld the person who had followed him from the vicinage of the *Admiral's Head*.

"He shall watch you no more," the baronet hastened to observe. "I will dismiss him at once. You see," he added with nervous excitement and fawning cringingness, "I am willing to be on friendly terms with you if I can."

Thus speaking, Sir John Marston hastened to the window—tapped at the pane—and made a sign for the man to enter the house. He himself then hastened out of the room to open the street-door and give the individual admittance: having done which, he remained speaking a few moments in the hall with him.

Meanwhile the Marquis of Villebelle had turned away from the window, and walked carelessly across the room, inwardly rejoicing that Kate Marshall's talismanic words should have produced so signal an effect. Passing by the table, his eyes fell upon the numerous papers scattered upon the desk and round about it: and at the very instant he was about to withdraw his glance with the instinctive aversion of an honourable-minded man to pry into secret documents, his looks encountered a name upon one of the papers that at once rivetted them there. All scruples vanished in a moment: he looked closer at the paper—read half-a-dozen lines—and then with an ejaculation of astonishment, turned aside again and advanced towards the window.

The next moment Sir John Marston re-entered the room; and carefully closing the door, he accosted Villebelle, saying, "You will be molested by that person no longer. I have ordered in wine—you must drink with me as a proof that you are not in downright enmity against me."

"Sir John Marston," responded Villebelle, "such words have passed between us this day as to render it impossible that we can sit down together in a friendly manner. I can only repeat, that if it be an understanding between us at this moment that we abstain from mutual molestation, I will adhere to that compact."

"Yes, yes—be it so, be it so!" replied Marston, still labouring under a nervous excitement: and changed indeed was the manner of the man from what it was in its domineering tyranny at the *Admiral's Head*, and from its sneering scornfulness when Villebelle first entered the room where they now stood together.

"I wish you good evening, Sir John Marston," said the Marquis, bowing coldly and moving towards the door.

"One word!—do let me have one word more with you!" exclaimed the baronet, whose ideas were evidently in a state of cruel bewilderment. "Do you know—I beseech you to tell me—do you know where your wife dwells?——or shall I say the lady who was once your wife——for I know not now how to speak of her. Tell me, if you be acquainted with her abode—I beseech you to tell me——"

"Again I say good evening, Sir John Marston:" —and the Marquis of Villebelle, with a still colder and haughtier bow, quitted the room,—the baronet making no further effort to detain him.

On his way back to the *Admiral's Head*, the Marquis could not help wondering in what consisted the talismanic effect of the mere name of Lady Everton. That it had been potent to quell the proud spirit and level the haughty assurance of Sir John Marston, was evident enough. Nor less did the Marquis of Villebelle ponder upon the extraordinary revelation that had been made to him by the paper at which he had glanced on the desk. Yet this afforded him no clue to the reading of the other mystery: or if for a moment it engendered a suspicion, it was one which there was no other circumstance to confirm. But that the lady whom he had married five years back in Paris, had experienced a strange destiny—perhaps most wrongful treatment —he could not help thinking.

On arriving at the *Admiral's Head*, he gave a quick nod of intelligence to Kate who looked out of the door of the bar-parlour; and she saw that all was well. He rushed up-stairs; and the fervid embrace in which he at once strained Constance, as well as the glow of joyous animation upon his handsome countenance, convinced her and Mary-Anne that there was nothing more to fear.

That evening, after Constance and her faithful attendant had retired to the chamber provided for them, the Marquis sat down and wrote a letter. This he sealed—but placed no address upon it. He then rang the bell, and summoned Kate to the room.

"I have a favour to ask you," he said as soon as she made her appearance. "It is evident that you are acquainted with the lady who, if she chose, might have called herself the Marchioness of Villebelle, but who has so generously released me from all the trammels of that mysterious marriage. Tell me—are you acquainted with her address? I am sure you must be. But I do not wish you to mention it to me: indeed it were perhaps better not. The favour I ask is that you will forward this letter to her."

"I will do so, my lord," replied Kate, receiving the sealed epistle from his hands.

"And now, Miss Marshall," resumed Villebelle, "let me once more express to you my gratitude——"

"Oh! I require no thanks, my lord," she exclaimed. "You have already rewarded my father liberally: and behold!" she added, raising her hand and displaying a beautiful ring upon one of her well-formed fingers: "I have just received this as a memento from that beautiful and amiable young lady who indeed merits all your love. I did not mind accepting the ring, because it is a gift that one might take under such circumstances; and moreover, it was so kindly given. But without the slightest prospect of reward should I have acted just as I have done. I sincerely wish your lordship all possible happiness."

Kate Marshall then quitted the room; and soon afterwards the Marquis of Villebelle retired to his own chamber. On the following day, at about eleven o'clock, the Marquis, Constance, and Mary-Anne, took a kind leave of the Marshalls and embarked on board the steam-vessel for Calais. They experienced no molestation of any kind: nor did it appear that their movements were watched by spies. From Calais the journey was immediately pursued to Paris; and on the day after their arrival in the sovereign city of France, they repaired to the British Ambassador's Chapel to pass through the matrimonial ceremony. The chaplain proved to be the same who had pronounced the marriage-blessing —(what a mockery it was)—upon the Marquis of Villebelle and his first wife. The circumstance of the former marriage was at once remembered by the reverend gentleman; and the Marquis assured him that there existed no impediment to a second alliance. This averment was sufficient,—the social position of the Marquis and the fact that he had recently been appointed to a diplomatic situation at the Spanish Court, being considered ample guarantees for his respectability and honour. The ceremony was therefore solemnised; and Constance now called herself Marchioness of Villebelle.

In the afternoon she wrote a long letter to Juliana, which she directed to Saxondale House, not thinking that her mother would after all have persevered in the originally contemplated visit into Lincolnshire. Early the next morning the Marquis and Marchioness of Villebelle, attended by Mary-Anne, and by a valet whose services had been engaged on sufficient recommendation, set out on their journey towards the Spanish frontiers; and in due time they reached the city of Madrid without experiencing any more adventures worthy of narration.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE RECREATIONS AND THE HORRORS OF LONDON LIFE.

It was about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, that Lord Harold Staunton, having dined quietly at his own lodgings in Jermyn Street, sauntered forth with his cigar; and passing down the Haymarket, he encountered his friend Lord Saxondale.

"I was just going up to your place, Harold," said the dissipated young nobleman. "I thought perhaps you would want company, and we might make another night of it together——"

"Upon my word, Edmund," observed Staunton, as the former took his arm and walked on with him, "you are wonderfully unconcerned at what took place yesterday."

"Ah! about Constance? Well, what does it matter, so long as she marries the Marquis? Give me a light for my cigar."

"But they say that the Marquis is already married," returned Harold. "I have heard your mother herself say so."

"Oh! my mother will say anything when it suits her purpose," exclaimed Lord Saxondale.

"I suppose she didn't want Constance to marry this Frenchman; and so she invented that tale."

"But if it should happen to be true," said Lord Harold: "what then? Now, to tell you the truth,—no matter what I myself may be, I should be furiously indignant against any one who dared to inveigle away a sister of mine."

"What would you have me do?" demanded Saxondale.

"Why, hasten after the fugitives, to be sure—see that they are really married—and if so, obtain proofs from the Marquis that it is all a calumny about his former alliance: and if he can't or won't give you satisfaction in this way, then you must seek it in another."

"What! shoot him through the head, and so make my sister a widow at once?" ejaculated Saxondale, by no means relishing the advice he had just received. "Come, come, Harold—you know very well that I am no coward: but it would be the height of folly to rush madly into such a scrape as this. Besides, a man who is descended from ancestors in the time of the Tudors, can't place himself on a level with a beggarly French Marquis——"

"But I, Edmund," interrupted Staunton with some degree of bitterness, "though belonging to a family as ancient as your own, put myself on a level the other day with an obscure artist, who could scarcely be called a gentleman—much less a nobleman."

"Well, if you were fool enough, my dear Harold, to let my precious lady-mother hurry you into that unpleasant business, I can't help it. It's no reason why I should be equally imprudent."

"I see that the less we talk upon this subject, the better," observed Staunton. "But wasn't this resolution of your mother's to rush off into Lincolnshire somewhat sudden?"

"It was. But I don't bother myself much about her. Come, what are we going to do to-night? I I am in the humour for amusement. To-morrow I have got an appointment with Marlow and Malton about having all my debts paid, and settling about a good monthly allowance till I come of age: so I have every reason to be in the best possible spirits."

"I recollect you told me me how you reduced your mother to submission. You have to thank me for putting you in possession of that secret."

"And so I do thank you, my dear Harold. It was most fortunate, the discovery of that Spanish costume! Ah, you should have seen how queer my mother looked the moment I told her of it. But what are we going to do, I again ask? Suppose we take a look in at the Cider-Cellar."

"With all my heart," responded Harold. "I feel rather dull and out of sorts this evening, and shall be glad of some rational kind of amusement. I am in no humour for getting into disturbances with the police, or losing money at the gambling-table: and therefore I will gladly adopt your suggestion."

The two young noblemen sauntered towards Maiden Lane, in the immediate vicinage of Covent Garden. A lamp over an ample doorway, and bearing the words "CIDER CELLAR" upon the glass, denoted their destination. Descending a spacious staircase, into a region which though beneath the level of the ground, had nothing of subterranean gloom about it, they threaded a well-lighted passage, and entered a large room, which we purpose to describe for the benefit of those readers who may not be as familiar with the place as were Staunton and Saxondale.

Although approached by this subterranean passage, the room itself,—or indeed it deserves the denomination of a hall,—is nearly as lofty as the house to which it is attached, or any of the adjacent tenements. Its length and width are in due proportion with its height; and it has altogether a cheerful and handsome appearance. The decorations are simple, but in the best possible taste. There is a fine mirror at each extremity; and in the evening the place is completely flooded with the lustre of numerous gas-lamps. Three parallel lines of tables run the whole length of the immense apartment; and at the further end a platform is raised for the chairman, the pianist, and the vocalists engaged to contribute to the entertainment of the company. As a matter of course the assemblage is somewhat of a miscellaneous character: for there may be seen the polished gentleman and the consummate snob—the unassuming visitor, as well as the insufferable coxcomb—the well-to-do tradesman and the debauchee aristocrat—together with a pretty tolerable sprinkling of the class known as "gents." But the place is eminently respectable, and is conducted with a degree of decorum which prevents the developments of snobism and gentism from proving a source of general annoyance. On each side of the three lines of table the company are seated; and there is as miscellaneous an assortment of beverages as of guests. Some may be seen drinking wine—others spirits-and-water: others are slaking their thirst with malt liquors, draught or bottled—while others again are expanding into the complacent good-humour produced by peculiar compounds known in that region by the name of "sedatives." Some may be seen partaking of suppers, which are served up with most agreeable promptitude after the order is once given, and in a way to tempt the most fastidious appetite. The staple commodity for these little refections appears to be the Welsh-rabbit: but devilled kidneys, scollopped oysters, chops, and steaks, accompanied by baked potatoes, likewise receive considerable patronage. Almost every body appears to smoke at the Cider-Cellar; and it is the sole business of one of the waiters to hand round a box of Havannah's choicest produce. By the way, speaking of waiters, we may add that the attendance is unexceptionable.

At the table on the platform may be seen the chairman with the official hammer in his hand. On his right and left are the vocalists who contribute to the entertainment of the evening. Let it not be supposed that these are mere pot-house singers who give their services in consideration of their supper and their grog: they are of a much higher class, well known in the musical world, and engaged at handsome salaries by the spirited proprietor of the Cider-Cellar. The pianist too is a remarkable character in his way, not merely with the somewhat singular appearance made by his white hair, his coloured glasses, and his black moustache, but by his professional talent.

The entertainment generally commences at about ten o'clock in the evening; and up to eleven there is an almost uninterrupted succession of songs. At this hour the apartment is sure to be well filled;

and a sort of sensation begins to take place. Those who possess watches, look at them with the air of persons who evidently know that some particular treat is at hand; and those who are not fortunate enough to own these indicators of time, anxiously ask the possessors thereof "whether it is eleven yet?" Several of the guests leave their seats in order to get nearer to the platform: Welsh-rabbits and devilled kidneys are suffered to get cold, while the supper-eaters catch the infection of the general excitement and look towards the platform with as much eagerness as if the curtain of a theatre were about to draw up and reveal the scenic attractions of the stage.

The chairman now announces that "Mr. Ross will appear in his favourite character of Sam Hall." Then ensues a tremendous clapping of hands and thumping of knuckles upon the table, so that the glasses all seem as if suddenly attacked with St. Vitus's dance, and even the huge metal jugs of hot water appear inclined to perform a fandango. In the midst of this hearty tumult the vocalist whose name elicited the applause, appears from behind a screen, dressed as a ragged, dirty, wretched-looking man, with a battered hat on his head, a pipe in his hand, and his countenance made up to an expression of a dark, dismal, but at the same time fierce despair. This is the personification of Sam Hall, the hero of the song. He is supposed to be a man condemned to die; and the whole performance constitutes a tremendous illustration of the horrors experienced by the mind of a doomed being. It is no exaggeration to declare that this is perhaps the most terrific revelation of what fancy might depict as passing within the walls of a condemned cell, that it is possible to conceive. All the power of the *artiste* is thrown into the impersonation of his ideal character; and the effect upon the larger portion of the company is immense. True it is that some few individuals, of the snob and the gent class, incapable of being affected by the awful solemnity of the scene, behold only a ludicrous representation therein, and exhibit their vile taste by means of laughter. But with the generality of the spectators the feeling is one of the profoundest awe. Though the performer be chiefly noted as a first-rate comic singer, yet there is no comedy in his personification of Sam Hall: it is all tragedy—deep, appalling, stupendous tragedy. The illimitable horror alternating with darkest despair that he throws into his features, rivets the gaze and seizes upon the mind as if with a spell. The man who is opposed to the punishment of death, beholds in that scene an unanswerable argument in support of his philanthropic views: while the individual who has previously cherished the revolting prejudice in favour of the capital penalty, must, if he have any feeling at all, retire from that scene with a changed opinion.

Such is a description of the Cider-Cellar, and an outline of the entertainments that may be met with there. It was in this place that Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale whiled away a couple of hours on the evening of which we are speaking. Staunton,—who though a thorough rake and an unprincipled profligate, nevertheless had some generous qualities,—was much moved by the impersonation of Sam Hall: but Saxondale, who had not a single kindly feeling, was one of the *few* that upon this occasion had the bad taste to laugh But then he was not merely devoid of the feeling, but likewise of the capacity to comprehend the deep tragic meaning of the scene.

On issuing forth from the Cider-Cellar, Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale walked slowly on, exchanging their remarks upon all that had taken place. The clock of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was proclaiming the hour of midnight—much too early for these scions of the aristocracy to think of retiring to rest as yet. They paused in Covent Garden, and deliberated what they should do to amuse or divert themselves.

"I tell you what, Edmund," said Lord Harold, "an idea has suddenly struck me. I was reading in the newspaper this morning something about the low dens and lodging-houses in certain streets at no great distance. What say you?—shall we go and pay them a visit?"

"I don't much fancy it," replied Saxondale: "for I think we are pretty sure of getting into a scrape—perhaps robbed and well thrashed. Not that I am a coward, you know, Harold: but——"

"You like to be safe:"—and there was a tinge of a sneer in Staunton's accents: then he immediately added, "We should want a guide, and might therefore take a policeman with us. There goes one at this moment."

The two young noblemen accordingly hastened after the constable who was proceeding a-head; and he, hearing hasty footsteps behind, quickly looked back. At once recognising Staunton and Saxondale, who were frequently getting into disturbances with the police, the officer drew his truncheon, telling them "that he knew them well and they had better mind what they were about." This made Saxondale laugh heartily with continuous cachinations of his cracked voice. But Lord Harold speedily convinced the constable that their object was on this occasion pacific. The officer accordingly put back his truncheon; and Staunton proceeded to explain the object he and his companion had in view.

"Well, my lords," replied the policeman, "I am just this minute going off duty; and if you will tell me where you will be in about half-an-hour, I will just slip on a plain coat and hat and come and join you."

Staunton intimated that they would walk about Covent Garden and smoke their cigars. The officer accordingly went his way; and true to his promise, he re-appeared in plain clothes at the expiration of the time specified.

"Now, my lords," he said, "I will take you first of all to a kinchin-ken."

"And what the deuce is that?" inquired Saxondale.

"It's a place where boys and gals live together. It's kept by a woman and her two daughters—a precious rum lot, I can tell you. The woman's a hempen widder——"

Again an explanation was demanded.

"It means, my lord, that her husband was hung. He was a cracksman——that means a burglar——by profession, and one of the most desperate villains that ever lived. It's a matter of ten year ago that he was tucked up; and his old o'oman took to keeping a kinchin-ken. Her name is Burley——Mother Burley they call her. Her daughters ain't the

most moral young women in the world, as your lordships may suppose. They have both got their fancy-men—reglar rum 'uns. Biddy Burley, the eldest, is the blowen of Mat the Cadger; and Polly Burley, the youngest, has Spider Bill for her flash man. These chaps are the greatest thieves in London, and have been a many times on the everlasting staircase——that means the treadmill."

While the police-constable was thus running on with the details of his information relative to the Burley family, he had conducted the two noblemen away from Covent Garden, into a dark, narrow, sinister-looking street leading out of Drury Lane. As they passed along, they suddenly came upon an individual who was leaning with his back against the closed gateway of a wheelwright's workshop, as appeared by the white letters painted on the doors, and on which a light from the window of the opposite house was streaming full. The man leaning there was respectably dressed, and was smoking a cigar. The policeman stopped short, and said to him, "Well, Harry—watching this place still—eh?"

"Yes: and likely to watch it too," was the response. "Uncommon tedious work, I can tell you. But stay—the door's opening!"

As he thus spoke he kept his eyes fixed on the opposite house whence the light was streaming. The constable and the two noblemen looked in the same direction. The light now disappeared from the window: the sound of bolts drawing back and a chain let down continued to be heard for a few moments: then the door opened—and an old man of very sordid and sinister appearance came forth. He threw a glance across the narrow street at the group assembled opposite his door, and gave [illegible] mocking laugh which sounded horrible as a death-rattle. Closing the door, the old man proceeded along the street; and the individual who had been addressed by the name of Harry, at once followed him.

"What's all this mean?" asked Lord Saxondale of the constable-guide after a few moments' silence.

"That place," answered the police-officer, pointing to the dwelling whence the old man had issued, "is a receiving-house for stolen goods; and that old feller is the receiver himself. We call him a fence; and he's one of the sharpest in London. The man Harry that I spoke to and that's gone after him, is an officer of the Detective Force; and he will follow the old fence wherever he goes, no matter how long he may be absent. There's three of the Detectives that's appointed for this special service—to keep watch night and day; and they take their turns. This has been going on for the last five months, and will cost the county a precious sum of money."

"But can't they bring anything positive home to the old man, so as to get him punished at once?" asked Staunton.

"No. Since he's been watched he takes too good care of *that*," replied the constable. "Besides, that's not so much the object—although of course if there was a cause he would very soon be took up. The chief object is to force him out of the neighbourhood, and make him break up his establishment."

"I was not aware that the Police Commissioners possessed such power," observed Lord Harold.

"Power?" echoed the constable. "Bless your lordship, the Commissioners can do anything. And so can us constables too for that matter," added the officer, with a laugh: "for we know very well that the magistrates are sure to take our part, unless it's something very outrageous indeed. But even then there's generally a loop-hole found for us to creep out of. This way, my lords—and here we are."

While thus speaking, the constable had led the two noblemen round a turning into another street of even a more sinister appearance than the one they had just quitted; and they had halted at the door of one of the blackened cut-throat-looking houses that formed the street. The constable knocked at the door: but some minutes elapsed ere it was opened; and during this interval the sounds of numerous juvenile voices reached their ears from within, resembling the uproarious mirth of a school that is breaking up for the holidays.

At length the door was opened by an ill-looking bloated young woman, of about five-and-twenty. Her hair seemed in as much disorder as if she had been creeping through a hedge: a dirty faded cotton-gown hung loosely upon her; and being open in front, left her coarse bosom indecently exposed. She evidently had no stays on, and indeed appeared to have no under-garments of any kind. Her dirty stockings were dangling down; and her feet were thrust into an old pair of shoes trodden at the heels, so that they pattered on the floor like clogs when she walked. She held a candle in her hand—and had a half-tipsy look, as if she had been disturbed in the midst of a revel. She however immediately recognised the policeman; but not the less abashed nor troubled—on the contrary, with immense effrontery—she asked him, with a horrible imprecation, what he wanted?

"Just to show these gentlemen your place, Biddy," replied the constable.

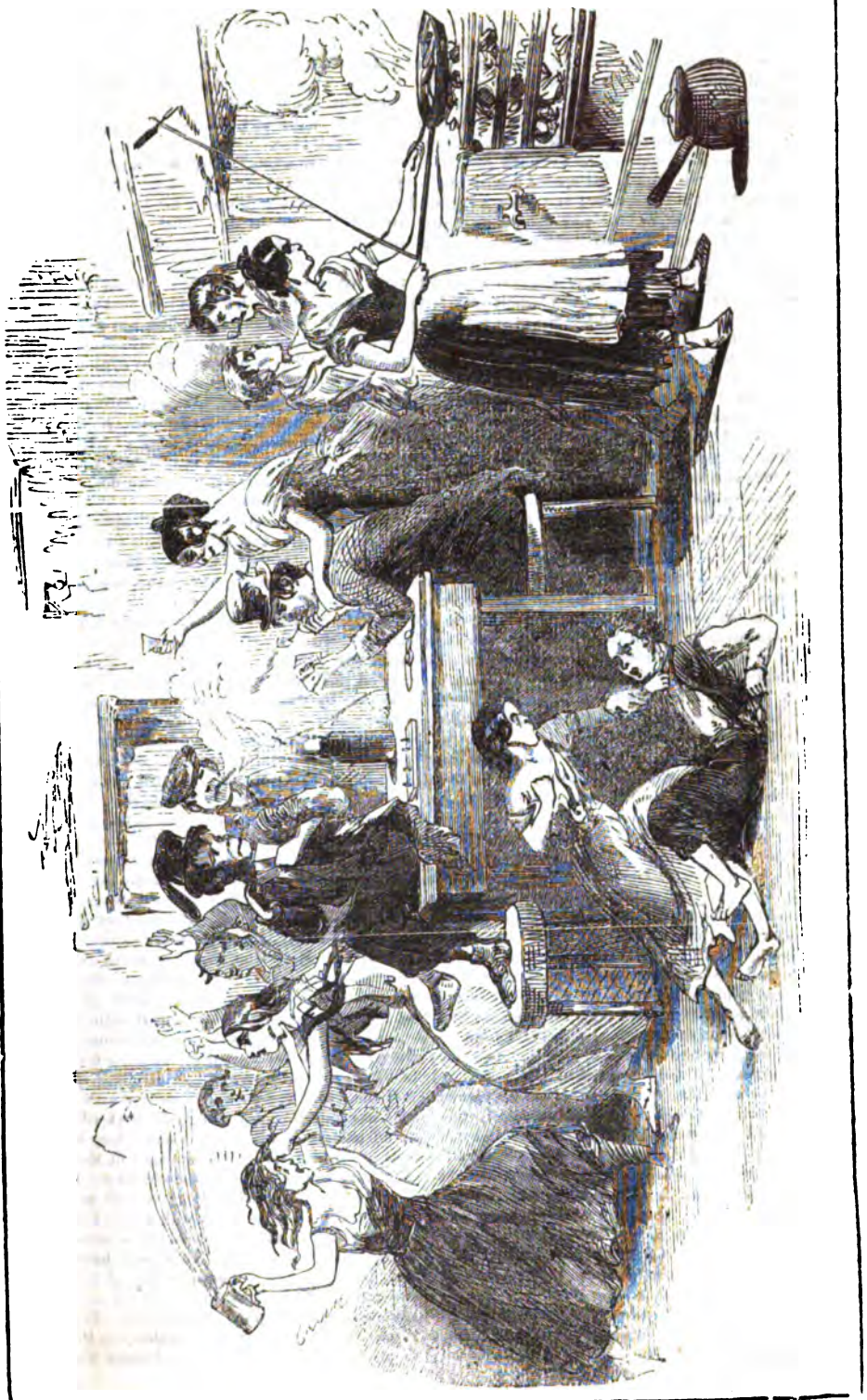
"That's all gammon," answered the woman. "You're arter some of the kinchins——"

"'Pon my honour I'm not," rejoined the officer then in a whisper aside to the noblemen, he said, "You had better give Biddy Burley a tip, my lords."

Saxondale, who was always ready to flash his money ostentatiously, drew out his purse and gave the woman a sovereign, at sight of which her countenance cheered up wondrously; and she said, "My eyes! you *are* swell coves, and no mistake. Come in, and you shall see the kes."

The two noblemen and the police-constable passed into the house, and found themselves in a narrow passage that went perceptibly sloping down towards a staircase at the end. All this time the sounds of voices had continued to be heard in unabating uproariousness. Shouting, screaming, laughing, swearing, singing, and quarrelling, seemed to be going on in every part of the house, as if it were a veritable pandemonium of little demons. Biddy Burley shut the street-door, and throwing open one leading into the ground floor front room, said, "Here's some swell coves come to see the place. But they doesn't belong to the 'Ligious Track S'iety, cos they're smoking cigars and doesn't wear white chokers."

"So much the better. I can't abear them sneaking, snivelling, canting chaps which only comes to see the young gals in bed, and makes a pretence of 'stributing their papers."



This last speech emanated from the lips of an elderly woman of enormous corpulency, and whose immense bloated face, watery eyes, husky voice, and general appearance too well betokened a life of habitual intemperance. She was lolling in a half-tipsy state in a large arm-chair; and the constable, in a whisper to the two noblemen, made them aware that she was the mistress of the den. The younger daughter,—whose appearance so much resembled the elder's that it requires no special description,—was seated next to the mother; and a dozen ragged, dirty, squalid-looking, half-naked boys and girls were placed round a ricketty old table, on which were bottles, jugs, quart-pots, pipes, cigars, tobacco, and cards. The ages of these children averaged from nine to sixteen: vice was indelibly stamped upon their countenances. A few had been naturally good-looking—but it required an almost microscopic eye to discern the traces thereof beneath the grime that masked the features of some, and the bold traits of habitual profligacy, intemperance, and dissipation which characterized others. The room was miserably furnished: the walls and ceiling were so completely blackened with smoke and dirt that the place looked like a sweep's abode; and the crazy boards that formed the floor, sinking beneath the feet, produced gurgling, plashy, slushy sounds, as if the planks rested upon a bed of thick slime and mud. Such indeed, to a certain extent, was the case: for in consequence of bad drainage—or perhaps the absence of all drainage whatsoever—the refuse-water could not flow off and collected in the foundations of the house. The atmosphere was sickly in odour and stifling in heat—it was actually pestilential;—and after merely glancing around this room, the two noblemen were constrained to step back into the passage with the intention of leaving the loathsome den at once.

"You'd better see it all, my lords, now that you're here," whispered the constable. "This scene is nothing to what you'll find up-stairs. Come, Biddy—lead the way and show the light."

The woman accordingly conducted the visitors into a back room, the aspect of which was as horrible as that of the other. Here there was a fire; and a dozen boys and girls, of the same description as the first lot seen by the visitors, were engaged some in drinking and card-playing, and others in cooking things for their supper. Sausages, bits of fish, tripe, and slices of liver were all frying together in one enormous pan: while in a pot—or rather cauldron—cow-heels, more tripe, trotters, chitterlings, and other abominations purchased from the cat's-meat shop, were stewing together. The boys and girls hushed their uproarious mirth (as had been the case in the other room) on the appearance of the two noblemen with the constable. They recognised the last-mentioned individual; and some of them began to what they termed "chaff him,"—giving utterance to horrible imprecations and disgusting obscenities as glibly and as unconcernedly as if these phrases formed necessary integral parts of the English language. We cannot of course sully our pages therewith: but we may record the sense and tendency of some of the characteristic observations.

"Hullo, you Peeler! what d'ye come here for?" demanded a girl of about sixteen, and who though half-naked was utterly unabashed. "If you're looking arter me you'll catch a rum 'un: for I'm blowed if I don't spile that precious face of your'n."

"He don't come for me," said a youth as thin as a skeleton, horribly squalid, and clothed in rags, so that his frightful emaciation was painfully visible: "cos why I've took never a fogle all day——have I though? that's all! No—I'm sniggered if I'm wanted this time."

"I'll tell'ee what, Peeler," said another boy, "if you've come to ax about my karricter I must refer you to the beak which sent me to the everlasting stepper six months ago. Oh! won't he speak a jolly good word for me—that's all!"

"Come, I say, you Polly," cried an urchin of nine, with a face like a monkey, and addressing the officer in a shrill voice, "it isn't me that's in trouble, be it now? You can't say as how I'm a cross-cove, though you chaps does swear to anything. Crikey, how them Pollies does swear——my eye!"

"Don't bully the poor man," observed another juvenile tatterdemalion, who was eating a baked potatoe; "he's a good feller in his way. Here, old chap—have some of this here murphy? It's deuced good, if the butter wasn't rank. Ah! you Pollies doesn't get sich nice things as we does. You're poor—you be—poor devils!"

"Tip us your mawley, Peeler," squeaked forth another urchin, with a shock of hair like a piece of a carriage-mat; "and let's see that you're not nosing on us. Don't be afeard to come near me—I won't knock yer down, I won't."

"Kim aup, Peeler—what air ye arter here? Tell us, there's a good chap, and ve won't be too 'ard upon yer. But no lies, mind—no lies; or I'm blowed if I'll put aup vith it for one:"—and this was said by the smallest boy in the whole company.

"What'll you give me, you Bobby, you," cried a girl whose age certainly was not above ten, but who seemed amazingly sharp, "if I tell yer how much I got by filching yesterday and to-day. Nineteen ankerchers—seventeen purses—forty-two gold snuff-boxes—and a big lump of cheese."

At this sally of thieves' wit there was an uproarious outburst of laughter on the part of the whole juvenile crew, in the midst of which the visitors quitted the room. But as they ascended the dirty, ricketty, narrow staircase,—still conducted by Biddy Burley,—the shouts of mirth from the back room appeared to follow them, until those sounds were lost in another tempest of uproar which emanated from the upper part of the house.

Biddy Burley conducted the two noblemen and the constable into the front room on the first floor; and there indeed a strange and revolting spectacle met the eye. The floor was strown with rotting rags as completely as a stable is littered with straw or an uncleansed pig's-stye is ankle-deep in filth. There was not a vestige of furniture in the place. A solitary candle burnt in the chimney. The atmosphere was hot and stifling, as well as of the most fetid odour. It struck with a sickly taste to the tongue, and at once produced a nausea and heaving at the stomach. Those who have never visited such a place can form no idea of the loathsomeness of the heavy stagnant air: it seemed to be compounded solely of fetid breaths. The exhalations of putrid fever were nothing to it. And there, in that room, were crowded some fifteen or

sixteen boys and girls, of the same gradation of ages and of the same stamp and description as those previously seen. Some few were stretched upon the mass of putrid rags, sleeping soundly despite the noise made by the others who were awake. These latter were romping and frolicking at the moment when the visitors entered: but they left off to stare at "the swell coves," and then to chaff the policeman. Thus was it that persons of both sexes were accustomed to herd and huddle together in that vile den, each paying twopence a night for the accommodation.

A couple of minutes' survey of the disgusting scene was quite sufficient for Staunton and Saxondale. They experienced a horrible sickness at the stomach; and their very clothes appeared to creep upon them, as if alive with vermin. Biddy Burley offered to show them the rest of the house: but they were quite satisfied with what they had already seen; and Staunton having given her a guinea on his own account for her trouble, the visitors lost no time in issuing from the den.

"Widder Burley and her daughters," said the constable, as they proceeded along the street, "drives a roaring trade with them boys and gals. Why, would you believe it, my lords, she's got at least seventy or eighty of 'em in that house of only six rooms! The whole place swarms with thieves as plentiful as vermin: and it's supported too by thieving. There isn't a morsel of food or a drop of drink that goes into that place, that's bought with honest money. Perhaps your lordships think that it's the only place of the sort? Well, I can tell you there's hundreds of such cribs in London: and *that* isn't even the worst. Down in Whitechapel and over in the Mint, there's worse still. But now, if your lordships like, I will take you into a lodging-house for grown-up people—tramps, thieves, beggars, and what not."

Lord Saxondale at first positively refused the constable's proposal: but Lord Harold, feeling some curiosity on the subject, accepted it, and succeeded in over-ruling his companion's scruples. They did accordingly visit a low lodging-house in the same neighbourhood: but we need not follow them throughout their investigation. A few particulars will suffice. The house was a large one, in the occupation of a ruffian-looking fellow, who had to pay a very high rent to the principal landlord; and in order to do this, he had to make the most of the premises. The original landlord had a dozen such houses, and rolled in his carriage. His tenants being so highly rented, could not afford, even if they felt inclined, to expend any money upon the improvement of the houses: consequently it was not altogether their fault if those dens were of the most loathsome and unwholesome description—with no drainage—no ventilation—and wretchedly supplied with water, which was also unfit to drink. But let us look inside the particular house which the two noblemen visited on the night in question. In every room the lodgers were crowded together. There was a sort of attempt at a distinction of beds, but there were no bedsteads—merely a number of dirty straw matrasses stretched upon the floor, each provided with one coarse horse-cloth coverlid. These were filthy to a degree, and swarming with vermin. The beds—if they deserved the denomination—had not an interval of about a foot between them; and what with being trodden down and therefore made to encroach even upon that limited space, and what with the coverlids spreading over or tossing about, being kicked off in consequence of the heat, the floor of every room appeared to be completely covered with this wretched bedding. Whole families—consisting for instance of father, mother, and two or three children—occupied one bed: grown up brothers and sisters slept together: fathers and daughters, mothers and sons—all adults—were similarly situated. But we can proceed no farther: the picture is too hideous to be dwelt upon. Those of our readers, however, who have never visited such frightful dens, may rest assured that none of their details are here exaggerated. Indeed, it would be impossible to find any terms sufficiently hyperbolic to transcend the stern reality of the abhorrent truths.

Lord Harold Staunton and Lord Saxondale liberally rewarded the policeman for having accompanied them in these visits: and they made the best of their way, the one to Jermyn Street, the other to Park Lane, to put off the raiment which they had on, and which appeared to cause the most unpleasant sensations. We need scarcely add that these clothes were never worn again, but were given to their valets to be got rid of according as they might think fit.

In our former works especially devoted to the description of the mysteries of London life, we have introduced our readers to low dens of the same description as these of which we have now been writing: but we do not consider that we are to be blamed on the score of repetition or supererogation. We purposely and with studied intent recall public attention again and again to the horrible abodes which poverty is compelled to seek, where vice lurks, and where crime conceals itself. For we boldly and unhesitatingly charge to the account of our legislators and rulers the existence of those sinks of abomination.

CHAPTER LIX.

ELIZABETH AND FRANK.

We must now return to Lady Bess's pretty little cottage in the neighbourhood of Edmonton; and if we peep into the elegantly furnished parlour, one morning after breakfast, we shall behold the amazonian heroine and her brother Francis Paton seated together upon the sofa. Four or five days had elapsed since the youth received the terrible confirmation of Lady Saxondale's averment that his sister was a female highwayman. That during these few days Frank had been very ill, and had suffered much, mentally and bodily, a glance at his pale countenance would show. The colour had completely left his cheeks: he seemed drooping and languid, as if physical exertion were attended by pain; and it almost appeared as if the unfortunate young man experienced a thorough lassitude of life.

His sister, apparelled in the garb befitting her sex, also looked mournful: but with one arm thrown round her brother's neck, and one hand clasped in his own, she was doing her best to console and cheer him.

"Dearest Frank," she said, "it cuts me to the

heart to behold you thus. If you do not endeavour to rally your spirits, I shall myself sink into such deep despondency and gloom as to be utterly incompetent for the final unravelling of this skein, so much of which is already disentangled."

"Elizabeth," answered Frank, fixing his large hazel eyes in deep melancholy upon his sister, "it grieves me—Oh! it grieves me, to be the cause of affliction to you. I am sure, when you think of the past, you must have already enough to make you sad——"

"That is a reproach, Frank," observed Lady Bess mildly but mournfully; "and after all my candour in telling you everything without the slightest reserve, I think you might have spared it."

"Pardon me—forgive me, dearest Elizabeth!" cried Frank, flinging his arms round his sister's neck and embracing her affectionately. "I was indeed wrong to say what I did. Oh, no—I would not reproach you! And now tell me—do you forgive me?"

"It is not for you to ask pardon of me," was his sister's response. "You have never done anything to make you ashamed: whereas I——but I need not say more."

"No, dear sister—we must not dwell upon this topic. That it has caused me pain—great pain—cannot be denied: but for your sake I will endeavour to become cheerful."

"One word more, ere we take leave of the topic," said Lady Bess. "Suppose that when you encountered your sister so unexpectedly a few days back, you had discovered her a lost and abandoned creature in the true sense of woman's ruin, would you not have loathed her?—or if the natural affection of your generous heart had forbidden you to loathe her, yet would you not have been overwhelmed with even a greater amount of grief than you now experience for what I have done? Could you now embrace me as you have just embraced me? would you not feel as if there were pollution in my touch? And remember, Frank, that when woman's virtue is lost, it never can be restored! She may repent: but her chastity is gone for ever. How different is my case! What I have done, can be atoned for. Because, as I have already assured you—although I have been guilty of crimes, yet I have never stooped to frailty. Ah! sometimes it is better to be criminal than frail—at least with woman! I have robbed upon the highway: but I have never plied a loathsome traffic in the public street. Nay, more—although I have been married—yet," she added, while a blush suffused her cheeks and she bent down her looks in modest bashfulness, "I am a pure virgin."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Frank, now with something like enthusiasm in his tone, "I would sooner, my dearest sister, find that you have been what you *have* been, than that to which you allude. Yes—your misdeeds may be amply atoned for: but had you been *the other*, the loss of your honour would have been irreparable."

"And yet, my dear Frank, those were the only two alternatives between which I had to choose at the time," continued Lady Bess, speaking in a low and tremulous voice. "I chose that evil career which had an issue of hope at the end, in preference to that other evil career which at its very threshold is marked by the abandonment of all hope. And now tell me, Frank—can you look upon me with love and affection? or must you ever feel that you blush for your sister?"

"No—after all you have said, I cannot blush for you," replied Frank, warmly. "I may regret and deplore: but there is no need to be ashamed in the one sense in which a brother has to be ashamed of a sister! A thousand times do I rejoice that you chose the alternative of evil which may be remedied, instead of that other alternative which admits of no redemption."

Again did the youth embrace his sister affectionately: and then they sat for some minutes in silence.

Frank no longer wore Lady Saxondale's livery. He was dressed in a genteel suit of plain clothes, and looked a perfect young gentleman. Indeed, if he and Lord Saxondale had stood side by side and a stranger had been asked which was the nobleman, Frank would have been pointed to. The paleness of his looks—the traces of care—and the lingering evidences of indisposition, rendered his appearance even more interesting than it was naturally wont to be; and if Juliana could have seen him now, fervid and impassioned would no doubt have been her longing *to* strain him to her bosom.

"Do you think that you are likely to receive any intelligence from Lord Everton's man-servant to-day?" asked Frank, after a pause, and for the purpose of reviving the conversation in another strain from that *ere* now pursued.

"I hope so," replied Elizabeth. "I know that he calls every morning at the Hornsey post-office to inquire if there be any letters for him: and he has doubtless by this time received the note I forwarded yesterday, telling him that he must lose no time in discovering Lady Everton's abode."

"And then, shall we all three proceed thither together?" asked Frank.

"Yes, my dear brother—without delay. Adolphus is naturally most anxious to embrace his mother: his heart yearns towards her;—and if we receive the desired intelligence to-day, we can set out to-morrow—supposing that her ladyship is really dwelling in some secluded part of Wales."

"Why not denominate her *our mother*?" asked Frank, perceiving that his sister spoke of the subject of their discourse as *her ladyship*.

"Because we have not the positive certainty that it is so," answered Lady Bess. "And moreover, because we have agreed together that we are for the present to say nothing on the subject to Adolphus; and therefore we must be cautious how we speak of Lady Everton, lest he should overhear us."

"But can there be any doubt?" exclaimed Frank. "No—it is impossible!"

"If I mistake not, this morning's post," observed Lady Bess, "will bring us a letter that will go far to confirm our belief in the one sense, or else show us that we have been cherishing a delusion."

"From whom do you expect a letter?"

"Have you forgotten what occurred the day before yesterday, in respect to the carrier-pigeons?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank: "it is then from Miss Marshall that you expect a letter?"

"Yes," replied Elizabeth. "Being all but convinced that Sir John Marston had deeply wronged both you and me, and that our mother's intentions had been flagrantly violated by him, I wrote those

words to Kate Marshall which I showed you, not merely in the hope of being able to serve the Marquis of Villebelle, but likewise as a test of this belief which we entertain."

"I understand," said Frank. "If Lady Everton be really our mother, the bare mention of her name to Sir John Marston's ear, must strike terror to his soul. Is not this your meaning?"

"It is so," replied Elizabeth. "But here is the postman. Sit you still, Frank—you are too weak for any exertion. I will run to the door."

Lady Bess accordingly hastened to receive a packet which the postman delivered; and returning to her brother, she opened it. It was a letter from Kate Marshall, containing an enclosure from the Marquis of Villebelle. What Kate had written ran thus:—

"*Admiral's Head*, Dover.

"Dearest Elizabeth,

"I did not think it worth while to despatch one of our usual messengers merely for the purpose of telling you that your talismanic words fully succeeded in producing the desired effect—because I knew that according to the invariable understanding subsisting between us, you would regard silence as a proof of success. The Marquis departed this morning with the beautiful young lady who is to become his wife. Last night, before he retired to his room, he gave me the enclosed letter, with strict injunctions that it was to be forwarded to you at once. I accordingly send it.

"We are all well, and sincerely hope that you are prosperous and thriving. I received a letter from a certain person the other day: or shall I in plain terms say, from Ned Russell? He was with his ship at Barcelona, but will be home in a few weeks: and then, my dear Elizabeth, as there will be a wedding at the *Admiral's Head*, it will be impossible to dispense with your services as one of the bridemaids. This kindness will be claimed at your hands by your former school-companion and

"Ever affectionate friend,

"CATHERINE MARSHALL."

Lady Bess was in no particular hurry to open the Marquis of Villebelle's letter, as she naturally concluded that it merely contained an assurance of gratitude for the service she had rendered him. Therefore, ere she broke the seal of that letter, she explained to her brother that the Ned Russell alluded to was the individual to whom Kate was engaged to be married—that he was a very fine, handsome, dashing fellow, about thirty years of age—and in every respect well suited for a good-looking, sprightly, gay, and frank-hearted young woman as Kate was.

Lady Bess then proceeded to open the other letter: but as she read its contents, so singular an expression of mingled surprise, incredulity, and solemn awe, appeared upon her countenance, that Frank could not help leaning over her shoulder and scanning the letter also. With its contents however we need not at present engage the reader's attention: suffice it to say that they afforded food for a long and serious conversation between the brother and sister.

This discourse was presently interrupted by the appearance of Adolphus, who now entered the room. A considerable change had taken place in him; and it was all for the better. Not only had his intellects made great progress towards the recovery of their proper equilibrium, but his physical aspect had improved. He was still thin—but the painful appearance of emaciation no longer shocked the eye. A suitable toilet moreover constituted an advantageous auxiliary to this improvement in his looks; and it was not difficult to see that when thoroughly restored to health, he would be a handsome man. His eyes had already lost their vacant bewilderment of regard, and had regained a natural expression. They were dark, and fringed with thick and beautiful lashes. His hair was likewise dark, and curled naturally: his teeth were fine—and the outline of his features, if not completely regular, was at least attractive. He was tall—exceedingly slender, but of good proportions; and now that he was properly apparelled, his air was that of gentility—almost elegance.

It was with the affectionate manner which a brother would show towards a sister, that Adolphus bade Elizabeth Chandos "good morning;" and also with a friendly cordiality that he addressed Frank. At the same time, as the reader has perceived, he had not the remotest suspicion that they virtually and literally believed him to be their half-brother: it was in the sincerest gratitude and esteem that he testified such an affectionate demeanour towards Lady Bess; and this feeling was naturally reflected towards her brother. Lady Bess told him that she expected to see Theodore Barclay in the course of the day with some certain intelligence as to the abode of Lady Everton. Adolphus was rejoiced at these tidings; and Lady Bess asked him whether he felt himself sufficiently recovered to undertake so long a journey as that into Wales, supposing Theodore's belief should prove correct, that Lady Everton was actually residing in some strict seclusion there? Adolphus assured her that he not only felt sufficiently restored to health for such a journey, but that the object for which it was to be undertaken would inspire him with a spirit enabling him to bear up against all fatigue.

While Lady Bess, Frank, and Adolphus were conversing together, they perceived from the window a young lady, neatly and tastefully attired, and leading a charming little boy by the hand, approach the cottage.

"It is Henrietta Leyden!" cried Elizabeth Chandos; and a sudden glow of delight appeared upon the countenance of Adolphus.

There was a knock at the door; and in a few moments Rosa introduced Henrietta and little Charley. At the first glance Miss Leyden recognized in Lady Bess her deliverer who had worn male apparel at the time she effected her rescue: but she did not as quickly perceive that Adolphus was that same miserable-looking object whom she had seen at Beech-Tree Lodge, and who was emancipated from captivity at the same time as herself.

"I thought you had *forgotten* us," said Lady Bess, taking Henrietta's hand and bidding her welcome. "Do you not recognise our friend here?"

"Yes—now I do," responded Henrietta: and it was with a look as much as to imply her mingled surprise and pleasure at beholding such a remarkable improvement in his general appearance.

"Miss Leyden," said Adolphus, taking her hand, and gazing with a half respectful, half timid admiration upon her sweetly beautiful countenance,—"we were captives in the same place, and I hope that we shall be friends now that we are restored to liberty. Ah! mine is a strange wild history; and you ought to know it. You cannot think how I

have suffered!"—and he pressed his hand to his brow: for though his intellects had almost recovered their equilibrium, yet there were moments when they appeared to totter slightly as if about to fall back into confusion—but then again, with the elasticity of reviving vigour, did they regain the firmness of their position.

"Come with me, Henrietta," said Lady Bess, "for I have much to tell you, and we had better converse alone. This dear little boy is your brother? He shall remain with *my* brother, whom you see here—and also with our friend Adolphus."

Elisabeth Chandos accordingly conducted Henrietta into another room; and there she proceeded to inform her who Adolphus really was, and wherefore he had been kept for so many years in captivity. Henrietta was naturally surprised on learning that it was the real and true Lord Everton with whom accident had thus made her acquainted; and if anything were wanting to augment her indignation against the old profligate who had usurped the title, it was this tale of abominable iniquity towards his nephew which she now heard. Lady Bess likewise explained to her how it was that Adolphus had found his way to her chamber at Beech-Tree Lodge on those occasions when his ghastly appearance so much frightened her; and she wound up her narrative by the intimation that in a very few days there could be no doubt that Adolphus would be enabled to stand before the world as the real Lord Everton.

Henrietta was rejoiced to hear that the cause of right and justice would thus be made to triumph over that of usurpation and wrong; and she remarked upon the extraordinary change for the better that had taken place in the young nobleman's looks.

"You may have perceived," said Lady Bess, "that his reason has nearly established itself firmly upon its seat again, but that there are moments when it quails and totters with a transient feebleness. However, his progress towards a complete restoration to health and intellect is highly satisfactory, and exceeds even the most sanguine hopes that at the commencement I dared form. But now, Miss Leyden, let us speak of yourself. In the first place I have to thank you for complying with my request, that no publicity might be given to the incidents which rendered us acquainted."

"It would indeed have been ungrateful on my part to have disregarded your injunctions," responded Henrietta. "You may even think that I have been guilty of ingratitude, as it is, for suffering so many days to elapse ere I called to renew my sense of the boundless obligation under which I lie towards you."

"Perhaps," said Lady Bess, slowly and with a significant look, "you had some hesitation in coming hither after all you saw on the night of your deliverance?—or perhaps your relations and friends may have counselled you against renewing your acquaintance with me?"

"Mrs. Chandos," said Henrietta, with a tone and look of warm effusion, "you wrong me—I can assure you that you wrong me. Candidly do I confess that the *one* incident of that night—an incident to which I need not more particularly allude—has troubled me much: but I have endeavoured to reason myself into the belief that although you suffered that proceeding to take place, you were no participator in its fruits. Besides, when I thought of the evident superiority of your looks, your manners, your language, I could not suffer myself to remain in the belief that——But I need not be explicit——And now that I behold you in this attire, and that I contemplate the honest frankness of your countenance——No, no—I cannot believe that——"

"And you are right," said Lady Bess: "you must believe nothing injurious with respect to me. There is some little mystery as to my motive in assuming male apparel the other day: but you will not ask me for explanations. It is my secret."

"And not for worlds would I seek to penetrate it," responded Henrietta. "I was about to tell you that I was not very explicit in the account I gave to my mother—and to a good kind friend whom heaven has sent us—relative to the transactions of the other night. At the same time you must understand that it was but *one* incident which I thus suppressed——"

"I thank you, dear Miss Leyden," exclaimed Lady Bess, "for this delicacy and generosity on your part. But do not let me suffer in your opinion, even by the existence of a doubt in your mind as to the particular incident to which you allude. Can you not comprehend that I stood in the position of a general who can only induce his army to assail a fortified town on the express condition that if successful in taking it, the booty shall be their own? You saw that I permitted those men whom I enlisted in the enterprise, to help themselves to whatsoever was in the room where we found you: but I consented not to a general sack and plunder. Now you understand the position in which I was placed: and if I had been over nice, both you and Adolphus would be captives there still."

"I am glad that you have given me all these assurances," exclaimed Henrietta, completely deceived by the sophistry of Lady Bess, whose hand she took and pressed warmly. "As I forbore to touch upon that particular incident when narrating the particulars of my escape to my mother and our friend, there was of course no objection raised to my paying you a visit this day. Indeed, were not my mother an invalid, she would have come personally to thank you; and if I myself have not been sooner, it was because that dear mother's illness, so cruelly aggravated by my unaccountable disappearance, has required all my attention. A little while back we were poor—very, very poor—and dwelling in a mean garret: but now, through the kindness of a gentleman named Gunthorpe, we are in comfortable circumstances and in a healthy abode. Mr. Gunthorpe has taken for us a sweet little residence on Stamford Hill——"

"Ah! you are therefore at no great distance from my cottage?" exclaimed Lady Bess.

"It is but a mere walk," responded Henrietta; "and as my mother was somewhat better this morning, I resolved to lose not another day in visiting you, accompanied by my little brother. Through the aid of Mr. Gunthorpe I am going to open a seminary so soon as my mother is restored to health. Oh! you know not what a kind benevolent gentleman is this Mr. Gunthorpe of whom I am speaking. He will not let us utter a word of thanks for all he does, and is so hasty and impulsive in his proceedings. Whatever he decides upon is done at once; and he appears to be immensely

rich. I can assure you, Mrs. Chandos, that he is somewhat anxious to see you after the account I gave him of my deliverance from Beech-Tree Lodge."

"It is probably that I shall set off into Wales to-morrow or next day—perhaps even this very afternoon," said Lady Bess: "but on my return I will communicate with you."

At this moment the door opened; and Francis Paton, making his appearance, said to his sister, "I wish to say one word to you before Miss Leyden takes her departure."

Lady Bess begged Henrietta to excuse her for a few moments; and wondering what her brother could have to say, followed him into a little back room, where he carefully shut the door before he explained himself.

"What is the meaning of all this mystery, Frank?" asked Lady Bess.

"Just now," responded Frank, "Adolphus suddenly drew me towards the window; and speaking in a low voice, so that the little boy might not overhear what passed, he said, 'There is something in my mind that I can keep secret no longer. I love that sweet beautiful Henrietta Leyden more than I can tell you. I love your sister as if she were *my* sister; but I love Henrietta with a different feeling. The other day I could not understand it: but now I can. For heaven's sake go and whisper a few words in your sister's ear, and beseech her to ascertain from Henrietta whether she loves any one, or is under an engagement of marriage. I dare say, Frank, you will think this very strange, and perhaps very improper on my part: but I cannot help it.'—It was thus that Adolphus spoke to me."

"I am not at all astonished that he should have thus spoken," said Lady Bess. "I knew that he loved Henrietta; and poor fellow! he is a mere child in many respects. His captivity has robbed him of so many years of life's experience: he is therefore the creature of impulses—his sentiments and feelings are in a purely natural state, unwarped and unbiassed by worldly or selfish considerations. I see no harm in allowing this attachment of his to take its course, provided that Henrietta herself is disengaged: for she is evidently a most amiable and artless girl, and no doubt of the highest respectability. Return you to Adolphus, and tell him that his wishes shall be complied with."

Frank accordingly went back to the room where Adolphus was left with little Charley, while Lady Bess returned to Henrietta. Resuming her seat, she took the young girl by the hand; and looking earnestly in her countenance, said, "I am going to speak to you upon a very serious subject. I wish to put a strange question—and I hope you will believe from the outset that it is from no motive of impertinent curiosity. Indeed, I am incapable of such a motive."

"But this question?" said Henrietta, naturally surprised at being thus seriously addressed.

"Tell me—are your affections engaged? or is your heart free?"

"Oh!" cried Henrietta, with a blush of maiden modesty upon her cheeks, "this is indeed a question little expected! But I can answer frankly at once," she continued with a smile: "my heart is altogether free."

"In that case," resumed Lady Bess, her looks showing her satisfaction at Henrietta's answer, "I may at once explain to you my object in putting so strange an inquiry. Instead of keeping a school, Henrietta, you might, if you will, become Lady Everton."

The young maiden was overwhelmed with surprise at this announcement: the colour went and came in rapid transition upon her cheeks. She scarcely knew what to think or what to say. The prospect was brilliant and dazzling; and as it at once suggested ideas of wealth and independence—comfort for her mother, and a happy career for her brother—she felt her brain swim with the intoxication of bliss. But suddenly recurred to her the recollection that she had been an opera-dancer; and in that circumstance she beheld a death-blow to the hope so suddenly and unexpectedly excited in her mind. Lady Bess, watching her countenance earnestly, observed a cloud succeed the glow of animation which had at first overspread those delicately beautiful features; and she said, "Tell me all that is passing in your mind, Henrietta: for on so important a subject there must be no reserve."

"It was natural," responded the young damsel in a tremulous voice, "that I should for a moment feel bewildered as it were with the dazzling brightness of such a prospect: but no—it cannot be! Not for an instant would I prove unworthy of the generous confidence which the true and legitimate Lord Everton has demonstrated towards me. Mrs. Chandos, I have been a dancer in the ballet at the Opera!"

Lady Bess gave no immediate reply, but still gazed earnestly on Henrietta's countenance. Innocence and candour were there; and the blush that suffused her cheeks was not that of conscious shame. The amazonian lady knew full well by her own experience that female chastity may pass through many ordeals and issue thence unscathed: she knew also that woman's virtue may exist under circumstances by no means propitious to its wholesome vitality; and as she still gazed upon the sweetly pensive and softly interesting countenance of Henrietta Leyden, she could read as if through a transparent medium the guileless purity of the young girl's soul.

"It was necessity," she said, at length breaking silence, "which compelled you to appear at the Opera?"

"It was—the direst necessity!" answered Henrietta, tears trickling down her cheeks at the recollection of past calamities. "But you yourself have had sufficient proof that if I had chosen to stray from the path of virtue, I might have been surrounded with luxuries and riches. For what other purpose was I borne to Beech-Tree Lodge and held captive there?"

"No argument is required to convince me, my dear Henrietta, that you are fully worthy of becoming the wife of Adolphus. But on *this* occasion it were better, perhaps, that you should not meet again. You have a mother to consult—and he also will perhaps soon be restored to a parent whose wishes he may have to study. It is sufficient that I have ascertained from your lips the freedom of your heart. I will fetch your little brother to you."

"Yes—your advice is most prudent," said Henrietta, "and shall be followed." She then named

the exact place of her abode, adding,—"Perhaps in a short time you will communicate with me?"

"Immediately on our return from the journey which I believe we are about to undertake: or perhaps I may even write to you from the place whither we are going. But tell me, Henrietta—do you think you can love Adolphus?"

"All the circumstances under which we met, and those which surround him," replied the damsel, with the most ingenuous frankness, "have naturally inspired me with a considerable degree of interest on his behalf. During the interval which has elapsed since the night of our deliverance, I have thought of him with feelings of the deepest sympathy: and now to find myself the object of his affection, is so flattering to me in all respects that—— But wherefore should I say more?"—and she bent down her blushing countenance.

"I understand you, Henrietta," said Elizabeth Chandos. "You feel that you can love him—and that is sufficient. Fear not for a moment that the incident of your life to which you have alluded, will stand as a barrier in the way of your happiness. The love which Adolphus experiences for you, is the purest effluence of the heart's natural feelings; and such a love is generosity itself. I will explain to him the particulars of our interview; and I can conscientiously promise that his unsophisticated love will receive no shock from the revelation that necessity compelled you to earn your bread on the stage."

Henrietta Leyden expressed her gratitude for all the kind words that Lady Bess thus spoke; and taking an affectionate leave of her, she departed from the cottage with her little brother Charley.

Lady Bess had no difficulty in making Adolphus comprehend that it was more prudent for Henrietta thus to depart without seeing him again on the present occasion, as the young damsel would require leisure to compose her feelings after an announcement of such importance made so unexpectedly. Adolphus was as docile as a child; and it was sufficient for him to be assured that no circumstances which could be at present foreseen, appeared to bar the confirmation of his hopes in respect to Henrietta.

At a later hour on that same day Theodore Barclay made his appearance; and Lady Bess saw him alone.

"Lord Everton," he said, in allusion to the old usurper whom he still called by that title from habit, "continues very ill, and is confined to his bed. Without being able to speak positive, but only judging from circumstances, it seems to me that he and Bellamy, as well as Mrs. Martin, are still so bewildered they know not what to do: but I overheard Bellamy say to the woman something about *it's being impossible that he could prove his identity.*"

"Meaning of course the rightful Lord Everton?" said Lady Bess. "But to the main point: have you succeeded in discovering the place of Lady Everton's residence?"

"I have not," replied Theodore Barclay.

"Ah, this is provoking!" ejaculated Lady Bess, with a look of disappointment. "Have you no clue?"

"Yes: but not a very satisfactory one. To tell you the truth, I opened a writing-desk where I knew that my old master kept some private papers, thinking that I should be sure to gain thence the information I wanted. But all I could discover was a letter from some solicitors in Parliament Street stating that they had duly made a remittance to Lady Everton, but without saying where she was."

"This is at least a step gained!" cried Lady Bess. "And who are these solicitors?"

"I wrote down their names and address," responded Barclay, as he produced a slip of paper.

"Marlow and Malton—eh?" said Lady Bess, as she glanced at the names: and it struck Theodore that a smile of arch mockery, most delightfully mischievous, flitted over her handsome countenance. "This will do," she continued: "depend upon it I will succeed in discovering the truth. You have not dropped a single incautious word at Beech-Tree Lodge, that may excite suspicion of your being in correspondence with me?"

"I think I am rather too shrewd for that," returned Theodore. "No, no: I see at present on which side my bread is buttered; and I shall stick firm and faithful to you, ma'am, and the interest you have in hand."

"You will act wisely, Theodore. Continue to observe all that passes at Beech-Tree Lodge. But by the bye, you had better call again to-morrow afternoon, as I shall see these lawyers in the morning—and then I can tell you whether I purpose leaving home for a short time, and where letters will find me: for it is important that you should write if anything occurs to render such correspondence necessary."

Theodore faithfully promised to obey Lady Bess's instructions in all things, and then took his departure. It was a sad disappointment to Adolphus and Frank when they learnt that the footman had not succeeded after all in discovering Lady Everton's place of abode: but Elizabeth Chandos bade them not be down-hearted, as she had full faith in her own ingenuity to obtain the desired information from Messrs. Marlow and Malton. Frank, knowing what had occurred between his sister and those gentlemen, looked both alarmed and surprised on hearing that she would now have something more to do with them; but when they were alone together, she succeeded in reassuring him entirely upon the subject.

CHAPTER LX.

MARLOW AND MALTON.

On the following day, at about eleven o'clock, the scene which we now purpose to describe took place at the offices of Messrs. Marlow and Malton in Parliament Street, Westminster. These two gentlemen were seated together in their own private room, which was large and handsomely furnished. One entire side was fitted with book-shelves from floor to ceiling, containing a collection of the most useful and valuable volumes connected with that Dædalian maze of intricacy—the English law. There were Digests of the laws relating to particular matters—Commentaries upon those Digests—and Commentaries on the Commentaries of the Digests—and then the Digests of the Commentaries themselves. There were books of the common law and books of the statutes: and although the collection numbered at least five hundred

volumes, their subjects embraced but some few sections of British legal procedure. A glance at that library could not fail to be followed by the wondering idea on the part of any intelligent man, that a civilized and enlightened people should possess such a jumble of laws and statues, instead of one simple code that might be contained in a single volume. But this same intelligent and observing man whom we are supposing to make such a remark, would *not* wonder that there should indeed be ample food for the whole army of legal sharks, harpies, and cormorants whom these crude, unintelligible, contradictory legislative absurdities have called into being and let loose upon society.

Another side of the spacious apartment which we are describing, was also arranged with shelves; but on these were long arrays of japanned tin boxes, distinguished by the names of the particular clients whose valuable papers required such safe custody. The lawyers were seated at a very large table, with a writing desk on either side, so that they faced each other; and the table itself was covered with bundles of papers tied round with red tape and bearing the usual endorsements in a large bold hand.

This private room was approached through the clerks' office, where seven or eight of these individuals divided their time between the papers on their desk and the sandwiches inside it. Opening from their office were other rooms—one belonging to the managing clerk, another to the cashier, and a third to some other official in the establishment: for, as stated in an earlier chapter, Messrs. Marlow and Malton carried on a very extensive business.

We must however return into the private room where these gentlemen were seated: but we should observe that there was still an inner room, leading out of their own, and which was termed "the parlour"—that being the *sanctum* where they received very aristocratic visitors, or else where one of the partners might transact business with some client should the other partner be simultaneously engaged in a like manner. But at the moment when we thus peep in upon them, they were alone together, discoursing upon their affairs. Presently some one knocked at the door communicating from the outer office; and upon being bidden to enter, a clerk made his appearance. Advancing towards the table, he laid a card upon Mr. Marlow's desk, saying, "This lady, sir, requests an immediate interview."

"Mrs. Chandos!" ejaculated Marlow, bounding upon his seat. "Was there ever such——But no matter. How shall we act, Malton?"

"See her," was his more sedate partner's response.

"So we will," cried Marlow: then turning to the clerk, he said, "Show the lady in."

The young man disappeared; and Mr. Malton said, "Now don't act as if you were so over positive about that identity. You might have been mistaken you know——"

"Mistaken! Pooh—nonsense! Have I not eyes? and must I not believe them? But hush! here she comes."

The door again opened; and Mrs. Chandos—or rather Lady Bess, bearing that name and wearing the costume best befitting her sex—made her appearance. She was very elegantly apparelled; and with her veil thrown back, looked even handsomer than when Mr. Marlow had seen her at Dover at the *Admiral's Head*. The garb which she wore became her splendid shape to the utmost advantage; and though her features might be pronounced by rigid criticism to be somewhat coarse, yet it was impossible to deny that she was a very fine creature. Her hair in its raven richness, set off the high and noble forehead; the large dark eyes, so bright and so unfathomable, gave a wondrous animation to her countenance;—and as she entered, her moist luscious lips, parting in a mischievous smile which she could not possibly subdue, revealed those unblemished teeth of ivory whiteness.

Observing this smile, Mr. Marlow, who had at first looked grave and severe, could not help relaxing from that mood; and then, being suddenly seized with one of those jocular humours which are inspired by the remembrance of ludicrous circumstances, he threw himself back in his chair and burst out into a hearty laugh. Mr. Malton caught the infection—but far more slightly; and the self-styled Mrs. Chandos gave way to such a joyous fit of merriment, that the flute-like tones of her musical laugh must have reached the ears of the clerks in their own office, and made them wonder what hilarious client had just been introduced to the presence of their employers.

"Pray sit down, ma'am," said Mr. Marlow, feeling that it would be almost impossible to resume his severity of look after this virtual abandonment of rancour for the past. "Have I really the honour of addressing the Mrs. Chandos of Dover?"

"Really that honour—if an honour it be," she answered, her gaiety having by this time subsided into a smile of roguish archness, which made her look most wickedly handsome.

"Well, I must confess that I do not know exactly how to receive you," continued the elder partner: "for in my own mind the conviction is still strong——"

"But you have received me with a laugh," interrupted Lady Bess. "Never mind what your conviction may be. I have come to talk upon a business matter—and I beg that the Dover scene may be put out of the question—at least for the present."

"Well, we will try to lose sight of it if we can," ejaculated Mr. Marlow: "but I confess it's difficult enough. And now, what about this business? I hope you do not want me to meet you on the high road to Tottenham somewhat late at night?"

"I will joke with you as long as ever you please," replied Lady Bess: "only when you are really inclined to be serious, perhaps you will let me know."

"Come, let us be serious," said the more sedate Mr. Malton.

"I am quite serious now," exclaimed the elder partner. "Mrs. Chandos, we will put aside the past for a few minutes if you please; and you may continue at once."

"So much the better," observed Lady Bess: and then she added with a smile, "I am sure on my part there is no rancour on account of the Dover affair."

"On your part indeed?" ejaculated Marlow. "No—I should think not. All the trouble and annoyance were on our's. There was I cutting down to Dover, while my partner here rushed off to Liverpool——"

"But I thought," interrupted Mr. Malton, "that we were to forget the past, while this lady spoke to us of the present."

"Yes, yes," said Marlow. "I am sure I do not want to be hard upon the lady, let her be who she may and call herself what she likes. But perhaps," he added with a lurking sneer, "she has come with the honourable intention of paying our costs——I mean the costs incurred in racing and chasing, one of us to Dover and the other to Liverpool."

"Gentlemen," said Lady Bess, now assuming a severe look, "you are carrying your joke a little too far."

"By heaven! it was you who carried the joke too far," ejaculated Marlow: and he took up an ivory paper-cutter and tossed it petulantly half across the table.

"Come, come, Marlow, do be quiet," said Mr. Malton; "and let us see what Mrs. Chandos wants with us."

Mr. Marlow threw himself back in his chair, as if resigning himself to the penitence of keeping silent on a subject which so much excited him; and he waved his hand to his partner, as much as to

say, "Well, you must manage this business whatever it may be; for I see that I cannot help touching on the other affair."

"Now, ma'am," said the more sedate lawyer of the two. "I am quite prepared to hear what you may have to say."

"I must commence by observing," said the visitress, "that I have the honour of the acquaintance of Lady Everton."

"Was it made at night upon the highway?" asked Mr. Marlow.

"Hush, hush!" cried Malton deprecatingly. "Do let us get on, if it's only to save our own valuable time. Well, ma'am," he continued, turning towards Lady Bess, "and so you have the honour of the acquaintance of Lady Everton. What then?"

"You recently made her ladyship a remittance of money to her present place of abode——"

"That is correct," said Mr. Malton. "Be so kind as to proceed."

"Are you not aware that in consequence of one of yourselves, or else one of your clerks, writing the address wrong, your letter of advice was some time in reaching Lady Everton, and that it caused her a great deal of trouble?"—and as Lady Bess thus spoke, it was with so much apparent sincerity of voice and demeanour that it utterly defied suspicion as to the point she was driving at.

"Spelt wrong?" cried Mr. Marlow, springing up from his chair. "No: I will be hanged if it was: for I wrote the address myself—and it's rather too bad to come and tell me that I don't know yet how to spell a name that I have written over and over again every three months for these many years past:"—and thus speaking, he resumed his seat.

"I really do not see wherefore there should be so much excitement upon the point," said Lady Bess, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "I am not here to waste your time in mere trifles. It is by the written request of Lady Everton that I have taken the liberty of calling, for the simple purpose of asking you to be more accurate in future in writing the address of letters intended for her ladyship."

"And pray how the deuce would you have it written?" exclaimed Marlow: then taking a sheet of paper, he pushed it over to that end of the table near which Lady Bess was seated, adding, "Be so good as to show me how you write it, since I must go to school again."

"Or rather," rejoined the heroine, "do you write it, and I will at once point out where you are wrong and how you transpose the letters."

"Very well," said Marlow. "But excuse me for observing that there is a court of appeal even from your learned decision, Mrs. Chandos; and when you have pronounced judgment we will look into the *Gazetteer*."

While thus speaking, Marlow dipped his pen into the ink with an excited, irritable manner, and then wrote down something upon the paper before him.

"Now," he cried, "show me where is the error. I know it is a jaw-breaking name to pronounce: but as for the spelling of it, there can be no mistake."

"We shall see," said Lady Bess: and rising from her seat with a certain fluttering of the heart, she bent over the senior partner's shoulder and looked at what he had written.

The address was *Rhavadergwy, Radnorshire.*

"And that is *not* correct!" she at once exclaimed, by way of sustaining the stratagem to prevent her motives from being suspected. "It should be *Rhavaeogderg*."

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Marlow, quite in a pet; and seizing up the *Gazetteer* that stood amongst other books of ready reference upon the table, he tossed over the pages until he reached the one that he sought: then pointing to the name in the book, he cried triumphantly, "Who is right? and who is wrong?"

"Well, I must confess that *you* are right," said Lady Bess, pretending to look profoundly astonished. "I wonder that Lady Everton could have made such a mistake."

"And I wonder," ejaculated Marlow, "that you should not have taken the trouble to look in a map before you came rushing down here to give us a lesson in the orthography of Welsh names."

"I must sincerely apologise for the intrusion," said the lady: and with a graceful salutation she quitted the room.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary thing," said Marlow, "that ever I knew. Is it possible that her object was merely this?"

"She could not have any other that I can see," replied Mr. Malton.

Half-an-hour after this incident the door again opened, and a clerk announced "Lord Saxondale."

The young nobleman lounged into the apartment with an air of dissipated languor, partly real and partly assumed; and nodding familiarly to the two lawyers, he flung himself upon the chair which Lady Bess had so recently occupied.

"We expected your lordship yesterday," said Mr. Marlow, with a somewhat grave countenance; "and I remained here on purpose, although I had important business elsewhere."

"Very sorry, but couldn't come," replied Saxondale flippantly. "Up late the night before—champagne breakfast in the morning—and all that sort of thing:"—and here he gave a terrific yawn.

"And I should think that your lordship was up late last night too?" said Marlow drily.

"Yes—up late every night, for that matter. Who the deuce can go and bury himself in bed before two or three in the morning——unless——"

"You may spare any addition to your remark," interrupted Marlow, perceiving that it would have been some flippant indecency. "And now about this list of debts of your's? Lord Petersfield has agreed that they shall be paid; and her ladyship your mother has expressed a similar desire. Mr. Malton and I, having talked the thing over, do not feel disposed to put a negative upon it: but we wish some little explanation about a few of the items, because we are of opinion that a compromise may be effected with the parties in some instances."

"Well, what explanations do you want? I have not much time to spare: for I have got to meet a man in half-an-hour——"

"Meet whom?" demanded Marlow, somewhat sharply.

"Only Staunton," was the response.

"My opinion is that Lord Harold Staunton whom you speak of so familiarly, has done you a world of mischief; and I think, Lord Saxondale, that it you were to see a little less of him, the better. I do not

say that you can cut him altogether, being engaged as you are to his lordship's sister——"

"Now pray don't preach a sermon," interrupted Saxondale, affecting an air of fatigue. "If you wish me to hear one, I will go with you and attend Dr. Dronewell at St. George's, Hanover Square, and if *he* don't send us all to sleep, may I be hanged if I know who will."

"Well, about these debts then," cried Marlow, tossing his head and pursing up his mouth, as much as to imply that there was nothing to be done with such a being as Edmund. "I see here one Musters, represented as holding promissory notes for four thousand pounds. Pray how much have you received in hard cash out of this?"

"Oh! I had the value safe enough," replied Saxondale; "and I don't want any compromise made with him, because he was recommended to me by a young lady of my acquaintance, and it wouldn't look well if it came to her ears that it was a mere dividend affair, and not a regular settlement. She would cut me dead if she thought it was a fifteen-shilling-in-the-pound business."

"And pray who is this exceedingly fastidious young lady?"

"Ah! that's tellings," responded Saxondale.

"A mistress, I presume?" cried Marlow. "That is the way to devour your substance. Look at those tin-boxes. Half of them contain the title-deeds of noblemen's estates, or else mortgage-bonds and so forth; and I'll be bound to say that Woman was at the bottom of all the extravagances of which they are the proofs. But come, Lord Saxondale, you must give us the explanations we require; or we will put our negative upon the settlement altogether. I ask you therefore, how much money in hard cash did you receive from this Musters for the four thousand pounds of promissory notes that he holds? Do be candid; for we shall find it all out."

"Well then, I had three thousand pounds," replied Saxondale.

"Three thousand in hard cash. And what else?"

"A hundred pounds in wine-warrants."

"What have you done with them?"

"The wine was so bad it wasn't drinkable; and so I sold the warrants for twenty pounds."

"To whom did you sell them?"

"To old Musters himself."

"Ah! that's just what I thought," ejaculated Marlow. "The wine never went out of the Docks at all, I suppose?"

"Never. He produced a bottle as a sample; but the first glass was enough."

"He's a very honest man to sell you things at one moment for a hundred pounds, and buy them back the next for twenty. But what else did you get from him?"

"Four hundred pounds in Debentures of the Carribbee Island Gold-Mining and Pearl-Diving Association."

"And what did you do with them?"

"Old Musters told me that they were capital securities, almost at a premium; and so I went to a stock-broker and asked him to buy them. I don't know much about these things—and I was rather astonished when he told me they were not worth eighteen-pence apiece."

"What did you do with them?" demanded Mr. Marlow.

"I did not like to offend old Musters by taking them back, so I put them into the fire."

"The only place they were fit for," observed Marlow. "Well, we have still yet five hundred pounds to account for——"

"Oh! that was for interest, bonus, and so on," exclaimed Saxondale; "and I don't think it was out of the way."

"In plain terms, this Musters has charged you a thousand pounds, *minus* twenty for the wine, for the loan of three thousand for about eight or nine months. Now, we see here," continued Marlow, referring to the list of debts, "items for a carriage and horses—an immense bill at a wine-merchant's—plate and jewellery at a goldsmith's—and a fearful account at a milliner's. What are all these?"

"For the lady who introduced me to Musters," answered Saxondale.

"She took care to be well rewarded for her trouble, at all events. But how happens it that in less than one year you have run up a tailor's bill for thirteen hundred pounds? That would give you a hundred and thirty suits of clothes at ten pounds each."

"Ah! but it isn't all for clothes," responded Saxondale: "there's about seven hundred of it for cash lent."

"Oh! then I suppose this six hundred pounds at a cigar-shop in the Quadrant, is not at all for cigars? If so, one would think you must have kept a whole regiment in tobacco for the last six months. Come, how much of this is money borrowed?"

"About two-thirds," repued Edmund. "But hav'n't you pretty nearly got explanations enough?"

"No—not quite. What are we to understand by this memorandum which states you to be answerable for a friend to the amount of three thousand pounds to Israel Isaacs of Chancery Lane?"

"Oh! that the Sheriff's Officer, you know——"

"We know very well who he is: but who is the friend for whom you are answerable?"

"Why, Staunton, to be sure. And now for heaven's sake have done, or I shall never get away."

"Stop, stop: don't be in a hurry! This business is more serious than any other you can have in hand. There is such a host of tradesmen in the list that it would seem as if all the expenses of Saxondale House fell upon your shoulders; and many of them too are her ladyship's tradesmen. I recognize their names. How can you owe them money like this?"

"Well, if you must know, Lord Petersfield and you have kept me so uncommon short that I have been obliged to run in here and there and borrow an occasional cool hundred, or so, wherever it was handiest."

"Then, I should say that almost every shopkeeper in Regent Street, and Bond Street, and in Piccadilly, have been found handy by your lordship at times?"

"Uncommonly handy," returned Saxondale. "But have you done *now?*"

"I think, Mr. Malton," said Marlow, appealing to his partner, "that we need not enter much deeper into these affairs?"

"The list is indeed much worse than we anticipated," observed Mr. Malton: "but for this once I suppose it must be settled."

The attorneys then intimated to Saxondale the amount of the addition to be made to his monthly allowance until he should come of age; and after another lecturing, which he listened to with sundry yawns and other evidences of impatience, he was at length permitted to take his leave.

We cannot however immediately divert the reader's notice from the office of Messrs. Marlow and Malton: for soon after Edmund Saxondale's departure, the door of the private room was again opened, and a clerk entered to announce that a gentleman giving the name of Mr. Gunthorpe requested an interview. Marlow desired him to be at once admitted; and our old friend bustled into the presence of the attorneys, with his hat in one hand, his cane in the other, and his scratch wig turned the least thing awry by accident. Having taken a seat, he at once said, "I believe, gentlemen, that you are the attorneys of Lady Saxondale?"

"We have that honour," replied Mr. Marlow.

"Then, gentlemen, I request that you will give me your very best attention," resumed Mr. Gunthorpe. "You doubtless read in the newspapers of a duel which recently took place between Lord Harold Staunton and a young gentleman of the name of Deveril. Now, in this Mr. Deveril I experience some degree of interest——"

"I think I once saw him," said Marlow, "at Lady Saxondale's house. Did he not teach the young ladies drawing, or painting, or something of the kind, until he so misconducted himself towards their mother?"

"Stop!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe: "that is the very point I have come about. He did *not* misconduct himself. It is altogether a base fabrication on Lady Saxondale's part——"

"Mr. Gunthorpe," exclaimed Marlow, "I cannot permit this language. Her ladyship is our client——"

"And that is the very reason why I have come to you. Mr. Deveril is perfectly incapable of such conduct as Lady Saxondale has represented. She has injured him in two ways—in a pecuniary sense by procuring his exclusion from the houses of her acquaintances, and in a moral sense by damaging his reputation. With regard to the former it is a mere nothing in comparison with the latter. Thank heaven, he is comfortably off through his own industry and other circumstances; and if he were not, my purse would be open to him. But to be injured in the point which is dearest to an honourable man—his character—this is the source of affliction as well as the wrong that is to be vindicated; and if there is justice in England, and it can be obtained for money, William Deveril shall have it."

"Do you mean to threaten her ladyship with an action on Mr. Deveril's account?" asked Marlow.

"Most decidedly," responded Gunthorpe. "It appears to be the only way of vindicating Mr. Deveril's fair fame. I called upon her ladyship; and she refused to make such amends as she ought. I would have allowed the matter to be settled as quietly as possible, so as to compromise her as little as might be: but she boldly stood out. Now, both Mr. Deveril and myself are still averse to taking extreme measures; and therefore I thought I would call and see if you, as Lady Saxondale's friends and legal advisers, would interfere to save her ladyship from the scandal of exposure in a law-court."

"But what counter-allegation does Mr. Deveril make?" inquired Marlow.

"Mr. Deveril declares that her ladyship poured forth in his ears an avowal of love—that she acted towards him in a manner the most indecorous—and that plainly avowing marriage to be impossible, she offered to become his paramour."

"Mr. Gunthorpe," ejaculated Marlow, "it is impossible this discourse can continue. My partner and I have had the honour and pleasure of Lady Saxondale's acquaintance ever since her husband's death—that is, about nineteen years: and if we were asked to point out amongst the ladies of the Aristocracy one who by her exceeding rectitude of conduct, her unvarying prudence, her self-elevation above everything savouring of levity, much more above everything calculated to excite the breath of scandal, we should not hesitate to name Lady Saxondale."

"Appearances cannot always be trusted," observed Mr. Gunthorpe. "It is quite possible that Lady Saxondale may have conducted herself during a long series of years with the utmost propriety: but in this instance it is evident enough to me that she was beguiled by a strong infatuation into the grossest imprudence. I also have as high an opinion of William Deveril as you have of Lady Saxondale. I know that Deveril was incapable of bending an impure look upon Lady Saxondale—much more of daring to offer an insulting overture. It is absolutely incredible. Even before the duel, I was perfectly convinced of his innocence in this respect: but since the duel I have received what I consider to be the fullest corroboration. In a word, gentlemen, the night before that duel took place, he wrote several letters, amongst which there was one to me. I have since read it; and therein he confessed to me that he was deeply enamoured of a young lady; and being so enamoured—enamoured indeed almost to infatuation—it is not credible that he would have made tender overtures to Lady Saxondale."

"All this may be perfectly logical in your estimation, Mr. Gunthorpe: but we cannot see with your eyes. At the same time," continued Mr. Marlow, "I must thank you for coming to call upon us with a view to prevent the disagreeables of a law-suit. It speaks well for yourself; and I am quite ready to confess that although we do not doubt the issue for a minute, we should not like to see Lady Saxondale's name paraded before the country in such a manner. What is it that Mr. Deveril requires?"

"A written acknowledgment of the falsity of Lady Saxondale's accusation: and this he pledges himself he will only exhibit in those quarters where he has reason to believe the calumny has been propagated. I should have called upon you ere this, had it not been for the duel which has stretched my poor young friend Deveril upon his bed: so that I lost all thought of everything except his danger. Now he is approaching convalescence, and it is time to adopt measures to clear his character."

"You are aware perhaps that Lady Saxondale has left town, and that she is plunged into the deepest grief on account of her youngest daughter Miss Constance Farefield—or rather I suppose," added Marlow, "the Marchioness of Villebelle, as she must

be now: that is to say, if the Marquis were really in a condition to take a second——But no matter. Lady Saxondale, I was observing, has her troubles: her son is a source of annoyance to her; and the sudden death of a faithful old servant, which happened the other day, has likewise contributed to her sorrow. Now, I will appeal to you, Mr. Gunthorpe, whether you will increase her ladyship's vexations by assailing her character through the medium of a law-court?"

"Much as I regret the misfortunes of others, I cannot consent that their offences should be glossed over. Mr. Deveril's character must be vindicated. State how many days you require for reflection upon the subject, or to communicate with her ladyship, and the delay shall be granted. But if at the end of that interval nothing satisfactory is done, then I am determined that my attorney shall at once take the necessary steps on Mr. Deveril's behalf. And I warn you that we are not without evidence——"

But here Mr. Gunthorpe stopped short.

"We had better talk it over, Marlow," suggested Mr. Malton: "and therefore let us request Mr. Gunthorpe to suffer the matter to remain in abeyance for one week."

"With all my heart," responded the old gentleman: and making his bow, he forthwith took his departure.

CHAPTER LXI.

HUSBAND-HUNTING

TURN we now again to Saxondale Castle in Lincolnshire.

Lady Saxondale and Juliana were seated at breakfast a few days after their arrival; and if there were not a positive friendliness, there was at all events a less chilling reserve than there lately had been between them. As for love or affection, those bonds were completely broken, never to be united; and as for filial respect on the part of the young lady towards her mother, that was likewise a sentiment which could never have existence again. To suit their own purposes—and indeed to disarm each other of the malignant spite which, if given vent to, would work reciprocal mischief—they had agreed upon a sort of peace. The overtures had not proceeded from one more than from the other: but they had both felt that they could not possibly live longer upon such terms—a freezing silence when alone together, and the simulation of a friendly discourse in the presence of the domestics. They had both alike calculated the folly and danger of maintaining a rancorous enmity against each other; and they knew too much of one another's secrets not to feel that it was better to come to an understanding in respect to the future. Thus was it that on this particular morning, shortly after they met at the breakfast-table, they looked at each other; and the glances they exchanged, showed them that each had come to the same resolution, and that so far as reconcilement was possible it ought to take place.

"I know what is passing in your mind," said Lady Saxondale.

"And you are entertaining precisely the same thoughts, mother," was the answer.

"You feel that we cannot go on thus?"

"It is precisely what you are feeling also."

"And you therefore think," said her ladyship, "that we had better come to an understanding?"

"My views in this respect," was Juliana's rejoinder, "are identical with your own."

"You mean to stipulate," said Lady Saxondale, "for perfect liberty to act as you choose, and to be free from maternal control?"

"And you on your part," said Juliana, "will pursue your own course after your own fashion?"

"Then, whatever I may know of you, shall be the same as if not known at all."

"And your secret shall not escape my lips. There shall be no prying into each other's affairs—no accusations, and therefore no recriminations."

"That is exactly what I should propose," responded the mother. "But if you would allow me to offer you my advice, Juliana, you would marry at the very first opportunity. Indeed, the sooner the better—for fear that your amour with Francis Paton should be followed by certain consequences."

"Such is my intention," returned Juliana; "and for particular reasons of my own, I shall endeavour to find either a very old, doting, but wealthy husband—or else some country squire, who has more money than brains, and will think too much of his horses and his hounds to devote any particular attention to the proceedings of his wife."

"You will scarcely find it difficult to pick up such a husband as this in Lincolnshire. There is Mr. Hawkshaw of Hawkshaw Hall—a fine, dashing country squire——"

"Thank you for the hint, mother. I remember him well: he has known me since I was a girl. And by the bye, he is very intimate with the Desmoras, where we are going to-night. You have told me what you would advise me to do," continued Juliana, after a pause, "and I on my part should counsel you to get that woman——what is her name?——Madge Somers, as they call her——out of the country as soon as you can."

"It is already done," responded Lady Saxondale. "The other morning, when she came to Park Lane, I gave her five hundred guineas, on condition that she would at once depart for America—with the promise that on her arrival in New York, if she wrote to let me know she was there, I would despatch her a like sum."

"You have acted prudently," observed Juliana. "I only hope that she has sailed. Doubtless she has plenty of money with her: for that was not the first sum you had given her?"

"No: I had previously given her money. Do you know what that woman's mania was? She told me. It was gambling."

"Gambling! a woman?" ejaculated Juliana, in surprise.

"Yes. From what she said, there is some low place in London frequented only by female gamesters—and she was one. She always lost, and yet could not abandon the habit. To gratify her propensity she lived in that hovel where you found her, and was always clothed in a sordid and wretched garb. But enough concerning the wretch. You and I have come to a certain understanding, and let us adhere to it."

"It is my intention," responded Juliana. "And now, since we appear to be growing a little more communicative than we have lately been, would you

like to know what that letter contained which I received yesterday morning, re-directed from Park Lane?"

Lady Saxondale hesitated for a moment—and then said, "Yes."

"It was from Constance," replied Juliana. "She and the Marquis were married in Paris, and at once proceeded on their way to Madrid, where he has obtained a good diplomatic appointment."

Whether Lady Saxondale would have given any response to this information, we know not: for at the moment the door opened, and a domestic entered bearing a letter, which the postman had just brought over from Gainsborough. Her ladyship, at once recognising the handwriting of Mr. Marlow, opened it: but she had not read many lines before a look of annoyance gathered upon her features. She however commanded her feelings, and quickly composed her countenance: then, having perused the letter, she folded it up and continued her breakfast. Juliana saw that it was something unpleasant which the epistle contained: but as her mother gave no explanation, she did not seek it—the understanding being that they were not to pry into each other's affairs.

After breakfast Lady Saxondale shut herself up in her own chamber, and pondered long and painfully upon Mr. Marlow's letter. It contained, as the reader has no doubt suspected, an account of Mr. Gunthorpe's visit: and the lawyer requested her ladyship to send him her instructions within a week. Lady Saxondale was one who seldom delayed in making up her mind how to act: but in this instance she could not resolve so speedily. She saw that the present dilemma was an awkward one: for she was terribly frightened lest Lord Harold Staunton, either through vengeance or remorse, should seek out Deveril and make him acquainted with all the circumstances which had impelled him into provoking the young artist to a duel. If armed with that evidence, Deveril could crush her in a court of justice: but without it, he could not well prove his case against her. She now regretted having made an enemy of Lord Harold Staunton, even though her honour must have been sacrificed in order to purchase his friendship. The result of Lady Saxondale's deliberation was a resolve to propitiate Lord Harold and ensure his silence. But inasmuch as she could not well invite an unmarried young man on a visit by himself to Saxondale Castle, she resolved to send a pressing invitation to Lady Macdonald to pass a few weeks in Lincolnshire, and bring Lord Harold and Lady Florina with her. She accordingly wrote by that very day's post to this effect; and she likewise despatched a letter to Mr. Marlow, repelling with much virtuous indignation what she termed "the black calumnies invented by Deveril against her," but promised to give him farther instructions in a few days.

In the evening Lady Saxondale and Juliana, both elegantly dressed, and both looking grandly beautiful, entered the carriage, and were borne to the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Denison, which was about two miles distant from the Castle. There was a dinner-party at the Denisons' on this occasion—to be followed by a ball, at which all the surrounding nobility and gentry, with their wives and daughters, were to be present. The Denisons were one of the richest and belonged to one of the oldest families in Lincolnshire. The father and mother were advanced in life, and had several sons and daughters, nearly all of whom were married and settled in different parts of the county. They were of course all present on this occasion. Amongst the other guests was Squire Hawkshaw, whose name has been already mentioned, and whom we must now specially introduce to our readers.

He was a tall, well-made man, about six-and-thirty years of age, and a good specimen of the modern class of "country gentlemen," so far as his personal appearance went: for he had nothing of the coarse manners and roystering vulgarity of the squirearchy of the old school. He was however of a jovial disposition, honest and frank-hearted; with a countenance not positively handsome, but open and good-humoured, and impressing an observer with the conviction that he was a thoroughly straight-forward and well-meaning man. His features were large—his forehead very high—and he possessed a remarkably fine head of brown hair. His manners were good, but neither elegant nor polished: there was nothing vulgar in them, but at the same time they would scarcely have suited the exquisite fastidiousness of the West End of London. His laugh was too loud and merry for the delicate nerves of the mere female creatures of fashion; and yet such was its unalloyed good humour, that only such creatures could have wished it to be more subdued. He dressed well, but not with the extreme nicety of a lounger in Hyde Park or the other fashionable resorts of the metropolis; and he was certainly much more at home with male companions who could converse upon horses, and dogs, and field-sports generally, than at a whist-table as the partner of an old dowager with turbaned head and pursed-up mouth.

Mr. George Hawkshaw was a very rich man. The Hall—as his residence was denominated—was one of the finest country-seats in Lincolnshire; and he maintained a numerous establishment of domestics. How it was that he had not as yet married, no one exactly knew—unless it were, in general terms, that he was not a marrying man. Many a mother however could conscientiously lay her hand upon her heart and affirm that if one of her daughters had not become "Mrs. Hawkshaw of the Hall," it was for no want of manœuvring on her part; and all the marriageable young ladies round about could with equal sincerity satisfy their consciences that they had done their best to ensnare him in love's toils.

Such was the individual whom the Hon. Miss Juliana Farefield had selected in her own mind as her future husband. Juliana reasoned with herself that if the power of her charms and the influence of her fascinations had failed to procure her a husband in the metropolitan circles of fashion, during the six years that had elapsed since she first came out at sixteen, they were by no means likely to experience failure when their artillery was played off against the heart of a country squire; and she felt proudly conscious of the fact that in all Lincolnshire there was not a young lady of such splendid attractions as her own.

Indeed, never had Juliana appeared to greater advantage than on the evening of which we are writing. The ball-dress that she wore displayed the glowing magnificence of her charms—the superb

bust and the arms bare almost to the shoulders. She had arranged her hair in massive bands, with a few tresses hanging down behind from the knot in which its chief luxuriance was gathered at the back of the well-shaped head; and a camelia set off its glossy darkness with a striking effect. The aim upon which she was bent imparted a heightened animation to her countenance; and her eyes shone with even more than their wonted fires. She had resolved to conquer—and that speedily too; and she was already flushed as it were with the foretaste of anticipated triumph.

Now, as the Hon. Miss Farefield was decidedly the female star of the assemblage at the Denisons', and as Mr. Hawkshaw was the most important individual amongst the younger portion of the male guests, it was quite natural that he should give his arm to Juliana to escort her from the drawing-room to the dining-room; and he of course sat next to her at table. She put forth all the powers of her conversation to charm him; and this she did without the slightest betrayal of studied effort. Well knowing what his favourite topics were, she skilfully, but in a manner that seemed perfectly natural, turned the discourse thereon. She seemed to enter into the spirit of the exhilarating sports of the field—gave him to understand that she wished she lived altogether in the country—and was even astonished at the dexterity with which she acquitted herself when speaking of racing, and hunting, and steeple-chasing. Until this evening those topics were Juliana's utter aversion: she had fancied that every sporting character smelt of the stables, and was totally unfit for the roseate light and perfumed atmosphere of drawing-rooms. But now she appeared to enter with enthusiasm into all that pertained to the sporting world; and skilfully catching hints from the remarks which Mr. Hawkshaw himself made, she expanded them into lengthened disquisitions of her own.

Her companion was evidently charmed. The more she talked, the deeper became his interest in her conversation; and presently he found himself gazing upon her with a rapture that he had never known in woman's presence before. New feelings appeared to be taking life in his heart; and as he contemplated her face and her form, the conviction gradually grew upon him that he had never beheld anything so beautiful as those features or so superbly symmetrical as that shape. When he looked at her aquiline profile he fancied that she appeared thus to the greatest advantage: but when she bent her looks upon him and he gazed on her full face, catching all the glorious power of her eyes, he thought that she was still more beautiful thus.

The dinner passed over—the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room—and the gentlemen remained to sit a little longer over their wine. For the first time in his life Mr. Hawkshaw neither appeared to enjoy the wine nor to mingle in the discourse that was taking place around him. His thoughts were all concentrated on the splendid creature who had charmed him during the hour of dinner, and who only so recently left his side. It seemed to him as if some new and hitherto unknown influence had been shed upon him: he longed for the summons to the drawing-room to arrive that he might once more have an opportunity of beholding and conversing with Miss Farefield: he wondered that when he had met her in society on the former occasions that she was in Lincolnshire, he had taken no more notice of her than of the other ladies of his acquaintance; and he could not help asking himself what all these feelings meant, and whether they constituted that love of which he had read in novels and of which he had so frequently heard persons speak? Mr. Denison and the other gentlemen at the table noticed his abstracted mood; and after several vain endeavours to rally him into his wonted joviality, they began dropping merry and good-natured hints to the effect that he must have lost his heart. Then, the confusion which he felt, and the gush of strange emotions that seemed to pour through his breast, sending a thrill along every fibre and through every vein, made him suspect that they had really touched upon the right chord.

At length the summons to coffee arrived; and by one of those sudden inconsistencies, or rather eccentricities, which frequently mark the human character, Mr. Hawkshaw resolved that he would not throw himself in the way of Juliana again, lest his friends and acquaintances should in reality have good reason to say that he was smitten with her. Perhaps too he wished to put his feelings to the test: and perhaps also, he was afraid of being actually ensnared into those matrimonial aspirations against which he had hitherto maintained his heart in such perfect inaccessibility. Therefore, on entering the drawing-room, which was spacious, and where by this time most of the guests who were invited to the ball (having arrived since dinner) were assembled, Mr. Hawkshaw lounged about amongst them, endeavouring to assume an easy unconstrained air: but as he stood conversing first with one acquaintance, then with another, he caught himself falling into fits of abstraction, and his eyes unconsciously wandering to where the Hon. Miss Farefield was seated amongst some ladies in another part of the room.

On her side, she perfectly well comprehended what was passing in Mr. Hawkshaw's mind. Without appearing to observe him, she nevertheless kept her eyes almost constantly fixed upon him from beneath the shade of the long dark fringes. She noticed his moods of abstraction—she beheld his looks wandering towards her—and she likewise perceived that every time he lounged about, he halted nearer and nearer to where she was seated. Thus she had no difficulty in penetrating the kind of struggle that was going on within him; and with a secret glow of triumph she felt the conviction that he was ensnared.

Presently the band, which had been procured from Lincoln to attend upon the occasion, struck up its swelling harmony as a signal for the dancing to commence. A young nobleman, of high rank but wretchedly affected manners, advanced and requested the honour of Juliana's hand for the first quadrille: but well aware that Mr. Hawkshaw did not dance, she was about to refuse on the plea of headache—when it suddenly occurred to her that in the mazes of the dance she would be afforded an opportunity of displaying her fine form to its utmost advantage. Besides, if Hawkshaw were really smitten—as she had no doubt he was—it would pique his jealousy to behold her the companion o

another, and would effectually bring him back to her side so soon as the dance should be over. She accordingly accepted the proposal, and stood up with her partner. The rapid glance which she threw towards Hawkshaw, at once showed her that he had been watching with a degree of interest which he could not altogether conceal, the result of a little dialogue between herself and the young nobleman who had invited her to dance; and she even observed that a look of annoyance appeared for a moment upon his features as she suffered her partner to lead her out.

When she had taken her place in the quadrille, she noticed that Mr. Hawkshaw remained standing to gaze upon the dancers; and she knew that it was for *her* he thus lingered. Never did Juliana float with a more graceful ease through the mazes of the dance: never did she display a more elegant lightness, mingled with a certain fashionable languor, than upon this occasion. Mr. Hawkshaw followed all her movements: he thought no longer of being ridiculed by his friends: he cared nothing about losing his heart – for indeed it was already lost. All the raptures he had experienced at the dinner-table were revived in his breast. he again felt as he had never felt before towards any being in female shape: he appeared to be hurried along by some strong current of feeling over which he had no power, and which might bear him whithersoever it chose, and he unable to resist.

"What a veway wemarkable fine day we have had, Mith Farefield," observed the young nobleman, during the first interval which afforded an opportunity for conversation.

"Quite delightful," responded Juliana.

"I went out widing thith mawning about thwee o'clock—I thuppoth the common people would call it the afternoon—and it wath ekthtwemely pleathant – thowarm—the thunny—everwything the gween—the tweeth the thady—the wiver the

bwight—the birdth tho melodiouth—quite chawming, chawming."

"I have no doubt your lordship enjoyed your ride amazingly," observed Juliana, glancing towards the spot where Hawkshaw stood.

"I had my cweam-coloured horth—thuth a thplendid cweature—and he wath tho frithky, Mith Farefield. I thought he would wun over the common people in the woadth and fieldth—but he didn't. Wathn't it conthiderate on hith part? Ah! he'th thuth a thagathiouth animal. Do you wide, Mith Farefield?"

"Oh! yes—occasionally," was the response.

"Chawming! chawming! I thall come and feth you thome mawning, if you are agweeable, to have a wun over the fieldth. I wode thwough a flock of geeth yethterday—and thuth a hithing, Mith Farefield, you never heard. I thought there wath a thouthand thnaketh in the gwarth. It wath veway delithiouth—veway amuthing."

"It must have been," said Juliana.

In such edifying and delightful conversation as this did the intervals in the quadrille pass; and when it was over, Juliana, having promenaded two or three times round the room with her partner, was escorted by him back to her seat. He then made his bow and retired in the usual manner; and the next instant Mr. Hawkshaw was by her side.

"Why, where have you been?" she said, as if she had not been watching his countenance almost the whole time that she was meandering with the grace of a Venus and the dignity of a Diana through the dance. "I really thought you had taken your departure, or that you were still with the gentlemen in the dining-room."

These words came for a moment like a shock upon Mr. Hawkshaw: for they appeared to bespeak the most perfect indifference on the part of Juliana—an indifference, however, which he himself was so far from reciprocating! Juliana saw the effect of her words; and as it was no part of her intention to throw cold water upon the flame she had already excited, but merely to avoid having the appearance of laying herself out to ensnare him, she hastened to speak in other terms.

"At all events, I am glad you have found me out again," she said, in a sort of confidential manner: "for I have been terribly fatigued by the dull platitudes of that silly young man who did me the honour of dancing with me; and I quite missed the lively discourse you and I had at the dinner-table."

"I am rejoiced that you should feel yourself able to pay me such a compliment, Miss Farefield," said Mr. Hawkshaw, now full of rapture again. "But hither comes a gentleman who, I know, means to ask you to dance:"—and he looked annoyed.

"Do *you* not dance?" inquired Juliana, already well aware that he did not.

"I am sorry to say," was the response, "that I am not sufficiently a lady's man."

"Well, after all," observed Juliana, "it is very insipid: and to tell you the truth I care nothing about it."

At this moment the gentleman alluded to, advanced and solicited the honour of her hand in the next quadrille for which she might happen to be disengaged: but Miss Farefield, with the most polished affability, assured the applicant that she did not mean to dance any more that evening. He accordingly bowed and retired.

"Give me your arm," she said to Mr. Hawkshaw, "and let us lounge into the card-room and see what is going on there."

Her companion was delighted; and as her hand was gently laid upon his arm, even that soft feather-like touch appeared to send an unknown thrill of ecstacy through his entire form. They proceeded to the card-room; and after loitering round the tables, retired to an inner apartment, where portfolios of prints lay open upon a table for the inspection of those who thought fit to lounge there. Juliana seated herself near a *console*, upon which her arm rested; and Hawkshaw remained standing by her side.

"It is quite delightful to get away from those heated rooms," said Juliana. "The air in the ball-room was quite oppressive,—or rather the absence of it was intolerable. You, Mr. Hawkshaw, who are always accustomed to the open air, with plenty of manly exercise,—I am almost astonished that *you* can endure the stifling atmosphere of apartments crowded with guests?"

"At all events, on the present occasion," he answered, in a low and somewhat hesitating voice, "I am overjoyed that I came hither this evening."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Juliana, affecting not to understand him. "And what particular inducement might you have had?"

"None to bring me hither—but perhaps some to make me remain later than I should otherwise have done:"—and he now looked at her with a rapture which he could not conceal, and which she could not have mistaken, even had she been ten thousand times less experienced than she was.

"You are speaking in enigmas," she observed; but slightly inclining her head, she appeared to be playing with her fan.

At this moment three or four ladies from the card-room entered the apartment where the dialogue was taking place, and where it was so rapidly approaching an interesting crisis; and Juliana inwardly wished all imaginable evils on the heads of those who had thus interrupted the tête-à-tête. Outwardly, however, she did not display her vexation: the discourse became general with those who had just entered; and for the rest of the evening there was no farther opportunity for Miss Farefield to draw her admirer out.

On handing her and Lady Saxondale to their carriage, Mr. Hawkshaw could not help pressing Juliana's hand; and on returning to his own abode, it struck him to be so gloomy, lonely, and cheerless, that he would have felt quite in desponding spirits, had not the image of the beautiful and brilliant Miss Farefield been present in his mind to cheer him.

CHAPTER LXII.

HAROLD STAUNTON.

Two days afterwards a travelling-carriage drove up to the gate of Saxondale Castle, at about six o'clock in the evening; and Lady Macdonald, accompanied by Lord Harold Staunton and Lady Florina, alighted.

They were welcomed with every appearance of cordiality by Lady Saxondale, and with a real sincerity by Juliana, who was exceedingly glad to have company at the Castle, which to her was dull enough, although Mr. Hawkshaw had called on each of the two mornings since the ball.

The quick eye of Lady Saxondale discovered at the first glance that Florina was unhappy and desponding in reality, and that the gaiety she assumed was only forced. Her ladyship therefore saw that Florina still pined on Deveril's account; and the pain of her fair young rival was a joy and a triumph to the heart of that vindictive and jealous woman. While alone with Lady Macdonald for a few moments before dinner, Lady Saxondale took the opportunity of inquiring, apparently in a casual and indifferent manner, if Mr. Deveril had made any further attempts to renew his acquaintance at Cavendish Square since the duel? and she was informed that he had not.

As a matter of course Lady Saxondale did not openly testify the spite which she cherished against Florina, but treated her with her wonted affability, and as her future daughter-in-law. For it was a source of infinite satisfaction to the vindictive lady to think that Florina, though attached to Deveril, should be sacrificed to her own profligate and worthless son Edmund.

But how had Lady Saxondale and Harold Staunton met? With the well-bred ease of persons in their station of life, and to all outward appearance as if nothing unpleasant had ever occurred between them. But as Lady Saxondale had given him her hand on his arrival, the quick glances of deep meaning which they exchanged, showed that they thoroughly understood each other. On the one hand Harold Staunton comprehended that the circumstance of his being included in the invitation sent to his aunt and sister, was a proof that Lady Saxondale purposed to seek a reconciliation with him: and upon what terms could such reconciliation be effected, save and except on his own conditions? On the other hand, her ladyship perceived that he was quite willing to accept such reconciliation; and she had therefore no doubt of securing him entirely to her own interest.

The dinner was served up at about seven o'clock; and when the dessert was over a little after eight, the party descended into the gardens to walk—for the evening was serenely beautiful. Lady Macdonald, fatigued with the day's travelling, soon returned into the Castle. Florina and Juliana kept together—while Lady Saxondale and Harold were thus left to themselves.

"Have I rightly understood your ladyship's kindness?" asked Staunton, gently placing her arm in his own, and leading her into a secluded avenue.

"Tell me what you understand by the term kindness," responded her ladyship, but with a smile which gave him every encouragement to proceed.

"I can only conclude that you would not have invited me hither," returned Harold, "unless you had made up your mind to atone for your past cruelty."

"Then it is not too late to offer such atonement?" said Lady Saxondale in a subdued voice.

"You must indeed have but a poor opinion of your own charms," rejoined Staunton, "if you imagine that they are not sufficient to subdue any rancour which I may have experienced in respect to what is past. I have been vindictive—terribly vindictive; and perhaps I even went too far in revealing everything to Edmund. But you must make allowances for the state of mind into which I was thrown. Consider what I had done for you. I had risked my own life—and I had nearly taken the life of another!"

"Would that you had effectually done so!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale bitterly.

"Have you still cause to be so vindictive against Deveril?" inquired Staunton. "Of course I have been at no loss to comprehend how he merited your anger. For a woman of such grand and magnificent beauty as you possess, and who condescended to fix her thoughts upon a miserable obscure artist,—for such a woman, I say, to experience a rebuff, was provoking indeed."

"Do not allude to it any more," interrupted Lady Saxondale, impatiently: for she of course knew that it was useless to contradict the story to one who had every reason to understand it so thoroughly.

"Pardon me, dear Lady Saxondale," he replied, "if I dwell upon that topic for a moment; because I wish you to understand me well. I am not so insensate nor so vain as to believe that you are in love with me. I know very well that after having so recently set your mind upon Deveril, you can scarcely, even in the mere caprice of woman, snatch me up to supply his place. Therefore you have some motive in effecting a reconciliation with me. Do be candid, and explain what that motive is."

"You will not, then, give me credit for any kind or generous feelings towards you?" said Lady Saxondale: "but you think that even in this reconciliation I am selfish?"

"I cannot think that you entertain the slightest tenderness towards me—particularly after the dreadful scene which took place between us at your house. I can therefore only attribute your present conduct to one of two alternatives; and if it were only for curiosity's sake, I should like to know which it is."

"And those alternatives?" said Lady Saxondale inquiringly.

"The first is, that you seek a paramour, and have perhaps thought that you might as well take me into your favour in that light; and the second is, that you again wish to avail yourself of my services and do not regard the sacrifice you must make to obtain them."

"Now tell me, Lord Harold Staunton," said Lady Saxondale, stopping short and looking him full in the face,—"do you take me for a woman who is privately profligate, though before the world possessing an untarnished reputation?"

"I candidly confess that until quite recently I believed you to be a woman of the strictest prudence and propriety: but you yourself will allow that I have no great reason to flatter myself *now* that I shall be the first on whom you have bestowed your favours since your husband's death."

"On my soul, I swear to you, Harold," replied Lady Saxondale, "that you wrong me! It was a moment of weakness that led me to make overtures to Deveril and place myself in his power. Now, will you not believe me? I have no object in de-

ceiving you: I do not even know that I have any particular object in thus vindicating myself up to the present time—unless it be that it is natural for a woman to take credit for as much virtue as she possesses, even in the presence of him to whom that virtue is about to be surrendered."

"I do believe you," responded Staunton, in a voice which showed that he spoke with sincerity. "I am sufficiently acquainted with the world to be able to discover a demirep, no matter how thick may be the veil of hypocrisy that she wears; and having known you for some few years, I should certainly have detected you ere now. Yes—I do believe you; and therefore all the more welcome are you to me, dear Lady Saxondale!"

Thus speaking, he passed his arm round her waist; and in the shade of the avenue where they were walking, he embraced her. There was an interval of silence—and they proceeded slowly on, he still with his arm round her waist.

"But you have not told me what I can do for you," he at length resumed. "I am sure there is something in which you need my services."

"No—not at present, I can assure you," answered Lady Saxondale. "But tell me candidly—indeed, I beseech you to speak with the utmost sincerity—for it is important. Have you breathed to a soul, except Edmund, those circumstances that so much angered you against me? Pray do not deceive me. If you have, I shall forgive you, and must make the best of it. But if you have not, so much the better."

"Is it then so very important?" asked Lord Harold, slightly fencing with the question.

"Ah! I perceive that you have told some one?" ejaculated Lady Saxondale. "Now, Harold, listen to me. You must not leave me in the dark in this respect—you must not be afraid to confess the extent to which you have betrayed me. I am prepared to give myself up to you—I will even endeavour to love you—I feel that I already begin to like you; and if you devote yourself entirely to my interests, there is nothing I will not do to serve you. Therefore pray be candid; and to show you that I am inclined to put the fullest confidence in you, I will tell you presently wherefore I am so urgent in asking the question."

"I will therefore speak without reserve," said Harold. "Unfortunately," he continued, "you rendered me so bitterly vindictive against you, that I was not careful how I compromised you. There are two persons besides Edmund, to whom I have told everything."

"Two persons! Who are they?"

"One is Edmund's mistress—for I suppose that you know or suspect that he *has* a mistress; and the other is my faithful and devoted servant Alfred."

"Good God! this is most serious," murmured Lady Saxondale: and Staunton felt that she shuddered in the half-embrace in which he still retained her as they walked slowly along.

"Why is it so serious?" he inquired.

"Because," she rejoined in a thick voice, but with bitter accents, "I am threatened with a law-suit for the defamation of William Deveril's character; and that persevering, obstinate, dogged old man, Mr. Gunthorpe, is at the bottom of it all. It is doubtless his gold that will enable Deveril to carry on the process. If by any accident he should contrive to obtain witnesses to the whole or any portion of those transactions in which I so fatally involved myself, the result would be exposure—ruin—disgrace—dishonour——Oh, I could not survive it!"

"And he has threatened you with an action?" said Harold, in a thoughtful mood: it was not however precisely upon what he had heard that he was thinking, but rather upon a subject which had gradually arisen in his mind within the last few minutes.

"He has threatened me with an action—or the alternative is that I sign a document to be circulated privately, denying the truth of the statement I had made to my friends concerning him. *That* I will never do. I would sooner risk the law-suit. To sign the death-warrant of my own honour—to commit a suicidal act in respect to my own fame, were impossible!"—and Lady Saxondale spoke with the vehemence of a strong excitement.

"To be sure—you cannot do that," rejoined Harold. "A document to be circulated privately,—no, no—that will never do! As well the full exposure! Even if you lost the law-suit, you might still persist that your cause was just, and that you were an injured woman: but if you once sign such a paper, all is over."

"That is exactly the view I take of it. Mr. Marlow has written to me. Of course he does not believe Deveril's story for a moment: but how could I ever look him in the face again if I were to write and tell him that I will sign an acknowledgment of my own guilt?"

"It is indeed most serious," rejoined Staunton. "Edmund's mistress is the only one to be feared: on my valet Alfred I can rely."

"You have not brought him down with you?" said Lady Saxondale quickly: "for I could not look him in the face——"

"No," answered Staunton. "My aunt and Florina had to bring their two maids; and they would not consent that too many persons should encumber the carriage. Besides, from motives of delicacy—having unfortunately told Alfred the whole story in a fit of spleen and spite—I would not insist upon bringing him."

"But who is Edmund's mistress? I suspected that he had one, as he has been so constantly away from home of late——"

"She *is* an opera-dancer, known as Mademoiselle D'Alembert: her real name is Emily Archer. I can no doubt manage her. She is venal—and money will effectually silence her."

"But if she should have already gossipped upon the subject?" observed Lady Saxondale.

"I do not think it is likely," returned Staunton: "but of course I cannot take upon myself to answer for her discretion. You see that I do not buoy you up with vain hopes."

"No: it were foolish to do so. Will you return to London, upon some pretence, as soon as possible, and see her? You shall have cheques upon my bankers, that you may possess adequate means to satisfy her rapacity. Can you not pretend to-morrow that you have received some important letters from London requiring your prompt presence there?"

"Yes: leave it to me to manage," replied Staunton, still thoughtfully and almost abstractedly, as if while he was talking upon one subject he was re-

volving another in his mind; but Lady Saxondale was too much absorbed in the contemplation of her own perilous position, to notice his mood.

They continued to walk together for a few minutes longer, until they heard the voices of Juliana and Florina at the extremity of the avenue; and then Harold quickly withdrew his arm from around the admirably modelled form of the superb Lady Saxondale.

The night passed; and on the following morning it happened that Harold did receive by the post a letter from a friend in London. It was delivered at the breakfast-table; and he immediately said that business of urgent importance in connexion with some friend who had fallen into difficulties, required his speedy return to the metropolis; but he added that his absence would only last a few days, at the expiration of which time he should have the pleasure of joining the circle at Saxondale Castle again. His aunt bade him not be so foolish as to hurry off for the purpose of meddling with the affairs of friends in difficulties: but Staunton managed to convince her that it was absolutely necessary—and Lady Macdonald accordingly said little more upon the subject.

After breakfast Florina and Juliana went out together to walk in the garden; and Lady Macdonald sat herself down to read a new novel. Lady Saxondale whispered to Staunton to join her in a few minutes in the drawing-room; and thither he accordingly proceeded.

"My dear Harold," she said, "I thank you for this fulfilment of your promise. You know that I am now your's as much as woman can be, short of the marriage-ties. In surrendering myself to you this night past, I have descended for the first time from that pinnacle of honour which I have maintained since my husband's death nineteen years back! Oh! do you not confess that I deserve all you can do for me? But wherefore do you regard me in so singular a manner?"—and Lady Saxondale felt suddenly frightened at the looks of her paramour.

"It is time that we should have further explanations," was Staunton's answer, delivered with the tone of a man who felt that he was exercising an authority which could not be disputed.

"What mean you?" asked Lady Saxondale in a faint voice, and trembling all over; for she was smitten with a presentiment of evil.

"It will be your own fault," Staunton went on to say, "if we do not settle matters very amicably indeed. You have already said that you are mine as far as woman can be where the marriage vows have not been pronounced. Wherefore should those marriage vows not pass between us?"

Lady Saxondale was confounded and stricken speechless: she could scarcely believe her ears, and gazed in vacant bewilderment upon Lord Harold.

"Now, my dear Harriet," he resumed, "do not be childish—for we must talk seriously. You assured me last night, with a sincerity which I could not doubt, that your life had been pure and spotless, and that the moment of weakness in which you had given encouragement to Deveril was the *one* solitary instance: but as *that* led to no result, we may as well pass it over as nothing at all. Now, as I confess that it would not be very agreeable to me to marry a demirep and behold the laugh of scorn or the smile of superciliousness upon the lips of those who had previously been her paramours, I should not have thought of seeking you as a wife if it had not been for that solemn assurance. You have a handsome jointure of your own; besides which, you have a good sum of ready money which you have saved. All this I know, of course, from Edmund. It is true that there is the disparity of a few years between your age and mine: but then I look older than I am, and you look much younger than you are; and therefore the match will not be so inconsistent after all. Besides, without any flattery, you are of a beauty so splendid that it seems to defy the ravages of Time. Altogether, therefore, you will suit me as a wife better than any lady of my acquaintance—that is to say, better than any one who would be likely to have a man of no fortune such as I am."

"Is it possible that you are serious, Harold?" asked Lady Saxondale, who had listened in mute astonishment to this business-like and matter-of-fact speech, wherein however there was a certain pervasive under-current of patrician levity. "For if you be perpetrating a jest, it is cruel to joke with me under such circumstances."

"I never was more serious in my life," rejoined Harold: "and I am convinced that when you come to reflect, you will see that it is the best thing I can do for myself: inasmuch as that old uncle of mine Lord Eagledean does not seem at all inclined to die. I have had no letters and no remittances from him within the last two or three weeks, as I had expected; and at all events he could not possibly be offended with me for making such a match—he would regard it as a very excellent one."

"You must be mad, Harold!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, stamping her foot with impatience. "If you marry me, how can Edmund marry your sister?"

"Permit me to take care of myself and think of my sister afterwards. Do you not comprehend that if Edmund married Florina, it would prove of no pecuniary advantage to myself?—for I could not spunge upon them—whereas by marrying you, I secure to myself a fine position at once. Of course the affair would be broken off between Edmund and Florina; and we should soon find another eligible match for the former, and a wealthy husband for the latter. Depend upon it, my dear Harriet, the scheme is admirable. I revolved it in my mind all the time I was conversing with you last evening: but I thought it better not to broach it until this morning—because I knew that in the interval you would become more truly mine than you were before. Now we are husband and wife in all except the marriage ceremony; and that may be solemnised in a very short time."

"Do you mean me to understand," asked Lady Saxondale, determined to come to the point at once, "that you are not making a mere proposal which I am at liberty to reject if I choose, but that you are dictating terms to which I am to submit?"

"Pray do not suffer aggravating language to pass between us," rejoined Lord Harold: "or you will compel me to speak more candidly still."

"Then speak candidly!" said her ladyship in a decisive tone.

"I will do so, since you require it. First of all, you enlisted me in your service to provoke Deveril to a duel, with the solemn understanding that if I

did your bidding my reward was to be the highest that woman could bestow. To the best of my power I *did* your bidding. Heaven knows but too well that I did my best to lay Deveril dead upon the field,—and the crime is registered in that same heaven against me! When I sought you afterwards, how was I treated? I need not do more than remind you of all that passed between us. Now you have summoned me into your presence again—but not willingly, spontaneously, of your own accord. No: *again* do you require my services; and therefore did you send for me to become your instrument, your agent, and your tool. In all these matters you have shown yourself intensely selfish, Harriet; and I have nothing to thank you for. But do you suppose that I will consent to serve your purposes thus, as a mere convenience—a sort of hireling? 'Tis true that our connexion has become suddenly intimate: yet what guarantee have I that when your aim is answered and this dilemma of your's is settled, you will not cast me off with scorn again? At all events, as you have sought to make me serve your purposes, it is but a just retaliation that I should make you serve mine. It therefore suits me to claim you as my wife; and upon the written condition that you will become so, will I repair to London and completely baffle all your enemies."

"And you have maturely considered your plans?" said Lady Saxondale, over whose countenance suddenly passed that same dark and ominous expression which had on two or three occasions appeared thereon during her disputes with the deceased Mabel.

"Have I not spoken in the calm, quiet, and deliberate style of a man who has well considered the project which he propounds?"—and as Harold gave utterance to these words, his own looks assumed the firmest decision: for he had construed that ominous expression on Lady Saxondale's face to be the mere effect of her angry feelings—he considered it indeed to be the passing cloud of an indignation to a tempestuous outburst of which she dared not give vent.

"Well then," said her ladyship, after a pause, "if you be so resolute, I have no alternative but to consent—inasmuch as I perceive you consider me to be so completely in your power——"

"You understand your position," interrupted Harold. "With a breath I could destroy you. My testimony on the side of Deveril in the law-suit which is threatened, would be damnatory: for remember, there is the masquerade-dress which your own son possessed himself of, and which could be brought as a proof of my tale."

"Enough!" exclaimed Lady Saxondale, for a moment biting her lip; and as she turned towards a table, on which there were writing materials, that sinister expression, so darkly ominous, again appeared upon her countenance.

She seated herself at the table, and prepared to write: but suddenly throwing down the pen, she looked up and said, "Perhaps you had better draw up this promise of marriage in your own terms; and I will either copy the document, or sign the one you write."

"No: we need not take so much trouble as to make copies. You can write to my dictation. Are you ready?"

"I am. Proceed."

"Now then, begin thus:—'I the undersigned, Harriet Saxondale, feeling myself to be under the deepest obligations to Lord Harold Staunton, for delicate services which he has rendered me, and entertaining for that nobleman the sincerest love and affection, do hereby pledge myself to bestow upon him my hand in marriage at the expiration of one month from the present date; and inasmuch as I am aware that for my sake he is renouncing certain brilliant prospects of his own in a matrimonial point of view, I do hereby bind myself in the sum of *one hundred thousand pounds* to fulfil this compact within or at the period above specified.'"

"Is that all?" asked Lady Saxondale, who had written with a firm hand to Staunton's dictation.

"I think that is an admirable document—terse and business-like—and with as few falsehoods in it as such a thing can possibly have. Your love and affection for me, and the brilliant matrimonial prospects which I renounce, are the only fictions: but they are beautiful ones of their kind. A lawyer would have crammed in a thousand falsehoods, and not one so romantic or touching."

"Cease this levity, Harold: for the carriage is already at the door."

"Pardon me: but I was in a lively mood. Now your pretty signature to that document—and I am off."

"It is completed," said Lady Saxondale. "And here is a cheque for a thousand guineas. Will that suffice for the purposes you have in hand?"

"If not, I can easily write for more," he responded: "but depend upon it, I do not wish to encroach more than I can help upon funds that will shortly be our's jointly. And now farewell, my dear Harriet."

He embraced Lady Saxondale, who suffered rather than returned his caress; and then having hastened to take leave of his aunt, Juliana, and Florina, Lord Harold Staunton leapt into the carriage and set off on his way back to London.

Immediately after he had taken his departure, Lady Saxondale sat down and penned a letter in a feigned hand. She then ordered her carriage, observing that she had to go to Gainsborough (the nearest town) in order to transact a little business with the banker there. As Juliana expected a call from Mr. Hawkshaw, she did not volunteer to accompany her mother; and as her ladyship's intended ride appeared to be of a purely business character, Florina also preferred remaining at the Castle. As for Lady Macdonald, she was too much fatigued with the long journey of the previous day to stir out; and thus Lady Saxondale's secret hope was fulfilled, that she would be enabled to visit Gainsborough alone. She had in reality no business of any kind to transact with the banker, but merely sought an opportunity of putting her letter with her own hand into the post, so that none of her dependants might perceive the address.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE POST-OFFICE.

We must now direct the reader's attention to the interior of the Post-Office at Gainsborough. It was the hour of noon; and two clerks were attending to the business of the establishment—one paying the money-orders—the other sorting the letters as they were dropped through the slit in the window, and also answering such inquiries as might be made at the little trap-door of the usual fashion adopted at country post-offices.

"I should think that Smith was sure to have come back last night," observed one of the clerks to the other.

"Yes: his holiday was up," responded the latter. "I wonder he hasn't shown himself already this morning. He has had a fortnight of it."

"Where did he go to?"

"To London, I fancy. He said that he should. My turn comes next; and I have made up my mind to visit London."

At this moment four or five letters were thrust one after the other through the slit; and one of them falling farther than the rest, fell into an inkstand which was standing upon the counter.

"Look here!" cried the clerk who attended to the sorting of the letters. "This comes, you see, of that rascally carpenter delaying to put up the letter-box again:"—and as he spoke he dried the soiled letter, upon a piece of blotting-paper. "What a nuisance it is! He promised to put it up again last night: but this is the way he always serves us whenever he has to do a job here."

"It's too bad," observed the other clerk. "But here's Smith!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking through the aperture where he paid the money-orders.

Almost immediately afterwards a young man of about two-and-twenty entered the office and greeted his two colleagues: for he was one of the clerks in the establishment.

"So here I am again," he said, in a tone of regret that his holiday was over.

"Well, Smith, how have you enjoyed yourself?" inquired both his companions in a breath.

"Uncommonly," was the reply. "I only wish my holiday had been for a month instead of a fortnight. But by the bye, I understand Lady Saxondale has come back to the Castle?"

"She's been there for some days past," responded one of his comrades. "Is it true, though, that Miss Constance has eloped with a French Marquis?"

"Quite true," replied Smith. "It has caused such a sensation in London! They say she cut off just at the moment the carriage was at the door, and that she hired some old gipsy-woman to come up at the time and draw off her ladyship's attention. That's the rumour. But of course I don't know how true it is."

"Is it a good match for Miss Constance?"

"Or rather the Marchioness of Villebelle, as you must now call her," replied Smith. "Well, as for it's being a good match, I don't exactly know. I should think she might have done better—such a sweet beautiful creature as she is. The Marquis, I understand, is a very handsome man—quite young: that is to say, not above six or seven-and-twenty; and he has got a diplomatic situation. But that's all he has to depend upon."

"I'll be bound her ladyship is precious wild," exclaimed one of the clerks. "But when did you come back?"

"Last night. I travelled down with such a nice young fellow; and as we were alone together the whole way, we had quite an agreeable conversation. A more intelligent, amiable, but at the same time fine-spirited young gentleman, I don't think I ever met with. Perhaps you remember reading about a duel that took place the other day between a certain Lord Harold Staunton and a Mr. Deveril?"

"To be sure: and the report was that Deveril was killed—but it afterwards appeared that he was only dangerously wounded."

"Well," responded Smith, "this same Mr. Deveril it was with whom I travelled from London yesterday. He still looks pale and enfeebled, but is fast recovering of the severe injury he received."

"And what brings him down to Gainsborough?"

"I do not know: he did not volunteer any explanation, and therefore of course I did not question him."

"It happens that Lord Harold Staunton himself is at Saxondale Castle at this very time," observed one of the clerks: "or at all events a letter, directed to him there, was sent along to the castle this morning."

"This is strange," exclaimed Smith: "for Mr. Deveril appears anxious to see that fine old castle and its environs; and I promised that I would take him over there to-day. Indeed I expect him every moment: for it was noon that we appointed to meet. He is a total stranger at Gainsborough, and therefore availed himself of my proposal to escort him."

"Then you do not mean to attend to business to-day, I suppose?" observed one of his colleagues, laughing.

"No. Mind you, my leave of absence is not up until to-night."

At this moment some one inquired at the open trap-door of the money-order clerk for Mr. Smith, who immediately recognising the voice, exclaimed, "Ah! is it you, Mr. Deveril? Walk round, and we will take our departure in a few minutes."

Deveril accordingly entered the office, and was introduced by Mr. Smith to the other clerks. While they were conversing some one knocked at the trap-door of the window; and the particular clerk whose duty it was to answer questions, opened the said little door and gave whatsoever information was required. At that same instant a lady, hurriedly passing the post-office, dropped a letter through the hole; and by accident it shared the fate of a previous one by falling upon the inkstand.

"Well, *that is* odd!" exclaimed the clerk who had just answered the questions of the inquirer at the window. "Who do you think it was that just threw this letter in?—and, by Jove, it has fallen into the ink! Now isn't it too bad of that carpenter——"

"Who was it?" inquired Smith.

"Lady Saxondale herself."

Deveril started at this name: but the circumstance was not perceived by the other young men.

"Well, if this is not the most extraordinary thing I ever knew in my life," exclaimed the clerk who had recognised Lady Saxondale, and who having dried the blotch of ink upon the letter, was now examining the address.

"What's extraordinary?"

"Why, that her ladyship should have such a correspondent as this. Just read the address: it really doesn't sound at all aristocratic. *Mr. Solomon Patch, the Billy Goat, Agar Town, St. Pancras, London.*"

"Oh! very likely it's some old servant of her ladyship's," observed Smith carelessly; "or perhaps some one who has applied to her for charity. Who knows?"

"It looks uncommon like as if it was written in a feigned hand," observed the clerk who had picked it up from the inkstand: and he still continued to scrutinise it. "I think we know her ladyship's writing here pretty well; and if this isn't her's disguised in this manner, then I am a fool and an idiot. You see, Mr. Deveril," he continued, "we clerks in the post-office are so accustomed to all kinds of writing that we have great experience in such matters."

"Now," interrupted Smith, "I am sure Mr. Deveril does not want to hear a lecture upon this subject."

"The letter," continued the clerk, heedless of his colleague's interruption, "is not sealed, you see, with the usual armorial bearings, but with a plain stamp—the top of a pencil-case, I should say. I wonder her ladyship should have come to put it in the post herself."

"I am ready, Mr. Deveril, and at your service," observed Smith: "for I am sure you must be getting tired of this long talk about nothing."

The young clerk of the post-office and William Deveril accordingly issued forth together; and proceeding to the hotel where the latter had taken up his quarters, they entered a vehicle which he had ordered to be got in readiness; and away they sped towards Saxondale Castle.

Deveril was more interested in the little incident which had just occurred, than his companion had fancied he could possibly be. Having a deeper insight into Lady Saxondale's character than either of the clerks in the post-office, he had even been more struck by the circumstance than the one who himself had appeared to think it extraordinary. He knew enough of London to be aware that Agar Town was a quarter of no very good repute; and the description which had recently appeared in the newspapers of the horrible murder in the barge, and which Deveril had happened to read at the time, had contained particular allusions to the notoriously bad characters who infested that place It was therefore by no means surprising that Deveril should think it strange for Lady Saxondale to have a correspondent there; and the evidently furtive manner in which, with her own hand, she had borne the letter to the post,—as well as the disguised writing which the clerk had detected,—served to strengthen the young gentleman's suspicions that it was not altogether for a very correct or harmless purpose that a proud and titled lady, as fastidious as she was brilliant, should address a letter to an individual at the sign of the *Billy Goat* in Agar Town! But although Deveril mentioned not the subject of his thoughts to his companion Mr. Smith, he did not the less continue to ponder thereon.

On reaching the neighbourhood of Saxondale Castle, William Deveril intimated to his new acquaintance that he did not wish to approach too near with the vehicle, so as to become the object of particular notice on the part of any of its inmates—but that he was merely desirous of viewing the edifice from a suitable distance, and of obtaining a glimpse of the grounds. Mr. Smith thought that he was somewhat too particular, as there could be no possible harm in strangers approaching close up to the building; and he morever intimated that a fee to the servants would procure Deveril an inspection of the old tapestry-rooms, the chapel, and the other curiosities of the baronial edifice. But Deveril declined to avail himself of the suggestion, and appeared to be content with merely making the circuit of the castle and pleasure-grounds, except on that side where the river flowed by, washing the very foot of the walls, so that no one could pass that way.

Having thus far gratified his curiosity, as Mr. Smith was led to suppose, Deveril returned to the vehicle, accompanied by his new friend; and they retraced their way to Gainsborough. On the road they met Lady Saxondale's carriage returning from the town: but as her ladyship was reclining back at the time, Deveril both believed and hoped that she had not observed *him*, as he indeed had not caught a glimpse of *her* countenance.

Return we now to the castle, where in the meantime Mr. Hawkshaw had called; and inasmuch as Juliana had dropped a hint to Florina that he was paying his court to her, the young lady discreetly left the Hon. Miss Farefield a full opportunity of rambling alone with the Squire in the gardens. We need scarcely say that Juliana failed not to develop the requisite fascinations to rivet the shackles which she had already succeeded in throwing around Mr. Hawkshaw's heart. But although the gentleman was madly and enthusiastically in love with Juliana, he naturally conceived that a courtship of but a few days was not sufficient to warrant him in making a proposal. It is true that he had been acquainted with Miss Farefield for some years: indeed he had known her ever since she was a girl; but it was only from the date of the Denisons' party three or four days back, that he had been led to regard her with such admiration. Not being over well versed in love-matters, Mr. Hawkshaw had looked into a few novels to see how the heroes and heroines conducted their affairs of the heart; and the result was that he found himself rather bewildered how to act. For in one novel he perceived that the hero and heroine fell desperately in love with each other the instant they met—that in less than half-an-hour the former was on his knees at the feet of the latter—and that a passionate avowal of love was followed by the tenderest embraces: while in another romance the amorous swain sighed, and serenaded, and fluttered bashfully about the object of his love for a whole year without daring to confess his passion. The result however of Mr. Hawkshaw's researches in books, was to lead him to the conclusion that he should at least allow a month to elapse ere he proclaimed himself a suitor for Juliana's hand. The young lady, on her side, would fain have brought matters more precipitately to a crisis: but she was

afraid of spoiling the whole affair by giving Mr. Hawkshaw too much encouragement; and she therefore acted with considerable art and skill—suffering him to perceive that he was a special favourite, enrapturing him with her discourse, and successfully tightening the silken cords which bound him to her.

On Lady Saxondale's return, Mr. Hawkshaw was invited to stay to dinner—an offer which he did not refuse; and when he departed in the evening, it was with so much intoxicating love in his soul that he began to ask himself whether he might not abridge the month's courtship, as already laid down to be the rule of his conduct, into a fortnight?

On the following day, at about eleven in the forenoon, Mr. Hawkshaw called again, it having been agreed that he should escort Juliana for a ride across the country. The Hon. Miss Fairfield was a good equestrian—a circumstance which had no small weight in convincing Mr. Hawkshaw that she would make him a most excellent and suitable wife. Florina did not ride: Juliana accordingly went out alone with her admirer—that is to say, they were attended only by the groom. Lady Saxondale had letters to write—Lady Macdonald was somewhat indisposed and would not stir out—and thus Florina was thrown upon her own resources.

The young lady walked alone in the garden, wrapped up in a mournful reverie. She could not help thinking of William Deveril, notwithstanding all her efforts to banish his image from her mind. Nothing had come to her knowledge to alter her suspicions concerning him. She still had every reason to believe that he was living improperly with Angela Vivaldi, the opera-dancer; and the circumstance was still regarded by her as a corroboration of Lady Saxondale's story of his improper conduct. Her brother Harold, be it remembered, had never suspected her love for Deveril. At the time he encountered the young artist issuing from the garden-gate of his aunt's house in Cavendish Square, he knew not that there had been an interview between him and his sister—he fancied that Deveril was there merely for the purpose of seeking an opportunity of giving some explanations to Lady Macdonald in reference to the tale in circulation with regard to himself and Lady Saxondale. Therefore, Harold had no idea of Florina's love for Deveril; and Florina herself had not chosen to make voluntary confession thereof. Deeply, deeply had she been afflicted at the intelligence of the duel: most profound indeed was her sorrow, amounting almost to anguish, when it was first rumoured that Deveril had been killed——and killed too by her own brother! The misery she then felt, and the difficulty she had at the time in veiling her feelings from those around her, had shown her most unmistakably the real state of her heart,—to the effect that notwithstanding all she believed injurious to Deveril, his image still retained a too powerful hold upon her affections. And that it was so, had speedily received a farther corroboration in the sudden thrill of wild delight that she felt, blended for the moment even with a still wilder hope, when the intelligence had reached her that after all Deveril was not dead but merely wounded: and day after day had she watched the newspapers for a line indicative of his state. The duel having created a great sensation, in consequence of the aristocratic rank of one of the principals, the public journals had devoted more than ordinary attention to it,—the state of Mr. Deveril's health being daily chronicled until he was pronounced convalescent. By these means Florina had been duly informed in respect to the details of Deveril's progress towards recovery; and all the various phases of feeling through which she was thus led, convinced the lady that her happiness was more profoundly wrapped up in this love of her's than she could have supposed after the proofs she had received of Deveril's presumed infidelity.

We have thus, at a rapid glance, filled up the interval in respect to the young lady's sentiments and feelings from the period of the duel until the time of which we are speaking; and now we behold her walking in the garden of Saxondale Castle, plunged into a profound and melancholy reverie. She saw that Mr. Hawkshaw was paying his court to Juliana; and she supposed that the latter loved him in return. This belief tended to sadden her even still more deeply: for she reflected that others were happy in their love, while she was miserable. With the utmost abhorrence did she look forward to her alliance with Edmund Saxondale; and though she had not the courage to tell her aunt that it was equivalent to a death-sentence thus to doom her to become the wife of such a being, she felt in her own heart that she never could consent to so tremendous a self-sacrifice. Oh! if Deveril had proved all she at one time hoped and fancied!——but no: that dream of bliss was gone —that vision of happiness appeared to have fled for ever!

After wandering slowly and mournfully about the gardens for upwards of an hour, Florina seated herself in an arbour at the extremity of the avenue where Lady Saxondale and Lord Harold had roamed together the evening before. The sun was ascending towards its meridian—the heat out of the shade was stifling: but there, beneath that umbrageous canopy, a grateful freshness prevailed. The arbour was situated close by a line of low palings which bounded the garden; and beyond stretched the wide park with its groups of stately trees and the deer frisking on their carpet of verdure. A silence, broken only by the warblings of the birds, reigned around: but Florina's soul imbibed not solace nor peace from this serenity.

"Alas!" she said, giving audible expression to her thoughts, "mine is an unhappy destiny; and dismal indeed is the prospect of my life. Oh! for an instant what radiant happiness appeared to be shining around me: I felt as if I were experiencing the glories of another sphere. It is hard—too hard to have seen the storm-clouds gather suddenly over the brightness of that heaven, and all my hopes wither away as flowers in a pestilential blight. Ah, William Deveril! wherefore did I ever love thee? wherefore was I doomed to experience thy treachery?"

"No, Florina—no! By heaven, I am incapable of treachery!"

Such were the words, in the manly melody of a well-known voice, that suddenly sounded upon her ears: and the next instant William Deveril was at her feet.

For a moment Florina sat astounded: then abruptly rising with a sudden recovery of all her maiden dignity, she was about to move away from the spot, when Deveril cried in a tone of anguished excitement, "Hear me, I beseech you—even if you condemn me afterwards! I am innocent—as there is an eternal God above us, I am innocent!"

Florina stood rivetted to the spot. There was such a depth of sincerity in the youth's tone and looks—his fine black eyes shone, too, with an expression of such frankness and candour, that she felt it would be indeed hard not to hear him. And then again, there was the hope—the suddenly excited hope—that he might possibly be enabled to explain everything. Yes: and more than this too—there was the extraordinary beauty of his person, rendered delicately interesting by the effects of the duel; so that Florina had not the heart to tear herself away. She became pale and agitated, struggling to maintain a dignified reserve, yet experiencing a melting tenderness of the soul which increased every moment.

"You will hear me!" said Deveril, rising from the one knee on which he had bent; "and upon whatsoever terms we may part, I shall at least take away your good opinion with me!"

"Is this possible?" asked Florina, in a tremulous voice, while her heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird.

"Possible?" echoed Deveril. "I will give you proofs incontestible that the allegations of Lady Saxondale involved a detestable calumny."

"And those proofs?" said Florina, her looks proving how deeply she hoped that he might be enabled to fulfil his words.

"They are here!" he at once responded, drawing a document from his pocket. "Know you not that I have threatened Lady Saxondale with an action at law for the defamation of my character? You look surprised! But of course she would not tell you this. Ah! if you knew all the wickedness of that woman——"

"You will admit, Mr. Deveril," interrupted Florina, "that as I am now receiving the hospitality of Lady Saxondale, it ill becomes me to listen to any aspersions that may be thrown out against her without adequate proof."

"Ah! you saw that I hesitated to place this document in your hands!" he exclaimed, still retaining the paper: and he looked cruelly bewildered. "Take it," he said after a few moments hesitation, "and read it if you will—but I warn you before hand, that you will behold therein something that will shock you in respect to one who is nearly and closely connected with you."

"Heavens! what do you mean?" cried Florina. "You frighten me. To whom do you allude?"

"Must I indeed tell you? Yes, yes: I see that I must. I cannot bear your suspicions any longer—I must clear up my own character at any risk—at any sacrifice! Florina, prepare yourself to hear something terrible——"

"Oh! what new misfortune is in store for me?" murmured the poor girl, sinking back upon the seat whence she had risen. "Of whom is it that I am to hear such dread intelligence?"

"Of your brother—of Lord Harold Staunton."

"My brother!"

"Yes. It was by the cruel and artful—aye, the satanic instigation of Lady Saxondale, that he provoked me to that duel——"

"William, if this be true," cried Florina, bursting into tears, "how immense is the reparation which you ought to receive from me!"

"It *is* true—it is, alas, too true!" responded Deveril. "That kind-hearted and benevolent gentleman, Mr. Gunthorpe, has succeeded in unravelling the whole skein of treachery. But by heaven, Florina, I entertain as little ill-will against your brother as it is possible for man to experience after such wrongs as mine! For *your* sake do I forgive him—for *your* sake will I clasp him by the hand——yes, and throw the veil of oblivion over what he has done! It must have been under the influence of an infatuation against which he could not wrestle, that he consented to become the instrument of that woman's vengeance. She sought my life—she wished me removed from her path—and she found in your brother a too ready agent!"

"But these accusations are terrible, Mr. Deveril!" exclaimed Florina, cruelly bewildered.

"Read this!" she said, now placing the document in her hands. "It is the statement of an important witness who will appear against Lady Saxondale, should she push matters to extremes and drive me into the law-courts."

Florina mechanically took the paper—opened it—and commenced reading. It recited all the incidents in connexion with the masquerade, which are already known to the reader—how Lady Saxondale went thither in a particular dress to keep a previously given appointment with Lord Harold Staunton—how she had enlisted him in her service to provoke an enemy of her's to a duel, in which that enemy was to be slain—how Staunton had next morning received the note containing the name of *William Deveril*—how he had provoked Deveril to the duel—how Lady Saxondale had subsequently repudiated the whole proceeding, ignoring every detail—but how through Edmund's agency the masquerade dress which she had worn was disinterred from the plate-chest in her private apartments.

It was with a swimming of the brain, a whirl of the thoughts, and an augmenting confusion in all her ideas, that Florina perused this document. It was, too, with a kind of mechanical power that she read on to the end; and it was also with a mechanical tenacity that she held it in her hands. We may add that it was with an unaccountable fascination she kept her eyes upon a document which contained facts so damnatory to her own brother! Deveril watched her with the profoundest commiseration. Oh! it went to his heart's core to wound her gentle bosom thus: and there was a moment when he felt inclined to snatch the paper from her hands and bid her read no more. But it was the only means of vindicating himself; and painful as the proceeding was, he dared not arrest it.

"You may deem me cruel—even implacable, Lady Florina Staunton," he said, when he observed that she had finished, "in submitting this dreadful history to your notice: but what alternative had I? When last I saw you, it was on the same evening that your brother provoked me to the duel: you would not hear me—you retreated from the balcony in anger—and I felt that I was condemned unjustly."

"Ah, Mr. Deveril!" said Florina, the tears streaming down her cheeks: "you have indeed much cause to reproach my brother—and it is but too clear that Lady Saxondale is an infamous woman—that her tale against you was an odious calumny—and that she would not have stopped short even at the instigation of a murder to wreak her revenge! But, alas, I dare not say that I can give you back that love—that confidence——"

"Lady Florina Staunton," interrupted Deveril in a firm and dignified manner—while his tall slender form, modelled with so much Apollo-like grace and elegance, was drawn up to its full height, and his short upper lip expressed the hauteur of offended pride: "have the goodness to recollect that at the very outset of this interview, I said that on whatsoever terms we might part, I could not fail to bear away your good opinion. You honoured me—you flattered me—you made me happy, with an avowal of your love some short time back; and I believed that it was sincere. A tale of calumny naturally excited you against me. I have now vindicated myself—and your good opinion must be restored. But if, during the interval which has elapsed since you avowed your love and accepted the avowal of mine, you have repented of what perhaps after all was only a momentary weakness on your part—if, as I presume, the high-born Lady Florina Staunton in her calmer moments has shrunk

from the idea of allying her fate with that of the humble and obscure artist from Italy—then be it so: but let there be candour in your speech! I give you back your vows—I give you back your pledges: and yet vindicated and innocent as I now stand before you, I have a right to claim them if I would. But no. More generous than you, Florina—more ready, too, to make any or every sacrifice for your sake—I will insist upon nothing that shall menace your happiness. No:"—and here his voice trembled—he murmured a few words which were inaudible, suffocated as they were by the strength of this emotions—and he was hurrying abruptly away.

"Mr. Deveril!" exclaimed Florina, suddenly wiping the tears from her eyes—for she had been weeping while he spoke: "we must not part thus. "You have become the accuser——But I also have something to say in justification of myself!"

Deveril turned back; and with an air of melancholy composure, in which there was a certain blending of his own offended dignity, he stood in front of Florina as she was seated upon the bench in the arbour.

"Had Lady Saxondale's story," she resumed, in a tremulous voice, "been the only cause of annoyance which I felt in respect to yourself, you would not have vainly sought an opportunity for explanation on that evening when you beheld me in the balcony of my aunt's house. Indeed, to give you a proof of my anxiety to seek such explanation—at the same time too," she added in accents more low and tremulous still, "to afford you a proof of the sincerity of that affection which I had avowed for you—I took a step which the world would have deemed most unmaidenly, and for the imprudence of which I was indeed but too severely punished! In the evening of the same day on which Lady Saxondale brought her calumny to my aunt's house, I stole forth, resolving to visit you at your own abode—to tell you all that I had heard, and to beseech an explanation——"

"Ah! you did this?" exclaimed Deveril, hope and joy suddenly lighting up his countenance. "Then you loved me—you really loved me? But wherefore did you not come? why did you turn back? what prevented you from carrying out your generous intention? Oh, what misery might have been spared to me!"

Florina gazed in astonishment upon the radiantly handsome countenance of William Deveril as he commenced this speech: but as she recollected all she heard and saw at his dwelling on that fatal night, she could not help again thinking that this was another evidence of his matchless effrontery—and she felt pained and shocked at the thought that it could be so.

"I did *not* turn back on that occasion, Mr. Deveril," she said in a cold calm voice. "I was *not* deterred by any circumstance, nor prevented by any accident from repairing to your abode near the Regent's Park. I entered the garden—the front door stood open—I heard what I will not repeat—and immediately after I saw what I will not allude to more. But it was all enough to convince me that while you were pretending that your heart was wholly mine——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Deveril, a light suddenly breaking in upon him; "I understand it all! Oh,—cruel and fatal mistake! Florina, you heard and saw——"

"Angela Vivaldi."

"My sister!"

A cry of wild delight thrilled from Florina's lips; and precipitating herself into Deveril's arms, she sobbed upon his breast, murmuring, "Pardon me—forgive me—dearest, dearest William!"

CHAPTER LXIV.

WILLIAM DEVERIL'S HISTORY.

The world has many delights—human feelings may experience many pleasures—the hearts of earth's denizens sometimes thrill with ineffable raptures. But what joy—Oh! what joy, can compare with that which attends upon the reconciliation of lovers? When the dark clouds of jealousy have gathered over the heaven of a young maiden's prospects, how sweet—Oh! how sweet, is it for that gentle heart of her's to find them dispelled all in a moment, and the sun of hope bursting forth to gild another day and illume another state of being. The world has no ecstacy superior to this.

Such was the delight experienced by Lady Florina Staunton at that announcement which, falling upon her ears like an angel-voice speaking to a soul in the depths of despair, cleared up the past mystery in a moment. And Deveril—was not he also happy? Again and again did he press that being of transcendent beauty in his arms—he covered her brow, her cheeks, and her lips with kisses—then seating himself upon the bench, he placed her by his side and keeping both her hands locked in his own, he gazed upon her with the prolonged look of ineffable rapture.

Thus did they sit together, gazing upon each other in profound silence for many minutes. Their's was a joy—deep, elysian, ineffable—which appeared almost too holy for the interruption of words. But if their tongues were silent, most eloquently expressive were their looks: love shone in the deep clear blue of Florina's eyes and glowed upon the purity of her complexion;—and love too beamed in the dark orbs and tinted the cheeks of that youth of manly beauty. Yes—the cheeks which illness had left so pale, were now animated with the bright colours in which love paints the reflection of the heart's feelings: and perhaps that was the happiest moment of William Deveril's life.

"How cruel—how unjust I have been to you, dearest William!" murmured Florina, at length breaking silence. "Oh, if on that day when I saw you from the balcony at my aunt's house, I had only waited to hear the explanation you so kindly and generously came to give, what anguish—what misery might have been spared us both!"

"Do not reproach yourself now, my beloved Florina," returned Deveril, pressing her hand to his lips: "the happiness which I enjoy at this moment, is a recompense for the past. And I do not blame you—not for an instant do I blame you! Appearances were so much against me. But how could I possibly have suspected that *other* incident which has just been cleared up! Oh, it was indeed a proof of love on your part to seek me at my own dwelling."

"Heavens! when I think of all you have gone through," resumed Florina—and she still spoke in a murmuring tremulous voice, while the tears again streamed down her cheeks,—"it is enough to drive me mad. Stretched upon what was deemed your death-bed—believing that I no longer loved you—smarting under the calumnies which an infamous woman had spread concerning you——Oh! it was too much—it was too much, William—dear William! All the love I bear you, immense as it is, can scarcely prove an atonement—a recompense!"

"Again I beseech you, dearest Florina, not to torture yourself thus. Let us hope that happy days await us. In the depth of my own bitter sorrows, there were not wanting some consolations. My sister Angela—an angel in disposition as well as in name—was ever by my bedside; and that kind-hearted excellent friend, Mr. Gunthorpe, was unwearied in his attentions. You know him, Florina—you have seen him; and he has the highest opinion of you. He is acquainted with the secret of our love; and I know not whether it could be to sooth my wounded spirit, or whether it were that he had really some design of his own to be worked out,—but certain it is that with the tone of the fullest confidence he bade me to despair not—for you should yet be mine!"

"And I will," murmured Florina, the carnation again deepening upon her cheeks, and her beauteous eyes being modestly bent down; then as a sudden thought struck her, she looked up, and with a paroxysm of indignation, exclaimed, "To be sacrificed to the son of that bold, bad woman, Lady Saxondale—no—never, never!"

"And Mr. Gunthorpe declares that you shall never be so sacrificed," rejoined William; "though what means he may have, or hope to have, in throwing any influence into the scale, it is impossible for me to comprehend."

"He is an intimate friend of my uncle the Marquis of Eagledean," observed Florina suggestively; "and perhaps he intends to invoke his lordship's interference."

"It may be so," said Deveril. "It was in accordance with his counsel—and I need scarcely add with my own earnest desire—that so soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I resolved upon making another attempt to procure an interview with you. Mr. Gunthorpe by some means ascertained that you and Lady Macdonald, together with Lord Harold, had suddenly been invited to pay a visit to Saxondale Castle; and he hurried me off the day before yesterday. By accident I formed the acquaintance of a young man who lives in Gainsborough; and with him as my guide, I came yesterday into the vicinage of the Castle to take a view of the grounds, and see whether there would be the chance of throwing myself in your way should you happen to walk forth alone. This morning I returned hither in that hope; and, thank heaven, it has not been frustrated. But, dearest Florina, I think it would be prudent if you were to do your best to conceal from Lady Saxondale for the present the circumstance that you are acquainted with her infamy. Mr. Gunthorpe recommends and enjoins this. I do not exactly know what his motives are; but he has assuredly good reasons for the advice he gives. He does not believe that Lady Saxondale will suffer law-proceedings to be instituted against her on my account: but if she be obstinate, Mr. Gunthorpe will do his best to spare your brother from as much share in the infamy as possible."

"Oh! William, I can no longer think of him as a brother!" exclaimed Florina, weeping. "And yet it is hard to be compelled to speak thus!"

"If I forgive him, my well-beloved," responded Deveril, "you cannot refuse to do so. But is it not strange that Lady Saxondale should have included him in this invitation to Lady Macdonald and yourself?"

"The evening before last, soon after our arrival," said Florina, thoughtfully, "Harold and her ladyship walked for an hour together in the garden. They were alone—and yesterday morning Harold departed suddenly for London again."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Deveril. "Depend upon it he has undertaken some fresh mission for her ladyship."

"Oh, my deluded, beguiled, unhappy brother!"

"An idea strikes me," continued Deveril. "Doubtless it is in connexion with this threatened law-suit: for her ladyship has received a letter from her solicitors to the effect that an appeal to the tribunals was menaced. But fear nothing. Whatsoever Harold may undertake will most probably become known to Mr. Gunthorpe. The person whose name attests that document which you have read, is in Mr. Gunthorpe's pay. Do not be afraid that this *espionnage* instituted upon your brother's actions, is for any evil purpose. No, no—Mr. Gunthorpe is incapable of wrong-doing: he is the most excellent of men."

"Since you have such perfect confidence in him, William, I must have the same. And notwithstanding my brother Harold treated him superciliously on the first night he introduced himself to us—it was at the Opera—I was prepossessed in the old gentleman's favour."

"He failed not to observe your kindness, Florina, in contrast with Harold's rudeness."

"And Angela Vivaldi—that beautiful creature whose very form is the embodiment of poesy—Angela Vivaldi is your sister?"

"She is; and I am proud of her—but for reasons which I will presently explain, we avoid appearing before the world in the light of brother and sister. Although in that sphere the very air of which is generally believed to be full of blight for female virtue, yet she is purity itself. Oh! Florina, if on that night when you visited my abode, no circumstances had transpired to fill you with suspicions and drive you away from my threshold,—if you had crossed that threshold—if you had entered my home, you would not have disdained to give your hand to the celebrated Opera-dancer. You would have seen that her very look is chastity and innocence—that she is a being of a superior order—and that in manners and conduct she is the elegant and well-bred woman. You have seen her upon the stage: did you ever observe her cast a glance inconsistent with immaculate modesty?"

"No—never, never," replied Florina. "Angela Vivaldi's virtue was proverbial; and you may conceive the shock that it gave me when under a fearful combination of circumstances, I was led to believe everything injurious alike to her and to you. But is *she* also acquainted with our secret? Of

course she must be: it is natural you should have told her."

"I preserved that secret religiously until it transpired as one of the consequences of the duel. Yes—I preserved it for your sake, Florina; because I deemed it to be a secret of so solemn a character that it ought not to be revealed, even to a sister, until you should vouchsafe the permission. I considered it to be *your* secret even more than *mine*, because I knew how you were situated in respect to Edmund Saxondale, and I thought it best to retain everything closely locked up in my own heart until you, in your own good time, should have told me that there was no longer need for such secrecy."

"You are all kindness and consideration, William, as you are all that is generous and noble," said Florina, with affection beaming in her beauteous blue eyes; and as she gazed upon her lover her countenance reflected the emotions that swelled in her soul deeper and happier than she had ever yet experienced in her whole life—unless an exception must be made for that day on which this love of her's was first avowed and the reciprocal passion confessed.

"When forced into that duel," resumed Deveril, "and seeing myself standing as it were face to face with death, I adopted those measures which prudence and my own honour demanded. I wrote several letters, to be delivered in case I fell. One was to you, Florina—assuring you of mine innocence as well as of my love, and beseeching that you would sometimes bestow a thought on him whose heart had been so devotedly your's."

"O William! what must you have suffered!"—and the beautiful creature threw her arms round his neck and kissed him of her own accord: but as she withdrew her countenance again, she left upon his cheeks the tears that had started from her blue eyes.

"Am I not now fully recompensed?" exclaimed Deveril, with enthusiastic fondness. "But let me continue. Another letter was to my sister Angela, bidding her the tenderest farewells; and a third was to Mr. Gunthorpe. In this letter I gave him the fullest explanation how I had been provoked to a duel by Lord Harold Staunton; and I revealed to him the secret of my devoted love for you—beseeching that in case I fell, he would personally become the bearer of the letter which I had written to you, my sweet Florina,—so that he might tell you all he knew of my character and help to corroborate the assurances I had penned of my innocence towards Lady Saxondale. For two days after the duel I remained insensible of what was passing around. Mr. Gunthorpe, visiting my lodgings in Pall Mall, in pursuance of an intimation which he received from my second, Mr. Forester, found the letters and perused the one addressed to himself. Thus was it, Florina, that he discovered the secret of our love."

"But wherefore did he not bring to me the letter which you had written, and which was intended for me?" asked Florina.

"Because the express injunction was penned by my hand upon the envelope to the effect that it was only to be delivered in case I should fall in the duel."

"Oh! if that horror had taken place!"—and the fair young creature shuddered with a cold tremor from head to foot at the bare idea.

"To possess your sympathy and your love, is sweet beyond description—it is paradise ineffable!"—and again did William Deveril press the young maiden to his heart. "Think you, sweet Florina," he continued after a pause, "that your absence from the Castle will be noticed? think you that there is any danger of our being intruded upon?"

"No: my aunt will not come out this morning—Miss Farefield has gone to ride with a gentleman of the neighbourhood—and Lady Saxondale intimated after breakfast that she should be occupied for several hours in writing letters."

"If, then, we may safely enjoy another half-hour of each other's society," said Deveril, "I will narrate to you a few incidents connected with myself and Angela. This is the time, my beloved Florina, for the fullest confidence."

"I shall listen," responded the young lady, "with a most heartfelt interest. Everything that regards you, William, is now of consequence to me. If you have sorrows to speak of, I can sympathise with them: and if you tell me of joys and reminiscences of past happiness, I can share the delights accompanying your retrospection."

"You will not expect to hear, Florina, that I am of good family or of gentle birth," resumed Deveril; "and it was perhaps some little false pride on my part that prevented me from proffering certain explanations on that memorable and happy day when you first suffered me to know that I loved you not in vain. I had it on the tip of my tongue to tell you that Angela was my sister; but I knew you not *then* as I know you *now*, and I feared that it might shock those lofty notions in which you have been reared—and I at all events thought it better to reserve that and other explanations until another occasion. Had I been more candid,—or rather had I *then* appreciated as I ought to have done the generosity of your nature, which enables you to rise superior to the artificial conventionalisms of aristocratic circles, — how much unhappiness would have been spared us both! However, the past cannot be recalled, much as it may be regretted; and I will now tell you my story."

"Proceed, dearest William," said Florina: "I am all attention."

"My earliest reminiscences," commenced Deveril, "are connected with a troop of strolling players, to which company my father and mother belonged. Their name was Deveril. I am about a year older than my sister Angela; and I recollect that in her infancy she was one of the most beautiful little cherubs that ever constituted a parent's joy. Although in such humble circumstances—exposed to all the sad vicissitudes of a strolling life—our father and mother were exceedingly kind to us, and treated us with the tenderest affection. They were superior people in their way. My mother had belonged to a respectable family; but by marrying a poor clerk, as my father at first was, she was altogether discarded by her relatives and friends. My father was one of those gay thoughtless men who cannot appreciate the value of money: and with but a very small salary and a wife to keep, he fell into difficulties. Unable to pay his debts, and threatened with a prison, he absconded from his native town, his loving wife being the partner of his flight. From what I have often heard him say, I am but too well aware that he and my mother must have

endured great privations and gone through incalculable sufferings; for being unable to refer to his last situation, he failed to procure another. In short, dire necessity drove them both to join a troop of strolling players; and as my father was a very handsome man, and my mother a most beautiful woman, they were received into the troop more on account of their personal attractions than for any histrionic talents which they possessed. Notwithstanding my mother's great beauty and the temptations to which as a poor actress she was constantly exposed, I feel proud in being enabled to pay this tribute to her memory, by assuring you that her character was retained unimpeachable until the last. During her leisure hours she instructed me and Angela in the rudiments of education: for she herself had been well educated. She died when I was about eight years old; and I recollect how bitter was my grief. Nor did little Angela fail to appreciate even more keenly than might be expected in a child of her age, the great loss we had sustained. My father was inconsolable; and for some weeks he was utterly unable to pursue his professional avocations. The consequence was that penury and want entered our little lodging, and our sufferings were great."

Here Florina pressed her lover's hand between both her own, and gazed upon him with tearful looks. The glances that he bent upon her in return were full of affectionate gratitude for the sympathy which she thus mutely but eloquently testified; and his narrative was continued in the following terms:—

"Necessity compelled my father to subdue his grief as much as he was able, and appear again upon the stage. The very first night that he thus came forth again in some large provincial town—I forget which—his fine person attracted the notice of an eminent Italian painter who was on a visit to this country for the purpose of beholding the progress of its arts and sciences. He was at that particular period making a tour in the provinces; and accident led him to visit the theatre on the special occasion referred to. On the following day he made inquiries for my father's abode—called, and represented that if my father would accompany him back to Italy, he would be sure to make a good income by serving as a model for painters and sculptors. Signor Vivaldi—for that was the name of the Italian—offered to pay all the travelling expenses for my father and his children; and in short, behaved so liberally that his proposal was accepted. We accordingly repaired to Italy, and took up our abode in Florence, Signor Vivaldi's native city. The promises which he had held out, were fully realised; and my father earned a competency. Signor Vivaldi was an elderly man; and though he obtained large prices for his pictures, yet he had a number of profligate relations dependent upon him, and to whom he was too kind—and thus he was always poor. My father had become quite a steady man, and learnt to appreciate the value of money. He gave myself and Angela an excellent education,—taking pride indeed to economise as much as possible with regard to his own expenditure, that he might accomplish this. His great aim, and indeed his ruling idea, was to make a splendid dancer of Angela. The taste which she had exhibited for the art even from her childhood, had probably suggested this thought: and accordingly, as she grew up, the best masters in the Terpsichorean art were engaged to render her proficient. Meanwhile Signor Vivaldi had taken a great fancy to me, and was accustomed to have me at his *studio* during my leisure hours to teach me his own art. At that period painting in fast colours upon ivory was greatly in vogue in the Tuscan States; and I acquired a taste for this beautiful study. It was somewhat out of the way of Signor Vivaldi's genius; but still, as a great artist, his suggestions were most valuable; and under his supervision I copied with some success his own fine pictures on miniature ivory-plates. Thus was it that time passed on until two years back, when I reached the age of about seventeen, and my sister was consequently sixteen. At this period a terrible calamity occurred to us. Our father was smitten with paralysis, which from the very first threatened to prove fatal. For two or three weeks he was unconscious of everything that passed around him; but at length he rallied somewhat, and partially recovered the use of his speech. I am now about to speak of his death-bed: for the flaming up of life's lamp was only a transient glow ere it suddenly became extinguished for ever. Ah! full well do I recollect that final scene! It was midnight—the candles were burning in the chamber, so soon to be that of death—the physicians were on one side of the couch—Angela and myself were on the other. Our poor father, who in his last moments completely recovered his intellect and partially his voice, intimated that he had some important secret to reveal. As he thus spoke he fixed his eyes earnestly upon me, and gave me to understand that it was specially with regard to myself that he had to speak. But a sudden dimness came upon his eyes—his countenance grew convulsed—it was evident that he battled with all his remaining energies against the Destroyer in order that he might gain a few moments' respite to reveal the secret to which he had alluded. But death's grasp was fixed too powerfully upon him: he merely gave utterance to a few words, of which '*strolling players*'——'*manager*'——'*Thompson*'——'*could tell all*'—were alone distinguishable: and then he gave up the ghost."

Here William Deveril paused; and tears started from his eyes as he mournfully pondered upon that death-scene, now so vividly brought back to his memory. Florina pressed his hand in silence. She felt that his sorrow was too sacred to be intruded upon by words; but her looks and her tears also showed how much she sympathised with her lover.

"Whatever my father's secret might have been," he at length resumed, "it appears to have died with him—unless indeed the few unconnected words which my ear managed to catch up in his last moments, should ever serve as a clue to the development of the mystery. What the secret could be, or how it might affect me more than Angela, I could not possibly conjecture—nor can I now. It is useless therefore to dwell upon it. The remains of our poor father were interred in the picturesque cemetery outside the walls of Florence; and Angela and I mingled our tears over the grave of the departed. But we were not without friends to succour and console us. In consequence of the expensive education which our father had given us, he died poor. In-

deed, when the funeral expenses were paid, I and Angela found ourselves almost penniless, and it yet required another six months' constant practice to fit her for the sphere for which she had been brought up—I mean the operatic ballet. Signor Vivaldi however assisted us. He paid for the masters whose services were required to finish Angela's Terpsichorean education; and he continued, with more assiduity than ever, to instruct me in the art of ivory painting. Thus several months passed; and at length I became so far proficient in my own studies that I was enabled to dispose of my little paintings to considerable advantage. O Florina! never did I eat bread so sweet as that which was purchased with the produce of the sale of my first ivory-plate. I felt that I was independent, even of friendly benevolence; and this feeling for those who have been placed in a situation to appreciate it, is a joyous one indeed. At the same time, too, my dear sister had finished her education as a dancer, and was to appear upon the stage. By the advice of her masters, as well as of Signor Vivaldi and other friends who had interested themselves on our behalf, it was determined that she should adopt an Italian name for her *debut;* because, if it were generally known that she was an English girl, there would be a prejudice against her. I do not mean that this prejudice would have arisen from any national aversion against the English generally—but simply from the fact that the Italians entertain the belief that the English cannot possibly excel, no matter how well tutored, in dancing, singing, or music. Therefore, for this reason, it was resolved that Angela should assume an Italian surname, the Christian one which a mother's doting fondness had given her being sufficiently Italian to be preserved. As a compliment to our kind friend the painter, and by his special permission, she adopted that of Vivaldi. Her *debut* was not so successful as her friends had hoped and expected it would be: still it was not a failure. She could not throw off that natural timidity which was so closely connected with the innocence of her character and the purity of her soul; and thus she failed to do justice to the real powers and qualifications which she possessed as a dancer. Some months passed, and she continued to improve in respect to conquering her timidity—but slowly. At length it happened that the manager of the Italian Opera in London arrived in Florence; and being much struck with Angela's appearance, as well as perhaps foreseeing the certainty of her future fame, he sought us out at our dwelling and offered her an engagement. She did not however accept it hurriedly: for in Florence we had good friends and I had found many patrons, so that we were ensured a competency—whereas if we renounced present certainties with the uncertain hope of more brilliant prospects, we felt that we should be acting unwisely and rashly. We therefore declined making terms with the English manager on Angela's account, but promised that if on a future occasion he still entertained the same favourable opinion of Angela's qualifications, his proposal should be the first accepted elsewhere than in Florence. The flattering compliment paid to Angela by the mere circumstance of the English manager's offer, inspired her with new courage to prosecute the career in which she had embarked; and when the season at Florence commenced again, she acquitted herself in a manner that was most triumphant. From that day forth her success was immense and her reputation was established. But at the period of which I am now speaking, a circumstance occurred which threw a sad damp upon our spirits: this was the death of our kind benefactor Signor Vivaldi. He died in comparative poverty, and leaving some debts. He had left three or four pictures in a finished state, and one that was very nearly completed: these his executors advertised for sale—and when the day came to dispose of them by auction, there was a considerable attendance of bidders at the deceased painter's house. Amongst them was Mr. Gunthorpe, who reading the advertisement in the Italian newspapers, journeyed from Naples—his place of residence—for the purpose."

"What! is Mr. Gunthorpe attached to the fine arts?" asked Florina, with some degree of astonishment, inasmuch as there was little indeed in that gentleman's appearance to warrant such a belief.

"There is no man in Europe who possesses a more exquisite taste," answered Deveril. "He has brought with him to England countless packages containing the most beautiful specimens of Italian arts, in painting and sculpture, that money could purchase; and he intends them for the decoration of a mansion which he purposes to erect or buy. But let me continue my story. Mr. Gunthorpe was so pleased with the deceased Signor Vivaldi's pictures, that he outbid every one at the sale, and became their purchaser for a considerable price,—the unfinished one as well those that were complete. This circumstance made me acquainted with him; and on the day after the sale, I happened to be in the *studio* of my deceased benefactor, finishing a miniature copy of the very one which was incomplete, when Mr. Gunthorpe came to fetch the pictures away. He inspected my work, and was astonished to find that in my miniature I had perfected that which was still wanting to complete the original. He asked me if I could paint in oil: I told him that I had received some lessons from my departed friend. He inquired whether I would undertake to complete the as yet unfinished picture in the same way as I had perfected my miniature copy? I undertook the task, which occupied some weeks; and every day Mr. Gunthorpe came to my abode, whither I had removed the picture, to watch its progress towards completion. Thus we became still more intimate; and the old gentleman exhibited an increasing friendship towards myself and Angela. At length the picture was finished: he was well satisfied, and offered me a munificent reward. But I refused it, declaring that I had already received an ample recompense in the honour of being permitted to perfect one of my deceased benefactor's masterpieces. Mr. Gunthorpe did not press me very much after my first refusal to accept the proffered remuneration: but he became more friendly than ever towards me. At length, after an interval of secession from the stage as a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friend, Angela resumed her occupations. Mr. Gunthorpe went to see her, and was delighted. We informed him of the proposals made by the English manager; and he at once counselled Angela to accept them. He farther observed that he himself was shortly coming to England, and would be delighted to renew his

acquaintance with us there. He then took his departure from Florence; and we regretted him—for he had been a great favourite with us. Negotiations were at once opened with the English manager, and an engagement was effected on the most liberal terms for my sister. Although it still wanted many months to the Opera season in London, we nevertheless resolved to proceed to England at once; and to this step we were induced by several reasons. In the first place we were both so young on leaving the country that many of its habits and customs had been lost to our recollection: and it was quite requisite that Angela should render herself familiar therewith, in order that she might not experience a recurrence of her timidity on finding herself too suddenly in the presence of a strange people. Moreover we had both for some time past experienced a yearning to visit our native land; and I had also heard that the art of painting on ivory having been just introduced into fashionable circles as an amusement for young ladies, there would be ample scope for the exercise of whatsoever little talent I might possess therein. I was also desirous of instituting some inquiries in respect to the words my father had uttered on his death-bed. We accordingly proceeded at once to England; but by the advice of the manager of the Opera—indeed, by his express stipulation—Angela retained her self-given name of Vivaldi. In respect to myself it being considered that the circumstance of my sister being a dancer might prove a barrier to my admission into the wealthy families with whom my art was alone available, it was resolved to retain our close affinity as secret as possible. I therefore took that secluded villa near the Regent's Park as our private residence, and engaged chambers in Pall Mall as my ostensible abode and for my professional avocations. At the villa Angela and I dwelt in almost complete seclusion,—such being our taste and our preference. Thus months passed on; and

at length within a few days of the opening of the Opera, Mr. Gunthorpe arrived in London. By inquiry of the manager he found out where we were residing: for in the general interdiction against Angela's address being given at the theatre to anybody, a special exception was made in favour of our old friend. You know with what success my sister made her *debut* in London, and how she has achieved a succession of triumphs. Once more referring to that unfortunate affair of the duel, I must observe that Mr. Gunthorpe discovered it was to take place, and came upon the ground to prevent it. You can have no difficulty, in conjecturing, my dear Florina, from whom he obtained the information. I was compelled on that morning to suffer the kind old gentleman to undergo some indignity on the part of the seconds in the duel: they bound him to a gate in order to prevent his interference. But had I acted in his defence, I should have incurred the risk of being proclaimed a coward, and my intervention on his part would have been ascribed to a desire on my own to escape the duel. During the week that I lay so dangerously ill in consequence of my wound, Angela did not appear at the Opera, the apology being a severe indisposition. And now, Florina, I have told you everything that regards myself: I have not concealed from you my humble parentage——"

"And if possible," murmured the beauteous creature, "I love you all the more for your candour. But those mysterious words which your father uttered upon his death-bed, seem to ring in my ears as if I myself had heard them."

"And I also think of them often," responded Deveril. "It would seem as if a person of the name of Thompson, the manager of a strolling troop—most probably that to which my parents at the time belonged—is acquainted with the secret to which my father alluded in his last moments. You may be sure that immediately on my arrival in England I instituted inquiries amongst persons acquainted with dramatic affairs, to ascertain if this Thompson could be heard of. I also inserted some advertisements in the newspapers, requesting him to communicate his address; and, if needful, he should be liberally rewarded. But the steps I thus took all proved vain; and therefore am I fearful that my father's secret has died with him."

At this moment the clock over the entrance-tower of Saxondale Castle proclaimed one; and the lovers were thus made aware that they had been full two hours together. Almost immediately afterwards the bell rang for luncheon; and Florina, starting from the seat, exclaimed, "We must separate now, dear William! for if I do not answer that summons, a domestic will be sent to inform me that luncheon is served up."

"How long, think you, dearest Florina, that you will stay at Saxondale Castle?" asked Deveril.

"The invitation was for some weeks," she responded: "but if I must dissimulate my aversion and horror of Lady Saxondale, it will be impossible to play the hypocrite so long. I could not do such violence to my feelings——"

"Perhaps circumstances may transpire to abridge your visit," said Deveril. "For instance, if Mr. Gunthorpe should advise, after all that has passed between you and me to-day, that everything which we have learnt concerning Lady Saxondale should be made known to your aunt——for remember Mr. Gunthorpe is, as he informed me, the intimate friend of your uncle the Marquis of Eagledean, and he may therefore feel himself justified in interfering to save you and Lady Macdonald from the contamination of Lady Saxondale's society——"

"In that case," ejaculated Florina, "my aunt would flee away in a moment. She is a good woman, though worldly-minded, but upright and conscientious."

"We shall see what will happen," said Deveril. "Meanwhile you *must*, dear Florina, dissemble your feelings towards Lady Saxondale, whatsoever amount of violence you may do yourself. And now farewell for the present, my well-beloved! To-morrow I must return to London."

"Farewell, dearest William—farewell."

The lovers embraced tenderly and affectionately, and then separated.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE ACCIDENT AND THE RESCUE.

WILLIAM DEVERIL scaled the low fence, traversed the park, and by making a small circuit, regained the river's bank, which not only led towards Gainsborough, but likewise constituted the most agreeable walk: for he thereby avoided the dusty highway. He had come on foot in order to avoid exciting suspicion by the presence of a vehicle waiting in the neighbourhood; and thus he had a good walk of some few miles before him. He was still rather too enfeebled from the effects of the duel to take so much exercise: but what fatigues would he not have dared in order to obtain an interview with Florina!—and what weariness was there that could not be compensated for by the delicious reflections inspired by all that had just taken place!

Indeed, our young hero felt as if he were altogether a new being. Never had his heart felt so light—never had his spirits seemed so buoyant. A new strength appeared to invigorate him: he felt as if entering entirely upon another phase of existence.

As he was proceeding along the bank of the river enjoying the luxury of his reflections, he observed a strange-looking woman approaching from the contrary direction. She was dressed in a sordid slovenly manner—indeed, wretchedly clad: a dirty white cap appeared beneath an old straw bonnet; and though it was the middle of summer, she wore a dingy-coloured cloak all tattered round the lower edge. As she drew nearer still, Deveril could not help observing that her features were singularly harsh, coarse, and repulsive; and she had altogether a look of a sinister character.

"I suppose," she said in a grating voice, "that building I see yonder is Saxondale Castle?"

"It is," replied Deveril.

"Thank you for the information," said the woman: and passing him by, she continued her way in the direction of the baronial structure.

Deveril, as he walked on, could not help wondering what that woman wanted at the Castle, and he concluded that she was one of those persons who go about the country seeking the charity of wealthy individuals. But while these thoughts were still

hovering in his mind, it struck him that he heard a sound like a splashing in the water. He stopped short, and looked back. There was a group of trees close upon the edge of the bank, which intercepted his view of the place where the woman ought to be if she were still pursuing her way towards the castle. A cry for help now met his ears; and convinced that some accident had occurred, he rushed back in the way which he had been pursuing. The instant he passed the clump of trees, he beheld the woman struggling in the water; and the next moment she sank, disappearing from his view. Without the slightest hesitation Deveril plunged in, and was immediately out of his depth: for the river was exceedingly deep in that part. He could swim well; but being now much enfeebled through his recent illness, and by the fatigues of the long walk he had been taking, he felt on rising to the surface that he was in a position of great danger. Had he therefore consulted his own safety alone, he would at once have got back to land: but there was a life to be saved, and he was too magnanimous not to risk his own to save it. The woman appeared again upon the surface of the water a little lower down; and a wild cry which she sent forth, rang through the air. Deveril struck out with a vigour which even astonished himself, and was immediately at the spot where she sank. He dived once—twice—thrice, unsuccessfully; and though nearly exhausted, he plunged down a fourth time. His hand clutched a garment—he succeeded in lifting the woman to the surface—she was quite insensible—and in this state he managed to get her forth in safety. But scarcely had he dragged her upon the bank, when a sense of utter exhaustion came over him: he endeavoured to shake it off, but could not—and consciousness abandoned him.

When he awoke to life again, he was in bed in a very small, humble-looking, but neat chamber. He had the taste of some burning spirit in his mouth; and an elderly female, in a peasant-garb, was chafing his hands and temples.

"Ah! now he opens his eyes again," cried the woman, in the joyful tone which indicated a kind and benevolent heart.

"That's all right," said a tall stalwart-looking young peasant, entering from another room at the sound of the woman's voice. "The gin did it—I told you it would, mother."

"Or the chafing and the rubbing—which, John?" said the kind-hearted old creature. "But how does the woman get on?"

"Sister says she's nice enough," returned the peasant. "Pray how do you feel now, sir?"

"Better—thanks to the kind care which I have evidently received here," responded Deveril, to whom the question was addressed: but he spoke in a very weak voice, and he felt that he was indeed much exhausted.

"I suppose it was an accident, sir?" said the peasant.

"Yes: the woman, to whom I presume you have alluded, fell into the river. I succeeded in saving her—but was so enfeebled that I fainted on the bank."

"Don't talk too much, there's a dear young gentleman," said the old woman. "My John was dreadfully alarmed when he saw what he thought was two dead bodies lying on the bank, side by side too: but he soon discovered that you was both alive, though senseless,—so he run back to the cottage, got me and my daughter to go down with him, and between us three we soon got you here safe. John undressed you and got you into bed; and here have I been more than half-an-hour trying to bring you to. I really was afraid at one time it was all up with you."

Deveril could not speak, so heavy was the sense of exhaustion upon him: but his looks showed his gratitude.

"We have put your clothes to dry by the fire," continued the woman, who, if she was discreet enough to bid Deveril not to talk too much, seemed inclined to be garrulous herself: "but I don't think you will be able to move out of this place to-day. If you like to stay here, sir, I am sure you are quite welcome. A gentleman like you that risks his life for a poor gipsy kind of woman as t'other is, deserves every attention—and you will get it here. If you want to send anywhere and tell your friends what's happened and where you are, my son John will hurry off and deliver the message."

Deveril now gained strength enough to reply that he was a mere temporary visitor at Gainsborough, and that there was no necessity for any trouble to be taken on his behalf, unless it were that John should go to the hotel at which he had put up and procure a change of apparel from his portmanteau. Accordingly, provided with the requisite instructions, the sturdy peasant set out on his errand. Soon afterwards Deveril fell into a deep sleep; and when he awoke again, the crubescent beams of the setting sun were shining in the lattice window of the little chamber.

He had thus slept many hours, and was considerably refreshed. John had returned long ago with the garments he had sent for; and the woman of the cottage brought the patient up some good broth which she had prepared for him while he slumbered. He did ample justice to her frugal fare, and felt invigorated by the meal. Nevertheless, as the cottage was three miles distant from Gainsborough, and there was no conveyance without sending thither for one, he resolved upon staying where he was till the morning, in the hope that a good night's rest might restore him. Having thus expressed himself, he inquired relative to the woman whom he had rescued from the river.

"She is up, and as well again as if nothing had happened," was the response, given by the old female of the cottage. "Her clothes were dried by the fire—she has put them on—and would have taken herself off a couple of hours back, only that she said she would remain till you awoke, that she might thank you for risking your own life to save hers."

"She wishes to see me, then?" said Deveril. "You can tell her to come in."

The woman of the cottage first of all drew the little curtain over the window, for it was now dusk; and she then lighted a candle in the room. Deveril raised himself partially on the bolster, and pushed back the cloud of black hair which had intruded upon his noble forehead. He had on a coarse shirt belonging to the peasant; and the collar happening to be deficient in a button, it was all open at the neck. This circumstance Deveril did not perceive; but had a painter or a sculptor been

there at the moment, the beautiful countenance of the youth, his classic-shaped head, and the expression of his features, would have proved a fine study. The complexion of his face was slightly embrowned by a long residence in the Italian clime; but his neck, and so much of his shoulders as the open shirt revealed, were as white as the skin of a woman. One hand rested beneath his head—the other lay outside the bed-clothes. And a beautifully modelled hand was it, with tapering fingers and almond-shaped nails that the fairest scion of the aristocracy might have envied him the possession of.

In a few minutes the door opened, and the woman whom he had rescued from the water made her appearance. She came alone; and shutting the door, sat down by the bed in which Deveril was lying.

"I am not accustomed," she at once began in her harsh disagreeable voice, "to much softness of feeling; but I could not possibly go away without saying that I do possess sufficient to render me grateful for your noble conduct. How do you feel now? Are you better?"

Extraordinary was it that at the very instant the woman asked these questions, Deveril felt a sudden return of that sense of exhaustion which had seized upon him on the river's bank. It was no doubt a faintness produced by the fatigue of sitting up in bed to partake of the food he had eaten, and also by having conversed with the woman of the cottage during the whole time. He murmured that he felt very ill—asked for water—and ere it could be given him, sank off into unconsciousness again.

When he opened his eyes, the woman was bending over him, bathing his head with a wet towel; and in a few minutes he recovered completely. She now gave him a glass of water, and questioned him with an earnestness amounting to even a degree of anxiety as to how he felt. He assured her that he was much better;—and now, as his eyes regained their complete power of vision, and the light of the candle fell upon the woman's countenance, it occurred to him that she was gazing upon him with a singular expression in which interest and curiosity appeared to be blended. Slowly did she resume her seat by the side of the bed; and again she asked if he felt better?

"Yes—much better," he returned. 'I do not even feel as if I had so recently experienced a fainting fit again."

"Do you think that without exhausting yourself," inquired the woman, "you could talk to me for a few minutes?"

"No doubt," replied Deveril. "But, my poor creature, I do not wish you to say any more to express your gratitude."

"I am not going to say another word upon the subject. Perhaps I may be enabled to prove by deeds—which are better than words—that I am grateful: for you have saved my life. And who knows but that it was intended for me to trip upon the bank and fall into the river that you might have an opportunity of saving me?"

"Intended?" echoed Deveril, gazing upon the harsh repulsive features of the woman with unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes—*intended*," she said: "I mean, *by heaven*. I suppose, young man, you believe in Providence?"

"Indeed I do—most sincerely!" replied Deveril; and as he spoke, his looks sent upward a mute but eloquent thanksgiving for his deliverance.

"And I begin to do so: but I did not always," quickly rejoined the woman. "Do not interrupt me," she continued, perceiving that he was again stricken by the singularity of her looks and language: "you are too weak to talk more than is necessary. Nevertheless I wish you would answer me a few questions: but don't inquire why I put them. Your name is William Deveril: I saw it on your card just now amongst the things taken out of the pockets of your wet clothes. You are the same, then, who fought with Lord Harold Staunton? Ah, poor young man! no wonder you are weak and enfeebled. Yet weak and enfeebled as you are, you perilled your life for me. Were it for a beautiful creature of sixteen, the act would still have been noble: but for a miserable wretch such as I am, it is beyond all praise!"—and again did the singular woman gaze with a peculiar expression upon Deveril's countenance: then she muttered, to herself, "Dark hair—dark eyes—delicate aquiline features—short upper lip, with an aristocratic curl—beautiful teeth, white as pearls, and faultlessly even——"

"If," said Deveril, with a good-natured smile, "these are your questions, I really cannot hear them."

"Yes, singularly brilliant teeth," muttered the woman to herself, as that smile revealed the pearly objects of her admiration. "But to the point," she spoke aloud. "Do you know who your father was?"

"I hope so," replied Deveril, again smiling; for the question struck him as almost ludicrously singular. "and I revere his memory."

"Then he is dead? How long ago did he die?" asked the woman.

It immediately occurred to Deveril that the woman really belonged to the gipsy tribe, and that she was about to exercise the craft of her race in fortune-telling: but being naturally too good-natured to offend her, he again smiled, saying, "If you have really nothing of importance to say to me, you can well understand that I am in no state for a prolonged discourse."

"I knew you would interrupt me with these observations," remarked the woman. "In this world one dares not ask a question without stating the why and the because. But will you believe me that my objects *are* important; and therefore if you speak unnecessarily, it will be your own fault."

"Proceed then: I will humour you," said Deveril, again being struck by the manner in which the woman regarded him, as well as by the mingled sincerity and gravity with which she spoke. "Proceed."

"I asked you how long ago your father died?"

"Two years."

"And on his death-bed did he tell you nothing? did he leave no particular documents behind him?"

"Good heavens! what mean you? wherefore these questions?" cried Deveril.

"Do not excite yourself," said the woman. "You must really let me go on in my own way: but you begin to perceive that it is *not* through mere impertinent curiosity I am questioning you. However, if you feel excited now, I will meet you any where you like to-morrow."

"No—I must return to London," said Deveril; "and therefore whatever is to pass between us, let it take place now. I feel stronger than I was; and I am already interested in the discourse."

"Then have the goodness to answer my questions," rejoined the woman.

"On his death-bed my father endeavoured to say something. He was stricken with paralysis, and his speech came with the utmost difficulty. A few words however I did succeed in catching——"

"And those words?" demanded the woman, with an eagerness that contrasted strangely with her usually cold stern imperturbability of manner.

"Those words were exactly these:—'*Strolling players—manager—Thompson—could tell all.*'"

"And have you any idea of what those allusions meant?"

"I can only suppose that inasmuch as my father and mother had originally been connected with a troop of itinerant actors——"

"Is your mother alive?" demanded the woman abruptly.

"No: she died between eleven and twelve years ago."

"What are you doing in the neighbourhood of Saxondale Castle?" she now asked, in that peremptory way of her's which seemed to imply that responses *must* be given to her queries.

"I cannot permit myself to be questioned any farther," said Deveril coldly.

"Yes: but I insist upon having your answers!" exclaimed the woman: then observing that a sudden flush of indignation appeared upon the invalid's countenance, she immediately added, "There! now don't be silly—I did not mean to offend you. It is the way in which I speak. Of course I do not wish to pry into your secret affairs: but if you had been to Saxondale Castle, it is somewhat important that I should know it."

"And how so?" asked Deveril.

"You must not become the questioner," replied the woman. "Do you know Lady Saxondale?"—and she fixed her eyes with so singular, so peculiar, so earnest a look upon the youth that he felt troubled as if he were being plunged into a vortex of unfathomable mysteries.

"Yes—I know her ladyship," he answered: and he felt urged on thus to answer by a power stronger than himself. "But I have not been to see her now—nor have I set foot within the walls of Saxondale Castle. Indeed, I was never there in my life."

"Never!—Ah!"—and the expression of the woman's countenance now became so exceedingly singular that Deveril started up in the couch.

"What in heaven's name," he cried, "is the meaning of all this? Why do you look at me thus? To what is this conversation to lead? For God's sake speak—explain yourself! Do you know that you are torturing me cruelly? and I deserve it not at your hands!"

"No indeed—you deserve not torture from me—for you have saved my life at the deep risk of your own:"—and the woman spoke with an impressiveness as peculiar as her looks. "Pray believe me when I say that I would not torture you willingly, nor excite you unnecessarily. Lie down—compose yourself——"

"It is impossible so long as your looks and your language continue to pile up mystery upon mystery."

"It cannot be helped: I must pursue my own course. And now tell me—if you are acquainted with Lady Saxondale, why have you not called upon her at the castle? why should you be in the neighbourhood without seeing her, and yet knowing her?"

Deveril did not immediately answer: he paused to reflect what answer he *should* give, or whether any at all. While thus deliberating, his eyes settled upon the woman's countenance; and he beheld such an air of grave decision and solemn importance imprinted there, notwithstanding the repulsive harshness of her features, that he was convinced she had really the deepest meaning in putting all these questions to him. Indeed, she was evidently not a woman who would interrogate him for mere idle curiosity's sake. In her very rags and in her ugliness—aye, even in her sinister looks, there was a certain intellectual superiority together with a vigour of purpose apparent through all. He therefore decided upon answering her queries last put.

"Business with another person brought me into this neighbourhood. Who that person is, I do not choose to name, and beg that you will not ask. I came not to see Lady Saxondale—and to speak plainly, I do not wish to see her. She has used me ill."

"In what way?" demanded the woman.

"I do not know that there is any necessity for being reserved on this point," returned Deveril, "since she has told her own tale to all her acquaintances. In a word then, I had for some months past been wont to give lessons in painting to the Hon. Misses Farefield at Saxondale House in Park Lane, London—until her ladyship made improper overtures towards me——"

"Ah!" said the woman, not loud but with a deep and almost subdued sound: and again was there something extraordinary but most unfathomable in her looks. "Proceed. You rejected these overtures, did you not—did you not?" she asked quickly.

"I did: and this was my offence against Lady Saxondale. She proved vindictive,—bitterly, bitterly vindictive—and propagated the vilest calumnies amongst her friends, to the effect that it was *I* who had made improper advances towards *her*."

"Let me look you full in the face. There! meet my eyes. Your's quail not. Yes—you are speaking truly; there is sincerity in every feature. You are as good as you are beautiful. Nevertheless, look me again full in the face, and repeat that it was not *you* that made the overtures."

"As there is a God to judge me," exclaimed Deveril, with indignant emphasis, "I did not do so It was her ladyship!"

"Enough—I believe you as firmly as if I had been a witness of the whole scene. Therefore, after that occurrence," continued the woman, "you went no more to Saxondale House?"

"I went to demand redress, but obtaining none, returned not again. Oh! now, for heaven's sake, tell me the drift of all these questions!" and Deveril spoke with anxious entreaty.

"We must go back," said the woman, not heeding his earnest words nor his pleading looks, "to earlier times. You say your parents were strolling players?"

"They were—and very poor. My mother died, as I have already told you; and then my father went to Italy, where I was brought up by him until he died also."

"And what were his circumstances in Italy?"

"Tolerably good. Indeed, he obtained a competency. But again I implore you——"

"Have you made any endeavour to find out the man Thompson to whom your father alluded in his last words?"

"I have made inquiries, and inserted advertisements—but all in vain."

"Thompson?" said the woman in a musing tone. "Most probably the manager of the strolling troop to which your father belonged—and evidently acquainted with a secret which your father meant to reveal upon his death-bed. Now, this Thompson shall be found out, if he is above ground. Though I wander all over England, wearing out my very life in the search, he shall be found. I will either discover the living man, or the grave in which he is buried!"

The woman spoke with a resolute energy and a sternness of purpose that filled Deveril with astonishment, as well as excited his curiosity to the most torturing degree of suspense. Who was this strange being that accident had thrown in his way? how was it that she had taken so sudden an interest in his affairs? why should she wander about the world in search of the man Thompson? What earthly concern could she have in the affair? All these questions did Deveril put to himself, but without the possibility of answering them by means of any conjecture of his own. Suddenly a thought struck him. Was the whole thing a stratagem on her part to obtain money from him? was she pretending this deep interest in his affairs with the hope of making a draft upon his purse? He resolved to put her to the test.

"You seem to feel an interest in me," he said; "and you speak of traversing the land to discover something that intimately concerns me? As a matter of course, you expect that I shall pay your expenses——"

"Silence, boy!" exclaimed the woman with a look of such ineffable scorn that he was at once convinced he had gone entirely on the wrong tack; and his suspicions on that head were quieted in a moment. "Do you think this is an affair of filthy lucre to me?" she asked, bending upon him a strange wild look: "or do you imagine that because I am clad thus miserably, and look a mere wandering beggar, I am affecting sympathy on your behalf for the sake of extracting the coin from your pocket? William Deveril, you utterly mistake me. Such is not my motive. But what it is, I do not intend to explain now:"—and she rose to depart.

"You cannot mean to leave me in this frightful state of suspense?" he said. "I do indeed perceive that there is a grave and a serious meaning at the bottom of all this; and you can well understand that my curiosity is painfully excited."

"I am sorry that I cannot gratify it. It would do no good now. You must restrain your feelings. Go about your avocations, whatsoever they may be, and wheresoever they may lie; and think no more of me for one whole month!"

"For one whole month!" echoed Deveril. "And then?"

"We will meet again. Carry it well in your mind;—this day month, and at this same hour too—nine o'clock in the evening—we will meet in London. See that you keep this appointment: it may, or it may not be important. If it is, so much the better: if not, there will be no harm done."

"But you have named no place where we are to meet."

"True!" said the woman: and then she appeared to reflect for upwards of a minute. "Tell me the place of your abode," she suddenly exclaimed.

Deveril at once named the villa in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park.

"Good!" said the woman. "One month hence, day for day and hour for hour, will I be at your dwelling. And now farewell."

Having thus spoken, the strange creature abruptly took her departure; and in a few moments Deveril heard the cottage door close behind her.

We will not make any farther attempt to analyse the conflicting emotions which this scene left in the mind of our young hero: they can be better imagined than described. Exhausted in every sense, he soon fell asleep through very weariness; and opened not his eyes again until the morning. He rose, considerably refreshed and invigorated by the uninterrupted slumber which he had enjoyed; and having dressed himself, he liberally rewarded the good-hearted peasants for all the kind attentions he had received at their hands. He then walked across to Gainsborough, whence he repaired to London by the earliest and readiest means that presented themselves.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE SIGN OF THE "BILLY-GOAT."

It was between nine and ten o'clock at night, when William Deveril and Mr. Gunthorpe alighted from a private carriage in the immediate vicinity of old St. Pancras Church; and as they had previously rendered themselves acquainted with the position of Agar Town, by consulting the map of London, they had little trouble in making out its actual site. They crossed the canal bridge, and inquiring of a person whom they met which was the sign of the *Billy Goat*, were duly directed thither. On reaching the low boosing-ken, such uproarious sounds of uncouth merriment, mingled with horrible imprecations, came forth, that Deveril caught Mr. Gunthorpe by the arm, saying, "My dear sir, I think you had much better not venture into this horrible place."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe. "It is much worse for a young man like you—almost a boy, I might say—to penetrate into such a den. But it is necessary—and we will go together. Come—follow me."

Thus speaking, Mr. Gunthorpe pushed open the folding-doors of the public-house, and walked in, Deveril close at his heels.

"Tell them wagabones in the parlour there," exclaimed Solomon Patch, "not to make such a cussed row. Here's genelmen come in; and who knows but they have a mind to take a bottle of wine in a quiet comfortable manner?"

But as he spoke, the landlord of the *Billy Goat* eyed the visitors suspiciously, as if he thought they

might be the Commissioners of Police themselves, or a couple of functionaries from the Home Office, or any other officials invested with high authority.

"And tell them vimen," yelled out Mrs. Patch, "to leave off screaming and shreeking in sich a hawful manner."

The injunctions of the landlord and landlady were issued to the dirty-looking pot-boy, who accordingly shuffled into the parlour, and with a knowing wink and a jerk of the thumb over the shoulder, said, "You had better be quiet here, cos why there's a couple of nobs jist looked in."

"Then they'll stand treat," cried one of the women: and immediately afterwards a half-intoxicated creature, with a brasen look and her dress in the most immodest disorder, presented herself right in front of Mr. Gunthorpe, crying, "You'll stand a crown bowl, won't yer? I knows you vill. I can see you are von of the right sort by your vicked old eye."

Mr. Gunthorpe's first impression was to utter a rebuke to the woman: but perceiving the state she was in, and having moreover no inclination to get into a controversy, he threw down half-a-sovereign, saying to the landlord, "I understand what is required of me: so you can send in liquor to this amount."

Hereupon there was a burst of applause from the half-intoxicated woman and some dozen of shocking-looking ruffians who had crowded out from the parlour to see what was taking place; and when the uproar had subsided, numerous complimentary remarks were made in respect to Mr. Gunthorpe.

"I told yer he was a brick," said the woman who had elicited the donation.

"A regular trump," exclaimed Spidor Bill, who was one of the party.

"A full-blown tulip, and no mistake," added Mat the Cadger.

"Von of the stumpy sort," observed Tony Wilkins—thereby meaning that Mr. Gunthorpe came down with his money handsomely.

"I on'y hope he's as rich as he's stout for his own sake," cried one of the women: and then there was a general laugh.

"Now do go in and keep yerselves to yerselves," exclaimed Solomon Patch: "or else not a mag's worth of lush shall ye see till you do:"—and then as soon as this threat had proved effectual, the landlord went on to say, addressing himself to the visitors with the most grovelling, fawning, obsequiousness, "You see, genelmen, I do my best to keep the place 'spectable; and last time I received the compliments of the cheerman at the Sessions House when I went for my license. Says he in a werry perlite manner, 'Mr. Patch,' says he, 'I have had a eye on your house for a many years; and I never knowed one so well-conducted in all London. It does you honour, Mr. Patch; and if knighthoods was given publicans, the Prime Minister should recommend you to the Queen for that honour.'—Now raly, genelmen, I am not proud, but that's what the cheerman did say."

"And I have no doubt you made a suitable acknowledgment," said Mr. Gunthorpe drily. "But come, can we have a bottle of wine in a private room?"

"To be sure, genelmen: you shall have the bar-parlour. Now, missus, clear away your needlework traps there, and make the cat get off the table. Walk round this way, genelmen. You can be all by yourselves here as comfortable as possible; and as for the wine, you will say you never tasted sich in all your life."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Your name is Solomon Patch, I presume? You have already told us that it is Patch: but we want to speak to the person who has got the prefix of Solomon."

"It's me, genelmen: that's my own wirtuous name for want of a better. But it's scriptural, genelmen—and that sanctifies a feller."

Mr. Gunthorpe looked as if he thought that for a person who was sanctified there never was such an ill-looking rascal in all the world. He however said nothing, but took his seat at the table in the bar-parlour, into which by this time he had proceeded, followed by Deveril. Mrs. Patch, having cleared away from the table her work-box and the worsted stockings she was darning, returned into the bar to serve the customers; while Solomon Patch, having shut the door of communication between the aforesaid bar and the parlour behind, drew the cork of a bottle of wine, produced three glasses, and then obsequiously filled two of them.

"Help yourself and sit down," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "We wish to have a little private conversation with you; and I may as well tell you at once that we have no hostile intent. We mean nothing of the sort: but we think you can serve us—and if so, you shall be rewarded."

At this announcement Mr. Solomon Patch's manner became more obsequious than ever; and he likewise assumed an air of mysterious confidence as he drew his chair closer to that in which Mr. Gunthorpe was seated. This gentleman, producing his purse, drew forth two or three bank-notes and laid them upon the table—an operation which the rapacious landlord watched with considerable satisfaction.

"Now," resumed Mr. Gunthorpe, "I am going to ask you two or three questions; and by the frankness of your replies will the amount of your reward be measured. In the first place, have you any correspondence with a lady of high rank, and who at this present moment is in the country?"

"A lady of high rank?" repeated Solomon, wondering whether his interlocutor could possibly mean Lady Bess; but almost at the same instant the thought struck him that the visit of the two gentlemen might be for the purpose of entrapping the female highwayman—a proceeding to which Solomon was by no means disposed to lend himself.

"Yes—a lady of high rank," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "and to be more explicit, I may state that she has a house in London and a country-seat in Lincolnshire."

"Then I have no sich a correspondent, sir," replied Solomon.

"But wherefore did you hesitate ere you answered?" demanded Mr. Gunthorpe, eyeing the man closely.

"Because, sir, I'm a cautious and wary kind of a bird, saving your presence; and I'm not in the habit of giving information in a hurry."

"Perhaps, then, you may not know who your correspondent really is," resumed the old gentleman; "and yet you may have such a correspondent.

Now, in plain terms did you not receive a letter the day before yesterday, posted at Gainsborough, and addressed to you in just these words—*Mr. Solomon Patch, the Billy Goat, Agar Town, St. Pancras, London?*"

"Well, I did have such a letter," answered the landlord.

"And now, to come to the point at once, will you show me that letter if I give you fifty pounds?"

The old man hesitated for nearly a minute; and then he said, "Before we go any farther, sir, I think I ought to know who you and this young gentleman be——"

"Very well: you shall have that information. Here is my card. William, produce your's."

Deveril did as he was desired; and Solomon, having looked at them both, fixed his eyes on our hero, observing, "Ah, sir—I have seen your name in the newspaper about some duel-business. I hope you've got over your wound?"

"You see that I am not suffering very much from it at present," replied Deveril. "And now that you know who we are, I think that you need not hesitate to comply with our wishes."

"I don't mind showing you what I received from Gainsborough two or three days ago," observed Patch: "if so be you promises as how that you won't break open t'other thing what's inside."

"Very good. Here are the fifty pounds," said Mr. Gunthorpe; "and you may produce your letter."

Solomon Patch drew forth an old greasy pocket-book; and from the midst of some papers he produced a letter, which Deveril at once recognised, by the blotch of ink as well as by the handwriting, to be the one he had seen at the post-office at Gainsborough.

"Give me over the money with one hand," said Patch, "and take the letter with t'other. There's nothing like doing things all square and proper."

"Do you think I should cheat you out of your promised reward?" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe, somewhat indignantly. "Here is the money: give me the letter."

The exchange was made; and notwithstanding his servile obsequiousness, Solomon Patch could not avoid showing a low cunning leer of satisfaction upon his countenance as he consigned the bank-notes to his greasy pocket-book.

But Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril did not notice the expression of the man's villanous countenance: for the former was opening the envelope, and the latter was regarding him. That envelope was a blank; but it contained a note marked *Private*, and addressed to *Mr. Chiffin*. Gunthorpe and Deveril at once exchanged looks to imply that they had been taken in; and that though fifty pounds were already gone, they were not a whit wiser than they were before.

"I respect the pledge I gave," said the old gentleman, replacing the note in the envelope; "and I will not open this enclosure without your consent. Now, will you take another fifty pounds for allowing me to do so?"

"It can't be done, sir," responded Solomon Patch. "You see that note is directed to another party; and if I hav'n't had the curiosity to open it myself, I can't suffer you—not by no means whatsomever."

"Who is this Mr. Chiffin?" inquired Gunthorpe.

"Well, sir, he's a genelman which frequents this house, and is a wery good customer of mine. But to tell you the truth, he would prove rather a orkard kind of customer if I was to break open his letters. He hasn't been here for a week or ten days past; and I don't know what's become of him."

At this moment Mrs. Patch opened the door of the bar-parlour, and whispered something in her husband's ear,—having done which, she disappeared again, closing the door behind her.

"Now this is fortunate," observed Solomon. "Mr. Chiffin, the wery highly respectable genelman which this note is addressed to, has just gone into the tap-room. If you like to negotiate with him, I'll introduce him."

"By all means," replied Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Just let me put this letter back again into my pocket-book," said Patch; "and you needn't say a word about the little matter of fifty pounds—'cos why, Mr. Chiffin's rather an eccentric character, and he might take it into his head to cry halves."

"Never fear," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Go and bring the person in."

"Oh, you will find him a wery nice agreeable genelman, and easy to do business with, when there's money in the matter."

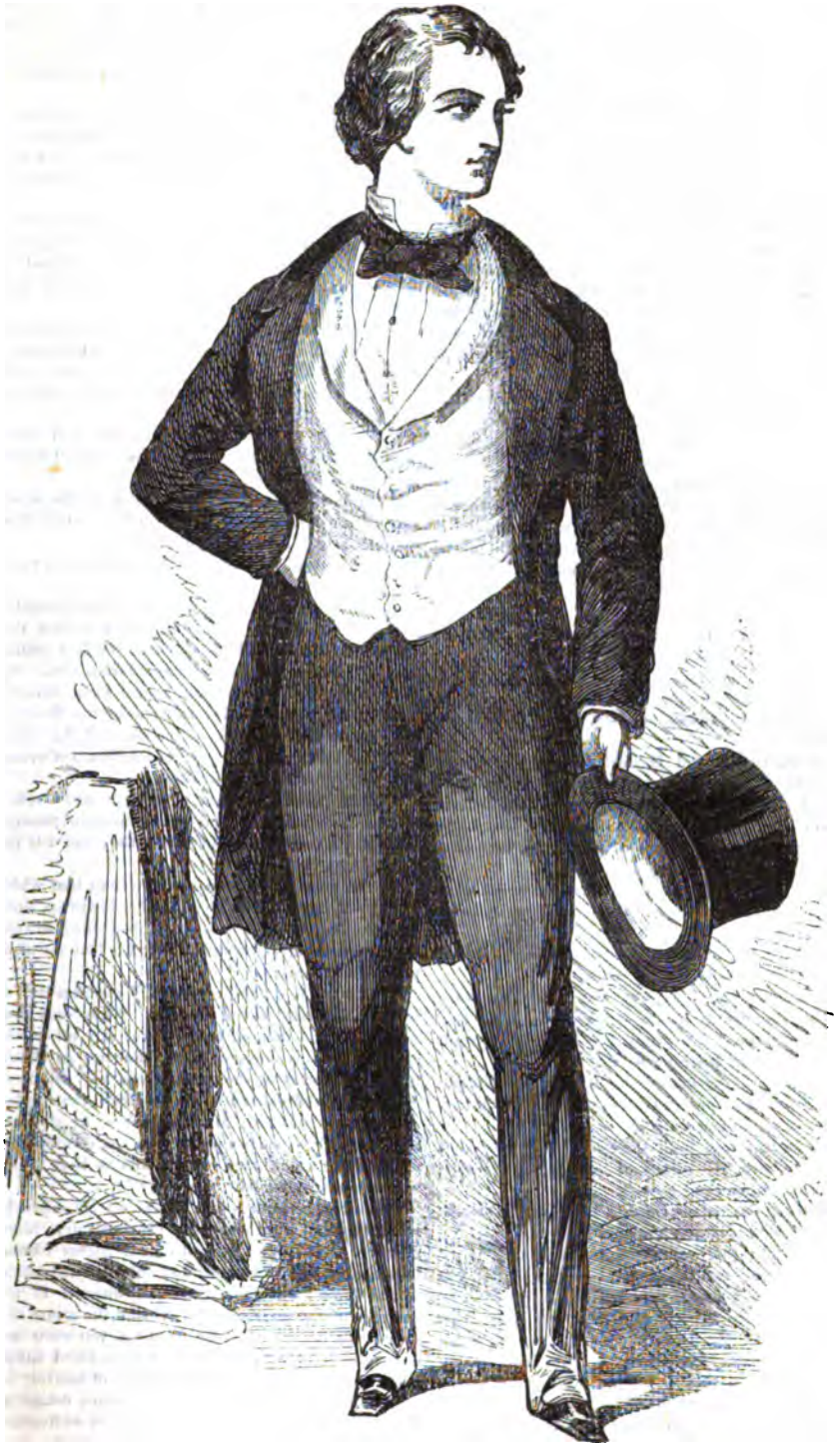
Having thus spoken in exalted eulogy of his friend, Solomon Patch issued from the bar-parlour; and as the door closed behind him, Mr. Gunthorpe said to Deveril, "Depend upon it we shall succeed yet. Gold will do anything with such characters as these. But I confess I am rather curious to see this Mr. Chiffin who is in correspondence with the brilliant and splendid Lady Saxondale:"—and the old gentleman uttered these last words with a sneer.

In a few minutes Solomon Patch returned to the bar-parlour, introducing Chiffin the Cannibal. The ruffian was clad in his usual style, with the great shaggy coat—his rough trousers turned up so as to form a hem and leave his heavy boots fully exposed; while his battered white hat, with the rusty black crape, surmounted the most hang-dog countenance that either Mr. Gunthorpe or William Deveril had ever seen in their lives. Chiffin had not shaved for three days; and the growth of his black bristly beard was no improvement to a face the villanous grimaces of which was enough to frighten any nervous person. He had his club under his arm; and the looks which he threw upon Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril on entering the bar-parlour, were rapid, searching, and suspicious. Mr. Gunthorpe was certainly not prepared to behold such an awful-looking character; and he stared at him in mingled consternation and curiosity; while Deveril shuddered at the suspicion which he entertained from the circumstance of such a ferocious wretch being in correspondence with Lady Saxondale.

"This is Mr. Chiffin," said Solomon Patch, closing the door very carefully.

"At your service, gentleman," observed the Cannibal, in his gruff deep voice: but he tried to look as amiable as he could at the moment.

"Sit down, Mr. Chiffin," said the old gentleman, whose object it of course was to be as courteous as he could possibly render himself towards such a bloodthirsty-looking miscreant. "And now help yourself to a glass of wine: for we have a little business to discuss. I suppose the landlord here has told you who we are?"



WILLIAM DEVERIL.

"Yes—and something about a letter," said Chiffin, accepting the two invitations relative to the seat and the wine. "Where is that letter, Sol?"

"Here it is:"—and the landlord produced it from his pocket-book.

Mr. Gunthorpe and William Deveril watched the fellow's countenance as he opened the note enclosed in the envelope: but its contents were evidently brief enough—for at a glance he scanned them, and then said shortly, "Oh! that's it—eh?" at the same time consigning the note to his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Chiffin," said Gunthorpe, "I will come to the point at once. My young friend here happened to be in the post-office at Gainsborough when that letter was posted; and knowing by whose hand it was thus posted, he for certain reasons became anxious to learn what its contents could be—an anxiety wherein I fully share. Will you accept fifty pounds and let us see that note?"

"Make it a hundred," said Chiffin; "and it shall be in your hand in less than a minute."

"Very well: be it a hundred. Here are two fifty pound notes: but as everything ought to be square," added Gunthorpe, glancing slyly towards Solomon Patch, "you shall take the money with one hand and give me the little billet with the other."

"Ah! I see you get up early enough in the morning," said Chiffin with a chuckle, "and can't be took in easy. Here's the note."

The exchange was made; and Mr. Gunthorpe opened the billet, Deveril looking over his shoulder. All that it contained were these words:—

"Come down into Lincolnshire in the course of a few days. I wish to see you particularly. Every night at eleven o'clock I will look into the chapel to see if you are there."

Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril exchanged looks as much as to ask each other what was to be done now? for they were scarcely any wiser than before, beyond having their suspicion confirmed that Lady Saxondale required he aid of some desperate character, no doubt for desperate purpose.

"You expect to be well rewarded for whatsoever this may lead to?" said Mr. Gunthorpe after a brief pause, and addressing himself to Chiffin.

"I never tell no tales," respcnded the Cannibal, "unless it's made worth my while."

"Whatever this lady may offer you as a reward for the business in which she requires you," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "I will give you double if you put us in the way of learning what it is."

"That's speaking plain enough," observed Chiffin; "and I like the proposition so well that it's a bargain. What do you want me to do?"

"From this note, brief though it be, it is evident that you have the means of introducing yourself at will into some chapel——"

"That of Saxondale Castle," interjected Deveril. "The allusion is clearly thereto."

"Yes: all right," said Chiffin. "Go on."

"Well then," continued Mr. Gunthorpe, "if you can introduce yourself into the castle, you can no doubt introduce others; and therefore you must render me and Mr. Deveril ear-witnesses of whatsoever takes place between yourself and Lady Saxondale. If you do this, I promise you precisely the double of whatsoever reward she may offer you."

"And of course I can take both rewards?" observed Chiffin inquiringly.

"If she pays you beforehand, you can take your reward from her, or not—as you choose. With that we have nothing to do: but although you will faithfully promise at the time to perform whatsoever her ladyship requires, you must leave yourself in our hands."

"And there is to be no such thing as constables, or exposure, or kicking up a row, or anything of that sort?" said Chiffin: "because it would be rather inconvenient for me to get myself into any trouble."

"We shall be quite contented with learning what Lady Saxondale's designs are—and frustrating them if need be," responded Mr. Gunthorpe; "and we do not want to give unnecessary publicity to anything."

"Then there's nothing more to be said," observed the Cannibal. "I shall set off into Lincolnshire to-morrow; and I will meet you the day after to-morrow, at any hour or place you like, in the evening."

"Let it be at half-past nine o'clock, and somewhere in the neighbourhood of Saxondale Castle," said Mr. Gunthorpe.

"On the bank of the river, and on the north side of the castle, about a mile or two distant from the building. I shall be punctual."

"And so shall we," replied Mr. Gunthorpe, rising from his seat.

He then tossed down a guinea for the benefit of Solomon Patch, who was infinitely delighted that the old gentleman did not allude to the fifty pounds which had been so trickily obtained from him. Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril then issued forth from the boozing-ken, well satisfied to breathe the fresh air once more: for the very atmosphere of that place appeared laden with the pestiferous breath of crime, debauchery, and demoralisation.

"What think you now, my dear sir?" asked William Deveril, as he and Mr. Gunthorpe pursued their way towards the spot where they had left the carriage waiting.

"I can form no other conjecture than that which has already struck us both—that her ladyship, finding the affair in respect to yourself, becoming serious, is resolved to make away with you. But we shall put her to confusion."

"Oh, what a dreadful woman!" exclaimed William, shuddering at the thought. "Yes—my dear sir, it is indeed difficult to arrive at any other conclusion: for this circumstance, following so closely upon the receipt of the letter from her solicitors, is but too well calculated to confirm that belief. Are you not shocked, Mr. Gunthorpe, at the bare idea of a lady of such a proud position, condescending to make use of such instruments as that villain whose company we have just left?"

"Shocked, certainly—but not at all astonished," returned Mr. Gunthorpe, in his own dry blunt manner. "It is all very well for the higher classes to denounce the wickedness and the demoralisation of the lower: but in a thousand ways it is the example of the former which creates the crime and vice of the latter. Besides, William, you were not so long in Italy without learning that titled ladies make use of bravoes who do the work of murder for gold: and why should it not be so in this country? Depend upon it, there are more crimes committed by the upper classes, or else at their instigation,

than the world is generally inclined to believe. Candidly and frankly speaking, I do not think that upon the face of this earth there is a class more depraved and unscrupulous than the patrician order in England. When I was a young man, and before I went to Italy, I had opportunities of judging of all these things. I belonged to three or four clubs—the first-rate and most fashionable ones—yes, and what is more, calling themselves perfectly exclusive. Why, would you believe that half the members of every one of those clubs consisted of mere blacklegs and swindlers, although passing in the world as gentlemen? At this present moment there are at the West End thousands and thousands of scoundrels calling themselves gentlemen, who dress well—some keeping their horses—some driving their cabs—some having livery-servants—and many living at first-rate hotels: but not one of the whole lot has got an ostensible income. Very often, when they get up in the morning, they do not know how they are going to pay for their dinner, and are compelled to have recourse to frauds and swindlings to replenish their purses. These *gentlemen*, as they call themselves, would be fearfully indignant if placed under the *surveillance* of the police; and yet they are only a fashionable kind of swell-mob after all. Ah! you perceive, William, that I know a little of London life, although I have been absent from my native country for so many, many years."

By this time the carriage was reached. It was a plain brougham, with no other servant besides the coachman: but it was a private equipage, and belonged to Mr. Gunthorpe. On entering the carriage the orders were to drive to Mr. Deveril's residence near the Regent's Park.

"Yes," resumed Mr. Gunthorpe, as he and his young friend were seated together inside the vehicle, which now moved rapidly away—"those who are well acquainted with what is termed fashionable life, will, if they have any respect for themselves, flee from it as from a morass swarming with reptiles—or I should rather say, from a beautiful garden where all is pleasant and agreeable to the eye, but where every flower has its subtle poison and every plant conceals a venomous snake beneath the shade of its foliage. There are of course some bright and remarkable exceptions: there are a few pure lilies and some sweetly blushing roses in that garden, in whose flowers there lurks no venom. Such, for instance, is Florina Staunton."

"Thank you, my dear sir, for making this exception!" said Deveril, in low but enthusiastic terms.

"To be sure! Why should I not? It is the truth. That girl," continued the old gentleman, "is an angel of purity and goodness. I know she is: I read it in her looks the very first moment I met her in the Opera-box. Now I know, William Deveril, that I am a somewhat comical-looking person, and that my appearance is such as to provoke a smile on the part of the silly young creatures and impertinent young coxcombs of fashionable life. But Florina immediately treated me with kindness and respect. She did this out of regard for her uncle the Marquis of Eagledean, by whom I was recommended—and also from the natural excellence of her own heart. She has not been spoilt by the frivolities of the sphere in which she moves; and we will take care that she shall not be, William Deveril," added the old gentleman emphatically.

"I presume, sir, you are in correspondence with the Marquis of Eagledean?"

"You rogue, you!" exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe, laughing; "do you want to ferret out my secrets? Well, but you shan't, though. Leave everything in my hands: I know very well what I am about—and whatever I promise you, depend upon it I can perform. Have I not told you that Florina shall never marry that contemptible young jackanapes Edmund Saxondale?"

"You have, sir: and you have spoken so confidently——"

"Confidently?" interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe. "It is enough to make one speak confidently—and emphatically too—when one contemplates the bare idea of such a sweet creature as Florina being sacrificed to such a miserable abortion as that Saxondale. But now, I dare say you are longing that I should repeat the assurance I have before given you—that inasmuch as Florina shall not marry Edmund Saxondale, a certain young friend of mine whom I will not more particularly mention, has everything to hope in that quarter."

"Ah! my dear sir, I cannot mistake your allusion," exclaimed Deveril, taking his kind friend's hand and pressing it with grateful warmth. "You know not how happy you render me!"

"Happy!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe. "Of course I want to make you happy. You are a very good young man; I love you as much as if you were my own son—and that is more than I ever told you yet. As for your sister Angela, this must be her last season upon the stage——"

"What do you mean, my dear sir?" cried William, in mingled suspense and joy.

"I mean exactly what I say. Although I have the sublimest confidence in Angela's purity and virtue, yet it is impossible to leave her longer than can be helped in the atmosphere of a theatre. She must fulfil her present contract with the manager, as a matter of course: but afterwards she shall dance no more in public. You are astonished at what I am saying? Leave it to me to do what I think fit; and in the meantime don't say a word to Angela. Why, you rogue, when I first knew you at Florence, I was more than half inclined to put you in a position that should enable Angela to keep off the stage: but I didn't know you quite well enough then—and so I thought I would wait awhile till I knew you both better. You don't think that I should be taking all this trouble in different ways on your account, unless I had something like a friendship for you?"

"I am sure, my dear sir," answered Deveril, profoundly moved, "I shall never be able to testify my gratitude——"

"Gratitude!—don't talk to me of gratitude! Have you not always been kind, and respectful, and attentive to me——except, by the bye, when you suffered me to be lugged off before your eyes and tied to a gate. But I don't blame you, William—you could not do otherwise; and besides, I respected you all the more for it afterwards. You showed yourself a brave young man upon the occasion. But about Angela—I suppose you will not be displeased that she should quit the stage?"

"Displeased? Oh! it is my sincerest aspiration!" exclaimed Deveril; "and at one time, when I was succeeding so well with my own avocations previous

to the propagation of Lady Saxondale's calumny, I resolved that my sister should not form another engagement at the expiration of her present one. With the two thousand guineas which she will have received by the time it is over, and with my own resources——"

"You thought you could live very comfortably indeed?" said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Well, we shall see. Perhaps I may be inclined to add a little to your store: for of course you will not refuse to allow me to do exactly what I choose. I have not forgotten, William Deveril, that when I first knew you at Florence you declined the remuneration I offered for completing Signor Vivaldi's picture; and to speak candidly, it was that circumstance which first gave me such a high opinion of you. Depend upon it, the money is bearing good interest for you, in my pocket."

"My dear Mr. Gunthorpe," replied Deveril, both affected and astonished,—for his worthy friend had never spoken before with so much frankness as to the liberality of his ulterior intentions,—"I do not know——I am at a loss to conceive——how I have deserved so much goodness at your hands. But I hope you will not fancy that I ever entertained any selfish views when proffering you such little attentions as it was in my power to show?"

"Selfish views?—ridiculous!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "I am not so blind to the true characters of men. But here we are:"—and as he spoke, the carriage stopped in front of Deveril's picturesque little villa.

"You will come in and sup with us?" said our young hero.

"No—not to-night: it is too late. Good bye, my dear boy—good bye:"—and Mr. Gunthorpe shook Deveril warmly by the hand as the latter alighted from the vehicle. "To-morrow morning I shall come to you early, to make our arrangements about leaving for Lincolnshire. Once more good night."

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE DANCER AND THE TWO LORDS.

At the same time that the preceding scene was taking place, the following one was occurring elsewhere.

The elegant drawing-room of Evergreen Villa in the Seven Sisters' Road was lighted by the superb lustre suspended from the ceiling; and the beautiful Emily Archer was seated upon the sofa, with Lord Harold Staunton by her side. He had only been announced a few minutes; and as yet the conversation had merely touched upon those ordinary fleeting topics which are too trivial to be recorded here. Harold had however learnt that Lord Saxondale might be very shortly expected; and therefore he was anxious to make the most of whatsoever interval remained for him to be alone with Emily.

"Now, my dear girl," he said, "I wish to speak to you very seriously——"

"What! are you going to make me an offer of marriage?" exclaimed Miss Archer, laughing so as to display her brilliant teeth.

"Perhaps I might do a worse thing than that," replied Harold, in order to flatter her. "But as you say that Saxondale will soon return, do not let us waste time: for I really have important things to talk to you about. In the first place, Emily, do you remember all that affair I told you of concerning Lady Saxondale?"

"What! and the masquerade dress, and so forth?" exclaimed Emily. "To be sure, I do. Edmund and I often talk of it, and have a good laugh over it into the bargain. By the bye, Edmund seems to love his mother amazingly—does he not?"

"You of course mean the very reverse. But tell me, Emily—have you repeated those circumstances to anybody else? Have you gossipped concerning them amongst your friends and companions at the Opera? Do speak frankly and truly: for I am most anxious to know."

"No—I have not—upon my honour I have not," replied Emily. "I do not pretend to be of a very serious or prudent nature: but those were circumstances which, coming to my knowledge in the way they did, I kept to myself."

"You are sure of this? you are certain that you have not inadvertently let drop a word to a soul?" said Harold, with evident eagerness.

"I repeat—and more solemnly still if you wish it—that I have not. I am sure that I have not," added the *dancuse*, emphatically. "But tell me—have you made it up with Lady Saxondale?—for Edmund informed me that you had gone suddenly off upon a visit to the Castle in Lincolnshire."

"Yes:—I have made it up with her—and all things considered, I should be sorry to do her an injury," observed Staunton.

"Then I presume——"

"Presume what you will, my dear girl," interrupted Harold; "but do not waste time in unnecessary remarks. Where is that Spanish dress? You have got it here—I wish you would give it to me."

"Ah!" ejaculated Emily, as a sudden thought struck her: and then she muttered to herself, "To be sure! I have been a fool, with a knowledge of such a secret as this——"

"What are you saying to yourself?" demanded Harold, some slight misgiving springing up in his mind.

"I was thinking," responded Miss Archer, "that I would rather not part with the dress for the moment:"—and there was altogether a change in her manner and her looks, from a mixture of languor and levity, to a mien of seriousness blended with resolute decision.

"Emily, I do not understand you!" ejaculated Harold. "You cannot refuse to do me such a trifling favour? Consider on what terms we have been—how friendly—how intimate——"

"Yes: but I must look out for my own interests," responded Miss Archer. "You have made it up with Lady Saxondale; and you have your own purpose to serve in screening her reputation. It never struck me until just now that by the possession of this secret I may serve my own purposes likewise."

"To be sure!" said the young nobleman. "I did not for a moment think that you would give up the dress without some little consideration. Will you allow me to present you with five hundred guineas?"

"Ah!" again muttered Emily to herself: "the thing is indeed serious in their eyes—very serious, evidently."

"Do tell me what you are saying in this undertone—I cannot hear you. Speak out, Emily. Are not you and I old friends? Come, Saxondale will be returning—and do let us settle this little business at once. Fetch me down the dress, there's a dear girl; and here is the little gift which I have taken the liberty to offer you."

"I thank you, my dear Lord Harold," responded the ballet-dancer, with mock affability, and affecting to bow very courteously: "but I think that the secret I possess, and the truth of which is corroborated by the masquerade-garb, is worth a little more than five hundred guineas."

"Nonsense, Emily! What does it prove, after all?"

"It proves this," returned the *danseuse*: "that there is a certain story come to my knowledge, in which the heroine is a lady who wore a particular dress at a particular ball. Now, suppose inquiries are instituted amongst the West End milliners—can it not be ascertained who made this dress? and can it not be proved that it was made for Lady Saxondale? Thus, even if her son should refuse to corroborate my averment that he found the dress in a box belonging to his mother, the ownership of that dress can be brought home all the same to her ladyship."

"But is it possible, Emily, that your views have taken a mercenary turn?" cried the young nobleman.

"By what right, Lord Harold Staunton," exclaimed Miss Archer, her spirit flaming up, "do you address me in such terms as these? Doubtless *you* have your own selfish interests in wishing to hush up an affair to which at the time you would have scarcely hesitated to give the fullest publicity. Well, then, that secret is worth a fortune to *me*:"—and she looked him full in the face, her large dark eyes expressing the firmest decision.

"Name the sum that you require," said Lord Harold, with difficulty concealing the bitter vexation and spite that he experienced at the turn the affair had taken; and he inwardly cursed his own folly for having given it such an air of importance in the first instance.

"After all that has just taken place between us," replied Emily, in a cold voice, "I do not choose to negotiate with your lordship:"—and as she thus spoke she rose from her seat, as much as to imply that he could take his departure if he chose.

"Come, Emily—do not let us fall out upon the subject," said Staunton. "I did not mean to give utterance to anything offensive—very far from it—I would not do such a thing. Do let us be friends again. Give me your hand, Emily."

"No, my lord: everything is at an end between you and me. You have spoken insultingly to me—and I resent it. As for the secret which is in my possession, I shall know how to negotiate at headquarters."

"You mean that you will write to Lady Saxondale?" said Lord Harold, visibly perplexed.

"I shall not write to her ladyship: I shall go to her," was the firm response.

"But you will offend Edmund—you will break with him altogether——"

"What care I?" ejaculated the *danseuse*, disdainfully. "I am already more than disgusted with him—I hate him. Nor do I mind telling you frankly and candidly that the sooner I can rid myself altogether of him, the better. What I shall get from Lady Saxondale for keeping her secret, will be more gained in a day than I should get out of Edmund for a year."

"Ah!" ejaculated Harold: "then your views indeed soar high?"

"They are proportionate to the importance of the secret for the knowledge of which I am indebted to *you*:"—and Miss Archer gave an ironical laugh. "Yes," she added, still in the same vein; "and my obligation is still greater to your lordship: for you have taught me the importance of that secret which I had all along regarded as being of no more value than any other piece of gossip or scandal."

"Now, Emily, once for all listen to me," said Harold, feeling that his position was an awkward one. "I have the command of some little money at present; and if you will state your terms, I shall perhaps be enabled to meet them—which will save you a journey into Lincolnshire, besides the unpleasantness of such a negotiation personally conducted."

"You must indeed be very rich all of a sudden, my lord," responded Emily, "if you can meet my terms, as you phrase it. Perhaps you have five thousand pounds at your banker's?"

"Am I to understand, Miss Archer," asked Lord Harold, almost aghast, "that you entertain such an exorbitant notion?"

"Why all this trifling? wherefore exchange so many words?" cried the *danseuse*. "Have I not given you to understand, as pointedly though as politely as I could, that I wished to be alone? But if you require a positive answer from me, I will tell you at once that my terms are five thousand pounds."

"In three days you shall have the money, Emily," answered Harold. "Will you give me up the dress at once, if I present you with a thousand guineas now, and my note of hand payable at three days' sight for the remainder?"

"No—assuredly not," responded Emily; then with a look of malicious mockery, she said, "Ah! my lord, I have over-reached you. I have made you avow that the secret is worth five thousand guineas; but I mean to have ten. Lady Saxondale will not hesitate to silence my lips with that amount. And now, my lord, I wish you good evening."

As the *danseuse* thus spoke, she rang the bell; and Lord Harold, perceiving how useless it was to remain arguing the point, and into what monstrous blunders he had fallen from first to last, bowed distantly and withdrew.

He had his cabriolet waiting for him in front of the house; and he was about to enter it, when he bethought himself of a plan which at the very first glance seemed feasible. In less than a minute did he revolve it in his mind: and the result was a determination to carry it out. He ordered his servant to drive away with the cabriolet, and wait for him at the bottom of the road; and when the vehicle had departed, Lord Harold posted himself at a little distance from the garden-gate of Evergreen Villa—so that he could watch the premises without being observed by any one who should arrive there. He had not been in his place of concealment many

minutes, when a hired cab drove up to the gate; and in the clear star-light Lord Harold recognised Edmund Saxondale in the individual who alighted. He waited till he saw him enter the villa, and then, opening the garden-gate as noiselessly as possible, he stole round to the back part of the house. Through the kitchen-window he perceived the cook, the housemaid, and the *soubrette*, seated together at supper,—the groom and coachman not living in the house. Now, from certain antecedent circumstances, it was well known to these domestics that Lord Harold had been on very intimate terms with Miss Emily Archer: and they therefore were not particularly surprised when they saw him enter the kitchen and place his finger to his lip, as much as to imply that they were to be silent. Then, beckoning the *soubrette* out into the back garden, he thrust a few guineas into her hand, saying, "You must manage to get me stealthily up-stairs to your mistress's chamber."

"But his lordship is here," responded the young lady's-maid, though not refusing to take the money.

"I know it, my dear girl," replied Harold, tapping her upon the cheek. "I met him just now in the road, and he told me that he was only going to stay half-an-hour. You know very well it is all right. So do not hesitate."

"Oh, I am sure that I have no objection, my lord!" rejoined the *soubrette*: "and one thing is very certain—that missus likes you infinitely better than Lord Saxondale. She has told me so a hundred times over."

"Of course—I know it well. And now do not delay; but contrive to introduce me as stealthily as you can," urged the nobleman.

"Come then," said the *soubrette*, who delighted in being the confidante of an intrigue. "You will have to pass through the kitchen, you know."

"Never fear. The other servants will not tell his lordship," added Staunton, affecting to laugh merrily, as if it were a capital joke. "Besides, I shall put a golden seal upon each of their lips as I pass through."

"Ah! you put seals on lips, my lord?" said the *soubrette*, surveying him archly.

"Yes—like this," he replied, throwing his arm round her waist and kissing her.

"O fie, my lord—I did not mean that," said the girl; yet it was precisely what she did mean, and what she sought: then, as she arranged her coquettish cap, she added, "Come quickly, since so it is to be."

She now led the way back again into the kitchen, where Harold threw a sovereign into the lap of the housemaid and another into that of the cook, both of whom were highly delighted at this proof of his generosity. The *soubrette* conducted him cautiously up the stairs; and as they passed the drawing-room door on the first landing, it struck them both that high words were being exchanged between Edmund Saxondale and Miss Archer. In consequence of this altercation there was all the less chance of his footsteps being overheard; and he was safely escorted by the *soubrette* to the exquisitely furnished chamber of the *danseuse*. There the wax-candles were lighted; and Harold, seating himself on an ottoman at the foot of the bed, said in a whispering voice, "I can make myself comfortable here for the present."

The *soubrette* threw upon him a wicked look, and issued from the room. The moment Harold was alone, he commenced a search in all Miss Archer's boxes, drawers, and cupboards, for the masquerade-dress,—treading however upon tiptoe as lightly as he could, and conducting his proceedings as noiselessly as possible.

Meanwhile what was taking place in the drawing-room? The reader is well aware that Edmund Saxondale possessed a very bad temper—one of those tempers, indeed, that may be described as of a nasty spiteful kind; and if ever he had anything to annoy him, he was accustomed to vent his wrath upon the first person that he thought he might make his victim in this respect. Now, he had been dining with three or four dissipated young men at an hotel at the West End; and happening to have a few words of dispute with one of them, he had been insulted in a manner which, were he possessed of proper spirit, he would have resented signally. But not having the courage to risk a duel, he had quitted the company in a pet—had thrown himself into a cab—and in an execrable temper, had reached Evergreen Villa.

On entering the drawing-room where Emily was seated, he at once said, "Well, I do think you might show a little more pleasure at seeing me."

"What do you mean?" demanded the *danseuse*, who, having made up her mind to break with Lord Saxondale, was neither in a mood to put up with his ill-humour, nor yet altogether displeased at finding a motive ready made for quarrelling. "Do you suppose that I am going to rush from the sofa and throw myself into your arms?"

"At all events, you needn't treat me so cool as you do. What the deuce do I have a mistress for, unless it is to make herself agreeable?"

"And pray what do I honour you with my favour for, unless it is that you are to make yourself agreeable to me?"

"Why, you ungrateful minx, you!" ejaculated Saxondale: "I have done everything for you. What did you possess when I took you from that beggarly Mr. Walter? how much were your jewels worth? how was your house furnished? what sort of an equipage had you? how much money did he allow you?"

"You mean paltry fellow," cried Emily, her handsome countenance flushing with an anger that was utterly unfeigned; "how dare you reproach me with those gifts which I so richly deserve? Why, there are plenty of young men who would be rejoiced to ruin themselves for such as I am. An actress or a *danseuse* has not established her fame till she has sent half-a-dozen lovers into the Bench or through the Insolvents' Court."

"Well, I can tell you very candidly, I don't mean to ruin myself for you—and so that's all about it. How do I know that you are faithful to me? How do I know, I say?"—and Lord Saxondale looked spitefully at his mistress: for what he had just thrown out as a taunt, rebounded back to his mind with all the violence of a suspicion.

"I am sure," responded Emily Archer, contemptuously, "I am not going to offer you any proof of my fidelity, even if I could."

"Because you know that you can't," retorted Edmund. "Hah!" he suddenly ejaculated: and stooping down, he picked up a gentleman's kid

glove from the carpet. "This is not your's, at all events; and I don't think you can advance it as one of your proofs of fidelity?"

"To be sure not," replied Emily, with the calmest indifference. "That glove belongs to a better man than you are——although," she murmured in an undertone, "I *have* quarrelled with him."

"What's that you are saying?" ejaculated Saxondale, livid with rage. "Who has been to see you while I was out? You promised to remain altogether alone this evening, as you were not going to the Opera——"

"But it appears that I have had a visitor," retorted Emily, with a malicious smile.

"And who was your visitor?" demanded Edmund, trembling with rage.

"I owe no account of my actions to you," was the response, disdainfully given.

"Yes—but you do, though," ejaculated Saxondale: "for if I thought you had deceived me and were making a fool of me, you may depend upon it I would not take the thing very easily. But I see how it is—you want to pick a quarrel with me, to drive me out of the house. Perhaps you have got the owner of this glove concealed somewhere? or you are in hopes he will come back to reclaim it? By Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I have a very great mind to search the whole place from top to bottom."

"Do so," said Emily, contemptuously. "But observe, if you find no one, I shall take your suspicious as an outrage leaving no alternative but to break off everything between us."

"You are trying to prevent me from doing what I threatened," cried Saxondale, "and therefore I will do it."

Thus speaking, he seized up a wax-candle from the mantel-piece and rushed out of the room, leaving the door wide open—while Emily, throwing herself upon the sofa, sent forth a merry musical laugh, which reached his ears as he dashed up the staircase.

Almost immediately afterwards the *soubrette* stole into the drawing-room; and bending over her mistress, said with frightened looks, "Good heavens, ma'am, he will be discovered!"

"What do you mean?" cried Emily, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Oh! you know well enough. Lord Harold——"

"Lord Harold?" echoed the *danseuse*. "He took his departure before Saxondale came."

"But he returned—he told me that I was to admit him—he went up-stairs—he is there now——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Emily, the truth instantaneously flashing to her comprehension. "But he will not find it though: for it is in a cupboard down stairs."

"Find what, ma'am?"

At this moment ejaculations of astonishment and rage, bursting from Saxondale's lips on the landing above, reached the ears of the *danseuse* and the *soubrette*. For a moment the latter looked dismayed: but the former, bursting out into a hearty fit of laughter, exclaimed, "Oh! this is excellent—this is delicious! Will it not be something to be talked about? Come, let us see!"

Meanwhile Lord Saxondale had ascended to the landing above; and thinking that if a lover were concealed in the house, it would not be in Emily's own chamber, he searched the one immediately behind it. Lord Harold Staunton, hearing him rush so quickly up the stairs, naturally fancied there was something wrong; and not wishing to quarrel with Saxondale at a time when he entertained matrimonial projects in respect to his mother, he thought to escape unperceived while his friend was in the back room, whither he had heard him enter. But just at the moment that Staunton was stealing forth, Saxondale came out again from that room; and they met face to face upon the landing. Then was it that ejaculations of astonishment and rage burst forth from Edmund's lips: for he was instantaneously struck by what appeared to be the perfidy of his bosom-friend. As for Staunton, he was really thrown quite aback; and his natural effrontery availed him not for the moment.

"This is too bad, Harold!" said Lord Saxondale, suddenly experiencing the most fiend-like hate against his former friend, but yet not having the courage to testify his resentment in a manly way.

Before Harold could make up his mind what response to give, Emily Archer, closely followed by the *soubrette*, came hurrying up the staircase,—the former laughing right merrily.

"Very well!" exclaimed Saxondale, white with rage: "this is no longer a place for me. Of course, Lord Harold, everything is at an end between us; and as I understand that you have been on a visit to the Castle, I hope that for decency's sake you will not again set foot in any house that will one day be mine."

Having thus spoken, and without waiting for any reply, — indeed, not without a fear that Harold might probably kick him down stairs,—Lord Saxondale turned abruptly round and sped away with a rapidity which had something ignominious in it, and almost gave him the air of being the injuring party instead of the one who was injured. Neither Harold nor Emily made a movement or uttered a word to retain him: for the former felt all the awkwardness of his situation, while the latter was perfectly indifferent so far as her late admirer was concerned—and indeed, was not sorry to be quit of him. But so soon as he had disappeared from her view, she suddenly ceased laughing;—and with a dignity which even the most depraved of women can assume at times, she advanced up to Staunton, saying, "You are a detestable villain!"

"Ah! these are harsh terms, Emily!" ejaculated the young nobleman, his countenance becoming suffused with crimson.

"Dare not address me in that familiar style!"—then turning to her *soubrette*, Emily said, extending her arm and pointing towards Harold, "That man is a robber—a lurking thief—a sneaking burglar!"

"By God! Emily, this is more than I can endure!" exclaimed Staunton, all the colour vanishing from his face and leaving it livid pale

"Yes—you are everything I have described. Begone, my lord!—or as true as I am a living woman, I will give you into custody for felony."

"I will make you repent this," muttered Harold between his teeth, as he passed by the *danseuse* and began descending the stairs.

"*You* will make me repent?" she exclaimed, in mingled mockery and indignation. "Begone, sneaking thief! I defy you!"

Harold Staunton made no retort; but took his departure from Evergreen Villa—crestfallen, discomfited, baffled in every way

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CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS NIGHT'S ADVENTURES.

It was the same night as that on which the incidents of the two preceding chapters occurred, and between eleven and twelve o'clock, that Dr. Ferney was engaged in his dissecting-room. Several apartments in the eminent physician's mansion,—which was situated in Conduit Street, Hanover Square,—have been minutely described in an earlier chapter: but the one to which we are now introducing the reader, was *not* noticed upon that occasion. It had a grim and ghastly appearance, as all dissecting-rooms have; and the atmosphere was damp, raw, and sickly, like that of death. All the *paraphernalia* necessary for anatomical purposes, met the eye;—and the floor, though carefully scoured after each dissection, retained upon its deal boards the ineffaceable marks of the fluids which flow from a corpse.

For some years past Dr. Ferney had seldom prosecuted this branch of his studies—unless indeed under some peculiar circumstances he obtained possession of a "subject." Such was the case on the occasion when we now penetrate into the dissecting-room; and there, by the light of a powerful gas-lamp suspended over the table in the centre, shall we find the medical man engaged in the dissection of a corpse.

It was the body of an elderly female, and was but little decomposed. Nevertheless, there was a certain discolouration of the skin, which the physician had not failed to observe the moment the corpse was drawn forth from the sack by the body-snatchers who had brought it to the house half-an-hour previously. That certain suspicions had entered Dr. Ferney's mind, was evident enough from the peculiar gravity which sat upon his pale pensive countenance: but with the imperturbability characteristic of his profession generally, and of himself in particular, he pursued his work steadily and apart from all excitement. For about an hour did he continue to use the scalpel,—laying open the throat which he carefully examined, and subjected to several tests—likewise the stomach, which he treated in a similar manner. At length he put aside his instruments—washed his hands in a bason that stood ready for the purpose—and all the while seemed to be reflecting profoundly what course he ought to pursue under circumstances of an embarrassing and perplexing nature.

When he had performed his ablutions, he looked at his watch and found it was near one o'clock in the morning. For a moment he hesitated whether to retire to his chamber and postpone till day-time the purpose which he had in view: but he felt that he should not be able to sleep until he had got it off his mind;—and issuing forth from the dissecting-room, he locked the door, putting the key in his pocket. He thence proceeded to his laboratory, where he unlocked a drawer, and taking out a phial with a sealed cork, assured himself that this seal had not been broken. Returning the phial to the drawer, Dr. Ferney now descended the stairs; and taking a latch-key with him, quitted the house. Proceeding to the nearest cab-stand, he entered one of the vehicles, and ordered the driver to take him to John Street, Clerkenwell.

On arriving in the vicinage of Cow Cross, Dr. Ferney alighted from the cab—desired the driver to wait for him—and entering a narrow dark alley, speedily reached that same knacker's yard which Lady Bess had visited when seeking an interview with old Bob Shakerly. This was likewise the individual whom the doctor came to visit. The old man was in bed; and not a glimmering of a light shone forth from any window of the wretched litt house which he inhabited close by the gate of his yard. However, Dr. Ferney was resolved not to be disappointed; and he accordingly knocked at the door until a window was opened—a head, with a night-cap on, was thrust out—and Bob Shakerly's voice demanded who was there?

"It is I, Dr. Ferney. I wish to speak to you most particularly."

"Coming, sir—coming in a few minutes," at once responded the old man; and drawing in his head, he closed the window, whence, almost immediately afterwards a light glimmered forth.

In a minute or two steps were heard descending the stairs within. The door was opened—and Bob Shakerly appeared, his scraggy form envoloped in an old dressing-gown, and his dirty cotton nightcap upon his head.

"Walk in, sir. Sorry to keep you waiting. Nothink wrong, I hope? The traps hav'n't got scent of the job?"—and he surveyed the doctor with some degree of anxiety.

"No—nothing of that kind," answered Ferney, as he entered the house.

"That's all right, then," said Shakerly, much relieved. "Walk into this room, sir: it's not over tidy—for as I'm a bachelor, I've got nobody to make things neat and comfortable."

"No apology is necessary," answered the doctor, as he entered a little apartment where everything was dirty to a degree, although it was by no means poor in furniture.

"Sit down, sir—pray sit down:"—and Shakerly placed upon the table the candle which he had held in his hand. "Now, sir, what is it?"

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said the doctor. "Were you present with your men when that corpse was exhumed?"

"To be sure I was. It's very little—as you knows, doctor—that I does in that way now: but when any of my chaps tells me of a chance, why, I don't choose to let it slip through my fingers."

"Well, well," interrupted the physician: "we will not waste words. Did you notice whose name was upon the coffin-lid?"

"I always does," replied Shakerly; "and what's more, I makes a memorandum of it when I comes home, just for the fun of the thing—to see how many stiff 'uns I have had up in my time."

"What is the name of this woman you have brought me to-night?" demanded Ferney.

"Here it be, sir," answered Shakerly, taking out an old well-thumbed dog's-eared book from the table-drawer, and turning over some of the pages. "There, sir—you can copy it,—and there's pen, ink, and paper. But is there summut wrong?"

"Nothing that you can have anything to do with," responded the physician, as he copied on a slip of paper the last memorandum that stood on the page open before him. "I suppose you know nothing of the deceased woman herself—who she was—where she lived——"

"Nothink at all, doctor. But of course you can easy find out what you want to know from the parish clerk, the sexton, or the registrar."

"No doubt of it," said the physician. "Thank you—I need not detain you any longer—and here's something for the trouble I have given you."

Thus speaking, Dr. Ferney placed a sovereign upon the table as he rose from his seat; and though Shakerly showed an anxiety to ask him some questions, yet he dared not—for he knew the physician's disposition well, and that if he chose to reveal anything he would do so of his own accord. He accordingly held his peace—lighted the doctor to the door—wished him good night—and ascended to his bed-chamber again, wondering what it could all mean.

"It is strange—most strange!" thought Dr. Ferney, as he retraced his way to the cab; and entering the vehicle, he ordered it to drive to his mansion in Conduit Street.

On alighting at his own door, Dr. Ferney perceived two policemen at a little distance, lifting up a man from the pavement; and the words, "I am not tipsy—I am starving," uttered in tones of deep distress, reached the physician's ears.

Hastily paying the cabman's fare, he hurried up to the spot where the scene was occurring; and found that it was an old man—clothed in rags, and altogether in a most lamentable condition—whom the two officers had just raised from the ground.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Dr. Ferney, in a compassionate tone.

"I fear I am dying, sir," replied the old man. "But for God's sake, don't let me be taken to the station or the workhouse! Give me a morsel of food—and perhaps I shall be able to drag myself along somewhere."

"Do you know anything about him?" inquired the doctor of the constables: for with every inclination to assist the wretched object before him, he was well aware of the tricks played by street-impostors.

"No, sir—nothing," replied one of the policemen, to both of whom Dr. Ferney was well known. "We saw him fall down suddenly, and at first thought he was drunk: but it doesn't seem so."

"Well, the poor old man shall not be suffered to perish in the streets," said the physician; "and he seems to have a horror of the only places to which you could take him."

"I have indeed, sir," said the object of the doctor's sympathy. "I have seen somewhat better days; and though brought low, I may call myself respectable. Of course these rags do not seem to confirm my words," he added with a degree of bitterness: "but it is so, nevertheless."

Dr. Ferney saw that the poor old man had really a respectable look, despite his miserable garb; and moreover he spoke like a decently educated person, and in a tone of sincerity. Ferney accordingly directed the policemen to lead him into his house; and opening the door with the latch-key, he gave them admittance. The old man was borne into the dining-room, where he was deposited upon the sofa; and the officers took their departure. The servants had long been in bed: but Dr. Ferney hastened to procure refreshments, which he set before the object of his generosity. A glass of wine aided to revive the unfortunate old man, who poured forth his gratitude, not in the snivelling, whining tones of a canting hypocrite, but with the genuine sincerity of one who felt the immensity of the obligation he owed to a benefactor.

"Come," said the doctor, "you are better now—and a good night's rest will help to restore you. To-morrow you shall tell me a little more about your circumstances; and I will see if anything can be done for you. At all events, you shall not go away in those tatters—nor yet with an empty pocket."

The old man shed tears as the doctor thus addressed him: he endeavoured to speak again, but could not—for he was overpowered by his emotions. Dr. Ferney conducted him to a bed-room, and leaving him there, was about to ascend to his own chamber, when a loud and impatient knock at the front door sounded through the dwelling. The physician was by no means unaccustomed to be summoned at any hour in the night; therefore without waiting to let the footman get up and answer the knock, he at once hurried down stairs again and opened the street-door.

"Ah, doctor, you are up! So much the better," said the visitor, who was a tall, aristocratic looking man, about thirty-six years of age, and remarkably handsome,—with a noble facial outline of the true Roman type.

A carriage, from which this individual had just alighted, was waiting opposite the door. The horses were splendidly caparisoned—the coachman and two footmen belonging to the equipage, were in handsome liveries—and a coronet appeared above the arms painted on the panels.

"I hope that nothing is amiss, my lord?" said Dr. Ferney, in reply to the visitor's somewhat excited ejaculations.

"Can you come with me at once?" demanded the nobleman. "Her ladyship——"

"Not another word is necessary, my lord. I will come directly:"—and the physician, putting on his hat, followed the nobleman into the carriage, which immediately drove away.

The personage by whose side Dr. Ferney now found himself seated, was the Earl of Castlemaine—a nobleman possessed of great wealth, but reputed to be of somewhat singular character and eccentric habits. He was married, and dwelt with his wife in a spacious and splendid mansion at Kensington. He was several years older than her ladyship, who was not above twenty-three, and of great beauty. They had no children; and it was whispered that they lived somewhat unhappily together. Indeed Dr. Ferney, who was their physician, had every reason to believe that this rumour was based upon truth: for he was well aware that for the last three or four years they had occupied separate chambers. Nevertheless, during the daytime they were as much together as husband and wife usually are in the higher circles: that is to say, they took their repasts together—they were occasionally seen riding out in the same carriage—and they likewise appeared together in society. The Earl of Castlemaine was a man of reserved, and even moody disposition,—habitually taciturn, and with a countenance which, though so handsome, was nevertheless inscrutable in its expression: so that in those moments when he appeared gayer than at other times, it was difficult for an observer to determine whether this gaiety were sincere—and in his taciturn moods it was equally impossible to obtain a clue to what was passing in his mind. His habits were regular—his character was reported to be unimpeachable—his servants considered him to be a good master: but amongst persons of his own rank and standing, although he had plenty of acquaintances, he had no friends. That is to say, he did not seek to cultivate the friendship of any one; and the inscrutable singularity of his character prevented others from endeavouring to form a close intimacy with him.

Although it was thus whispered that Lord and Lady Castlemaine lived not together upon the happiest terms, yet no aspersion was thrown on the character of the latter. Her conduct appeared to be marked with the strictest propriety: she never displayed the slightest levity; and though she went into society, yet it rather seemed as if it were in fulfilment of one of the inevitable conditions of her rank and position, than because she had any taste for the frivolous gaieties and hollow pleasures of fashionable life. She never danced—never joined those who were seated at the card-tables—but she would play on the piano or the harp, when requested; and accompany either instrument with her voice. She was a beautiful musician, and sang with a delicious sweetness,—in which a kind of melancholy pathos was invariably blended with the harmony of a voice of a perfect *contralto*—but a *contralto* that was clouded as if coming from a throat accustomed to stifle and keep down

the gushing emotions of the heart. Her manners, though slightly reserved, and always properly dignified, were affable and unaffected; she was a lady whom everybody possessing a kind heart, could not help liking, and around whom there was a species of mysterious interest, investing her as with a halo.

We have said that Lady Castlemaine was beautiful; and while we are thus introducing her to our readers, we may as well pause for a few minutes longer to describe her more accurately. She was of medium stature, but finely made—uniting richness of proportions with an admirable symmetry. The superb slope and form of her shoulders, the least thing rounded, but not to mar the uprightness of her figure, suited well the fullness of the bust, the contours of which were set off in a noble relief by the thinness of the waist. Her hair was of a dark brown, with perhaps the slightest tinge of auburn in it; so that it shone with a more velvety gloss in the lustre of a drawing-room, or when the sunbeams rested upon it. Her eyes were not large, but dark, and with their natural fires somewhat subdued into softness by the general air of melancholy which pervaded her look. Her nose was quite straight—her mouth small and rich: her chin could not be called rounded, but was just sufficiently elongated to render her countenance a perfect oval. Her teeth were white and faultlessly even; and there was an exceeding beauty and sweetness, though mingled with melancholy, in her smile. There was a certain languor about her at times—yet not the languor of voluptuousness. In the eye of the libertine her beauty might,—on account of this very air of languor, combined with the richness of her charms,—appear to be of a sensuous type: but the closer and more delicate observer could not fail to perceive that this languor on her part was that of a soft pervasive melancholy which influenced her entire being.

We should add to the above explanations, that Priscilla—the Christian name of this lady—had been married about seven years to Lord Castlemaine. She had therefore been conducted to the altar when she was only sixteen; and those who knew the Earl and his bride at the time, affirmed that it was entirely a love-match, and that they experienced an undoubted affection for each other. But, as already stated, for the last three or four years a change appeared to have come over one or both of them; and during this interval they had not only occupied distinct chambers, but likewise separate wings of the spacious mansion. What could be the cause of this coolness between a husband and wife whose matrimonial career commenced under such smiling auspices? No one could conjecture: for even in a sphere where the tongue of scandal was ever ready to catch up the faintest whisper of detraction, and give currency to it with exaggerations growing as it passed from lip to lip—yet not an aspersion had been thrown out against the moral purity of Lady Castlemaine. Some had supposed that her husband's temper was of a most unfortunate kind, although he had the good taste and a manly dignity sufficient to conceal it before the world: but others would object that the natural sweetness and amiability of Priscilla's disposition, would lead her to bend and adapt herself to any infirmity of temper on her husband's part. To be brief, no one could satisfactorily account for the coolness subsisting between this couple; and it was supposed that not even the domestics themselves (some of whom had been for years in his lordship's service) could solve the mystery.

The reader has now obtained as great an insight as we are at present enabled to afford, into the characters and circumstances of the Earl and Countess of Castlemaine; and it was by the side of this nobleman that Dr. Ferney found himself seated in the carriage at about three o'clock in the morning, he not having been in bed the whole night. For several minutes after they had entered the vehicle, there was a profound silence. The physician could not help feeling, or at least suspecting, that there was something more than usually singular in the Earl's look and manner on coming to fetch him; and this idea was strengthened in his mind when so many minutes elapsed and yet his lordship volunteered no more specific explanation than he had already hinted at as the motive for fetching him. On the other hand, the Earl himself appeared to be buried in profound reverie; and though by the twilight of dawn the doctor could perfectly well discern the countenance of his noble companion,—yet, as usual, he could trace no index to his thoughts upon his handsome but inscrutable countenance.

"How long is it since you saw Lady Castlemaine?" inquired the Earl, at length breaking silence, not abruptly, but in a slow, deep, and measured voice.

"As nearly as I can recollect, my lord, it must have been two months," responded the physician.

"And was it to prescribe for her ladyship then, that you saw her?" asked the nobleman.

"No—I think not, my lord. If you remember, it was you yourself, who were unwell at the time."

"To be sure—I do recollect. Then it is possibly some months—three or four," added the Earl, "since you last visited her ladyship professionally?"

"It must be at least for so long a period as your lordship has named," replied Dr. Ferney.

The Earl of Castlemaine made no farther remark at the moment; but falling back in the carriage, he folded his arms over his breast and appeared to sink into a moody reverie. He was a man of dark complexion, with coal black air, and eyes to match; and thus there was something that might almost be termed terrible in the aspect of that countenance when thus clouded with inscrutable thoughts. The doctor eyed him furtively, and could not help thinking that there was something wrong, and which had caused himself to be thus hurriedly fetched by the Earl in person, and at such an hour. Perhaps any other individual save Dr. Ferney would have put direct queries upon these points—or at least have inquired what ailed her ladyship: but the physician had not the slightest particle of worldly curiosity in his composition—at the same time that his feelings were of so delicate a nature that under such circumstances as the present, he did not even choose to appear inquisitive where no spontaneous explanation was at once volunteered.

The carriage rolled on; and the Earl of Castlemaine continued wrapped up in silence and impenetrable gloom. His brows, which were naturally high-arched, were contracted,—thus giving a scowl-

ing look to his face: his lips were compressed—and though the nature of his thoughts could not be decyphered, yet was it full evident that it was no agreeable topic on which he was pondering. The doctor, finding that he did not renew the conversation, threw himself back in his corner of the carriage, and gave way to his own reflections. He thought of the discovery he had made in respect to the anatomized corpse—his visit to Bob Shakerly at the knacker's yard—the old man whom he had taken into his house: and he thought likewise, as indeed he often and deeply thought, of that unknown lady whom he had loved so long, and with such a profound, constant, enduring affection!

The horses went quick; and in less than half-an-hour from the moment they had started from the physician's house in Conduit Street, the equipage dashed through the iron gates of the railings fencing the grounds in the midst of which the Earl of Castlemaine's mansion stood. The gas-lamps were still burning beneath the portico; and the moment the vehicle stopped, the hall-porter opened the front-door. Lord Castlemaine alighted, followed by the doctor; and he led the way up a splendid staircase, into a drawing-room where lights were burning.

"Sit down," said the Earl: "for I must speak to you for a few minutes. Her ladyship," he continued, after a brief pause, during which he appeared to nerve himself as it were with an effort to give expression to what he was compelled to say, "was taken ill just now on our return from a party at the Duke of Harcourt's. I do not know that her illness is at all dangerous—I do not think it is:" and his lips curled strangely as he thus spoke—it might be in scorn—it might be with other emotions—but which it was impossible to decide. "At all events, doctor," he continued, "you will soon ascertain: and observe! I desire that you communicate to me the exact truth."

"Wherefore, my lord, should you address me in this manner?" asked the physician, with a certain dignity not unblended with indignation in his looks. "If you have no faith in me, I cannot consider it an honour that you have called me in upon this occasion."

"My dear Dr. Ferney, you must not be angry with me," said the Earl of Castlemaine, taking the physician's hand and pressing it with more warmth than he was generally accustomed to display. "But perhaps you will understand me better presently. You can now ascend to her ladyship's chamber—you know the way—I shall await you here."

The physician accordingly quitted the drawing-room; and mounting the next flight of stairs, reached a landing-place whence two long, carpeted, and splendidly decorated corridors branched off—one to the right wing of the building, the other to the left. In the latter, and at the extremity of the corridor leading thither, the Earl of Castlemaine's own private chambers were situated: while precisely at the opposite extremity—namely, in the right wing—was the elegant suite of apartments occupied by her ladyship. Dr. Ferney, who knew the way well, turned into the brilliantly lighted corridor leading to the rooms of the Countess; and passing by some admirable specimens of sculpture—some immense Chinese vases, exhaling perfumes—and some smaller ones filled with flowers, he reached the door of the ante-chamber. Knocking gently, it was immediately opened by the principal lady's-maid of the Countess. She was a woman of about forty—highly respectable—discreet and reserved—not given to gossipping nor scandal—and devotedly attached to her mistress. She was weeping—and, indeed, looked much distressed. The moment the door was opened, the doctor's ear caught wild and delirious cries; and he recognised the voice of Lady Castlemaine.

"Is your mistress very bad, Mrs. Broughton?" inquired Ferney, as he entered the ante-chamber.

"Oh, sir—she is raving. For God's sake, come!"

Mrs. Broughton accordingly led the physician through a sitting-room fitted up with mingled costliness and taste—thence into a boudoir furnished in a still more elegant manner—and thence again into a spacious and handsome bed-chamber, where Lady Castlemaine was sitting upon a sofa, giving vent to those delirious cries which the doctor had heard, and struggling with two of her maids. The elegant apparel which she had worn at the ball, had been torn off her—a morning wrapper enveloped her form—her hair was hanging in disorder over her half-naked shoulders—her face was pale—her features were distorted: there was frenzy in her looks, and delirium in her ravings. But the moment Dr. Ferney made his appearance, she either recognised him, or else became overawed at the presence of a man—and instantaneously ceasing her cries, threw herself back upon the sofa.

Dr. Ferney bade the two junior maids retire for the present, while he remained alone with Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Broughton. Then he spoke in soothing tones to her ladyship: but she did not appear to comprehend him. She gazed in a sort of vacant wildness upon his countenance for several minutes: then suddenly placing her hands before her eyes, she gave a subdued shriek and sank back insensible. The proper restoratives were administered; and when the Countess was returning to herself, the other maids were summoned from the adjoining apartment to convey her to her couch. Scarcely however was she deposited in the bed, when the ravings of her delirium broke forth anew: and Dr. Ferney wrote a prescription which he desired might be sent off to the nearest chemist's at once. The two junior maids were again dismissed from the room; and when they had retired, Dr. Ferney, taking advantage of a temporary lull on the unfortunate lady's part, said, "Tell me, Mrs. Broughton, how all this came about."

"My lord and her ladyship," replied the woman, scarcely able to subdue her sobs as she spoke, "returned home at about a quarter to two o'clock, from Harcourt House; but the moment her ladyship alighted from the carriage, she was seized with a fainting fit—and his lordship taking her in his arms, bore her up-stairs to this chamber. I and the other maids, not hearing the carriage arrive, were not immediately in attendance. But I was the first to come hither; and I found his lordship tearing off my lady's apparel to give her air."——Here Mrs. Broughton hesitated for a few moments, and then added in a low voice and with hesitating manner, "Soon afterwards his lordship suddenly broke away, saying that he would fetch the doctor: and then, sir, he went for you."

"I understand," observed the physician.

Some more conversation took place between himself and Mrs. Broughton, but which we need not lay before the reader. In half-an-hour the medicine for which he had sent, was brought: but in the meantime the delirium of the Countess had broken forth anew—and it was with some difficulty that she could be forced to take the composing draught. At length however it was poured down her throat; and in a few minutes its effects became visible in the lull of her excited mind which followed.

The physician remained with her ladyship for another half-hour, and having given Mrs. Broughton certain requisite instructions, he quitted the sick chamber, promising to return again by noon. He then descended to the drawing-room, where he had left the Earl of Castlemaine, and whom he found walking to and fro, with his arms folded across his chest, and his looks bent down. He did not immediately perceive the physician: for the room was spacious, and the door opened noiselessly. The doctor accosted him; and the Earl, stopping suddenly short, bent upon him a look which, with all the power of his piercing dark eyes, seemed to search into his very soul.

"Dr. Ferney, what is the matter with her ladyship?" he demanded, in a deep hollow voice—so changed indeed from its natural tones, that if the physician had heard it in the dark, he would not have recognized it.

"Her ladyship is exceedingly ill," was the response rendered by Ferney; "and must be kept as quiet as possible. I have given Mrs. Broughton the fullest instructions——"

"But what is it?" exclaimed the Earl, now manifesting impatience.

"I hope and trust," answered the physician, "that her ladyship will in a few hours become composed and regain the powers of her intellect. But I charge your lordship to avoid anything that may excite her. If this advice be not attended to, I will not answer for her reason—no, nor yet for her life. She is in a more dangerous state than your lordship ere now appeared to imagine."

"But what is it, I again ask?" ejaculated the Earl; and an indescribable expression, which had something demoniac in it, passed convulsively over his dark countenance.

"Her ladyship," responded the physician, who evidently trembled lest the announcement he had to make should not be a pleasant on—or rather he had the certainty that it would not,—"her ladyship is in a way to become a mother."

"Ah, I thought so! Enough, doctor:"—and the Earl of Castlemaine instantaneously became sternly and unnaturally cold. "Of course you will come and see her soon again?"

"I have intimated to Mrs. Broughton that I shall return about noon: but if any threatening symptoms should arise, I must at once be sent for."

"No doubt, doctor," responded the Earl, who was still cold, severe, and ominously implacable. "I have ordered my carriage to wait to convey you home."

Dr. Ferney then took his leave; and entering the vehicle, was speedily whirled back to his own mansion. But during the ride thither, he reflected sorrowfully and with apprehension, upon the circumstances of the case which had thus required his presence.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE TITLED LADY AND THE OPERA-DANCER.

It was about noon—on the day following the evening of Harold Staunton's interview with Emily Archer at Evergreen Villa—that Lady Saxondale was walking by herself along the bank of the Trent at a short distance from the castle. She was pondering upon many subjects, few if any of which were very pleasurable—and least of all the one for which she had specially despatched Lord Harold Staunton to London. Her ladyship could not blind her eyes to the fact that within the last few weeks the aspect of her affairs had become most threatening: the sky of her destiny had grown suddenly overcast—and from every quarter did the storm of calamities threaten to burst forth. Within this interval a new crime had been perpetrated, which weighed upon her conscience notwithstanding that iron resolution of soul which she possessed, and which often rose superior even to the qualms of the secret monitor within. And then, too, she had fallen from that pedestal of female honour and chastity upon which, since her husband's death nineteen years back, she had stood so proudly. Yes—she had fallen in a manner but little calculated to mitigate the sense of self-degradation! Had she fallen to throw herself into the arms of him whom she loved—the arms of William Deveril—it would have been different: but she had fallen, only to sink into the embrace of one whom she hated—Lord Harold Staunton! This was a fall, therefore, accompanied by utter humiliation; and though she was inspired not by any true principle of virtue, yet her pride was deeply wounded. She felt that she was sacrificed to terrorism, and not to love: she had yielded herself up to expediency, and not to passion; and these reflections were accompanied by a profound sense of self-loathing.

And now, too, she asked herself if Lord Harold's mission should fail, what course was she to adopt? It was but too evident that Mr. Gunthorpe was resolved, on Deveril's part, to pursue extreme measures. Oh! how she hated that Mr. Gunthorpe. how bitterly—deeply—cordially, did she hate him! How she would have rejoiced to be enabled to inflict upon him some direful vengeance! Again, too, she could not help thinking that there had been something singular in Florina's conduct towards her for the last two or three days:—nothing very pointed—no overt display of aversion or pique—but a certain cold reserve, the cause of which her ladyship could not conjecture. Nay, more—the experienced eye of Lady Saxondale had even discerned an inward struggling on Florina's part, to conceal, if not to conquer, that coldness—but without success. It was evident therefore that the young damsel had learnt something concerning her: or was it mere vexation, because Lady Saxondale had exposed William Deveril amongst all her fashionable acquaintances? No: this could scarcely be the solution of Florina's coldness: for the young maiden's demeanour towards her ladyship, had not been that of an uniform reserve ever since the first day when Lady Saxondale told her story of Deveril's alleged impropriety: but it was a change of conduct that Florina had manifested only within the past two or three days.

Altogether, Lady Saxondale's reflections were very far from being of an agreeable character, as she took her rambles along the bank of the river. She had come forth alone, for the purpose of communing with herself. Mr. Hawkshaw was with Juliana and Florina in the garden: Lady Macdonald had remained in-doors to read her books or amuse herself with her knitting: and thus there was no one to intrude upon her ladyship's solitary walk.

It was noon, we said; and the patrician lady had rambled to a distance of about a mile from the castle, when she was suddenly aroused from her reverie by the noise of an approaching equipage; and looking towards the road, she perceived a post-chaise hastening in the direction of the mansion. It was evident that she herself was observed and recognised by the occupant of that chaise, who thrusting his head out of the window, ordered the postilion to stop. He then quickly alighted; and Lady Saxondale at once saw that it was Lord Harold Staunton

Her first thought was one of joy and satisfaction,—believing that he had successfully accomplished his mission: but her second reflection was the very reverse—for it struck her that as he approached, there was nothing reassuring upon his countenance.

"Have you succeeded?" she at once said, without a single word of prefatory greeting: "tell me, have you succeeded?"

"I am compelled to say that I have not," he replied. "I have travelled post since the middle of the night——"

"Then you have very disagreeable intelligence for me?" interrupted her ladyship, becoming pale, and gazing fixedly and searchingly upon Harold's countenance. "Speak!—you must of course perceive how useless—indeed, how worse than useless it will be to mislead me."

"I have no such intention," responded Staunton, somewhat sharply. "Does not the speed with which I have travelled sufficiently prove that I consider your interests identical with my own?"

"Then, without more words, explain what has happened."

"You may expect a visit from Emily Archer——"

"The dancing-girl—Edmund's mistress!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, with mingled excitement and disdain.

"Yes: and if I mistake not, she will be here this evening. But rest assured, Harriet," continued Staunton, "that it is through no understanding with me nor any arrangement on my part, that she is coming."

"Then you must have managed matters very badly," rejoined Lady Saxondale; "and the promises you held out of settling this business, have proved delusive enough."

"I could not foresee the turn that things would take," answered Staunton. "I did my best. Of Alfred, my valet, we can make sure; and there is one thing satisfactory in respect to Emily Archer—that she has not gossipped upon the subject. But she is mercenary as a Jewess, and is resolved to extort a much larger sum than I could possibly have anticipated."

"And wherefore could you not write to me upon the subject? why not keep her in London until you received fresh remittances from me?" demanded Lady Saxondale impatiently.

"The girl showed a spirit for which I was not prepared—and she demanded no less a sum than—— But I shall frighten you with the amount."

"Name it—name it!" cried her ladyship.

"Ten thousand pounds."

Lady Saxondale stopped short in the stupor of amazement.

"Yes—such is her exorbitance," continued Lord Harold: then in a tone of increased vexation, he added, "Altogether my visit to her was an unfortunate one. She would not negotiate with me, but declared that she would come direct to you. I thought that if I could procure possession of the masquerade-dress we might defy her—or at least bring her more easily to terms. I accordingly contrived to steal up to her chamber, where I searched for the dress. I was unsuccessful. By some means or another, Edmund's suspicions were excited that there was a rival in the house; and he discovered me in that chamber. There was an explosion—a quarrel——"

"Ah! you have quarrelled with Edmund?" said Lady Saxondale.

"Yes—and he bade me observe that for decency's sake I was never again to set foot within either the town-mansion or the Lincolnshire castle. And now you know everything."

Lady Saxondale made no immediate response, but reflected deeply for several minutes. If the aspect of her affairs had seemed perplexing previous to Lord Harold's return, it now appeared ten thousand times more threatening. What was she to do? how was she to act? The circumstances in which she was placed required leisure for the most serious meditation.

"You had better return to the chaise and proceed on to the castle," she at length said to her companion. "No one there need know that you alighted to speak to me; and when we meet presently, it will be as if I were previously unaware of your return."

"Perhaps we shall not have another opportunity of conversing alone together, ere you receive Emily Archer's threatened visit."

"We can decide upon nothing till I have seen her," rejoined Lady Saxondale. "It will be time enough *then* to deliberate upon the course that is to be pursued."

"You are cold—distant—reserved, Harriet," said Staunton.

"How would you have me be towards you?" demanded Lady Saxondale, still speaking in a glacial voice: then, as her tones suddenly changed into mocking accents, and as a smile of withering irony writhed her lips, she said, "I imagine that if the exposure which we have been trying to ward off, should take place—if William Deveril and Mr. Gunthorpe should pursue their law-process and overwhelm me with shame and dishonour,—I suppose, Lord Harold, that you will not *then* be so very anxious to accompany me to the altar?"

"What have you to fear if Emily Archer can be silenced?" asked Staunton, not giving a direct reply to the question so homely put.

"But think you that I will submit to the extortions of that woman?" exclaimed her ladyship, with fire flashing from her eyes. "What? too

thousand pounds! and who knows but that she will double the amount of her demands when she finds that I yield to her first stipulation? No—Emily Archer must be dealt with in some other way. And now return to your chaise. It is useless to prolong the discourse at present."

With these words Lady Saxondale turned abruptly round, and began retracing her steps towards the castle. Lord Harold Staunton stood irresolute for nearly a minute; and he was half inclined to rejoin her ladyship and seek an explanation of those ominous words to which she had just given utterance. But with a cold shudder he feared to have their meaning completely cleared up; and therefore hurried back to the chaise, which quickly conveyed him on to the castle.

As he alighted at the entrance-gates, he met his sister Florina, who had discreetly left Juliana and Mr. Hawkshaw to walk by themselves in the garden, knowing that the latter was paying his court to the former.

"Ah, Flo!" said Harold, in the usual careless, indifferent manner with which he was accustomed to treat his sister. "Lounging about by yourself—eh?"

"You have returned unexpectedly, have you not?" inquired Florina, with a look of somewhat anxious scrutiny at her brother's appearance, which sufficiently indicated that he had not been in bed all night.

"Oh! I was desirous to get back," he answered, assuming an off-hand manner. "You know, when I went away I promised to rejoin you as soon as possible. But you look strange, Florina? Has anything happened? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the young damsel. "You seem as if you required rest,—you have doubtless travelled all night——"

"Yes—I shall go and lie down for an hour or two:"—and thus speaking, Lord Harold Staunton hastened into the castle.

"Oh, my poor unhappy brother!" murmured Florina to herself, as she turned abruptly away and proceeded along the bank of the river. "What will become of you, if you are indeed, as I suspect, by some means ensnared in the meshes of Lady Saxondale?"

Hours passed away—evening came—and the company at the castle assembled at the dinner-table. Mr. Hawkshaw had been invited to remain: and he of course sat next to Juliana, towards whom his attentions were so marked that Lord Harold Staunton had no difficulty in perceiving he was paying his court to her. Lady Saxondale did the honours of the table with her wonted display of good-breeding; and it would have been difficult for a casual observer to discern the agitation of a troubled soul beneath that external self-possession. Florina was silent and pensive: for not even Deveril's parting injunction, that she was to dissemble for a short period the unpleasant thoughts which his revelations had excited in her mind, could lead the young damsel so far to play the hypocrite as to appear joyous or gay when she was receiving the hospitality of a woman whom she alike dreaded and loathed, and while she was trembling for the welfare of a brother whom she knew to be ensnared in that designing woman's trammels.

After dinner the whole party descended into the garden, where they soon divided themselves into couples—Juliana and Mr. Hawkshaw pairing off into one avenue—Lady Macdonald and Florina into another—and Lord Harold Staunton remaining alone with Lady Saxondale. But scarcely had the two last-mentioned thus found themselves together—and ere a single syllable of any consequence had passed between them—the sounds of a travelling equipage dashing up to the castle, but concealed from their view by the trees, reached their ears.

"This is doubtless the Opera-dancer," said Lady Saxondale. "If so, I shall see her alone. Do not attempt to make your appearance: for after all you have told me, I question whether she would be over well pleased to meet you."

"But what course do you purpose to adopt?" inquired Harold, gazing earnestly upon Lady Saxondale's countenance.

"I must be entirely guided by circumstances," rejoined her ladyship.

A domestic now made his appearance, with the intimation that a lady, who had just arrived in a post-chaise, sought an immediate interview with the mistress of the castle.

"Did she give her card or name?" asked Lady Saxondale, with perfect self-possession.

"No, my lady," returned the domestic. "She said that as she was unknown to your ladyship, it was useless to do so."

"I will see her," said Lady Saxondale: and she accordingly re-entered the castle, the footman indicating the apartment to which the visitress had been shown.

As the door was thrown open and Lady Saxondale crossed the threshold of that room, she armed herself with all her patrician dignity—invested herself with all her haughty pride; and drawn up to her full height—stately as a queen, yet elegant and graceful in all her movements—she accosted the visitress, who rose from the seat which she had taken. At a glance Lady Saxondale scanned her from head to foot. She saw that she was handsome—that she was dressed with more magnificence than taste—and likewise that she possessed a hardihood and an effrontery well calculated for the business upon which she had come. Indeed, the spirit of the visitress was such as to prevent her from experiencing the slightest embarrassment on finding herself in the presence of the haughty and brilliant Lady Saxondale, whom however she regarded with some little degree of curiosity; for though she had occasionally seen her in her box at the Opera, and also in her carriage in the park, yet this was the first time that she had ever looked her face to face.

"Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" inquired her ladyship, with a cold politeness, and seeming as if she entertained not the slightest idea of who her visitress was.

"Perhaps your ladyship may have heard of Mademoiselle D'Alembert?"

"No, never—at least not to my present recollection," responded Lady Saxondale, pretending to reflect, as if she were taxing her memory: and still by remaining standing, she sought to keep the *danseuse* standing likewise.

"And yet I have seen your ladyship at the Italian Opera," resumed Miss Archer, whose pride was hurt at the thought of her name being so utterly unknown to Lady Saxondale.

"It may be so: but one of course does not know everybody who frequents places of public amusement."

"Our conversation is likely to be a long one," said Emily; "and as I am fatigued with travelling by railway and by post-chaise, you will permit me to be seated:"—saying which, she deposited herself in a free and easy manner upon a sofa, and unfastened the ribbons of her bonnet to give herself air—for the evening was close and sultry.

"Now perhaps," observed Lady Saxondale, likewise taking a seat, but with a cold, distant, formal air, as if to rebuke the familiarity which her visitress seemed inclined to display,—"now perhaps, you will have the goodness to inform me for what purpose you have sought this interview."

"Does your ladyship really mean me to understand," exclaimed Emily, "that my name is unknown to you? Well, of that no matter. I will speedily explain who I am. At the Italian Opera I am Mademoiselle D'Alembert—where I condescend to dance, apparently for the diversion of such as your ladyship who lounge in the boxes, but in reality because it suits my whim and gratifies my pride. But at my own house, Evergreen Villa—where I live in excellent style—my name is Miss Archer; and it is as Miss Archer that I now introduce myself to your ladyship. I may add that your son Lord Saxondale has recently been a very intimate friend of mine—until last night, when I picked a quarrel with him for the express purpose of causing a lasting breach between us. A certain Lord Harold Staunton," pursued Emily, with a significant and half-malicious smile, "who I believe is well known to your ladyship, can explain these particulars the next time you see him."

The *danseuse* delivered herself of this speech in a sort of half-flippant, half-familiar manner, which stirred the proud soul of Lady Saxondale to its nethermost depths; and she looked coldly stern and supremely haughty as she bent her gaze upon Miss Archer.

"You have introduced yourself, it is true," said her ladyship: "but the object of your visit is as yet unexplained."

"It is really difficult for me to believe that your ladyship has no suspicion of the object of my visit," resumed Emily: "but if it be so, explanations are easily given. In short, your ladyship has only to reflect whether there be anything at all peculiar in respect to yourself and Lord Harold Staunton, in order to arrive at a complete idea of my purpose."

"You are speaking in a manner which is almost sufficient to induce me to order you from my presence."

"No—your ladyship will do nothing of the kind," was Emily Archer's cool response. "I can read the human countenance well enough; and at this moment while I am addressing you, there is a certain trouble in your's—though I must confess that it would escape the notice of any one who was not a very close observer. Now, in plain terms," continued Miss Archer, "I am confident that you *do* know that Lord Harold Staunton called upon me last night in London and made certain proposals to me. He offered me monies which could not have possibly been his own, and which you must have therefore placed in his hands—or at least promised to furnish for a particular purpose."

Lady Saxondale bit her lip with a vexation which she could not possibly control. She had endeavoured to overawe the *danseuse*—to brow-beat her—to reduce her, in short, to that state of submission in which it would be comparatively easy to dictate her own terms, instead of having terms dictated to herself. But in this aim she was frustrated by the cool self-possession—we might almost say the impudent effrontery, of Mademoiselle D'Alembert: and therefore her ladyship perceived it to be necessary to go upon quite another tack.

"Will you, in a few words," she said, "tell me precisely what you demand? There need be no farther explanation between us in the form of preface or prelude. I am well aware—indeed I do not attempt to deny, that there is some foolish and absurd scandal existing against me in certain quarters; and unfortunately my own son has, in his natural thoughtlessness, given encouragement to it. It were easy for me to ridicule the scandal and scorn the scandalmongers; but the world is so wicked, that it is not always prudent to make light of such matters; and therefore, if your stipulations be at all reasonable, I do not know that I shall refuse to accede to them."

"I require ten thousand pounds," replied Emily Archer; "on which condition I will give up a certain dress that I have in my possession."

"Your terms are exceedingly high, Miss Archer," responded Lady Saxondale: "although, as a matter of course, the sum you have named is but a trifling one to me."

"Oh! in that case," exclaimed the *danseuse*, "I cannot consent to bate one farthing; and indeed your ladyship ought to be very much obliged to me for not doubling the amount of my demand."

"Were you to hint at such a thing," rejoin her ladyship, "I would close the negotiation at once. But so far as ten thousand pounds go, I will offer no objection. You have the dress with you, you say."

"It is in the post-chaise which has brought me hither from Lincoln. My maid, who accompanied me, has it in charge."

"You must be well aware, Miss Archer," resumed Lady Saxondale, "that I have not so large a sum as ten thousand pounds in the castle at this moment."

"Your ladyship's cheque upon your London banker will fully answer the purpose," observed the *danseuse*.

"That I cannot give. My bankers would be surprised at my drawing so large a draught in favour of a young lady engaged at the Opera. It would be immediately believed that I was encouraging my son in a certain course to which I will no farther allude. To-morrow I can procure the money in notes and gold from my bankers at Gainsborough; and therefore if you do not mind waiting in Lincolnshire until to-morrow evening——"

"Oh! I have not the slightest objection," exclaimed Emily. "It will suit me well. I will return at once to Lincoln. Name your own hour, Lady Saxondale, when I can meet you here to-morrow."

"You cannot be surprised if I adopt some precaution in respect to this second interview which must take place."

"Stipulate your own conditions: they shall be attended to."

LADY CASTLEMAINE.

Lady Saxondale appeared to reflect for some minutes: and then she said, "It must be at a somewhat late hour to-morrow evening when our interview takes place; and it cannot be within the castle-walls. I should be exposed to a thousand disagreeable suspicions if you were to visit me here again. As it is, I shall have to invent some excuse to account for your present appearance here. Do you think, however, that your maid—whom you say you have with you in your chaise—is likely to gossip with my domestics?"

"I am convinced she will not, my lady. I gave no name on my arrival; and therefore you may recognise every inclination on my part to conduct this negotiation with as much delicacy as possible. In the first place, my servant does not know the object of my coming, nor what the masquerade-dress we have brought with us has to do with my visit; and in the second place, she will not mention my name to your servants, even if they speak to her while she waits in the chaise."

"I thank you, Miss Archer, for these assurances," resumed Lady Saxondale, whose tone and look had gradually been displaying more affability and condescension since that point in the discourse at which she went off on her new tack. "I am now better able to suggest the requisite arrangements for our interview of to-morrow evening. In the first place, you must remove to-morrow from Lincoln to Gainsborough. This latter town is but a few miles distant from the castle; and there is a pleasant walk along the bank of the river, so that without even inquiring your way, you cannot possibly mistake it. Will you to-morrow evening—say at about half-past nine o'clock—meet me on the bank of the river midway between Gainsborough and the castle?—and the matter can be settled at once. I shall come provided with the money: you on your part will have the masquerade-dress."

"But your ladyship has no objection that I should be accompanied by my maid?"

"Not the slightest—on condition that you do not tell her whom it is that you are to meet: for however trustworthy you may consider her, I by no means wish to place myself in her power."

"May she not recognise your ladyship?"

"Not through the dark veil that I shall wear—nor in the disguise that I shall adopt in my apparel altogether."

"But are there no other means, Lady Saxondale," inquired Emily Archer, not altogether relishing the extreme mystery of the arrangement, "by which the negotiation can be completed? If, for instance, I were to meet you at Gainsborough to-morrow when you visit your banker——"

"No, Miss Archer—I am so well known at Gainsborough that I cannot risk being talked about. Unless indeed the whole affair be managed with the utmost secrecy, it will not be worth my while to give one single shilling to seal your lips."

"Then be it as your ladyship has decided," rejoined Emily. "For my part I do not object to whatsoever precautions your ladyship chooses to take."

"You must understand that they are indispensably necessary," said Lady Saxondale "But one word more. If you maintain the strictest secrecy in respect to all these proceedings—and if at the end of a year from the present time you have kept in your own bosom whatsoever you know concerning my affairs—you may present yourself again to me, and I will give you five thousand pounds more as a final and closing reward."

"Your ladyship may depend upon me," exclaimed Emily, scarcely able to conceal her joy at these golden results of her negotiation.

She then rose to take her leave—first however advancing up to one of the splendid mirrors in the apartment, and tying the strings of her coquettish French bonnet: then with a theatrical curtsey, which made the ample folds of her rich satin dress swell out like a balloon all around her, Mademoiselle d'Alembert quitted the apartment. She descended to the post-chaise which was waiting; and taking her seat inside the vehicle, from which her attendant *soubrette* had not alighted, was speedily on her way back again to Lincoln.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE THOROUGH-BRED.

On the following day Mr. Hawkshaw arrived to lunch at Saxondale Castle, shortly after one o'clock, according to invitation given him by the lady of the mansion herself ere he took his departure on the previous evening. He came on a most splendid thorough-bred horse, of which he had spoken the day before, and concerning which Lord Harold had expressed some degree of curiosity. During luncheon, Staunton renewed the conversation relative to the horse; and Mr. Hawkshaw launched forth into enthusiastic eulogies of its brilliant qualities,—at the same time describing it as one which only a fearless rider would venture to mount.

"Perhaps," said Lord Harold, with a smile, "you are not aware, Mr. Hawkshaw, that I am considered by my friends to be a most excellent equestrian; and if you will permit me the opportunity, after luncheon, I will convince you whether I am afraid to take your horse at the highest gate we can find in the fields round about."

"I request, Harold, that you will not be so foolish," said Florina, who, notwithstanding her diminished opinion of her brother's rectitude of principle and worth of character, nevertheless still entertained for him too great a sisterly regard not to be frightened at this proposed venture on his part.

"And I also must interpose my authority," said Lady Macdonald: "that is to say, if I possess any—which indeed I hope I do. For people in our sphere of life——"

"My dear aunt," interrupted Staunton,—"and you also, Florina, I cannot possibly listen to your fears: or rather you must permit me to tell you both that they are quite unfounded. Have I not been out hunting often? did I not ride at the celebrated Dunchurch steeple-chase?"

"But, my lord," said Lady Saxondale, with an air of grave remonstrance, "I think that your aunt and dear Flo have given you most excellent advice; and if you will allow me to add the weight of mine, I must beg that you think no more of riding Mr. Hawkshaw's horse—at least not for the purpose of taking any desperate leaps."

"What does Mr. Hawkshaw himself say?"

asked Juliana. "For he of course is the best judge respecting the danger to be incurred."

"You shall see me take a gate first," replied the Squire; "and then you four ladies can constitute a jury to decide whether Lord Harold shall attempt the same achievement."

"Indeed, if there be any danger," said Juliana, throwing a look of alarm upon her lover, "I cannot think of permitting even *you* to try the feat."

"Danger, my dear Miss Farefield!" exclaimed the Squire, at the same time rewarding her with a look of grateful rapture: "there is none for a really good horseman."

"Nevertheless," said Lady Saxondale, "I would much rather that Lord Harold should follow the advice which his aunt and sister have given him. It is foolish to run risks of this kind."

"Well, we shall see," ejaculated Harold, rising from his seat. "Come, Mr. Hawkshaw—you and I will go down to the stables and have the horse brought out; and the ladies will perhaps join us presently in the park."

No objection was offered to this proposal, and the two gentlemen accordingly withdrew. The ladies then ascended to their chambers to put on their walking attire; and in about half-an-hour they all four traversed the gardens and entered the park, where Mr. Hawkshaw was already mounted on his splendid horse, showing off its paces to Lord Harold Staunton, who admired the animal exceedingly.

"Let us proceed," said the Squire, "towards yonder palings. There is a five-barred gate in that barrier."

Juliana walked by the side of the steed which her admirer rode: and true to the tactics which she had so skilfully adopted, first to captivate and afterwards to secure Mr. Hawkshaw's heart, she talked to him of nothing else but his favourite steed.

"Pray, Harold," said Florina, taking her brother's arm, "do not attempt anything rash. Do not, I beseech you! An accident so soon occurs."

"How is it, Flo," inquired Staunton, "that you are so very anxious concerning me all of a sudden?"

"How can you talk in this manner, Harold?" said his sister, gazing up at him reproachfully as she walked by his side.

"Oh! I thought you were rather cool to me yesterday after my return—and likewise this morning. I did not know, however," continued Staunton, "in what way I had offended you——"

"But whatsoever amount of offence you might give me, Harold," interrupted his sister, "I should still be anxious concerning you all the same; and therefore I beg that you will undertake nothing rash. Of course I am no judge of horses; but it seems to me that Mr. Hawkshaw's is very spirited, and that it is one which only a person accustomed to ride it, and who therefore knows it well, ought to attempt any bold feat with."

"Well, my dear Flo," returned Harold carelessly, "we shall see all about it presently. Pray don't alarm yourself beforehand."

Lady Saxondale and Lady Macdonald had followed at a little distance, and were conversing on the same subject—the former being to all appearances quite as averse as the latter that Staunton should take so daring a leap with a steed which he had never ridden before.

In a few minutes the palings skirting the park were reached; and a halt was made. There was a very high gate in that boundary; and this was the one which Mr. Hawkshaw proposed to leap. Juliana raised her eyes towards him with a look of tenderness and alarm—so that the Squire could scarcely refrain from bending down and giving utterance to a few words expressive of his rapture at the interest which she thus demonstrated on his behalf. Yet he did restrain himself; because the period which he had prescribed for courtship ere avowing his passion, had not yet passed: but then he looked all he would have said, and the eloquence of his eyes told a tale satisfactory enough to the intriguing and selfish Miss Farefield.

Taking a proper distance—but with the unconcern and fearlessness of a man who knew perfectly well what his horse could do, and what he himself might in all safety venture—Squire Hawkshaw galloped the steed at the gate and cleared it in the most beautiful style, to the admiration of those who beheld him. Cantering into the middle of the field on the other side of the park-railings, he wheeled the horse round—galloped it back again at the gate—and leaped over in the same admirable manner as before.

"There!" he said, springing from the steed as he reached the spot where the ladies had remained standing with Lord Harold: "you see that anything can be done with this horse."

"Then I am sure that I need not fear to venture," said the young nobleman: and he advanced to take the bridle from the Squire's hand.

"No, Harold!" cried Florina: "do not, I beseech you—do not!"

But by the time she had uttered these words, her brother had sprung upon the horse; and galloping away, he made a wide circuit, not only to settle himself well upon the animal's back and try its paces for himself, but also to convince the Squire that he was no mean equestrian.

"Your ladyship need fear nothing," said Mr. Hawkshaw, addressing himself to Florina: "for your brother is quite capable of doing with that horse whatsoever I can do."

"But you are such a superb rider," remarked Juliana in an undertone, accompanying her compliment with a tender look.

"Lord Harold is as good as I am," returned the Squire, surveying Staunton's equestrian performance with the eye of a *connoisseur*. "See, he is going to take the gate! Stand back a little. Pray, don't be afraid, ladies! I can assure you he is all safe. It is perfectly right—he knows what he is about. Why, he sits upon the back of that horse as if he formed part of it. There—away he goes!"

And away Lord Harold did go, clearing the gate in as fine a style as Mr. Hawkshaw had already twice done. But all in an instant shrieks burst forth from the ladies, and an ejaculation of alarm from the Squire: for scarcely had Staunton leapt the gate, when he disappeared from the horse's back—the steed galloped on—and he was left lying in the field.

"O heaven, he is killed! he is killed!" was the wild cry that issued from Florina's lips: and she sprang frantically towards the gate.

"Do not be alarmed, dear Flo," said Harold,

half raising himself, but apparently with great pain; and then he sank back again.

The gate was opened—and in a moment he was surrounded by all the party. He was very pale, and looked up with anguish on his countenance. Florina threw herself upon her knees by his side, while Mr. Hawkshaw assisted her to raise him. Lady Macdonald was excessively alarmed—Lady Saxondale seemed so—and Juliana was frightened as much as it was in her nature to care for anybody.

"Where are you hurt, Harold? For heaven's sake, speak!" cried his sister, full of anguish. "Oh, do speak, Harold!—tell me where you are hurt."

"It is nothing—beyond a mere fall—a few bruises," murmured Staunton, as if with difficulty giving utterance to the words.

Mr. Hawkshaw ran his hands over Lord Harold's arms and then his legs; and finding that he did not give vent to any expression of pain, the Squire at once concluded that no bones were broken.

"Stand up, my lord—let us assist you to rise. There!" he exclaimed, as he and Florina together helped Staunton to regain his feet. "How do you feel now?"

"Better—much better: I am only bruised. Run and get your horse, Hawkshaw: I can stand alone now—or at least supported on my sister's arm. Thanks, dear Flo, for the kind interest you take in me."

Mr. Hawkshaw, now perfectly assured that nothing very serious was the matter with Lord Harold, hastened in pursuit of the steed, which he soon caught; and on leading it back to the spot where the accident had occurred, he found Staunton leaning against the gate surrounded by the ladies, who were receiving his assurances that he only felt very much shaken, but that there was nothing serious to apprehend. To his sister's proposal that medical assistance should be sent for, he gave a decisive negative,—declaring that he had experienced on former occasions more severe falls than the present one.

"The best thing you can do, my lord," said Hawkshaw, "is to get back to the castle and go to bed. You must lie up for two or three days, at the end of which time you will be perfectly recovered."

"Decidedly I shall follow your advice," responded Staunton. "Come, let me lean on your arm, Flo—and your's too, aunt: for I feel somewhat weak—which is to be expected."

"God be thanked it is no worse!" said Lady Macdonald, as she gave her nephew her arm, while Florina fervently echoed her elderly relative's words.

"I can't fancy how the deuce you could have managed it," said Mr. Hawkshaw, leading his horse by the bridle, as the party moved slowly onward towards the castle. "You cleared the gate in beautiful style: nobody could have done it better. I watched you as narrowly as possible the whole time; and it seemed to me that when landing on the opposite side, you were as firm in your saddle as at the moment the horse made the spring. But all of a sudden you disappeared as if shot by some unseen hand."

"I myself can scarcely tell how it did occur," replied Harold, speaking in a voice that seemed very feeble and weak. "I don't know whether it was a sudden dizziness, or a loss of balance—or whether the horse shied at the moment——"

"No, that I can swear he didn't!" exclaimed Hawkshaw: "he never swerved a hair's-breadth to right or left, but went straight on as he always does. However, the harm's done: and there is no more use in talking about it. At the same time, my lord, I don't think that your reputation need be considered damaged as a good equestrian: for you certainly took the gate gallantly, and there is no mistake about that."

The party reached the castle; and Lord Harold was conducted up to his chamber, where he got to bed, declaring his intention of remaining there for a day or two. The incident appeared to throw a damp upon the spirits of every one—the gloom being genuine in some respects, feigned no doubt in others. Mr. Hawkshaw, who was a generous and frank-hearted man, expressed himself in the kindest terms relative to Harold; and two or three times in the course of the day he ascended to his lordship's chamber to inquire how he felt. Florina would have remained there altogether to attend upon her brother: but Harold preferred being left alone, as he said that the shock which he had sustained had left an exceeding drowsiness behind it. Mr. Hawkshaw stayed to dinner, which was served up as usual between six and seven o'clock. He and Juliana walked out together in the garden afterwards,—the other ladies remaining in-doors. Between eight and nine o'clock the Squire and Miss Farefield ascended to the drawing-room, where Lady Saxondale, Lady Macdonald, and Florina were seated.

"How gets on the patient?" asked the Squire. "With your ladyship's permission I will pay him another visit; and then perhaps he will like to be left quiet for the rest of the evening."

"Do so," responded Lady Saxondale, to whom the remark was addressed. "I will accompany you. And, Florina—perhaps you will come with us?"

The three accordingly proceeded to Staunton's chamber; and in answer to their queries he said that he felt very stiff and sore—that he was much bruised—and feared he should be unable to leave his chamber for some days. Florina again urged the necessity of having professional assistance: but her brother said that it was useless—and Mr. Hawkshaw himself did not consider it to be by any means necessary, adding that a good night's rest would do wonders for him.

"We will therefore leave his lordship to his repose," said Lady Saxondale. "The bell-pull is within your reach; and I have given orders that your slightest wants or wishes are to be attended to."

"My grateful thanks are due to your ladyship," replied Staunton, with as much respect as if not the slightest improper intimacy had ever taken place between himself and the splendid mistress of the castle.

Her ladyship, Florina, and Mr. Hawkshaw wished Harold good night, and quitted the chamber,—returning to the drawing-room, where they reported to Lady Macdonald and Juliana how the patient was getting on.

"I must now leave you to amuse yourselves as best you can for ten minutes or a quarter of an

hour," said Lady Saxondale, "while I repair to the library to write a few letters."

Thus speaking, she quitted the room. But her absence was not longer than she had specified; and on her return she sat down to join in the conversation with her daughter and her guests.

CHAPTER LXXI.

A TRAGEDY.

It was about half-past eight o'clock on this same evening of which we are speaking, that Mr. Gunthorpe and William Deveril set out on foot from an hotel at Gainsborough, where they had arrived during the afternoon; and they proceeded along the bank of the river towards Saxondale Castle. The sun had gone down half-an-hour previously: the twilight was waning—the dusk was setting in—but by the appearance of the evening there was no probability of the darkness being so great as to render the walk by the side of the Trent at all dangerous. Deveril, moreover, had been there before, and perfectly remembered the various features of the route.

"I wonder whether the fellow Chiffin will keep his appointment," said Mr. Gunthorpe, after they had walked a considerable distance—and it was now past nine o'clock.

"I think there can be no doubt of it," replied Deveril. "The man is evidently one who will do anything for money; and the prospect of receiving a large reward from you, sir, will win him over to our interests. But really I am quite ashamed when I think of all the trouble you are taking on my behalf—and what is more still, all the money you are spending."

"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe petulantly. "How often am I to tell you not to address me in that way? If you ever speak to me again in such terms, I shall think that you mean intentionally to offend me."

"No, my dear sir—you cannot think *that*: because you know it to be impossible. On the contrary, you would doubtless consider it very extraordinary if I did not express all my gratitude towards you. Ah! it was here," suddenly exclaimed Deveril, "that I rescued that strange woman from drowning; and yonder is the cottage to which we were both conveyed. You perceive that glimmering light?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gunthorpe; "and I tell you what, William—I feel uncommonly thirsty; and we will just step out of our way that much, and call upon those good peasants. There is plenty of time: for Chiffin will of course wait for us. That confounded soup at the hotel in Gainsborough was so salt that it has left my throat as dry as if I had been eating red herrings."

Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril accordingly turned away from the bank of the river and approached the cottage, which they reached in a few minutes. On knocking at the door it was opened by the peasant himself, who instantaneously recognising Deveril as the light from the room streamed upon his countenance, gave vent to an ejaculation of surprise and joy.

"This is kind of you, sir, to come and see us again! Walk in, sir. Mother, here is Mr. Deveril—and another gentleman along with him."

"They are both heartily welcome," said the old woman, making her appearance; and in the kindness of her heart she grasped Deveril's hand.

Our young hero and Mr. Gunthorpe entered the little sitting-room of the cottage, where the old woman's daughter welcomed Deveril in her turn. But there were two other persons in this room—two females. One was handsomely dressed, and had the air, if not exactly of a lady, at least of a person in good circumstances; while the other, who appeared to be her maid, carried a large brown paper parcel in her hand. It immediately struck Deveril that he had seen the countenance of the lady before: but he could not at the instant recollect when or where.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said the old woman, bustling about to give Mr. Gunthorpe and our hero chairs: "there's plenty of room. Well, we *have* got company this evening! Who would have thought it? This lady and her maid have taken a longer walk than they meant to do, as they say—and were so tired they were obliged to step in and sit down for a few minutes. But what will you take, gentlemen? Our fare is humble, yet such as it is, you are most welcome."

"My friend here," answered Deveril, "is exceedingly thirsty. A draught of water, or milk——"

"Or cider?" exclaimed the old woman. "We have got some good cider; and this lady and her maid have pronounced it excellent."

"Yes—that assurance I can certainly give you, gentlemen," said the handsomely-dressed female, who had never taken her fine dark eyes off Deveril since the first moment he entered the cottage: for she was evidently struck by the exceeding beauty of his person, as well perhaps by having heard his name mentioned by the old woman's son when he made his appearance.

Deveril bowed courteously as she spoke; and again it struck him that he had seen her before.

"If it be not impertinent, sir," she said, "are you the Mr. Deveril whose name created so much sympathy on a recent occasion?"—then as our hero again bowed, though somewhat distantly—for he did not much like the hardihood of his questioner's looks,—she exclaimed, "Ah! I am well acquainted with Lord Harold Staunton, and his intimate friend Lord Saxondale too."

"Do you come from London, then?" inquired Mr. Gunthorpe, in his blunt manner.

"I reside habitually in London," was the response; "but a little business has brought me down into these parts. I dare say," added the lady, "that my name is not unfamiliar to you, gentlemen. I am Mademoiselle D'Alembert of the Italian Opera."

"Ah!" ejaculated Deveril, now instantaneously recollecting where he had seen her countenance before.

"Yes—that is my name," she continued, flattering herself that it was in admiring surprise that the young gentleman had sent forth that exclamation. "But come," she added, addressing herself to her *soubrette*; "we must be off."

Rising from her seat, she ostentatiously took from her purse a sovereign, which she tendered to the old woman of the cottage, who literally confounded

herself in curtseys at this unlooked-for liberality; but Mademoiselle D'Alembert, turning abruptly away with the air of one who does not require thanks for any evidence of her bounty, said in a sort of half-whisper to our hero, "If, on your return to London, Mr. Deveril, you would favour me with a call at Evergreen Villa, in the Seven Sisters' Road, Holloway, I shall be happy to receive you."

"I thank you, Mademoiselle," replied William, bowing coldly and distantly: "but I shall not be enabled to avail myself of your polite invitation."

The large dark eyes of Emily Archer flashed with sudden fires—her countenance became crimson—she bit her lip, and was evidently about to give utterance to some angry ejaculation, for she was deeply mortified: but restraining herself, she passed on without saying a word, flouncing indignantly out of the cottage, followed by the *soubrette*, who turned up her nose with a half grimace at both Deveril and Mr. Gunthorpe as she whisked by them.

"Ah! they be London folks, I see," said the old woman. "They give their gold—but they also give theirselves airs."

The cider was now produced. Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril each took a glass, and pronounced it excellent.

"I wonder what that woman and her servant can be doing out here at such a time in the evening," observed Mr. Gunthorpe to our hero. "It's very strange—is it not? But didn't she say she was acquainted with Lord Saxondale? Perhaps she has come after him. However, it's no business of our's:"—then turning to the peasant woman, he said, "You behaved most kindly to my young friend here on a recent occasion; and though I have no doubt he testified his gratitude, yet you must permit me to show mine on his behalf."

With these words Mr. Gunthorpe put five sovereigns upon the table—and then hurried out of the cottage, accompanied by William Deveril, but followed to the door by the old woman, her son, and her daughter, who all three poured forth their most heartfelt gratitude for this proof of generosity. And true generosity it was—the money being given from motives of the purest kindness, very different indeed from the ostentation which had ere now accompanied the gift of Emily Archer.

Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril sped away from the cottage, and in a few minutes reached the bank of the river, where they were almost immediately joined by Chiffin the Cannibal, who was coming from the direction of Saxondale Castle. The ruffian had his club under his arm, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his great rough shaggy coat: his battered white hat was cocked a little on one side—and the blue smoke was curling up from the bowl of a short pipe which he held in his mouth.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "so you are come according to appointment? My eyes, what a lark I have just had! There was two women a little way farther on in that direction,"—jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the castle; "and when they saw me they screeched out as if they took me for a highwayman. Now really, gentlemen, I think I look a trifle more respectable than *that*—don't I?"—and Mr. Chiffin gave a deep chuckling laugh at what he considered to be the merriness of his conceit.

"Ah, I suppose they are the same we saw just now at the hut," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Is it possible that they are going to the castle?"

"Well, it looks like it," responded Chiffin. "But, I say, gentlemen—if anything is to be done to-night, we must look sharp. For it's now close upon ten o'clock: and at eleven, you know, her ladyship will peep into the chapel of the castle to see if I am there."

"Well," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "you are to introduce us thither along with you. I suppose there are plenty of places where we can be secreted, while you hold your discourse with her ladyship?"

"Plenty," answered Chiffin. "There's the steps leading from the vestiary down into the vaults; you can stand there just inside the door. Or what's better perhaps, there's the tombs, behind one of which you can hide as nice as possible; 'cause why, I can walk as if quite promiscuous in there, while chatting with her ladyship. But mind, whatever she wants done I am going to ask a blessed high reward; and if she agrees, you've got to double it."

"The bargain is well understood," answered Mr. Gunthorpe. "But now tell us how you propose to introduce us into the castle: for we don't want to stand the chance of being shot at like burglars."

"No fear of that, sir," replied Chiffin. "It's on the western side that overlooks the river. The wall comes flush down into the water——"

"Then how the deuce are we to get in?" demanded Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Why, you see, sir, the river's quite shallow—not knee deep—all along just under the wall; and it goes shelving down so gradual that there's no chance of getting out of your depth. Then there's a precious great tree that grows right up out of the bed of the river against some of the windows; and there's a thundering big bough that goes right bang across one of them windows—and it's as easy climbing up that tree as if it was a ladder. You ain't the thinnest person in the world, sir: but you can manage this here business with no more bother than if you was walking up-stairs. There's a precious sight nastier tree than that to climb, I can tell you, gentlemen—a leafless one that they sometimes set up at the debtors' door of Newgate;"—and the Cannibal again sent forth that low deep chuckle which was horrible to hear.

"Come, a truce to this jesting," said Mr. Gunthorpe sternly.

During the above colloquy the two gentlemen and Chiffin had been walking hastily in the direction of the castle. At the very moment that those last words had issued in a tone of rebuke from Mr. Gunthorpe's lips, the report of a pistol from a little distance reached their ears. This was followed by a shriek in a female voice; and quick as thought, a second report of a pistol was heard. Then all was still.

"Good God, what is that?" cried Mr. Gunthorpe.

An ejaculation likewise burst from Deveril's lips; and the two gentlemen, accompanied by Chiffin, rushed along the bank of the river in the same direction they were already pursuing—namely, towards the castle: for it was in that same direction whence the pistol-shots and the scream had emanated.

In a few minutes they beheld something dark lying across the pathway ahead: another minute, and they distinctly perceived that there were two

objects. The next minute brought them up to the spot—where, to the unspeakable horror and dismay of Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril, and to the astonishment of Chiffin, they beheld the forms of two females stretched upon the ground.

"The same we saw at the cottage!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe, as soon as he could recover the power of speech—while Deveril, stooping down, pronounced life to be extinct in both.

The countenance of the unfortunate Emily Archer was dreadfully disfigured, the pistol-bullet having evidently penetrated her forehead, shattering all the upper part of her head. The *soubrette* had been killed by a ball penetrating her heart—for that side of her dress was saturated with blood. It was a sad—a ghastly—a shocking spectacle: and both Mr. Gunthorpe and our hero shuddered from head to foot, as if stricken with an ice-chill.

"Well, I'm blowed," said Chiffin the Cannibal, "if it isn't a deuced lucky thing for me that I was with you gentlemen at the time: or else you would have been sure to say it was me as did it."

"What, in the name of heaven, is to be done?" exclaimed Deveril, addressing himself to Mr. Gunthorpe, but glancing towards Chiffin: then in the Italian language he said, quickly and whisperingly, "If this man is seen with us, we shall be accused of the deed!"

"True," replied Mr. Gunthorpe, now recovering his presence of mind, but still trembling from head to foot with feelings of indescribable horror: then thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a quantity of notes and gold, and giving them to Chiffin, said, "Begone! Stay not here for another moment—or no power on earth could make the authorities of justice believe that you are innocent of this!"

"Right enough!" ejaculated the Cannibal, clutching the money with avidity. "But what about the business yonder?"—and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the castle.

"Is it possible that you think of staying in this neighbourhood?" demanded Mr. Gunthorpe.

"No—I should rather think not," was the Cannibal's quick response.

"Then away with you!" cried both Mr. Gunthorpe and William Deveril in a breath.

Chiffin sped off across the fields, away from the vicinage of the river, and was speedily lost to the view.

The colloquy just recorded had scarcely occupied a minute—during which Deveril looked about in every direction to see if he could discover the slightest trace of the path which the murderer or murderers had pursued: but there was no indication to lead him to any such discovery. Indeed, it was evident enough that the flight of the author or authors of the terrible deed must have been exceedingly precipitate: for at the moment when Gunthorpe, Deveril, and Chiffin had first come up to the spot, no sound of retreating footsteps had met their ears—no form vanishing in the distance had caught their glance. One circumstance Deveril now observed—which was, that the parcel the *soubrette* carried in her hand when at the cottage, had disappeared.

"Now what is to be done, sir?" asked Deveril, so soon as the Cannibal had taken his departure.

"Hasten you to the hut, and bid the peasant repair with all possible speed to Gainsborough—or else to the nearest county magistrate—that information may be given."

"And you will remain here?" asked Deveril.

"Yes—certainly," rejoined Mr. Gunthorpe. "We must take care that the bodies of these unfortunate women are not touched until the authorities have seen them."

"But if the murderers should return, you might not be safe? Suffer me to wait here and keep watch, while you repair to the cottage."

"No such thing, William! Do as I bid you. Begone at once!"—and Mr. Gunthorpe spoke in a very peremptory manner.

Deveril accordingly offered no farther remonstrance—but hastened back to the cottage, which was about a mile distant. The inmates were just shutting up the place in preparation for retiring to rest: but they were not as yet in bed. Deveril knocked loudly and impatiently with his clenched hand at the door; and when it was opened, his pale countenance and horrified looks at once showed that something dreadful had occurred. His tale was quickly told; and it naturally produced consternation and dismay on the part of the old woman, her son, and daughter. The man himself, as soon as he had regained his self-possession, at once declared his readiness to hasten to Gainsborough with whatsoever message Deveril thought it right to send; and our hero accordingly bade him use all possible despatch and inform the local constabulary of what had occurred. The peasant set off on his errand; and William Deveril hastened to rejoin Mr. Gunthorpe, whom he found pacing to and fro on the bank of the river close by the spot where the murdered women lay stretched.

Two hours elapsed, during which Mr. Gunthorpe and our hero remained upon the scene of the awful crime that had been perpetrated. But little was the conversation that passed between them: their feelings were too highly wrought—too full of horror and consternation—to enable them to enter upon deliberate discourse. As for any conjecture relative to the author or authors of the crime, they could offer none. It was indeed shrouded in the darkest, deepest mystery: for according to the appearance presented by the bodies of the murdered women, it was evident their persons had not been rifled.

To add to the utter discomfort of the position of the gentlemen, the sky grew overcast and the rain began to fall—at first only drizzling, but in a little while descending more sharply—until at length it poured down in torrents. They had no umbrellas: but they stood up under the thick canopy of a neighbouring tree, and thus avoided being completely drenched by the rain.

At the expiration of the two hours they heard persons advancing along the bank of the river from the direction of Gainsborough; and half a dozen individuals soon made their appearance. These consisted of a magistrate, a surgeon, and some constables, accompanied also by the peasant. In a few words Mr. Gunthorpe explained to the magistrate the circumstances under which himself and Deveril had discovered the murder. The lanterns which the constables had with them, were lighted,—the position in which the bodies lay was

carefully noted by the authorities—and the magistrate then decided upon having the corpses conveyed to Gainsborough. Some hurdles were procured; and upon these the bodies were placed. The procession then set out along the bank of the river, through the deluging rain, towards the town.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE CHAPEL.

We left Lady Saxondale and her guests seated together in conversation in one of the magnificent drawing-rooms of the castle, after a visit had been paid to Lord Harold's chamber. Lady Saxondale herself had retired for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to the library, as she stated, to write a letter or two; and on her return to the drawing-room she joined in the conversation which was progressing at the time. Mr. Hawkshaw sat with Juliana a little apart from the rest; and though they both mingled in the general discourse, yet he found an opportunity of manifesting these little attentions and paying those assiduities which belong to the pleasing ceremony of courtship. Florina was, alone of all the party, desponding and abstracted. She was previously in low spirits before the accident occurred to her brother; and that circumstance had naturally tended to depress her still more. Lady Macdonald, satisfied that there was nothing alarming in her nephew's position, had regained the wonted equanimity of her disposition: Lady Saxondale studied to render herself as agreeable as she could—and such an attempt on her part was never made in vain. Towards Mr. Hawkshaw she was particularly courteous and affable—although there was nothing in her manner to show that she played the part of a manœuvring mother endeavouring to secure an eligible husband for her daughter. Nor indeed was it at all necessary for her to lend her aid in the matter: as Juliana had played her cards so well that Mr. Hawkshaw was ensnared, to all appearances, beyond the possibility of self-emancipation from the thraldom of love.

At about ten o'clock supper was served up; and Florina suggested that as her brother had taken but little refreshment since the accident of the morning, he might possibly require some now. She accordingly intimated her intention of ascending to his chamber to make the inquiry.

"I will accompany you, Flo," said her ladyship, displaying all the concern of a generous hostess with regard to an invalid guest.

The two ladies thereupon quitted the room, and ascended to Lord Harold's chamber. On reaching the door, Lady Saxondale said in a whispering voice, "If he sleeps, Flo, it will be a pity to disturb him. Let us enter very carefully indeed."

Lady Saxondale accordingly opened the door with the utmost caution, and listened upon the threshold. The wax-lights were burning upon the mantel; and her ladyship, motioning with her hand for Florina to remain where she was, advanced on tiptoe towards the couch: then having peeped between the curtains, she retreated in the same noiseless manner towards Florina, to whom she whispered, "He is sleeping soundly."

The young lady was pleased by this announcement—because the circumstance appeared to indicate an absence of pain on her brother's part, and therefore that he had in reality received no serious injury. Lady Saxondale closed the door again with the same caution she had displayed on opening it; and, accompanied by Florina, she retraced her way to the apartment where the supper was served up.

"What news?" inquired Mr. Hawkshaw, who throughout had shown the most generous interest on Lord Harold's behalf.

"Our patient is sleeping soundly," replied Lady Saxondale with an air of great satisfaction.

"So much the better," observed Mr. Hawkshaw. "You may depend upon it that in a day or two he will be all right again. If he suffered much pain he would not be sleeping in that manner."

Florina was well pleased to hear an opinion which thus confirmed her own hope; and she felt somewhat more cheerful. It was nearly eleven o'clock before Mr. Hawkshaw took his departure; and ere he withdrew, he asked Lady Saxondale to be allowed to ride over in the morning and make personal inquiries relative to the invalid. This permission was of course accorded; and the Squire's horse having been gotten in readiness, he left the castle.

Immediately after he had thus taken his leave, the ladies withdrew to their respective chambers.

It was now eleven o'clock: and Lady Saxondale, on reaching her own room dismissed her maids for the night, with the intimation that she intended to sit up reading a little while ere she sought her couch. In about a quarter of an hour—when she thought the household was quiet—she stole forth from that chamber, and proceeded to Lord Harold's. There she remained only a few minutes, in conversation with the young nobleman; and on issuing forth again—instead of returning at once to her own room—she proceeded along the galleries leading to the western side of the castle. She extinguished the candle which she carried in her hand, and felt her way through the gloom of those corridors to the chapel—on entering which, she closed the door and then re-lighted the candle, having brought matches with her for the purpose. This precaution she adopted to prevent any of the inmates of the castle perceiving, from the opposite side of the court-yard, a light moving along the galleries of the uninhabited portion of the building.

Scarcely had she thus obtained a light again, when the sounds of footsteps reached her ears; and forth from the place of tombs emerged the unmistakable form of Chiffin the Cannibal.

"Ah! you have come at last?" said Lady Saxondale.

"Yes," was his growling response: "but I had a deuced great mind not to venture here at all to-night—for there's a precious rum thing took place at a little distance, about two or three mile away towards Gainsborough."

"And what is that?" demanded Lady Saxondale, fixing her eyes upon the ruffian in a penetrating manner.

"Why, nothing more nor less than a double murder," responded Chiffin.

"A double murder?" echoed her ladyship. "What do you mean? Have you——"

"No, not I: and it's a precious lucky thing for

MADEMOISELLE D'ALEMBERT.

me that I had witnesses to the contrary—or else, if I had been seen lurking about in these parts——"

"Witnesses?" ejaculated her ladyship. "Do you mean me to understand that you brought any of your companions or friends with you?"

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Chiffin. "But I will tell your ladyship all about it——"

"The murder? Speak of that first. Who has been murdered? and what mean you by a double murder?"

"I mean what I say—that there is two young women lying dead—or at least I left them there—on the river's bank, both killed with pistol-bullets. I heard the report; and so did two gentlemen that was there at the time."

"And you would have me believe," said her ladyship, now fixing her eyes with a still more peculiar look than at first upon the Cannibal, "that this is not your work?"

"It's so like mine that your ladyship can't very easy believe it isn't: but it isn't though for all that."

"And these women? You say that you have left two gentlemen upon the spot——"

"I have got a little tale to tell your ladyship; and then you will see," continued Chiffin, "that I am a right staunch, trustworthy kind of a fellow. But first of all you must tell me what you wanted me down here for—and all about it."

"I do not require your services just at present," answered Lady Saxondale. "Circumstances have changed. But of course I shall reward you for your trouble; and it may be that in two or three weeks I shall need your aid. I will however write to you again. Here, take this packet: it contains a recompense which I have no doubt will satisfy you. And now what have you to tell me?"

"Of course," replied Chiffin, taking the little parcel, and weighing it for a moment in his hand so as to calculate the probable amount of gold it might contain, "your ladyship will consider that what I am going to tell you is worthy of a farther reward?"

"Go on, go on," interrupted Lady Saxondale impatiently. "You have already received sufficient proofs that I know how to behave liberally."

"Well, you see, ma'am," resumed the Cannibal, "t'other night two gentlemen came to me at Solomon Patch's house in Agar Town, and very perlitely introduced themselves as Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril——"

"Ah!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale, with a visible start; and her face, already pale this night, grew paler still. "But proceed. What did they require of you?"

"They told me that Mr. Deveril was at Gainsborough when your ladyship posted that note to me—that he saw it posted—and that he knew it was you that posted it—and what's more, too, he saw the address."

"But this is absolutely impossible!" cried Lady Saxondale, in mingled amazement and consternation. "You are deceiving me—you have betrayed me!"

"Oh, well—if that's your opinion," observed the Cannibal gruffly, "I may as well be off."

"No, no: proceed with what you have to say. Go on—I will not interrupt you again."

"Well, ma'am—that's what the gentlemen said," continued Chiffin; "and they further stated that for certain reasons of their own they were uncommon anxious to see the contents of the letter. So, as there was nothing particular in it, I did show it to them."

"You showed it to them?" ejaculated Lady Saxondale angrily, and also in terror.

"Well, I thought it best: they seemed so positive that you had written it—and I couldn't possibly deny it."

"But what in heaven's name must they think now?" murmured Lady Saxondale in accents of despair.

"Don't you see, ma'am, I was acting in your interest? I wanted to draw the gentlemen out, and ascertain what object they had in view. So I pretended to tumble into their schemes; and they said that whatever reward you offered me for doing what you required, they would double it. Then they said that they should come down here into Lincolnshire, and I must manage to make them overhear what was to take place betwixt you and me. Now you know how it was they were in these parts to-night. But a very few minutes after I had joined them, we heard the report of pistol-shots: we rushed along the bank, and found the two dead bodies. Then the gentlemen got frightened at my being with them: they didn't think me quite respectable enough, I suppose—and so they bundled me off at once, giving up their scheme of getting into the castle. At first I thought of cutting away out of the neighbourhood as hard as I could: but then I reflected that it was better to come and see your ladyship, and tell you what is in the wind in respect to Mr. Deveril and Mr. Gunthorpe. So I made a circuit and got back again to the castle—and that's all I have to tell you. Now, if your ladyship thinks this is worth anything——"

"Yes: you know I shall reward you," interrupted Lady Saxondale, impatiently. "But did you really mean to introduce these personages into the castle?"

"Well, to speak the truth," answered Chiffin, "I should have done so: but then I should have took uncommon good care to tip you a wink, or drop you a word in a whisper, not to talk on any serious business. The fact is, I wanted to see this matter out with them two gentlemen; and that's all about it."

Lady Saxondale said not another word; but drawing forth her purse, which contained notes and gold, she emptied it into the Cannibal's hand. His eyes glittered with a horrible reptile light, as he thought to himself that what with the money he had received from Mr. Gunthorpe, and the two separate sums he had just obtained from Lady Saxondale, he had made an excellent evening's work of it.

"And so, ma'am, you have nothing more for me to do to-night?" he resumed, as he consigned the money to his pocket.

"Nothing. When I need your services again, I will write to you. You will do well to get out of this neighbourhood as quick as possible."

"I mean to do so. Thank you for the advice, ma'am: I have no inclination to get took up on suspicion of doing what I didn't do."

"But one word more," said Lady Saxondale. "It is probable that Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril may seek you out again. If so, can I rely

upon your letting me know what they want of you? You are well aware that your reward will not be deficient."

"Depend upon it, ma'am—you shan't be kept in the dark," responded Chiffin.

"But still one word more!" remarked Lady Saxondale, after a few instants' deep reflection. "You are going back to London——"

"Yes: I shall walk all the rest of this night."

"Well, well, you are going back to London, I say—and no doubt Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril will be going back to London also. Now, if they should both visit you again at that place in Agar Town, are there no means——But you understand me?"—and the lady looked with dark and ominous significancy at the Cannibal.

"Well, I think I do, ma'am," he replied, a horrible leer corroborating his words. "Yes—it's quite possible for them two gentlemen to tumble down into a cellar at the *Billy Goat* and break their necks—or disappear somehow or another in such an unaccountable way that their friends shall never know what the deuce to think of it——"

"I do not wish to hear any more," interrupted Lady Saxondale: then in a low murmuring voice, she added, as she again fixed her eyes with a look of deep meaning upon the Cannibal, "But this much I may say—I dislike those two persons so much that if you did happen to come with the intelligence that they had disappeared so unaccountably as you state, I think that in my satisfaction I should make you a present of a couple of thousand guineas."

"Ah! that's something like!" exclaimed the Cannibal, a ferocious joy appearing upon his countenance. "Not another word, ma'am, upon the subject. I dare say you will see me again before long."

"Every Monday and Thursday night," added Lady Saxondale, "at eleven o'clock, I shall look into the chapel. And now you must take your departure."

Chiffin delayed not to follow this intimation, and succeeded in effecting his egress from the building by means of the window in the adjacent tapestry-chamber.

Lady Saxondale, extinguishing the light, regained her own chamber without being observed by any inmate of the castle: and when she was alone, she sat down and gave way to her reflections.

"Can that man be trusted?" she asked herself. "Did he not meditate treachery towards me when agreeing to admit that odious Gunthorpe, and that Deveril—who is alike loved and detested—into the castle? I can scarcely understand the true meaning of the villain's conduct. But no matter. I will write to him no more: nor will I farther place myself in his power. If the hints I have thrown out and the immensity of the reward I have offered, shall tempt him to remove these enemies from my path, so much the better: and if he should ever dare to proclaim that he received the hint from me, who would believe him? No one—But how could it have been that William Deveril was at Gainsborough the other day? Was it to obtain a secret interview with Florina? Ah! and that girl's coolness and reserve towards me! Yes, yes—assuredly she has seen Deveril, and he has done his best to prejudice her against me. But I will defeat all my enemies yet: I will defeat them—and I will triumph!"

But, Oh! at what a price were Lady Saxondale's victories to be won and triumphs to be accomplished? She herself shuddered at the idea.

On the following morning, when the postman from Gainsborough called at Saxondale Castle with letters for some of its inmates, he related to the domestics such particulars of the horrible and mysterious murder which had taken place on the previous night, as were current through the town. Lady Saxondale had not yet descended from her own chamber; and Lucilla, one of her maids, brought her up the intelligence which she had just received from the other servants after the postman had called. Her ladyship, who could not of course admit that she had received the same tidings during the past night, affected to be alike shocked and amazed. She asked for farther particulars. Lucilla went on to inform her that Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril had discovered the bodies, and that they were going to be examined as witnesses at the coroner's inquest in the course of the morning. Lady Saxondale inquired if suspicion attached itself to any one: but on this point the maid could give her no explanation.

On descending to the breakfast-parlour, Lady Saxondale found Lady Macdonald, Juliana, and Florina already assembled there. The tidings had reached their ears; and they were unfeignedly shocked and astounded. Lady Saxondale attentively watched Florina's countenance when the name of William Deveril was mentioned; and she saw that the young damsel exhibited signs of considerable emotion. Her ladyship was half inclined, through sheer maliciousness, to throw out a hint that Mr. Gunthorpe and the young artist were themselves suspected of the crime: but this she felt would be too preposterous, as not a word to that effect had been mentioned by the postman or by any of the domestics retailing his intelligence.

"Have you seen Lord Harold this morning?" inquired Lady Saxondale of Florina.

"I have: and I am grieved to say that he is not so well as I had hoped and expected to find him. He has passed a good night—but it has not rendered him the benefit which might have been anticipated."

"Doubtless he feels the bruises more to-day," said Lady Macdonald, "than he even did yesterday. It is always the case; and persons in our sphere of life," she added, using her favourite expression, "are more tender and delicate than the lower orders, who think nothing of common accidents."

"Is your brother acquainted with the horrible tragedy the intelligence of which has just reached us?" asked Lady Saxondale, again addressing herself to Florina.

"I thought it better to tell him of it," she replied. "An invalid is always more or less nervous; and I was fearful that he might feel the shock, if the tidings were too abruptly communicated. For, Oh! there is something truly horrible in the reflection that while we were all seated together in the drawing-room last evening, and Harold was slumbering profoundly in his couch, such a terrific crime was being accomplished within two or three miles of the castle, and we utterly unsuspicious of the occurrence!"

"It is indeed very terrible—very shocking," observed Lady Saxondale. "It quite makes one shudder."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE INQUEST.

At a public-house on the outskirts of Gainsborough nearest to the point whence the mournful procession had started with the two dead bodies on the preceding night, the coroner's inquest was holden at mid-day. As might be expected, the tragedy had produced the utmost consternation throughout the town and neighbourhood; and the public-house where the corpses had been deposited, was surrounded from an early hour in the morning by a crowd of persons, all anxious to obtain any additional particulars that might transpire.

At twelve o'clock, as above stated, the coroner arrived; and the proceedings were opened in the largest room which the public-house contained. A jury was speedily sworn in; and the various witnesses were kept together in an adjoining apartment,—Mr. Gunthorpe, Deveril, and the peasant being amongst them.

The coroner and jury, having viewed the two bodies,—which were in a third room, and had in the meantime undergone a surgical examination,—commenced the proceedings.

The first witness called, was the landlord of an hotel in the town. He deposed that the deceased lady, accompanied by her maid, had arrived at his establishment at about three o'clock on the preceding day. They had travelled post from Lincoln; and on the lady's box was the name of Mademoiselle D'Alembert: but she appeared to be an English woman by her speech and accent. She had dined by herself in a private room at about five o'clock, her maid having previously partaken of refreshments in the servants' room of the hotel. At seven o'clock Mademoiselle D'Alembert had tea; shortly after which she and her servant went out together, Mademoiselle intimating to the landlady that they were going to visit some friends whom she had in Gainsborough, and that they might not be home till eleven o'clock. The landlord had noticed that the maid carried a large brown paper parcel in her hand: but what it contained he did not know, and had not given the matter a thought at the time. From that moment he had not seen the deceased females again.

The peasant was the next witness called in. He stated that at about nine o'clock the lady and her maid approached the cottage where he dwelt with his mother and sister; and as he was standing outside the door at the time, they asked him to be permitted to sit down for a little while, as they had taken a longer walk than they had at first intended, and were tired. They were invited to enter: they sat down; and such refreshments as the cottage afforded, were offered, of which they partook. Soon afterwards two gentlemen came to the cottage, one having been there before some few days previously. The peasant then described how Mr. Deveril saved a woman from drowning on the occasion to which he referred, and how that circumstance had rendered him an inmate of the cottage for a whole night. The peasant, in answer to the coroner, stated that it was perfectly evident that Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril were totally unknown to the two females previous to meeting them there, as he gathered from the conversation which passed between them at the time. The lady and her maid took their departure: but no one inside the cottage at the time had any opportunity of perceiving in what direction they proceeded. The two gentlemen waited perhaps ten minutes longer, and gave his (the peasant's) mother five sovereigns on account of the kind treatment one of them had experienced, as previously described, at the cottage. It was perhaps three quarters of an hour afterwards that Mr. Deveril came rushing back with horrified looks, bearing the intelligence that the two females were murdered, and ordering him (the peasant) to proceed at once to Gainsborough and give the alarm.

William Deveril was the next witness called in. He stated that he had arrived with his friend Mr. Gunthorpe at Gainsborough on the previous day, and that in the evening they set out along the bank of the river for the purpose of proceeding to Saxondale Castle. He then described how he and Mr. Gunthorpe had called at the cottage—how they met the two deceased females there—how one of them had introduced herself as Mademoiselle D'Alembert, of the Italian Opera—and how she had likewise mentioned her knowledge of Lord Saxondale and Lord Harold Staunton. Here the coroner asked Deveril if there were any reason to suppose that the deceased were on their way to Saxondale Castle: but our hero could not hazard a conjecture on the subject—much less speak with any degree of certainty. He then proceeded to describe how himself and Mr. Gunthorpe, after leaving the cottage, had heard the pistol-shots and the scream. There was an interval of not more than a few moments between the shots; and it was immediately after the first that the cry was heard,—the inference being that on one female being suddenly shot dead, the other had screamed out and the next moment met her death likewise. Then William Deveril detailed how he had sped to the cottage to give the alarm, and had subsequently rejoined Mr. Gunthorpe to keep watch until the authorities should come. It appeared that they both noticed that the parcel which the maid had carried, was missing.

The coroner having heard Deveril's evidence, thought that the jury might dispense with that of Mr. Gunthorpe, as it would merely prove a repetition of the testimony just given.

The magistrate who had proceeded to the spot where the murder was committed, was the next witness called in; and he deposed to the circumstance of being summoned thither, and finding the bodies in the condition in which they were almost immediately afterwards removed to the public-house at Gainsborough. He had subsequently superintended the search which was made about the persons of the deceased, and had seen that their money and their trinkets were all safe about them—so that the murderer or murderers had not rifled the victims of their property, beyond the large parcel which had been proved to be missing.

The head constable of Gainsborough was next examined. He deposed that he had visited the scene of the tragedy with some of his men on the preceding night, and that he had returned thither

immediately after daybreak in the morning. He had narrowly searched all about to discover, if possible, any trace which might afford a clue to the unravelling of the mystery. He had searched for the marks of footsteps farther along the bank than where the murder had been perpetrated: but the torrents of rain which fell during the night, had obliterated all traces of footmarks everywhere round about. He had likewise searched in the adjacent fields for any evidence to prove that the parcel had been opened—if brown paper or string, for instance, had been thrown away: but nothing had transpired to show the track which the murderer or murderers had pursued after committing the crime. He had likewise made inquiries at some of the cottages as to whether any suspicious-looking individuals had been seen lurking about the neighbourhood: but he could obtain no positive information upon the subject.

The surgeon gave his evidence last of all. It was to the effect that Mademoiselle d'Alembert had been shot in the head—her servant through the heart. From certain indications, it was evident that the pistol or pistols must have been fired close to them, and that death must have been instantaneous in both cases.

The examination, which lasted three hours, was now concluded so far as the depositions of the witnesses were concerned; and the coroner summed up to the jury. He represented the deed as one of those mysterious tragedies which occasionally occur, without leaving the slightest clue to the diabolical perpetrators. In the present instance it would appear, judging by all the evidence given, that the author or authors of the crime had been disturbed immediately after its perpetration by the ejaculations of alarm sent forth by Mr. Deveril and Mr. Gunthorpe—and that not having time to rifle the victims, the murderer or murderers had snatched up the parcel and fled precipitately with it. The coroner went very carefully through all the evidence; and one portion of his summing up was too remarkable, for several reasons, not to be recorded here:—

"I can conceive, gentlemen, no position more unpleasant for any persons to be placed in, than that of Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr Deveril in the present instance. It is too frequently the case that thoughtless individuals, and those who are in the habit of arriving at rash and hasty conclusions, greedily seize upon the slightest circumstances which seem to be suspicious, and thus do at once affix the taint of suspicion upon innocent persons. I feel it to be my duty to make these remarks upon the present occasion, inasmuch as the discoverers of a crime may not incur the risk of being identified with the criminals. In the present case we have two gentlemen who, so far from being in needy circumstances, bounteously reward a poor peasant family for hospitalities and services previously vouchsafed. Accident brings them for the moment in contact with those persons whom they are destined shortly afterwards to find stretched lifeless upon the ground. But it is clear that these gentlemen and those victims were previously unacquainted with each other, and that an invitation was given by the lady to one of these gentlemen to visit her in London—which he however civilly declined. When these gentlemen discover the bodies, nothing is plundered from them except a parcel which by its size and description probably contained some dress or articles of clothing. The gentlemen moreover give a prompt alarm, render all possible assistance, and voluntarily come forward to tender their evidence at this inquest. One of these gentlemen recently saved the life of a female in that very river on the bank of which the present tragedy took place—thus exhibiting a magnanimity and generosity of conduct deserving all our admiration. Gentlemen of the jury, I hope that you will not consider these remarks to be misplaced, as it might have happened to any two of us here to have been on that spot and at that hour last night to make the fearful discovery which was made by those two gentlemen."

When the coroner had concluded his address, the jury deliberated but for a few minutes, and came to a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown."

Thus terminated the proceedings of the coroner's inquest. Mr. Gunthorpe and Deveril returned to the hotel at which they were staying; and there they deliberated together what course they should now pursue. The old gentleman at first proposed that being in the neighbourhood, he should pay one more visit to Lady Saxondale, in the hope of being able to induce her to do justice to William Deveril, in respect to the calumnies she had propagated against him; for he thought that he might frighten her into this course by revealing the fact of the discovery that she was in correspondence with such a person as Mr. Chiffin. But upon mature reflection, Mr. Gunthorpe concluded that Lady Saxondale was a woman of such strong effrontery and brazen hardihood, as not to be intimidated by such means—and that she would indignantly deny the circumstance of the alleged communication with Mr. Chiffin. He therefore resolved to return to London with Deveril, and take time to settle the course which was now to be adopted towards her ladyship.

"But Florina?" suggested William, when his old friend had thus imparted his decision. "Will you leave her in the odious atmosphere of Lady Saxondale's iniquity? Oh, my dear sir! if you do indeed possess any influence in that quarter——"

"Enough, William!" interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe. "I can take no step until I return to London. It must be from thence that I shall write to Lady Macdonald: but I faithfully promise you, William, that within a very few days Florina and her aunt shall cease to be inmates of Saxondale Castle. Will that suffice?"

"It will—it must," answered Deveril. "I submit to your opinion and judgment in all things. But when, sir, do you propose to depart?"

"We will go across to Lincoln presently, after dinner," responded Mr. Gunthorpe; "and to-morrow morning we will start by rail for London. Ah! you rogue, you wish to have an opportunity of seeing Florina for a few minutes?—but it cannot be on the present occasion, William. I have many things requiring my presence in London."

Mr. Gunthorpe had indeed fathomed our hero's desire: for was it not natural that he should wish to see his well-beloved Florina, if only for a few minutes? and would he not cheerfully have walked across to the grounds of Saxondale Castle in that hope? But he was compelled to bow to Mr. Gun-

thorpe's decision; and he did so with the best possible grace.

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Mr. Hawkshaw, having called at Saxondale Castle in the morning, to inquire after Lord Harold Staunton's health, had intimated his intention of riding across to Gainsborough to learn the fullest particulars of the terrible tragedy of the previous night. He was present throughout a greater portion of the examination before the coroner; and when the inquest was over, he rode back to Saxondale Castle to communicate all he had learnt. It was close upon the dinner hour when he reached the baronial mansion; and he was of course invited to stay—an invitation which he did not refuse, as the reader scarcely requires to be informed.

"It would appear," he said, when reciting the particulars of the inquest to the ladies assembled in the drawing-room, "that Mr. Gunthorpe and Mr. Deveril were on their way last night to the castle, when they discovered the murder."

"It may be so," observed Lady Saxondale, drawing herself up haughtily: "but they assuredly would not have been received by me."

Florina, who had started at Mr. Hawkshaw's announcement, now flung a quick glance of indignation at Lady Saxondale as she thus spoke—a glance which her ladyship, however, affected not to perceive.

"I must confess," proceeded Mr. Hawkshaw, who could not understand why Lady Saxondale had spoken in such a manner of Mr. Gunthorpe and our hero—for the rumours and scandals of London life had not reached his ears in Lincolnshire, "that I was exceedingly prepossessed in favour of that Mr. Deveril. He gave his evidence in such a plain straightforward manly style—he is such a handsome youth too—and the coroner paid him the highest compliments."

Had Mr. Hawkshaw been looking at Florina at the time he thus spoke, he would have observed that her looks were fixed upon him with an expression of gratitude which she herself could not at the moment possibly subdue. Oh! how she longed to start up and accuse Lady Saxondale of all the vile perfidy of which she had been guilty: but she dared not. Deveril's earnest injunctions to the contrary restrained her.

At this crisis a footman entered to announce that dinner was served up; and the party accordingly descended to the dining-room. After the banquet, Mr. Hawkshaw and Juliana walked out together as usual in the garden; and the moment they were alone, the Squire said, "Pray tell me, Miss Farefield, was I indiscreet in mentioning the name of Mr. Deveril before your mother? I think that I was—I fear so."

"To tell you the truth," replied Juliana, "that same Mr. Deveril has fallen into sad disgrace with my mother: inasmuch as presuming on certain kindness which she showed him, he fancied that she was enamoured of him—and he was arrogant enough ——But you understand me—I need say no more."

"Ah! I regret that I should have alluded to him in the eulogistic terms that I did," observed Mr. Hawkshaw. "But I will be more guarded in future. It only shows how one may be deceived in a person. I could have sworn that this William Deveril was one of the finest young fellows in heart as well as in person, I had ever seen in my life; and certainly if I could have got near him through the crowded room, when he had given his testimony, I should have shaken hands with him. But, Ah! here is another arrival at the castle! What a number of visitors her ladyship receives!"

This remark was elicited by the sounds of a carriage rolling up to the entrance of the castle: but Juliana, indifferent as to who the arrival might be, —and thinking only of rivetting the chains of her fascinations still more strongly than ever around Mr. Hawkshaw's heart,—turned the conversation away from its previous topic, and skilfully began touching on those themes connected with the sports of the field which were so dear to the Squire.

Meanwhile, who was it that had just arrived at the castle? We shall see. But first let us observe that when the post-chaise—for such it was—drove up to the gate, Lady Saxondale was alone in the library, writing some letters. A domestic entered; and handing a card upon a massive silver salver, said, "This gentleman requests to see your ladyship."

The mistress of the mansion took the card—glanced at it—and read the name of Dr. Ferney.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE LADY.

For some few weeks past, misfortunes and threatening calamities had seemed to strike Lady Saxondale blow after blow: but as each fresh source of inquietude manifested itself, she had assumed new courage to encounter it. Before any of these menacing casualties first transpired, had it been suddenly foretold to her that so many perils were to rise up in rapid succession before her throughout a coming period of but a few weeks, she would have shrunk appalled from the idea of meeting them—she would have felt that they must prove overwhelming. But she had encountered them nevertheless: she had seen gulf after gulf yawn at her feet—and in the endeavour to stop up one she had with her own hands digged others round about her. All these sources of terror and apprehension had been great; but even as they had multiplied in her path, she had still boldly and resolutely pursued her way—quailing sometimes for a moment, it is true—but plucking up her spirit again, and nerving herself with fresh resolution to encounter all obstacles and grapple with all dangers.

Such, up to this point, had been the history of the past few weeks with Lady Saxondale. But now a peril which she had least anticipated—which she had flattered herself to be most remote of all dangers that she stood even the shadow of a chance of encountering,—this one had suddenly presented itself before her! For she trembled to the very nethermost confines of her being at the bare thought of being known as Lady Saxondale to Dr. Ferney, —he who hitherto for long, long years, had only known her as plain and simple Mrs. Smith.

Was it any wonder, therefore, if the card dropped from her hand as she took it off the silver salver and caught the name of Dr. Ferney? It did drop, as

if from palsied fingers: for the stupor of dismay seized all in a moment upon Lady Saxondale. Yes—it seized upon her in a moment: but its paralyzing effect lasted only for that moment. She recovered her presence of mind as quickly as she had lost it: that is to say, she had recovered it sufficiently to stoop down and pick up the card—a movement which she accomplished so rapidly that it even anticipated that of the servant who likewise stooped to pick it up. The outward and visible evidences of Lady Saxondale's emotions were so transitory—passing in a swift brief instant—that the domestic did not notice them, but thought that it was through a pure accident the card had been thus dropped.

"Show Dr. Ferney into this room," said Lady Saxondale: and though it cost her an almost superhuman effort to speak with a forced calmness, it nevertheless struck her that her voice was hollow and sepulchral—at least it sounded so unto her own ears.

The domestic bowed and withdrew; and the instant he had quitted the library, Lady Saxondale pressed her right hand to her throbbing brows, murmuring, "My God, my God! what will happen next?"

A thunderbolt falling upon her head at that instant would have been mercy: for the wildest, most agonising terrors were agitating in her brain, as she thought to herself that there was but *one* possible object for which Dr. Ferney could visit her—an object which menaced her with utter annihilation! Suddenly however a brightening, cheering thought flashed in unto her mind. Dr. Ferney loved her—had loved her for many long, long years—was devoted to that mysterious interest of her's which for the instant she had deemed so imperilled; and he would not betray her—no, she felt assured that he would not! At a glance, too, of her mental vision, she reviewed the circumstances of their recent meeting—and how he had solemnly proclaimed his readiness to lay down his life for her rather than breathe a word that should hurt her. She reflected likewise on the amiability of his disposition—the generosity of his nature: and she thought also of the immense power of her own charms—her own fascinations. By the time therefore that the door opened again, Lady Saxondale was herself once more—strong-minded, bold, courageous, resolute—prepared for any emergency. But she remained seated at the table with her back towards the opening door, that a too sudden discovery of her identity on the part of the physician should not elicit from him an ejaculation that would excite the astonishment of the domestic. Nevertheless, Lady Saxondale felt more than half persuaded that the precaution was unnecessary: for must he not have already discovered that Mrs. Smith and Lady Saxondale were one and the same? and was it not on account of this discovery that he had come to visit her now?

"Dr. Ferney," exclaimed the domestic, announcing the physician in the usual way: and then the door of the library closed again.

Lady Saxondale rose from the table: but the instant that Dr. Ferney caught a glimpse of her countenance, he did give vent to an ejaculation of wonder and amazement—and he staggered back as if stricken a fierce blow by the hand of an invisible giant.

"Yes, Dr. Ferney," said her ladyship, extending her hand with the most gracious affability towards him: "it is I—and now the mystery is cleared up: Mrs. Smith exists for *you* no longer!"

"Is it possible? is it possible?" murmured the doctor, with confusion in his brain: and he took the proffered hand in a mechanical, unconscious manner.

"My dear friend, pray be seated," said her ladyship. "Come, place yourself on this sofa: and I will sit down by your side. What has procured me the pleasure of your visit?"

"And *you* are Lady Saxondale?" he said, still gazing with a sort of vacant incredulity upon the mistress of the castle: "*you* are Lady Saxondale?"

"And most welcome are you at Saxondale Castle! But do tell me, my dear Dr. Ferney, what has brought you hither? Is there anything amiss? Why do you still gaze upon me in this manner? You really begin to frighten me. Are you not towards me the same kind and devoted friend I have ever thought you?"

"Yes—God grant that I may be enabled to continue so!" was the physician's solemn response: and now he appeared to be recovering somewhat of his wonted self-possession.

"You will hasten to tell me, then, what has brought you hither?" said her ladyship; "for it is evident enough that in seeking Lady Saxondale, you did *not* expect to meet the Mrs. Smith of other times. Therefore I suppose your visit has nothing to do with the circumstances which first rendered us acquainted?"

"No—nothing, nothing," rejoined the doctor; and his answer afforded unspeakable relief to Lady Saxondale. "I have come upon quite another business—but a most unpleasant one: and to tell your ladyship the truth, I know not how to break it to you. Yet why should I not? Doubtless you will be enabled to explain it. God grant that you will be so!"

"Pray tell me, my dear friend, what all this means? You are rendering me exceedingly uneasy."

"Listen then," resumed the doctor, "while I explain myself. You know, Lady Saxondale, the passionate devotion I have ever entertained for all those pursuits which are connected with the mysteries of my profession—and that amongst them, that of anatomical research has not been the least. For many years past, I have however practised this branch but little. Excuse me for touching upon such topics: but it is necessary. The other night a dead body was brought to my house: for occasionally I *do* return to that pursuit which was once the most favourite of all. Well, then, Lady Saxondale—a body was brought to my house: it was the corpse of a female—an elderly one; and the moment I beheld it, I was smitten with a suspicion that the deceased had not come fairly by her death. It bore the external evidences of poison—but not of any common poison—a poison of a very subtle and peculiar nature, the evidences of which could only be known to the experienced eye. And my suspicion proved correct: for anatomical research showed me that this woman had died by that very poison which I myself had succeeded in eliminating some weeks back, and which I showed to you on the night you visited me at my house!"

Lady Saxondale had listened in speechless consternation to the physician's words: but it was with a consternation that was felt inwardly rather than shown outwardly—so that he himself observed not the full effects of what he had said.

"Well," he resumed, "you may suppose, Lady Saxondale, that I was horrified on making this discovery—nay, more than horrified—I was bewildered and dismayed. To no human being had I ever given the smallest phial of that poison. I never eliminated it but twice. On the first occasion, the bottle which contained it was broken along with several others, as you must remember, on that night when you visited me in Conduit Street."

"I do remember. It was through my carelessness or awkwardness," said Lady Saxondale; "and you know how sorry I was. But pray proceed."

"On the second occasion when I eliminated the poison, I put my own seal upon the cork of the bottle—and I locked it up in a drawer in my laboratory. That bottle is still there: the cork has not been tampered with—the seal has never been broken. And yet, as sure as I am speaking to you now, that woman died of the very poison which I discovered! That it could have been obtained elsewhere, was impossible. I am too intimately acquainted with all the fruits of chemical research to admit the supposition for a moment, that any other experimentalist has succeeded in eliminating this poison, which is far more powerful than Prussic acid. You may conceive, therefore, how bewildered—how perplexed—how dismayed I was!"

"Naturally so, my dear Dr. Ferney," observed Lady Saxondale, who was herself far more dismayed than ever the physician could have been, although she concealed the outward expression of her terror with a wonderful dissimulation of a mere ordinary interest in what he was reciting.

"I at once repaired," resumed the doctor, "to the person who had procured for me the corpse. From him I obtained the name which was on the coffin of the stolen body. Again I must ask you to forgive me the necessity of touching upon details so indelicate—so nauseating to yourself——"

"Make no apology, doctor," said Lady Saxondale, with every appearance of the utmost affability; "but continue your strange and exciting narrative."

"Provided with the name of the woman," continued the physician, "I, on the following day, when having an hour's leisure, instituted the requisite inquiries at the parochial Registrar's office, and discovered that this woman, Mabel Stewart, died at Saxondale House. I then searched a file of newspapers, and found that an inquest had sat upon the body, and that the verdict attributed her death to apoplexy. Now, Lady Saxondale," added the doctor, "there is something horribly and fearfully mysterious in the death of that woman!"

"You astonish me, my dear Dr. Ferney!" cried her ladyship, who had no need to affect dismay: for she had only to suffer the real consternation she had felt, to appear from behind the mask of dissimulation. "Could the unhappy woman have committed suicide?"

"If so, the phial containing the poison must have been found by her side," responded the physician: "but the evidence given on the inquest, clearly proved that no such discovery took place. Death must have been too instantaneous to allow her even a moment's respite to conceal the phial. So soon as one drop—one single drop of that colourless fluid, touched her throat, life was extinct. It is clear beyond the possibility of doubt—too horribly clear indeed—that Mabel Stewart was murdered!"

"Murdered!" ejaculated Lady Saxondale: "and beneath my roof!"

"It was even so," rejoined the doctor in a mournful voice. "But how could the poison have been obtained? Ah, God forgive me if I wrong you, as I am sure I must: but a frightful suspicion arose in my mind——Indeed, it was the only possible means of accounting for an incident which would otherwise be utterly inexplicable——"

"Name that suspicion: what was it, Dr. Ferney?"—and for the second time on the evening of which we are speaking, did Lady Saxondale's voice sound hollow and sepulchral to her own ears.

"I dare not name that suspicion," murmured the physician. "My God! when I look at you, how can I possibly name it?"

"But you *must*, doctor: for I see that there is somet ing to explain away."

"Until this night—as you are aware—I knew not that Mrs. Smith and Lady Saxondale were identical," continued the physician, in a slow and hesitating manner. "But I feared that she who I believed to be Mrs. Smith had taken the phial from my laboratory on that night when she visited me; and that she had carelessly or thoughtlessly communicated the nature of the poison to some one else at Saxondale House—and hence the catastrophe. Therefore, now that I find Mrs. Smith identified with Lady Saxondale, you can full well understand with what diffidence it is that I am compelled to repeat my suspicion to your face—that your ladyship took away that bottle of poison with you on that particular night!"

"Dr. Ferney, can you believe me capable of having used the venom for a murderous purpose?"—and Lady Saxondale spoke in a voice of mild and melancholy rebuke: for she knew the physician's character too well to assume indignation with him.

"Oh, tell me that you took the phial," he said, with far greater excitement than it was his wont to display; "and that it must have fallen into villanous and unscrupulous hands! Tell me this—tell me anything that will still enable me to contemplate you on that high pedestal which you have ever occupied in my mind!"

"Well, then, my dear Dr. Ferney," said her ladyship, taking his hand, and looking in an appealing manner up into his countenance, "I must plead guilty to that little act which you have named. I will not stigmatize myself with the commission of a theft—because in respect to a friend such as you, it cannot be regarded in that light: but it was through curiosity that I took it. You know how deeply interested I felt in your discoveries——"

"Ah! but now that I bethink me," interrupted Dr. Ferney, "I cannot feel otherwise than deeply, deeply grieved to hear that you *did* take that phial. The deed was not well," he continued in a tone of exceeding mournfulness and with corresponding looks. "It almost makes me regret, Lady Saxondale, that I lent myself to that transaction which nineteen years ago——"

"For God's sake," murmured the unhappy

woman, clasping her hands appealingly, and casting her shuddering looks around, "do not allude to it. The very walls have ears. Oh, my dear Dr. Ferney! did you not assure me but a short time back, at your house, that my secret was sacred—that it was my own mystery, into which you would never seek to penetrate? I beseech and implore that you will not fly from your word!"

"But what am I to do in this present case? Let us think no more of the past for the moment. Here, Lady Saxondale, has a foul murder come to my knowledge. It is a murder perpetrated by means of a venom which I myself discovered; and I also am made the discoverer of the awful tragedy it has produced. The finger of God is in all this: it is heaven itself which is prompting me on to bring to justice the perpetrator of that crime! What then, I ask, am I to do? This crime was committed under your roof. God forbid that I should attribute it to you! No—it were impossible! If you then be guiltless, will you not aid me in fixing upon the guilty one?"

"Oh, but all this is most dreadful!" murmured Lady Saxondale, still with clasped hands—still with appealing looks—still with ineffable anguish in every lineament of her pale countenance. "If an exposure be made, must I not confess that I purloined the phial of poison from your house? What will be thought of me? I shall be ruined! A lady who visits a single man stealthily—who is admitted by him into all the mysteries of his laboratory——Ah, Dr. Ferney have mercy upon me—I beseech you to have mercy upon me!—or else take a dagger and plunge it into this bosom!"

Lady Saxondale did not throw herself upon her knees as she thus spoke: but her anguish was truly unfeigned—her inquietude was too great not to render her affliction genuine. As she sat by the physician's side upon the sofa, she leant towards him with an agony of appeal in her looks, her attitude, and her gestures; and as she gave utterance to the closing words of her well nigh frenzied speech, she pressed her hands convulsively to that bosom for which she invoked the dagger as an alternative rather than an exposure.

"Oh, my God! what am I to do?" murmured the physician: and half-averting his countenance, he raised one hand to his pale forehead. "What am I to do?"

"What are you to do?" cried Lady Saxondale. "Bury the subject in oblivion!"

"I cannot—I dare not," responded Ferney, shaking his head solemnly, but with a look of the deepest affliction. "If I conceal my knowledge of this crime, I become as it were an accessory to it: and how shall I ever satisfy my own conscience? But tell me, Lady Saxondale, do your suspicions fall upon any one in your household? Reflect—consider—to whom did you ever impart the secret of that subtle poison? You *must* have spoken of it to some one: tell me who it was! For the voice of that murdered woman cries up to heaven for vengeance; and heaven itself has marked me as its instrument in bringing the murderer to justice. Nay, more—does it not almost seem as if there were retribution in all this?—as if I had penetrated too deeply into the mysteries of nature—had dragged forth unholy secrets—had tasted of the forbidden tree of knowledge—and am now to be punished for my fault? For think you not, Lady Saxondale, that it will be a cruel ordeal for me to proclaim all this to the knowledge of justice and involve *your* name in the transaction?"

"Dr. Ferney," said her ladyship, now suddenly recalling to mind her predetermination to assert her empire over him through the medium of that love of which she knew herself to be the object,—"I believe you once entertained something like a feeling of friendship towards me — perhaps more than friendship——"

"Yes, yes: it was more—it *is* more!" interrupted the physician; "for the sentiment is deathless! Need I tell you that from the first moment I beheld you at my mother's house nineteen years ago, your image has never been absent from my mind? You know it—you know it. I gave you that assurance the other day, when you visited my house: and it is the truth—as I repeat it again this evening! But there is a duty, Lady Saxondale, which I have to perform; and though my own heart should break in accomplishing that duty—though it should crush me down with sorrow into the dust to drag your name before the tribunals of the country—yet what alternative have I? Alas! that duty must be performed! Tell me therefore—on whom must our suspicions settle themselves?"

"Dr. Ferney," said her ladyship, "do not tell me that you ever entertained the slightest love for me. No, no—it is impossible—you could not! If you had, you would not torment me thus now. Good God! do you not comprehend the immensity of the evil you will work?"

"I see but two things which can tell against you," answered the doctor. "The first is that you visited my house. Surely the purity of your own life, and my unsullied reputation, will combine to disarm scandal in that respect? And after all, may not a lady visit a physician? Then, as for your taking the phial—the deed can be well explained as arising from the curiosity of the moment. It is not a watch—nor a purse—nor a jewel—nor anything valuable; and Lady Saxondale need not fear the positive imputation of dishonesty on that account."

"Nevertheless, I conjure you, my dear Dr. Ferney, not to urge this matter. Yes—I entreat, I implore you," continued Lady Saxondale, in accents of the most earnest pleading, "not to bring it before the world!"

"Oh! what would you have me think?" exclaimed the physician, suddenly fastening looks of mingled horror and uncertainty upon Lady Saxondale. "No, no—suffer not such a terrible suspicion to remain in my mind. For your own sake, therefore, lose not a moment in furnishing the clue to the unravelment of this mystery."

"But that suspicion which has struck you," said her ladyship, aghast and trembling.

"It is a hideous one—and every moment does it become stronger," rejoined Ferney. "Indeed, there is an excitement in my mind such as for years I have not experienced. Would to heaven that all this had not occurred."

"Dr. Ferney," said her ladyship, in tones that were now really hollow and sepulchral—not to her own ear alone, but to that of the physician,—"you are dragging me on to a revelation which I shudder to contemplate."

"Oh! then my suspicion is confirmed," mur-

moured the medical man, in accents that were low, deep, and full of horror.

"If you have ever loved me, Dr. Ferney," said the wretched Lady Saxondale, sinking upon her knees before him, "could you find it in your heart to send me to the scaffold?"

There was a burst of anguish from Dr. Ferney's lips: and starting from his seat, he began pacing the room to and fro in terrible agitation. Lady Saxondale, whom he had left kneeling at the sofa whence he had risen, slowly raised herself from that suppliant posture; and advancing towards him, extended her arms, murmuring in half smothered accents, "Mercy, mercy!"

The doctor stopped short. He gazed upon that woman whom he had loved so long—so truly—so enduringly: his thoughts were reflected back to those by-gone years when he had first seen her in the bloom of her youthful beauty; and as he beheld her now in the glory of her splendid womanhood, all the freshness of the passion which had been inspired *then*, was resuscitated now. Yet shuddered he not as he reflected that this woman—the object of his love—was a murderess? Recoiled he not from the presence of her upon whose soul lay the weight of so tremendous a crime? He had felt shocked: but the sentiment of horror was absorbed in the profundity of that strange romantic passion which his heart cherished towards her. It was a passion stronger than himself—a passion which had no hope and no aim—which subsisted not upon expectation—but was in itself eternal, deathless, immortal. Yes, it was a love such as the human heart has seldom known—perhaps never knew before!

With intense anxiety did Lady Saxondale watch the features of the physician as they stood face to face in the middle of the room. Her experienced eye showed her that he was melting in her favour; and her heart bounded with a feeling of relief and the certainty of triumph.

"There must have been some terrible circumstances, Lady Saxondale," he said, at length breaking silence, and speaking slowly, "to have led you on to such a deed as that!"

"Yes—terrible circumstances," was the quick response: "but do not force me to give utterance to them!"

"One word!" ejaculated the doctor, as a thought suddenly struck him. "When you were at my mother's house, you had a servant with you whom you called Mary. Was she this same one whose real name appears to have been Mabel?"

"The same," responded Lady Saxondale.

"I begin to understand. She doubtless threatened some exposure with regard to that mystery the purpose of which I have sworn never to penetrate? And therein I will keep my word!"

"You have conjectured the whole truth," was Lady Saxondale's reply. "And now, my dear Dr. Ferney, may I still regard you as my warmest, my best friend?—may I look upon you as my saviour? Oh! do not, do not hesitate to give me this assurance."

"Lady Saxondale," answered the physician, solemnly, "I fear that for you I am perilling my immortal soul!"

"What proof can I give you of my gratitude? Oh! tell me what proof?"

"There is nothing—nothing," replied the doctor, in a grave and mournful voice. "I could not do you an injury—no, I could not! I feel that I must risk everything and dare everything, alike here and hereafter, sooner than involve you in peril. But, Oh! Lady Saxondale, for heaven's sake take warning by what has passed!"

"I will, I will!" she exclaimed: "your advice shall not be lost upon me. Oh, Dr. Ferney, I am entirely in your hands—I am at your mercy,—I am in your power. May I rely upon your solemn sacred promise not to betray me?"

"You may," was his answer.

"But if a period of remorse should seize upon you," resumed Lady Saxondale, still in the hurried voice of excitement,—"if you should think better of this pledge that you have given——"

"Fear not," he interrupted her, gently, but firmly: "from the past you may judge whether I am a man who will fly from his word. No, Lady Saxondale—even upon my death-bed will I keep your secret: and may heaven forgive me for so doing!"

"The gratitude of my life is your's. And now that we may turn away from this sad, sad, topic," continued Lady Saxondale, "will you not accept the hospitality of the castle? Believe me, my dear Dr. Ferney, I could receive no more welcome guest than one who has proved himself so kind a friend to me."

"No, Lady Saxondale," he answered, not coldly nor distantly—but mournfully and gravely: "I must not remain here. The less we see of each other in the world, the better. You would feel embarrassed in my presence, knowing that I possessed this secret of your's. And I——but no matter. Farewell."

And with this abrupt adieu, Dr. Ferney grasped Lady Saxondale's hand for a moment, and hurried from the room.

Thus terminated this strange scene; and a few minutes afterwards, the physician was being borne away in the post-chaise from Saxondale Castle.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY.

On the same evening when the scene above described took place at the castle in Lincolnshire, Lord Saxondale was dining by himself at the mansion in Park Lane. He felt lonely, dull, and dispirited. He had broken with the friend whom he liked best of all his acquaintances—indeed, the only one with whom he had ever been exceedingly intimate: for notwithstanding his rank, his position, and his wealth, there were very few young men in his own sphere, who had chosen to associate much with him. It was not that his pride was too overweening—that his bearing was too arrogant—or his manners too supercilious: but because he was altogether considered a disagreeable and uncompanionable young man. So far as his arrogance, his vanity, his conceit, and his insufferable pride were concerned, there were many young scions of the Aristocracy who possessed all those faults: indeed few were without them: but then they had some redeeming qualities—or at least some which met each other's approval; whereas Edmund Saxondale had none of these. He was generally looked upon as a miserable coxcomb—

without courage to back up the pride which he assumed. On two or three occasions, when in the society of young men, he had put up with insults which every one else would have indignantly resented: and thus he had drawn down upon himself the contempt of those who would otherwise have gladly sought his society for his rank and his money. An allusion has been made in a recent chapter to the last insult of the kind which he had received without seeking what in fashionable life is termed "satisfaction:" and as this was the most flagrant instance that had occurred in respect to him, he had become more talked about than ever as a downright coward. On the day after his breach with Emily Archer and Lord Harold Staunton he had visited a billiard-room in Bond Street, where he found himself, if not exactly cut, at least treated with such marked coldness by the gentlemen present that not even his vanity could blind his eyes to the circumstance; and he had speedily left the place in bitterest mortification.

We now find him, as stated at the commencement of this chapter, dining alone at Saxondale House. He had written in the morning to two or three acquaintances to invite them to dinner: but from each he had received a letter of refusal, couched in terms coldly courteous, and without alleging any reason for thus declining. No wonder, therefore, was it that he felt dispirited and discontented. Addicted though he was to wine, he could not enjoy it now. He knew not what to do with himself. This was the third day since his breach with Emily; and he had remained in-doors almost entirely since the little demonstration at the billiard-table. He was horribly *ennuyé;* he knew not what to do with himself. He had no intellectual resources; and even the last three-volume novel issued from some West End publisher's establishment, failed to amuse him. He now missed both Harold Staunton and Emily Archer. He regretted having quarrelled with them. He was ignorant that his late mistress had left London—equally ignorant of the terrible fate which had befallen her; inasmuch as there had not as yet been time for an account of the tragedy to appear in the London newspapers.

As he sat sipping his wine, more from habit than because he really liked it on the present occasion, he said to himself, "I have an uncommon great mind to go and see Emily, and endeavour to make it up with her. What if she was really unfaithful to me? She is only like the rest of them; and I certainly could not find a handsomer mistress. Besides, after all, she was an amusing girl enough; and we got on very well together till that cursed affair took place. I was in a terrible rage at the time: but it was enough to make me so. Yes: I will go and see her; for this is such precious dull work! I shall be glad to make it up with her, even if she had behaved twice as badly."

Having come to this resolution, Lord Saxondale issued forth; and taking a cab from the nearest stand in Oxford Street, he proceeded to Holloway. Not knowing exactly how his visit might terminate, he ordered the cabman to wait for farther instructions. Indeed, he fancied that Emily was not at home, from the circumstance of no lights appearing in the front windows. On knocking at the door, the summons was answered by the cook, who was dressed out in her gayest apparel: for she had the coachman, the groom, and some other friends to sup with her and make merry during her mistress's absence—that mistress who was never to return!

"Is Miss Archer within?" asked Saxondale.

"No, my lord—missus has gone out of town," was the reply.

"Gone out of town," he exclaimed. "When was that?"

"The morning after you was last here, my lord."

"And the maid gone with her?"

The response was in the affirmative.

"And where has she gone to?"

"Well, my lord, to tell your lordship the truth, she has gone down into Lincolnshire; and from what the maid told me, I think to Saxondale Castle."

"With Lord Harold?" demanded Edmund, more and more astonished.

"Oh, no, my lord," replied the cook. "The fact is, there was a terrible row after you left t'other night: for it seems that Lord Harold had got up-stairs quite unbeknown to missus—and she called him all kinds of names; so that he went off in high dudgeon."

"Ah! is this the case!" said the young nobleman: then in a musing tone, he observed, "After all, I was wrong to quarrel with Emily. However, I must think of what's to be done. I shall most likely call here again to-morrow:"—and with this intimation he took his departure.

Re-entering the cab, he ordered the driver to take him back into London; and while rolling along, he said to himself,—"Perhaps Emily fancied that I should cut off into Lincolnshire, and she has gone to look after me. Or perhaps she means to complain to my mother of the treatment she has received at my hands? And yet she would hardly be such a fool as to run on a wild-goose chase, without being previously certain that I had left London: and as to carrying her complaints to my lady-mother, that is most unlike Emily Archer. No, there is something in all this I can't understand. Shall I cut into Lincolnshire after her? or shall I wait until she comes back? I think I had better wait: for we might cross each other. Yes—I will wait."

Having come to this resolve, Lord Saxondale turned his thoughts upon another subject. This was neither more nor less than the important matter of how he was to pass the evening. He revolved in his mind all the various places of amusement,—dismissing them however one after the other, until he suddenly recollected that there was one of which he had heard a great deal—which he and Lord Harold had frequently thought of visiting—but which somehow or another had escaped the honour of their presence.

Thrusting his head out of the window, he said to the cabman, "Drive to the *Garrick's Head* in Bow street."

In due course Lord Saxondale reached the far-famed hostelry; and dismissing the cab, he made his way up into a spacious room, where a numerous company was assembled, and where the Judge and Jury Society held its sittings. One portion of the room was fitted up in miniature imitation of a court of justice. There was the bench, with the little desk for the judge—there was the table for the bar-

risters—there was the witness-box—and there was a particular table set exclusively apart for the accommodation of those acting as jurymen. The door of this room was kept by an usher wearing the official robe, and whose aspect was as grave and serious as befitted the functions he had to fulfil.

At the numerous tables in this apartment, the visitors were seated—discussing cigars, and drinking the liquors suited to their respective means or tastes. Some were indulging in wine—others were paying their respects to the various compounds of which brandy, gin, rum, and whisky severally formed the chief ingredients—while others, again, were slaking their thirst with the excellent malt liquor dispensed at that house. There was a general air of blitheness—a making up of the mind to enter into the enjoyments of the evening—and a pervasive feeling of certainty that these would prove of the richest and raciest description. Lord Saxondale seated himself at a table near the judicial bench, and called for a bottle of champagne—an order which was highly satisfactory to the waiter, and convinced the guests who heard it, that the new-comer was "a cut above the generality of them."

Three or four individuals in gowns, wigs, and white bands, and looking as if they had just arrived from Westminster Hall, now entered the apartment and took their seats at the table appropriated to the barristers. They carried in their hands bundles of papers duly tied round with red tape, and having as completely the air of "briefs" as if their connexion with John Doe and Richard Roe were an actual fact instead of an agreeable fiction. In a most lawyer-like style, too, did these gentlemen who performed the part of barristers, untie the tapes—arrange their papers before them—take great dips of ink with long feathery pens—and make endorsements upon their pseudo-briefs, writing down imaginary fees in real figures.

Presently the usher of the court threw the door wide open, shouting in a stentorian voice, "Silence and hats off, for the Lord Chief Baron!"

These mandates were at once complied with: but there was a general sensation as the object of this ceremony, ascending the stairs, made his appearance, if not as a real judge, at least in the garb and with the gravity of one. This was Mr. Nicholson—the landlord of the tavern, and the presiding genius of the Judge and Jury Society. No ordinary character in his way, is the personage just introduced. He is a man of good intellectual acquirements, of agreeable manners, and of great conversational powers. He has a readiness of wit, a facility of good-natured sarcasm, and a tact in seizing upon any passing incident to render it available for his purposes—which admirably qualify him for the judicial part which he thus enacts. He is a really clever man, and as ready at his pen as with his tongue. In private life he bears the character of a liberality, a generosity, and a kindness of heart, which have often made him lose sight of his own interests in ministering to the wants of others. Lord Chief Baron Nicholson is therefore not only "a capital fellow" in the man-about-town acceptance of the term, but in its most true and literal meaning. In personal appearance he is short and stout—a living evidence of the good qualities of his own larder. Of convivial disposition, his ample countenance beams with a natural *bonhomie* which he cannot possibly subdue even when putting on the gravity of the judge: at all events if he were a real judge, and presided at the Old Bailey, it would need but a single glance at his countenance to convince the culprit brought before him that justice would assuredly be tempered with mercy.

But to return to our narrative: the Lord Chief Baron entered the apartment which we have above described; and with measured steps he ascended to the judicial bench. There he bowed to the bar, and the bar bowed to him: so that if it were not for the evidences of conviviality abounding upon the several tables, the spectators might really have fancied themselves in the presence of all the real ceremony and grave formality of a court of justice.

Having deposited himself upon the bench, the Lord Chief Baron exclaimed, "Waiter!"

"Yes, my lord," replied one of his own tavern-functionaries.

"A glass of brandy-and-water and a cigar," said the great legal luminary:—and thereupon a general laugh ensued throughout the room.

When the judicial wants were duly supplied, and the havannah in the judicial lips was emitting its fragrant vapours, the clerk of the court announced the case that was for trial. It was a civil action that was thus to occupy attention; and a number of the guests having been sworn in as jurymen, one of the gentlemen officiating as the barristers opened the proceedings. It is not our purpose to give any description of the subject-matter of the trial; because in a mere narrative form it would lose the greater portion of its interest. But we must observe that the persons officiating as barristers, acquitted themselves with no ordinary degree of talent—delivering speeches which for their easy and continuous flow, might have made the orators the subject of envy on the part of many a stammering, stuttering, thick-pated practitioner at Westminster Hall. Witnesses were examined; and these kept the company in a continual roar of laughter. From time to time the Lord Chief Baron himself seasoned the proceedings with some witty interjections, which added to the general merriment. But the cream of the whole affair was the judicial summing up. Sparkling wit, exquisite humour, sly sarcasm, and a perfect assumption of the air and manner of the real judge, characterised the Lord Chief Baron's part of the performance. There was one incident that told admirably. It happened that the individuals acting as jurymen, drank somewhat more than was good for them; and in plain terms, grew very intoxicated. The Lord Chief Baron addressed them as an intelligent and enlightened body of men—men representing the wisdom of the country—men who indeed for the time being constituted "the country," the matter at issue between the plaintiff and defendant being, in legal parlance, "tried by God and their country." The solemn gravity with which the Lord Chief Baron thus addressed his drunken jury—and the vacant stare as well as the tipsy swaying to and fro with which the said jurymen listened to the great functionary—formed by no means the least ludicrous portion of the comedy.

When we observe that though these proceedings lasted two hours and a half, without for a single moment flagging into dullness or waning into insipidity—and when we add that from first to last the

spectators experienced unfailing amusement—those of our readers who have never visited the Judge and Jury Society, will be enabled to understand how well sustained the spirit and interest of the proceedings must be.*

Lord Saxondale waited until the end, when he adjourned to the supper-room below; and there he invited the Lord Chief Baron, the barristers, the clerk of the court, and the witnesses, to sup with him. The conviviality was kept up until a somewhat late hour; and if it had not been that a couple of waiters conveyed Lord Saxondale into a cab, he never could have reached it of his own accord.

Edmund slept until a late hour on the following day; and when he descended to the breakfast-parlour, it was with a racking headache and an accompanying depression of spirits. The morning newspapers lay upon the table. He took up one; and almost the very first announcement upon which his eyes fell, was that of a horrible and mysterious murder committed in Lincolnshire. He read on: and callous, indifferent, emotionless though he naturally was, it was nevertheless with dismay and horror that he thus learnt the particulars of the frightful tragedy which had occurred on the bank of the Trent. The journal concluded its account by stating that the whole affair was involved in the deepest mystery, suspicion attaching to no known person. And mysterious was it indeed to Edmund Saxondale: nor could he of course form the slightest conjecture as to the author or authors of the crime.

Having hastily dressed himself, he proceeded without delay to Evergreen Villa. The intelligence had already reached the cook, the groom, and the coachman,—the newspaper having likewise been their informant. Consternation and dismay prevailed at the villa; and indeed great was the excitement throughout the neighbourhood, it being known that the mistress of the house and her attendant maid had met with their death under such mysterious circumstances in Lincolnshire. Some relations of the unfortunate Emily Archer, and who dwelt in London, made their appearance at the villa soon after Lord Saxondale's arrival there; and they took possession of the house and all the property it contained. After some little deliberation, it was decided that one of them—an uncle—should proceed without delay into Lincolnshire, and bring up the corpses for the purposes of respectable interment.

Dispirited, and with a gloom sitting heavily upon his soul, Edmund quitted the villa and returned to Saxondale House, his mind filled with the awful tragedy which had taken place under such extraordinary and unaccountable circumstances.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MR. GUNTHORPE'S VISITS.

In the neighbourhood of Stamford Hill was a handsome residence, situated in the midst of spacious grounds, and commanding a beautiful view of all the surrounding scenery. This house, after remaining unoccupied for some time, had within the last three weeks become the abode of Mr. Gunthorpe. The moment he had decided upon taking it, he lost no time in fitting it up in a very handsome manner. Everything this gentleman did might appear to the shallow observer to be done on the impulse of the moment: but it was not so. The key to the reading of his character was this: that he made up his mind quickly, yet not without as much deliberation as the incident of the moment might deserve; and when once he had resolved how to proceed, he lost no time in carrying out his plans. Thus, the very day after he had taken Stamford Manor—as it was called—waggon-loads of the costliest furniture arrived at the place. He did not fit up the house by degrees, nor even take a week to do it: his orders were given at the moment to upholsterers whose warehouses furnished proofs of their competency for the commission; and as money to Mr. Gunthorpe was no object, his will and pleasure were promptly executed.

A few days after his return from Lincolnshire, and at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Gunthorpe entered his carriage, and drove to a pretty little cottage situated at no great distance from the manor. The moment his modest equipage stopped at the door, little Charley Leyden, nicely dressed, and full of joyous spirits, bounded forth to welcome the benefactor of his mother and sister. Henrietta herself was likewise speedily seen upon the threshold to greet Mr. Gunthorpe; and the old gentleman was introduced into a neat little parlour, where Mrs. Leyden, considerably improved in health, received him with a degree of warmth which was due to one who had dragged her forth from the depths of poverty.

"I am come to have half-an-hour's chat with you, Mrs. Leyden," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "respecting a certain matter you spoke to me about some days ago?"—and he glanced slily towards Henrietta, who, blushing deeply, rose to leave the room. "No—you needn't go!" cried the old gentleman. "On the contrary—you are a very necessary person to the present conference. But you, Master Charley, can run out and play in the garden till you are sent for," he added, patting the child kindly upon the cheek.

"Oh! do let me stay," said Charley. "I am so fond of being where you are, I did not much like you at first," he went on to observe with boyish ingenuousness: "but since I knew you better——"

"Hush, Charley—hush!" interrupted Mrs. Leyden, somewhat severely. "You should not speak in this manner."

"My dear madam, let him speak as he will," said Mr. Gunthorpe: "everything he utters comes up from his heart. You are a good little boy, Charley; and here is something to buy a toy with," he added, placing a five shilling piece in his hand.

"But I would rather stay with you than have that, if you mean me to go away," said the child, pouting his pretty lips and looking as if he were going to cry.

"You must run out and play a little by yourself for the present," said Mr. Gunthorpe, kissing him; "and if you do, you shall come and stay a whole day with me at my house."

Charley's countenance now brightened up; and

* At the time of which we are writing (1844) Lord Chief Baron Nicholson illuminated the *Garrick's Head*, with his presence: but at the present period (1853) he shines in undimmed glory at the *Coal Hole* tavern.

he willingly left the room, taking the crown-piece with him.

"Now, my dear girl," said Mr. Gunthorpe, turning to Henrietta, "I am going to devote my attention to your affairs: for you see I have constituted myself your guardian, as it were—and therefore I must attend to your interest. Now, don't blush and look confused, Henrietta: there is nothing to be ashamed of in an honourable love—and nobody will be more delighted than myself to behold these bright prospects realised. I presume, madam," he continued, turning towards Mrs. Leyden, "that you have not as yet been to see this young man who claims to be the heir of the title and estates of Everton?"

"If you remember, Mr. Gunthorpe," said Mrs. Leyden, "you counselled me to take no step in the matter until you had time to look into it yourself."

"True! I recollect! It was the best course to be adopted. But I suppose, young Miss, that you have occasionally visited that cottage which you tell me is so picturesquely situated at no great distance hence?"

"Henrietta has called there three or four times," observed Mrs. Leyden. "I believe that you consented that she should do so?"

"Oh! certainly: I saw no objection," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "That Mrs. Chandos of whom Henrietta spoke, did her a great service in delivering her from Beech-Tree Lodge. And by the bye, I am quite anxious to behold this heroine. But I thought you told me they were going off in such a violent hurry into the country, somewhere down into Wales?—and that is a fortnight ago."

"Yes: but Adolphus—I mean the true Lord Everton," said Henrietta, hesitating and blushing, "has been so very unwell again, that they were compelled to postpone their journey—although it was with great reluctance: for they were most anxious——"

"Yes, naturally so," interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe.

"It is Lady Everton in Wales," observed Henrietta, "that they are going to see."

"Yes—naturally so," repeated the old gentleman; and he looked abstracted: but quickly recovering himself, he said, "And now tell me, Henrietta—the more you see of this young man——"

"The more she finds that she likes him," replied Mrs. Leyden, speaking on behalf of her daughter, who again seemed full of confusion.

"Well, that's natural also," cried Mr. Gunthorpe. "But you tell me that he has been ill again?"

"His intellects have completely recovered their healthy tone," responded Henrietta: "but his physical strength is not so fully restored. When the medical man was informed that he meditated this long journey, he forbade it for the present. Enough was told to the physician to make him understand that it was a journey for an object likely to be attended with no ordinary degree of excitement; and therefore he insisted upon Adolphus postponing it for two or three weeks, that he might acquire physical as well as mental strength sufficient for the occasion."

"And he did wisely," said Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Mrs. Chandos and her brother are exceedingly kind to him——"

"Her brother?" said Mr. Gunthorpe. "I do not recollect your having before mentioned this brother. Who is he? what is he? I hope, for his own sake, that your Adolphus has fallen into good hands?"

"Oh, yes! there cannot be the slightest doubt of it!" exclaimed Henrietta. "Mrs. Chandos behaves to him as if she were a sister: and Francis Paton——"

"Eh? what name did you say?" demanded Mr. Gunthorpe, with a sort of start, as if he had not caught the words from the young girl's lips.

"Francis Paton," she repeated. "He is quite a youth—not more than eighteen——"

"Ah! And pray what age may his sister, this Mrs. Chandos, be?"

"About twenty-six," answered Henrietta.

"Twenty-six? and her brother eighteen?" said Mr. Gunthorpe, in a musing tone. "What is this Francis Paton? Nothing, I suppose. He is doubtless well off?"

"His sister Mrs. Chandos appears comfortably circumstanced: but her brother Frank," continued Henrietta, "is totally dependent on her. For I believe that he has been a page in the service of Lady Saxondale——"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe: "a page in the service of Lady Saxondale? But however, I shall go and see these persons at once. Don't think, Henrietta, my dear girl," he added, in a kind voice, and stopping short when about to leave the room with a precipitation which he often manifested, and which would have helped to lead persons to suppose that he was of an impulsive character,—"do not think, I say, that I am going to find out objections and raise imaginary obstacles in the way of your happiness. No such thing! I hope most sincerely for *your* sake, that all you have told me will turn out perfectly correct."

"Oh! my dear sir," cried Miss Leyden, "I am incapable of telling you an untruth!"

"I know it," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "I did not mean that I was going to inquire whether you had told me the truth—but whether everything is as you have been led to believe it—whether, in short, this young man's lofty notions are real and not visionary. I dare say, however, they are real enough: for I myself happen to know something of his uncle—or of him whom he believes to be his uncle, whichever it may be: and what I do know of that man, is not altogether to his credit," added Mr. Gunthorpe, with a degree of bitterness that he was not often wont to display. "Many, many years have elapsed since he and I met. He was plain Mr. Everton then. But perhaps you will be surprised, Henrietta, when I tell you that I have seen your Adolphus—granting him to be the same——"

"You have seen him?" ejaculated Henrietta.

"Yes: but it was in his childhood, many years ago. He was then a beautiful boy, with dark eyes and hair——"

"He has dark eyes and hair!" said Henrietta, with a smile and a blush,—the smile being one of joy, for the innocent maiden thought that the identity was thus completely established between her Adolphus and the one of whom Mr. Gunthorpe was speaking.

"I think," said the old gentleman, in a grave and solemn voice, "that I should recognise his linea-

ments, though more than sixteen years have elapsed since I beheld him—and then he was but twelve years old."

"Sixteen and twelve are twenty-eight—and Adolphus is twenty-eight!" cried Henrietta, with increasing satisfaction.

"Ah, I see that you love him!" said Mr. Gunthorpe; "and no matter whether he be the real Lord Everton or not, if he is a worthy young man——"

"Alas! consider all his sufferings," murmured Henrietta, the tears starting into her eyes. "For sixteen years was he the inmate of a place that to him was a prison. He has seen too little of life to have learnt any of its evil ways."

"That captivity," observed Mr. Gunthorpe, with a deeper gravity than before, "is in itself almost a sufficient proof that he is the real Lord Everton. Oh! what guilt does that man—his uncle—have to answer for! But I must now delay not. Farewell for the present. I shall call again on my way homeward: as I dare say a certain young lady," he added, looking archly at Henrietta, "will be anxious to know the result of my interview."

Thus speaking Mr. Gunthorpe quitted the room; and was hurrying forth to his carriage, when he recollected that he was not exactly acquainted with the whereabouts of the cottage to which he was about to proceed. He therefore returned for the requisite explanation, which Henrietta speedily gave him. He then entered his vehicle, having directed the coachman whither to proceed. The distance was not long; and in a short time the equipage drove up to the front of Lady Bess's picturesque cottage.

We should here remind the reader that Henrietta had not informed either her mother or Mr. Gunthorpe of the *one* incident on that memorable night of her release from Beech-Tree Lodge, which had for the time being filled her bosom with injurious suspicions against Lady Bess, whom she only knew as Mrs. Chandos. Consequently Mr. Gunthorpe was unacquainted with anything to the prejudice of this amazonian heroine. And the reader must likewise recollect that Lady Bess had, by her sophistry, explained away those suspicions from Henrietta's mind, on the first occasion when the young girl called at the cottage.

But to continue our tale. When Mr. Gunthorpe's carriage drove up to the door, Rosa the servant-woman, immediately came forth; and on the old gentleman giving his name, he was at once introduced into the tastefully furnished little parlour: for that name was known at the cottage—and honourably known too, on account of all that Henrietta Leyden had said in connexion with it. Elisabeth Chandos and her brother Francis Paton were alone together in the parlour at the time when Mr. Gunthorpe was thus introduced. They rose to receive him: but they were struck by the singular degree of interest with which he surveyed them. He did not speak a word: his lips moved—it was evident that something unspoken was wavering upon them—but to which he could not give utterance. To their farther surprise, mingled with alarm, he tottered to a seat, and sank upon it, saying, "A glass of water—give me a glass of water—I am ill."

There was a decanter on the little sideboard, and Lady Bess, hastening to fill a tumbler, presented it to Mr. Gunthorpe, who merely drank a few drops—and then, speedily recovering, said, "Forgive the trouble I am occasioning: but the heat of the weather is quite overpowering. I felt as if I were about to faint."

"Do you feel better now, sir?" asked Lady Bess in a kind voice. "Is there anything we can do for you? Frank, run and get up some wine——"

"No: do not give yourself the trouble," exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe. "I never touch it in the middle of the day——Besides, I am altogether well now. Where is your guest—Lord Everton I mean——"

"He is in his own room," said Frank. "I will fetch him. He was with us a few minutes back——"

"No: do not call him immediately," said Mr. Gunthorpe. "I wish to say a few words to you two:"—and he again looked first at Lady Bess, then at Francis Paton—then back again at the amazonian lady—with a singular interest in his gaze. "You rendered an immense service to a young girl in whom I am interested," he continued after a pause, taking Lady Bess's hand and pressing it warmly—most warmly—in his own. "Accept my best thanks for what you did upon the occasion. And now give me your hand, Francis Paton," he said: and when he received that hand, he pressed it as kindly and as fervently as he had done the sister's.

Lady Bess and Frank had heard from Henrietta that Mr. Gunthorpe had strange ways about him, but possessed the most generous of hearts; and thus they were by *no* means annoyed at whatsoever eccentricity of conduct he appeared to display on this occasion. They felt that he was a gentleman with whom they could at once find themselves on a friendly and familiar footing; they even experienced sentiments which seemed to draw them towards him, and give them pleasure at the kindness with which he pressed their hands and bent his looks upon them. But then they had heard such excellent accounts of him from Henrietta: and therefore it appeared perfectly natural that they should like, and even love, anybody who was good to that artless young maiden whom they both loved and liked as a sister.

"Now, I dare say you will think me a very strange person," said Mr. Gunthorpe; "but I am sure you will not fancy me an impertinent one, when I ask you a few questions. Be assured it is entirely in your own interest that I shall interrogate you. You, Francis Paton, have been a page at Lady Saxondale's—have you not?"

"I have, sir—and likewise at Court," responded the youth.

"At Court?" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe. "Ah! indeed? And pray by whose interest did you obtain that post?"

Frank glanced at his sister to ascertain from her looks what reply he should make; and she at once said for him, "There is every reason to believe, Mr. Gunthorpe, that it was through Lord Petersfield's interest my brother obtained his appointment in the Royal Household: but it is absolutely certain that through that nobleman's recommendation he was introduced into the service of Lady Saxondale."

"Lord Petersfield—eh?" said Mr. Gunthorpe, in a musing tone. "But I suppose you have some prospects—money to receive—or something of that sort—have you not, Frank?"

"Nothing, that I am aware of," was the youth's reply: and now both he and his sister surveyed Mr. Gunthorpe with a feeling of increasing interest—for they could not think that these questions were put without some serious motive.

"Nothing—eh?" he said, with a peculiar and inexplicable look. "But you, Elizabeth—You see that I make myself quite at home with you, calling you by your christian names—— However, you must at once regard me as your friend—from all that Henrietta has told me I wish you to look upon me *as* such. But I was about to ask some question: it was addressed to you, Elizabeth. I suppose you have received a fortune——eh? Come, tell me all about it now?"

Lady Bess blushed deeply; and turning away in confusion, evidently knew not what answer to make.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Gunthorpe, starting from his chair and taking her hand, "look me in the face, and tell me that as a woman you have never done aught which has conjured up that blush to your cheeks!"

"On my soul, Mr. Gunthorpe," replied Lady Bess, at once speaking with the dignity of maiden purity and feminine virtue in its most real and best sense,—"*as a woman* I have never done aught for which I need blush!"

Mr. Gunthorpe wrung her hand with effusion: and both she and her brother were surprised to observe the tears trickle down his cheeks,—not only surprised, but affected also; for it was singular that this old man—a complete stranger to them—should take such an evident interest in their circumstances, both moral and worldly. But hastily dashing away those tears, Mr. Gunthorpe resumed his seat, and for a few moments remained wrapped up in deep thought.

"Well," he suddenly resumed, turning towards Lady Bess, "about yourself? You had a fortune, I suppose?"

"I received some money," she answered, still with a visible unwillingness to be thus questioned.

"Oh! you received some money?" repeated Mr. Gunthorpe. "Would you mind telling me how much? I can assure you that I ask not from mere curiosity——"

"Then I will tell you, sir," responded Lady Bess. "I received five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds! no more?" said Mr. Gunthorpe "Are you sure? Pray tell me the exact truth, without reserve."

"That is the exact truth," replied Lady Bess, with increasing curiosity and surprise at this interrogatory. "But I should add, in fairness to a certain individual, that I have latterly received a hundred pounds quarterly, through an attorney in London."

"And that individual to whom you allude?" said Mr. Gunthorpe, somewhat eagerly: "pray tell me his name."

"I do not know wherefore I should conceal it," observed the amazonian lady: "for you can have none but a good motive in thus questioning me——"

"Certainly not. On my soul, as a living man," exclaimed Mr. Gunthorpe vehemently, "my motive is a good one. The name of that individual."

"Sir John Marston," rejoined Elisabeth.

"Ah! the villain!" muttered the old gentleman, in a tone of deep execration. "But now another question, my dear Elisabeth—for so you must permit me to call you. You have been married—you are married——your husband——I presume as a matter of course his name is Chandos?"

Lady Bess blushed up to the very hair of her head, and uttered not a word.

"My dear sir," said Francis Paton, approaching Mr. Gunthorpe and bending down towards him, "pardon me for hinting that your words touch upon topics not altogether agreeable to my sister."

"Poor boy—poor girl! I would not willingly de wilfully distress either of you," said the old gentleman, in a tremulous voice that showed he was much moved. "Elisabeth, believe what I say—I would not wantonly cause you pain. You have assured me that as a woman you can look without a blush upon your past life—therefore why not speak of your husband? If he be dead, and you deplore his loss, I can sympathise with you: but if he be alive and separated from you, it can scarcely be from any fault of your own, if your life has been pure and chaste? And that it has been so, I feel convinced: for there is something in your look which corroborates your solemn affirmation."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gunthorpe—most sacredly can I repeat that assurance!" exclaimed Lady Bess: then as her voice suddenly sank into a lower and graver tone, she said, "My life has had its faults: but that which woman generally commits first, has never tainted my name:"—and she averted her blushing countenance as she spoke.

"My sister has been married, Mr. Gunthorpe," whispered Francis Paton: "but she has never lived with her husband for a single day—no, nor for an hour, nor a minute. She is the same as if the marriage ceremony had never been performed at all."

"This is most remarkable," said the old gentleman, gazing in profoundest surprise upon that handsome creature, of superb shape, who stood with half-averted countenance at a little distance from where he was seated. "But your husband, Elisabeth," he continued,—"pray do not hesitate to speak to me upon this head. What was he? where is he?"

"There is such an earnestness in your words, Mr. Gunthorpe," replied the lady, now bending her magnificent eyes upon him again, "that I cannot help answering your questions. The man whom I married, bore not the name of Chandos:"—then after a few moments' hesitation, she said, "I would tell you what his real name is, but that I should perhaps be doing an injury to a young lady of whom I have heard some good things, and nothing bad."

"Whatever necessity there may be for secrecy and confidence, Elisabeth," observed Mr. Gunthorpe solemnly, "that necessity shall be respected by me. I am a man of honour."

"Oh, you need not give me this assurance!" exclaimed Lady Bess: "your conduct to Henrietta and her mother made me esteem you before I knew you. And now there is something which impels me to give you my confidence and to reply to all your questions. If I chose to assume the title," she added after another brief pause, "I could call myself the Marchioness of Villebelle!"

"Villebelle?" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe. "Ah! I comprehend. He eloped some short time back with the Hon. Miss Constance Fairfield, Lady Saxondale's daughter."

"And he has married her," rejoined Lady Bess.

"Married her?" cried Mr. Gunthorpe, in astonishment. "But if he were previously married to you?"

"He was," she observed: "but I released him. I never loved him—I cared not for him. I have never known what love is," she added, in a softer and gentler voice. "But if he loved, I could pity him. And he did love. I met him a few weeks ago—after a long, long separation. I had never seen him since the day which united our hands at the altar. How could I consider that mock ceremony binding? It was a marriage and no marriage. Well, sir, we met as I have already told you; and it was a few weeks back. He unbosomed all his secrets to me—and I voluntarily offered to place in his hands whatsoever papers existed in mine as the proofs of our marriage."

"And you did so?" said Mr. Gunthorpe.

"Yes. But I did not choose to meet him again: I therefore gave him an appointment for a particular night and at a particular place. This was at King's Cross; and I despatched to him a messenger with the papers of which I have spoken. He has married Lady Saxondale's younger daughter: they have gone to Madrid—and I hope that they will be happy."

"But this is wonderful as a romance!" said Mr. Gunthorpe. "You are a singular being, Elisabeth. I have not been quite an hour yet in your society, and I have discovered many excellent traits in your character:"—and he spoke with a sincerity and an earnestness that showed how deeply interested he really was in the object of his eulogies.

"Accept my gratitude, dear sir," she answered, "for the kind language you address to me."

"Kind, Elizabeth!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe. "But I must subdue these emotions for the present," he murmured to himself: then after a brief interval of reflection, he said, "There are many, many more questions that I should wish to ask you: but I am fearful of appearing too obtrusive at present. Many mysteries are evidently surrounding you both."

And which, if I mistake not, Mr. Gunthorpe," said Lady Bess, accosting the old gentleman and looking earnestly in his countenance, "methinks that you could clear up if you would. Yes—I am convinced of it!"

At this moment the door of the parlour opened, and the invalid appeared upon the threshold.

"Adolphus!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe the instant he caught sight of the young nobleman's countenance.

"What! you know him?" said Lady Bess, with increased surprise. "What is the meaning of all this? Who are you, Mr. Gunthorpe? Pray speak—tell us—keep us not in suspense——"

"I knew Adolphus when he was a boy," said the old gentleman, his voice again becoming tremulous and his looks expressive of deep inward emotion, as he seized the invalid's hand and pressed it warmly.

Adolphus had been naturally surprised at so fervid a greeting from a stranger: but the moment he learnt, by Lady Bess's words, that the old gentleman was Mr. Gunthorpe of whom Henrietta had often spoken, he expressed the most enthusiastic delight at making his acquaintance. Mr. Gunthorpe gazed upon him long and earnestly; and then said in a solemn voice, "Yes: assuredly you are the true and rightful Lord Everton!"

"There cannot be a doubt of it," observed Lady Bess: "we have proofs the most positive. Well did Adolphus recognise the portrait of his mother——"

"The portrait of Lady Everton?" said Mr. Gunthorpe. "Have you it here? If so, permit me to see it."

"It is here," said Elizabeth, unlocking a writing-desk and producing the picture which she had torn from the book at Lord Petersfield's house.

Mr. Gunthorpe took it from her hand, and hastened to the window, where he contemplated that portrait for some minutes. His back was turned towards Adolphus, Elizabeth, and Frank; during the time that he was thus occupied: but that his gaze was intent, and that he studied the picture earnestly, was evident from the circumstance that his head moved not during those minutes. As he turned away from the window and gave back the portrait to Lady Bess, she observed that there was the mark of a tear-drop upon it: and she felt more convinced than even at first, that Mr. Gunthorpe was in some way or another intimately yet mysteriously connected with the circumstances relating to the past and which the present was rapidly developing.

"My dear young friend," said the old gentleman, addressing himself to Adolphus, "the principal object of my visit here to-day was to speak to you upon a certain delicate matter. I am indeed glad that I came," he continued, flinging a rapid glance upon Elizabeth and Frank: "for I have heard things which I little expected to hear, and which have interested me profoundly. But upon those points we shall touch no more to-day. For the present let me speak to you, Adolphus, relative to your own affairs. Do not regard me as a stranger: I am not one. When you were a boy, I knew you well: but you doubtless recollect me not. I am so much altered!"—and these last words were uttered mournfully.

"My dear sir," whispered Elizabeth Chandos, drawing Mr. Gunthorpe aside, "it pains Adolphus to dwell too long upon the past. If you will, I am perfectly disposed to submit to you all the proofs I have obtained in respect to the atrocious guilt of his uncle, the usurping Lord Everton. Come with me into another room."

Mr. Gunthorpe according followed Lady Bess to the opposite parlour; and when they were alone together, she narrated to him all that she had learnt from the lips of Adolphus relative to the incidents of his earlier years, and how he was carried off from Everton Park in the middle of the night, just before his father, General Lord Everton, was expected home from India. She likewise explained how on that very same night the corpse of another boy of the same age was substituted for the living heir. Mr. Gunthorpe rose from his seat at this part of the narrative, and paced to and fro in the little apartment in a state of the utmost excitement.

"I knew that Everton," alluding to the uncle, "was a villain," he said: "but still I thought him not capable of such monstrous guilt as this! By heaven, there is no punishment too great for such a miscreant! How is it, Elizabeth, that you have not invoked the aid of justice ere now?"

"Ah! my dear sir," responded Lady Bess, in a tone of deep melancholy, "because there are reasons which induce me to seek the settlement of all this without exposure to the world."

"And those reasons?" asked Mr. Gunthorpe, with a look of anxiety and suspense.

"I fear," replied Elizabeth Chandos, slowly, "that this bad man is acquainted with secrets relative to one whose honour and good name must be spared."

"And that one?" cried Mr. Gunthorpe vehemently.

"Lady Everton—the mother of Adolphus!" rejoined Lady Bess. "But not to Adolphus yet have I revealed what I know or rather suspect——"

"But to me, Elizabeth—to me, I say," interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe, with a voice and look of solemn adjuration: "to me must you tell every thing! I did not think of entering farther into explanations this day: but what you have been saying renders it necessary. Tell me then, my dear Elizabeth—tell me, I beseech you—what your suspicions are, or what your knowledge is?"

"I will, Mr. Gunthorpe," responded the amazonian lady, deeply impressed with the conviction that he had not merely grave reasons but even some mysterious right thus to question her: then in a low and solemn voice, she added, "My belief is, Mr. Gunthorpe, that Lady Everton is my own mother, and therefore the mother of Frank also!"

Mr. Gunthorpe said nothing: but he looked strangely at Lady Bess. Indeed, shrewd and penetrating though she was, she could not comprehend the nature of that look: but at least she felt assured that it was fraught with a kind interest for her.

"Yes—that indeed is a grave consideration," he

observed after a long pause. "Elizabeth, you are acting most wisely—most prudently: you are acting in a way that does you infinite honour. Yes, my dear Elizabeth—the good name of Lady Everton must be screened—must be protected: and therefore her vile brother-in-law must be dealt cautiously with. You will admit me to your counsels—you will suffer me to advise with you relative to each consecutive step you may take. I see that you are gifted with the soundest sense and the most mature judgment——"

"Be assured, sir," responded the lady, still under the influence of that unaccountable power which Mr. Gunthorpe had in so brief a space of time acquired over her, "I shall be only too happy to have a gentleman of your wisdom and goodness to succour and counsel me."

"And now one more word," said Mr. Gunthorpe, looking her very hard in the face. "You suspect who your mother is: have you likewise found any clue to the name of your father?"

Lady Bess started at this question; and she gazed upon Mr. Gunthorpe with amazement and intense curiosity. How did he know that she was ever ignorant of her father's name? Not a word to that effect had been spoken since he entered the house: not a word to that effect had she ever uttered to Henrietta; not a word to that effect had she ever breathed to a soul who, so far as she could see, might have mentioned it to Mr. Gunthorpe. How then could he know it? Who was he—this Mr. Gunthorpe, that had become so suddenly interested in her affairs, and evidently knew more than she could dream of?

"Ah, I see what is passing in your mind," he said: "but you must not become the questioner now. Perhaps the time will shortly come when I shall have strange things to tell you: but that moment is not now present. Again I ask you, Elizabeth——and I conjure you to respond——have you any idea who is your father?"

"Wait one moment, sir," she said; and immediately left the room.

In less than a minute she returned, bearing a letter which she handed to him, saying, "Read this. It was written to me from Dover, by the Marquis of Villebelle, who met Sir John Marston there."

"Ah! Sir John Marston at Dover?" observed Mr. Gunthorpe, as he opened the letter: then, having hastily scanned its contents, he slowly folded it up again—returned it to Elisabeth—and began to pace to and fro in great agitation.

She watched him without saying a word: for there was something in his looks and his manner which made her feel a species of awe, as if there were sanctity in his emotions—a sanctity upon which she dared not obtrude.

"We have said enough for to-day, Elizabeth," he suddenly exclaimed, stopping short and taking her hand. "There is much more I wish to learn from your lips—the entire history of your past life—the history also of your brother Frank: but it must be postponed. You must think over all that has taken place within the two hours past: you must study to know me better. Then you will have the fullest confidence in me—and you will speak without reserve. I know—I feel that it is too much to expect you to open your heart entirely to me who am a comparative stranger unto you. In a day or two you shall see me again: but take no step in the meantime without making me aware of it. And now one word more ere we leave this room to return into the other. You have no funds—I think you told me—beyond a quarterly allowance of a hundred pounds: and your brother has nothing. You have Adolphus to maintain——In short, doubtless you are not too well off. Give me pen, ink, and paper."

Mr. Gunthorpe spoke these last words with the tone of a man who was accustomed to command, and to be obeyed likewise the instant he commanded. Elizabeth Chandos, still under that mystic and unaccountable influence which gave him an empire over her, placed writing materials before him; and seating himself at the table, he wrote something on a slip of paper.

"There," he said, flinging down the pen and starting up from the chair, "you will accept that as a proof of the cordial friendship I have offered you. Now let us go into the other room:"—and without suffering her to wait and see what he had written upon the paper, he led her forth from the parlour.

They entered the opposite one, where they had left Adolphus and Frank; and Mr. Gunthorpe, at once accosting the former, said, "I now know all that regards you—and you are beyond doubt the rightful Lord Everton. I said so just now. I remember your features. In me shall you find a friend."

Adolphus pressed the old gentleman's hand with grateful fervour, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"And now," said Mr. Gunthorpe, with an arch smile, "have you no message to send to Henrietta? Ah! that name fills your countenance with animation. Well, my dear Adolphus, the girl is worthy of you—and she has already learnt to love you. God grant that you may be happy! If I do not come again to see you to-morrow, I shall send some kind message by Henrietta, to furnish her with an excuse for calling at the cottage."

With these words, the old gentleman took an affectionate farewell of Adolphus, Elizabeth, and Frank; and hurrying forth, gave some brief instructions to his coachman. Then, waving his hand to those who stood upon the threshold, he entered the carriage, which immediately drove away.

The three proceeded to the parlour where he had left the slip of paper lying upon the table. It was a cheque upon Mr. Gunthorpe's banker for five thousand pounds. Then more than ever did Elizabeth, Frank, and Adolphus wonder who Mr. Gunthorpe could be.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

APPREHENSIONS.

Lord Petersfield was seated in his library at about three o'clock in the afternoon, looking over a number of papers connected with his diplomatic avocations of past years, and wondering whether certain overtures which he had recently been making to the Ministers then in power, would result according to his wishes. His desire was to obtain an important embassy, which, according to rumour, would soon be vacant; and he was furbishing up his rusty ideas by the aid of the papers that he was so deeply conning. In the middle of his occupation

a footman entered; and presenting him with a card, said, "This gentleman requests an immediate interview with your lordship."

"Sir John Marston?" said Lord Petersfield, who seldom suffered himself to be surprised out of his diplomatic gravity. "Well, let him walk up;"—and yet he was far from liking this visit.

In a few minutes the Baronet made his appearance. He advanced with outstretched hand; but the nobleman received him somewhat coldly, and eyed him with a certain degree of suspicion.

"Many years have elapsed since you and I met, my lord," said the Baronet, gazing upon him as if to mark the extent to which the ravages of time had gone in respect to the nobleman's person.

"It may be many years, Sir John Marston," said Lord Petersfield, with his habitual diplomatic caution; "but I am not prepared to say how many—indeed I should not like to venture a conjecture without careful consideration——"

"Your lordship appears to receive me somewhat coldly," said the Baronet.

"No—not coldly," rejoined Petersfield; "but I am not as yet assured—that is to say, I have not yet had leisure to make up my mind whether you *are* Sir John Marston or not; and I should not like to come to a hasty conclusion."

"What nonsense is this, Petersfield?" exclaimed Marston, with a movement of impatience: then as he threw himself upon a seat, he said, "Come, throw off this diplomatic cautiousness and reserve of your's: for we have to speak upon important business, I can tell you."

"Well, then," said the diplomatist, "granting that you *are* Sir John Marston—and considering from the corroborative evidence of your printed card, coupled with your own deliberate averment, that you may be so——"

"Why, you know I am!" ejaculated Marston, stamping his foot with another paroxysm of impatience. "What the devil makes you go on in this rigmarole style? Surely a matter of some sixteen years or so has not so changed me that you do not recognise me?"

"Personal appearance is not always a trustworthy credential," remarked Lord Petersfield. "But still, as I was saying——"

"The deuce take what you were saying!" interrupted the Baronet. "I will very soon give you a proof that I am that self-same Sir John Marston—Lady Everton's brother—with whom you and the present Lord Everton did a certain business."

"Enough!" said his lordship, now looking anxiously around: then rising from his seat, he advanced to the door—opened it—looked cautiously out—and satisfying himself that there were no eavesdroppers, closed it again. "Now, Sir John Marston, what business has procured me the honour—I might perhaps say the pleasure of this visit?"

"That very same business to which I have already alluded," responded the Baronet. "Do you know my lord that a certain young lady has discovered a clue——"

"Eh—what?" ejaculated his lordship, now speaking rapidly enough; and his diplomatic countenance, suddenly losing all its gravity, became expressive of the utmost agitation. "Do you mean Elisabeth Paton—or the Marchioness of Villebelle—or whatever she may call herself?"

"I do," replied Sir John: "and if I be not very much mistaken, she at the present moment bears the name of Mrs. Chandos."

"You are right, Sir John—you are right. Lady Saxondale and Marlow both told me the other day that Frank Paton, whom I placed with her ladyship, had found a sister in that woman. But do you know——"

"I know that she is a female highwayman," interrupted the Baronet. "It is a most extraordinary thing that I should be staying at Dover when her adventure at the *Admiral's Head* took place. I heard something of it at the time, but little thought that Mrs. Chandos—the heroine of that adventure—and our Elisabeth Paton were one and the same person. I do not read the local newspaper habitually; and therefore the account, which gave a full description of her personal appearance, escaped my notice. But yesterday I accidentally lighted upon the particular number of the Dover newspaper containing that report; and as I read on, I was struck with the conviction that Elisabeth Paton *is* Mrs. Chandos."

"And you are right," responded Petersfield. "I have been told that she is Frank's sister. But what of it? and what connexion have her misdoings with any clue——"

"Who said that there was a connexion?" interrupted the Baronet. "I tell you that she does possess a clue. You know that Villebelle has married Constance Farefield."

"Yes—I am aware of it," answered Lord Petersfield. "Indeed, to tell you the truth, I delicately dropped to Lady Saxondale a hint, many months ago, that the Marquis had a wife living. Of course I did not say how I knew it: I pretended to have heard some such thing rumoured when I was in Paris——"

"Well, but you see the marriage has taken place," continued Sir John Marston. "Elisabeth released Villebelle from all engagement towards her—from all bonds or ties——that is to say, so far as she was able. I should have stopped the marriage most effectually, had not Villebelle, when at Dover, whispered in my ear a certain name, which convinced me with startling effect that Elisabeth does possess a clue to past events that may prove dangerous enough for us."

"And that clue?" asked Lord Petersfield, all his diplomatic reserve having given place to intense anxiety.

"The name of Lady Everton was breathed in my ears," rejoined the Baronet.

"Ah! this is awkward," said Petersfield. "But what did you do? what have you done?"

"What could I do? I did not then know where Elisabeth was: nor did I know that she and Mrs. Chandos were one and the same. I thought of doing a thousand things—of hunting her out—of locking her up in a madhouse, if I found her—or even of making away with her if necessary."

"Sir John Marston!" exclaimed Petersfield, becoming white as a sheet.

"Ah! you may affect horror, my lord," resumed the Baronet: "but I was prepared for anything desperate. Yet where was I to search for her? All I knew was that she had recently been to Robson—that's my attorney, you know—to receive some money I allow her. So I wrote to Robson to ask if

he knew where she lived. His reply was that he did not even know whether she was in London. So I remained fretting, and fidgetting, and chafing at Dover, not knowing what on earth to do. At last, as I tell you, the Dover paper of some weeks back, containing the account of that business, fell into my hands; then I saw at once that Elizabeth was the female highwayman who stopped Marlow and Malton, and that she lived somewhere near Edmonton. So I came up to London to-day—and have only just arrived. My first visit is paid to you, that we may consult together."

"Do you happen to have the Dover paper about you?" asked Peterafield: "for I know no more of Marlow's adventure than what he told me at the time."

"Yes—here it is," returned Sir John Marston, producing the journal.

Lord Peterafield took it and commenced reading at the column indicated by the Baronet: but as he continued the perusal, his features began to express a growing amazement; and suddenly rapping his clenched hand upon the table, he ejaculated, "Then, by heaven, it was she!"

"What do you mean?" asked the Baronet hastily.

"I mean that Elizabeth has been here—that she has paid a visit to this house," responded Lord Peterafield in consternation. "I never could fancy what the meaning of that strange creature's intrusion could be. I set her down as mad. Marlow never happened to describe her person to me——"

"But did you not recollect her?" inquired Sir John.

"I never saw her since her earliest childhood," answered the nobleman. "When I took Frank to school at Southampton, I carefully avoided seeing Elizabeth. She was then sixteen: and therefore if she had seen me, she would have remembered me again—which I was naturally anxious to avoid. Ah! this is indeed most threatening. What could she have come hither for? I can't make it out. It was assuredly she. The description in this newspaper is life-like—handsome but largely chiselled features—full lips, somewhat coarse and richly red—teeth white as ivory—olive complexion—a somewhat bold and hardy gaze—a voice strong, but not harsh, and with flute-like tones——Yes, to be sure, it is the same! it is beyond all doubt!"

"But upon what pretence did she come?" demanded the Baronet. "Consider—reflect! You must tax your memory: it is important we should know. It may enable us to form an idea of the extent of the clue which she possesses."

"Ah! a suspicion strikes me," ejaculated Peterafield. "On that very same day, I recollect full well now, her brother Frank was here; and he happened to see that portrait of Lady Everton which was published in the *Court Beauties*. Stop a moment!"

With these words Lord Peterafield hurried from the room: but in less than a minute he returned, holding a book open in his hand;—and advancing up to the Baronet, he showed him where a leaf had been abstracted, exclaiming, "Yes—it is gone!"

"Then rest assured, my lord," replied Sir John Marston, "that they are thoroughly upon the right track; and having discovered who their mother is, they will discover all the rest. There will be a terrific exposure. And now, what is to be done?"

"What is to be done indeed?" said Lord Peterafield, pacing the room in considerable agitation, all his studied reserve being scattered to the winds, and his natural feelings triumphing over cold artificiality.

"Yes—what is to be done?" repeated the Baronet. "You are rich, my lord—you have feathered your nest well in various diplomatic services—and you can perhaps afford to disgorge. But with me it is very different! I have no more than I know what to do with; and if I were to give up my share I should be a ruined man. Indeed, it was only to keep the woman quiet and enable her to have enough to live upon, that I have allowed her this four hundred a-year for a little time past. I was fearful that if she fell into poverty she might begin talking to people of the transaction of that marriage—and thus one thing might have led on to another, resulting in the fullest exposure. But I repeat that if I am called upon to refund, I may as well go and drown myself afterwards."

"Besides, the exposure! the disgrace! the damning infamy!" ejaculated Lord Peterafield. "Would to God I had never done it!"

"Ah! you were something like myself in those times, my lord," said Marston bitterly; "too fond of the gaming-table!"

"And Lady Peterafield!" continued the nobleman, not heeding the Baronet's acerbic interjection: "what a blow for her! she who suspects it not! she who has not an idea of all this! And with her diabolical temper too——Why it will be enough to make me blow my brains out!"

"A pretty couple we shall be, then!" said Marston, with that bitter mocking laugh in which despair sometimes breaks forth: "I to drown myself—you to blow your brains out! But what is to be done? It is no use your walking up and down the room like this. Pray resume some of your diplomatic cunning as soon as ever you like. The sooner, too, the better. Fortunately we know where Elizabeth is—at a cottage near Edmonton. The report in the Dover newspaper lets us know that much. Now then, decide. Shall we lock her up in a madhouse? or shall we do that other thing—you know what I mean?"

"Do not allude to it, Sir John Marston!" replied Lord Peterafield impatiently. "I am not so bad as that."

"But I am bad enough for anything," exclaimed Marston, "under such circumstances. I tell you what, Peterafield—an idea has struck me! Let you and I go and lay in wait in the neighbourhood of her residence; and when she comes out, we will shoot her dead. If you are afraid to fire the pistol, I am not. Then we will swear she tried to rob us; and the respectability of your name—your high position—your rank—all will give a colouring to the statement. We may afterwards devise some means to dispose of the boy Frank."

"Sir John Marston, are you mad?" ejaculated the nobleman, becoming white as a sheet.

The Baronet was about to reply, when the door opened, and a footman entered, bearing a card, and intimating that the gentleman whose name it described sought an immediate interview.

"Mr. Gunthorpe?" said Lord Peterfield, instan-

taneously recovering his self-possession on the entrance of the servant, and therewith his habitual reserve and caution. "I do not think—but of course I should not like to say positively,—that I am not acquainted with any one bearing the name of Gunthorpe——However he had better come up: Sir John Marston, you can retire into my private cabinet for a few minutes."

The Baronet accordingly proceeded into a small adjoining room which Lord Petersfield indicated; and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Gunthorpe made his appearance. Lord Petersfield bowed coldly and stiffly: for he thought that his visitor was some citizen dwelling on the eastern side of Temple Bar—and his lordship had a most haughty contempt and supreme disgust for every body of that description.

Mr. Gunthorpe stared very hard at the nobleman—and then said, "I presume that I am addressing Lord Petersfield?"

"Really, Mr. Gunthorpe, I am not prepared—that is to say, I do not think I ought to answer a question so pointedly put. I may be Lord Petersfield—and indeed, after due deliberation, I think I may venture to say that I am—with every proviso requisite under such circumstances."

Mr. Gunthorpe first looked surprised—then indignant—and then disgusted at the nobleman's answer; and deliberately taking a seat, he said, "You had better sit down, my lord: for I desire to have a very serious conversation with you."

"And pray, Mr. Gunthorpe, who may you be?" asked the nobleman, as he gravely and slowly deposited himself in his arm-chair. "Don't be in a hurry to answer—take time to reflect——"

"It needs no time for an honest man to proclaim himself such," was Mr. Gunthorpe's response; and he looked with a strange significancy at Lord Petersfield.

"Your answer is ambiguous," said the nobleman: "it admits of a double meaning. It may be intended to imply a consciousness of your own honesty: or it may be an indirect and not ungraceful tribute to mine."

"Humph!" said Mr. Gunthorpe. "I can assure your lordship I was very far from intending the latter construction to be put upon my words at all. However, this is no occasion for childish trifling. Lord Petersfield, is there nothing upon your conscience with which you can reproach yourself?"

This was indeed a home-thrust question put to the diplomatist; and coming so quickly upon the disagreeable business he had been discussing with Sir John Marston, there can be no wonder that Lord Petersfield should suddenly turn pale and look confused.

"But little more than sixteen years have elapsed," continued Mr. Gunthorpe, again looking very hard in Lord Petersfield's face, "since a certain nobleman who believed that in you he possessed a sincere and faithful friend——"

"Ah!" gasped Petersfield, sinking back in his chair: but in a sudden paroxysm of excitement, he exclaimed, "Who are you, Mr. Gunthorpe?"

"The intimate friend of that nobleman," was the reply solemnly and firmly given; "and one who will see that the wrong be righted. All the circumstances of the past are known to me——"

"Mr. Gunthorpe," interrupted Petersfield, in an imploring tone, "I beseech you to deal mercifully—I will make every reparation. Where is that nobleman? You did well not to mention his name: for the very walls have ears."

"Yes—and doors too," said Mr. Gunthorpe, whose keen eye had caught sight of one gently opening an inch or two opposite to that by which he had entered; and as he spoke, he rose from his seat—walked straight up to that door—and pulling it completely open, beheld the Baronet retreating from it, having evidently been listening.

A half-suppressed ejaculation escaped Mr. Gunthorpe's lips: for he instantaneously recognised Sir John Marston, on whose person the ravages of time had not been sufficient to prevent such recognition. But not choosing for some reason of his own, to show that he had thus recognised him, Mr. Gunthorpe turned round to Lord Petersfield, demanding sternly, "Who is your lordship's eaves-dropper?"

"I am Sir John Marston," the Baronet at once said: for Lord Petersfield, again sinking back aghast in his seat, could not utter a word. "You are Mr. Gunthorpe, as I understand, and I have heard you touch upon a certain delicate matter. Perhaps, therefore, I may be admitted to the conference?"

"Most assuredly," rejoined the old gentleman, with accents of significant bitterness: "for if you are Sir John Marston, you are as much interested in it as Lord Petersfield himself."

"Granted!" exclaimed the Baronet: and he spoke with a degree of insolent hardihood which made Lord Petersfield think that he had devised some means of averting the threatened exposure.

"Well then, Sir John Marston," resumed Mr. Gunthorpe, "inasmuch as you have been listening at that door, I need not repeat the words I have already spoken to Lord Petersfield. But as the friend and confidant of *a certain nobleman*," he continued, accentuating his words, "I demand an account of the stewardship of you, Lord Petersfield—of you also, Sir John Marston—in respect to the sum of one hundred thousand pounds deposited in your joint hands sixteen years ago, for the benefit of Elizabeth and Francis Paton."

"And are we to understand," said Marston, "that there is a very delicate anxiety and tender interest entertained in a certain quarter with regard to these said persons Elizabeth and Francis?"

"Most assuredly!" responded Mr. Gunthorpe, with a stern look. "How dare you assume, by your very tone and manner, that it can be otherwise?"

"I assume nothing of the sort," replied the Baronet. "I will ask one question. Have you, Mr. Gunthorpe, as the friend and confidant of a certain nobleman, seen these persons, Elizabeth and Francis?"

"I have—I have seen them both: it is barely an hour since I left them. That they have been wronged—cruelly, scandalously wronged—is but too evident: but they themselves are unconscious of the extent——"

"And pray, Mr. Gunthorpe," inquired Marston, with a sardonic smile upon his countenance, "did Elizabeth make known to you the pleasant pursuits in which she has recently been engaged?"

"What mean you, sir?" cried Mr. Gunthorpe, angrily. "I have every reason to believe——"

"Believe nothing without being convinced," in-

terrupted Marston. "Here: take and read this document!"

As he thus spoke, the Baronet spread open the Dover newspaper before Mr. Gunthorpe; and the old gentleman began to read the column pointed out to him. Gradually did a strange excitement come over him: he grew pale as death—subdued ejaculations escaped his lips—his agitation was extreme. Sir John Marston threw a significant look at Lord Petersfield—a look in which a sardonic triumph was blended with a conviction of their own safety.

Mr. Gunthorpe finished reading the report—drew his hand across his brow, as if with a pang of ineffable mental agony—and then looked at the paper again. He longed to start up in a fury and denounce the whole affair as a fraud or a delusion: he longed to proclaim his conviction that the Mrs. Chandos of Dover was not the Elisabeth in whom he was interested, and a different being from Mrs. Chandos the highwaywoman. But when he reflected that from Henrietta's lips he had heard how Elisabeth had appeared in male attire when she rescued that young girl from Beech-Tree Lodge, he was staggered—he was confounded. And the description, too, which Marlow had given before the Dover magistrate of the female highwayman, tallied so completely with the portrait which the newspaper report drew of the Mrs. Chandos who appeared as a prisoner on the occasion, that it was impossible to doubt! Even the extraordinary nature of the evidence given at that investigation before the Mayor of Dover, though to all appearance establishing an *alibi*, could not possibly prove satisfactory to a man of Mr. Gunthorpe's shrewdness and intelligence. Alas, yes! he could come to no other conclusion than the one fatal to the character of Elisabeth Paton. And this idea was sadly and terribly confirmed, when he recalled to mind her own words, uttered to him ere now—that although as a woman she was pure and chaste, yet that her life had not been free from faults. The poor old gentleman was overwhelmed—almost annihilated; and after remaining in utter consternation and dismay for a few minutes, he gave vent to his grief in tears.

"That will be a shocking account," observed Sir John Marston, with an ill-subdued malignity, "for you to forward to that nobleman whose friend and confidant you are."

"Villain!" ejaculated Mr. Gunthorpe, suddenly dashing away the tears from his eyes and turning his indignant looks upon the Baronet: "all this must be your work—and your's also, my lord! Had you both performed your duty towards that young woman, she never could have been forced into such ways as these. But there shall be vengeance and punishment for your iniquities!"

Thus speaking, Mr. Gunthorpe sprang up from his seat, and was hurriedly quitting the room—when Sir John Marston called out, "Stop! you had better do nothing rash! Remember, the honour of Lady Everton may be at stake!"

Mr. Gunthorpe was struck by the circumstance thus announced, and which for the moment he had forgotten. He *did* therefore stop short; and returning to the chair he had so abruptly left, sat down and reflected for upwards of a minute.

"I find," he said at length, "that I have to deal with villains of no ordinary stamp. Yes—you are right, Sir John Marston: there can be no exposure—no vengeance. But rest assured that punishment of another kind will overtake both yourself and your accomplice, Lord Petersfield. Your conscience, Sir John Marston—and your's likewise, my lord, will not suffer you to remain for ever indifferent to this signal iniquity which you have perpetrated. I leave you therefore to the enjoyment of your ill-gotten gains—to the pangs of remorse which sooner or later will inevitably overtake you! I leave you to all the consequences of a guilt which heaven cannot suffer to go unpunished."

Having thus spoken in accents of a withering bitterness, Mr. Gunthorpe rose from his seat and quitted the room.

"There! you see how splendidly I have managed it!" exclaimed Sir John Marston, the moment the door closed behind the old gentleman. "We are safe—we are safe. I feel more at ease than I have done for a long, long time past."

Lord Petersfield, now beginning to breathe freely, remarked, "Yes—the affair has indeed taken a turn which I had little anticipated."

"The idea struck me all in a moment," observed Sir John, "as I listened at that door. I can't tell how it was—but it occurred to me, somehow or another, that the visit of this Mr. Gunthorpe was connected with the business we had been talking on. I suppose it was because that business was uppermost in my thoughts at the time. However, such was my impression: and it induced me to listen. Thus you see, Petersfield, that while you, with all your diplomatic astuteness, would have suffered yourself to be crushed down to the dust by that old bully, I got rid of him by riding the high horse and taking the matter with an air of hardihood and effrontery."

"It is indeed fortunate," observed Petersfield, "that we have got rid of this unpleasant affair so easily. But think you we shall hear no more of it?"

"I am confident we shall not," replied Marston. "I will stake my existence upon it. This Gunthorpe is evidently deep in a certain nobleman's secrets. Did you see how he was affected? That was at the idea of having to shock his friend—*this certain nobleman*," added Marston malignantly—"with an account of Elisabeth's ways of life. And then too, there is the necessity of saving Lady Everton's name from exposure and disgrace—which is another safeguard for us. Had the matter rested alone with Elisabeth and Frank, we might not have got out of it so comfortably. But as it is, we are safe, and need trouble ourselves no more upon the matter. I shall even go to Robson and tell him that for the future he need not pay the quarterly allowance to Elisabeth. It will be four hundred a-year in my pocket; and thus altogether my visit to London has terminated most fortunately instead of inauspiciously."

"But who is this Mr. Gunthorpe, think you?" asked Lord Petersfield.

"No matter who he is," rejoined Marston: "he has ceased to become an object of terror for us."

With these words the Baronet took his leave of the nobleman, and quitted the house in high glee and joyous triumph at the result of the whole adventure.

FLORINA

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE LAWYER.

ABOUT half-an-hour after Sir John Marston had taken his departure from Lord Petersfield's presence, Mr. Malton was announced. This gentleman, as our readers will recollect, was the junior and more grave and steady partner of the eminent legal firm; and though perhaps he possessed not the same sharp-witted qualities as Mr. Marlow, yet he had none of that gentleman's excitability, which often merged into rashness.

"Well, Malton," said Petersfield, who, being very intimate with the lawyers, treated them with a corresponding familiarity, "what has brought you hither this afternoon? Some new freak of Saxondale's?"

"No, my lord: my business on the present occasion," responded Malton, "regards her ladyship: and as you are so old standing a friend of the family, Mr. Marlow and I have deemed it to be our duty to consult you in the present case."

"And pray what is it?" asked his lordship, looking awfully grave and important at what he took to be a compliment paid to his wisdom and judgment.

"It is an unpleasant business," said Mr. Malton. "Perchance your lordship may have heard of a certain William Deveril?"

"Without committing myself in too positive a manner," replied the nobleman, "I think I may venture to state that I have heard of such a person. Nay, more—I will go so far as to admit that I have seen him at Lady Saxondale's house; and I believe—but I would not pledge myself beyond the possibility of retraction—that he taught the young ladies some particular style of painting."

"Precisely so, my lord. Does it also happen that you have heard a certain tale respecting his behaviour to her ladyship?" inquired the attorney.

"This is a very pointed question, Malton," answered Lord Petersfield; "and though not in the habit of replying without due deliberation, I think that in the present case I may admit that I have heard something of the kind."

"It is relative to this I wish to consult your lordship. Mr. Deveril, it appears, denies the truth of the story altogether; and a gentleman, who has taken up the matter very warmly on his behalf, is about to instruct his attorney to bring an action for defamation against Lady Saxondale."

"You had better, Malton, tell me the name of that gentleman. But do not speak too hastily——reflect on what you are going to say——you might mention a wrong name. I once knew a person, answering too quickly, give the name of Noakes instead of Brogson. So pray be careful."

"There is no need of reflection, my lord," responded the attorney, with a smile. "The gentleman's name is Gunthorpe."

"Ah, Gunthorpe!" ejaculated the nobleman, with a start; for his name had now become an ominous and inauspicious one for him.

"Yes, my lord. Do you know him?"

"Know him, Malton? I should not like to speak so positively as to avow that I know him: but he was certainly here upon a little private business an hour back."

"Mr. Gunthorpe here?" exclaimed Mr. Malton. "And did he not mention this circumstance to your lordship? for of course he must know that your lordship is a friend of the Saxondale family."

"He did not mention the circumstance, Malton. I think that I may go so far as to assure you that he did not—I am certain that I may."

"Well then, I must explain how the matter stands. Some time back—as much as a fortnight ago—Mr. Gunthorpe came to our office, and explained his business, as I have already intimated to your lordship. He agreed to suspend all proceedings for one week, on condition that we would write to her ladyship upon the subject. It however appears that business has prevented Mr. Gunthorpe from returning to us until yesterday; and then he came to inquire what we proposed to do on behalf of her ladyship in the matter. Now, we have received two or three letters from her ladyship with reference thereto; and the last one, which came to hand yesterday morning, bade us defend any action that might be brought against her ladyship—as she adhered to her original statement, and defied Mr. Deveril to asperse her good name."

"Well then, Malton," said Lord Petersfield, "I suppose you must defend the action."

"But consider, my lord, the inconvenience of dragging her ladyship's name before the tribunals on such a subject. Your lordship is well aware of the wickedness of the world; and there will be found plenty of persons ready enough to take Deveril's part."

"But what is your opinion, Malton?" inquired the nobleman: "and what does Deveril allege?"

The lawyer proceeded to explain in detail the particulars of that interview which had taken place with Mr. Gunthorpe in Parliament Street, and which was duly chronicled in our narrative.

"More than ever," continued Malton, "did Mr. Gunthorpe insist yesterday upon what he had previously stated. He warns us, if we value Lady Saxondale's reputation, not to let her go to trial. He says that he possesses evidence the nature of which we little suspect, and which will prove damnatory to her ladyship. He declares that he has no particular desire to bring this matter before the public—but that his only object is to clear up his young friend Deveril's reputation. I must confess that he spoke so fairly, and at the same time in a tone of such solemn warning, that both Marlow and myself entertain serious apprehensions concerning the matter."

"Do you mean me to understand," asked Lord Petersfield, "that you think it quite possible Mr. Deveril's version may be the right one, and Lady Saxondale's the erroneous one? Don't speak hastily—take time to consider——"

"I have considered the matter—and very seriously," responded Malton. "At first both myself and Marlow felt indignant at the slur thus thrown upon her ladyship's reputation: we thought of the purity of her life—the untarnished character she has maintained—the dignified virtue which has appeared to place her beyond the reach even of suspicion. But Mr. Gunthorpe so pointedly and emphatically assured us that he possessed the means, not merely of proving Deveril's case, but likewise of ruining her ladyship's fair fame beyond the possibility of redemption, that Marlow and I scarcely

know what to think. In short, we resolved to consult your lordship in this most delicate and unpleasant matter. Heaven forbid that I," Mr. Malton went on to say, "should lend myself to unworthy or unjust suspicions: but we do know, Lord Petersfield, that women sometimes take strange whims and caprices into their head; and if it should have happened that Lady Saxondale, in a moment of weakness, spoke or looked tenderly to this young man, who, as your lordship well knows, is of extraordinary beauty——In a word, my lord, we are all frail beings in this world."

Lord Petersfield, when looking inward to the depths of his own conscience, knew full well that Mr. Malton had just given utterance to a solemn truth; and the circumstances of his own position naturally led him to reflect that it was quite possible, and even probable, that Lady Saxondale *had* laid herself open to grave aspersions. There was he—Lord Petersfield—a man who had filled high diplomatic offices—whose honour and integrity frequently became the subject of compliment on the part of his brother-peers in the Upper House—who was occasionally alluded to in certain newspapers as a man of unimpeachable rectitude—and who, in money-affairs, was looked upon by all who knew him as an individual of scrupulous nicety,—there he was, occupying this proud position, and yet harbouring the secret consciousness that he was a vile plunderer of orphans—a base betrayer of the confidence which a generous friendship had reposed in him—the accomplice of men of infamous character in the doing of infamous deeds! Such he knew himself to be, while the world at large thought him so very different. Might not the case be somewhat similar with Lady Saxondale? Might not all the pride of her virtue be a mere outward assumption—a mask—an hypocrisy—a deceit? Besides, did not Lord Petersfield himself know enough of the world—particularly of that aristocratic sphere in which he moved—to be well aware that female frailties were often hidden beneath a consummate dissimulation? And was there not within his own knowledge the special case of Lady Everton—that case in all the ramifying results of which he had been so mixed up?

These varied reflections swept rapidly through the mind of Lord Petersfield, as Mr. Malton had been speaking; and for upwards of a minute he remained silent.

"Well, my dear sir," he at length said, "there may be something worthy of consideration in your remarks. But do you not see that it is a very difficult matter to deal with? Assuredly, Lady Saxondale must not be permitted to rush headlong into disgrace. She may not know the nature of the evidence that her opponents are possessed of against her. Persons—as you of course are even better aware than myself—frequently go to law with the confident hope that everything which is really damnatory to themselves is unknown to their opponents."

"Just so, my lord," said Mr. Malton: "and then, when it all comes out, and they find themselves overwhelmed with disgrace and confusion, they bitterly regret their folly in having persevered with law. I was thinking that if your lordship would only write a pressing letter to Lady Saxondale—or what would be much better, proceed into Lincolnshire and obtain a personal interview—you might, with that delicacy and tact which your lordship knows so well how to use, induce her ladyship to empower Marlow and myself to compromise this matter."

"I cannot possibly give an immediate answer," said the nobleman. "It requires deliberation—it is something to be pondered upon: I could not undertake anything rash——"

"But the affair is urgent, my lord," said Mr. Malton. "In two or three days, unless we are prepared to do something, Mr. Gunthorpe's attorney will commence proceedings."

"Well, my dear sir, I must take the rest of this day to consider the matter," rejoined Lord Petersfield; "and I will let you know to-morrow. If I decide upon proceeding into Lincolnshire——"

"You will in that case," added Malton, wishing to nail the nobleman to this particular course, "start to-morrow morning?"

"Start, Mr. Malton?" observed the diplomatist, looking very grave and very suspicious. "I never *start*. I never do anything in a hurry. I do not *start*, as you term it: I *take my departure*."

"I beg your lordship's pardon for having used so improper a term," said the lawyer: "I will be more guarded in future."

At this moment the footman entered, bearing a large official-looking packet with an enormous seal. Lord Petersfield took it from the silver salver on which it was presented—placed it solemnly before him—and waited until the servant had withdrawn before he broke the seal. Then he opened the despatch—looked slowly round the room to convince himself that there was nobody but Malton present with him—and lastly fixed his eyes upon the lawyer himself, as if to acquire the additional certainty that this gentleman was not prepared to take any undue advantage of the packet being opened in his presence. Malton perfectly understood what was passing in the mind of the cautious diplomatist; and he could not help smiling as he rose to take his leave. But the nobleman bade him remain for a few minutes until he had examined the despatch: Mr. Malton accordingly resumed his seat, while Lord Petersfield slowly and solemnly perused the contents of the document he had just received. Having done this, he folded it up again—placed it in the envelope—tied a piece of red tape round the packet—and then deliberately endorsed it with the day of the month and the very hour at which he had received it.

"It is as I thought," said his lordship, "when I begged you to remain. I have just received an announcement——and when I tell you this, Malton, it is with the deliberate conviction that I am justified in so telling you——that I cannot possibly proceed into Lincolnshire. All I can do, is to write to Lady Saxondale. Her Majesty's Ministers, having every confidence in my ability, caution, and wariness, have selected me for a special mission to the Imperial Court of Vienna. It is not altogether unexpected—I think I may go so far as to state that I did positively expect it——"

Again the door opened; and the footman said, "Please your lordship, Lord Saxondale requests a few minutes' interview with your lordship."

"Let Lord Saxondale be introduced," said the nobleman.

"Well, you see," exclaimed Edmund, as he en-

tered the room, "I can't stand this sort of thing any longer; and so I have resolved to go abroad."

Lord Petersfield looked positively aghast at what he considered to be the precipitate and reckless manner in which the young nobleman spoke; while his dignity was offended by the omission of those ceremonial phrases and compliments with which he expected that every visit should invariably commence. Mr. Malton was also surprised at the abrupt and ejaculatory language that Edmund made use of.

"Sit down," said Lord Petersfield, pompously indicating a chair; "and when you have recovered breath and are perfectly master of your thoughts, have the goodness to explain what sort of thing it is you cannot stand."

"Why, I am sick of London-life," exclaimed Saxondale, flinging himself upon one chair and putting his legs up on another. "I wish I had accepted your lordship's proposal of a few weeks back, about being attached to that foreign embassy, you know. Of course you are well aware from that list of debts I sent in, that poor Emily Archer and I were on very intimate terms together; and also as a matter of course, you have read the account in the newspapers of her mysterious death."

"I have no doubt," said Lord Petersfield, gravely, "that she was about to pay a visit to Saxondale Castle at the time — perhaps thinking you were there—or perhaps to see her ladyship for some purpose——"

"Well, I can't say," interrupted Edmund; "and I don't like talking of the business: it has upset me very much. Besides, I am so precious dull all by myself in Park Lane——'

"Then wherefore," inquired Mr. Malton, "do you not join the family circle down in Lincolnshire? I understand that Lady Macdonald and Lady Florina Staunton are there——"

"No: they came back to town yesterday," observed Edmund. "I learnt it by accident. My valet happened to see them arrive."

"And pray, Lord Saxondale," asked Petersfield, severely, "have you not been this day to pay your respect to that lady who is affianced to you?"

"Can't say that I have," responded Edmund. "But I shall go there presently. The fact is, I am very much afraid Florina must have learnt on what terms I was with poor Emily; and if so, all will be up in that quarter. I wish to go abroad for a few months; and therefore I came to tell your lordship that I will accept of that post——"

"It is no longer vacant," remarked Petersfield: "but if you are serious, Edmund, you can accompany *me*. For her Majesty's Ministers have entrusted me with a special mission to Vienna——"

"And when do you propose to leave?" asked Saxondale, making a slight grimace at the thought of accompanying his guardian.

"In three days," returned Lord Petersfield. "But if you really purpose to go with me, you must make up your mind to-morrow."

"It's made up at once. I will go!" exclaimed Edmund; "and there's my hand upon it."

Lord Petersfield just took the tips of Edmund's fingers in a cold grasp, and began to give him some advice—which the young nobleman did not think it worth while to wait for; and bidding both his lordship and Mr. Malton good bye, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE DISCARDED SUITOR.

We must now return to Mr. Gunthorpe, whom we left at the moment when he departed from the presence of Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston. Returning to his carriage, which was waiting, the old gentleman ordered himself to be driven to Lady Macdonald's house in Cavendish Square; but as the vehicle proceeded thither, he felt almost inclined to issue a fresh instruction and postpone his visit to Lady Macdonald until the following day. He felt anxious—deeply anxious—to return to Lady Bess's cottage: but on mature reflection he resolved to let the interval of a night pass, so that he should have ample leisure to compose the feelings which had been so cruelly tortured, and thus prepare himself for an interview which he foresaw would be attended with painful circumstances. He therefore allowed the carriage to proceed towards Cavendish Square; and by the time it had reached Lady Macdonald's residence, Mr. Gunthorpe had so far regained his wonted composure that whatever he felt inwardly, was no longer reflected in his countenance.

That his visit at Lady Macdonald's had been expected, was evident from the circumstance that the moment he announced his name he was conducted into a parlour, where her ladyship immediately joined him. Florina was not present at this interview, which lasted for upwards of an hour. Mr. Gunthorpe and Lady Macdonald had much to talk upon: but we cannot at present explain the nature of their discourse. Suffice it to say that at the expiration of the colloquy, Mr. Gunthorpe accompanied Lady Macdonald up into the drawing-room, where Florina was seated. This young lady, rising from her chair, hastened forward to bestow the most cordial welcome upon her lover's much-valued friend; and it was even with a species of paternal kindness that the old gentleman treated Florina.

"Now, I dare say," he exclaimed, making her sit beside him upon a sofa, "that you are very anxious indeed to know what has taken place between me and your aunt? Well, I think, my dear Florina—for so you must permit me to call you—that your aunt will give you the welcome intelligence that she is perfectly satisfied with a certain young gentleman's rectitude of conduct——"

"Ah, Mr. Gunthorpe!" murmured Florina, with blushes upon her cheeks and the light of joy dancing in her beauteous eyes; "how can I sufficiently thank you for having thus cleared up the character of one——"

"Whom you love so dearly—eh?" interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe. "Ah! you need not throw that dismayed look at your aunt. She will not reproach you for having kept this love a secret from her. She knows everything now."

"Yes, dearest Florina," said Lady Macdonald, speaking with a most affectionate kindness; "Mr. Gunthorpe has told me everything, and I shall not chide you. To tell you the truth, for the last two or three weeks I have myself entertained serious misgivings as to whether your happiness was being truly and really consulted by this engagement with Lord Saxondale. But now I can hesitate no longer in giving you the assurance that it must be broken off."

"Oh, my dear aunt!" exclaimed the beauteous girl, bounding from her seat and embracing Lady Macdonald fervently. "You know not what happiness your words have given me! It was only in obedience to your wishes that I ever consented to receive a suit all along so odious to me."

"We will say no more upon that part of the subject, my dear Flo," interrupted her ladyship. "Mr. Gunthorpe has made me fully aware of the impropriety and imprudence of opposing the natural current of the heart's affections. Besides, Florina, I have ceased to entertain any respect for Lady Saxondale. I have heard such sad things concerning her——But you are already acquainted with them all: Mr. Deveril has informed you of everything."

"And Mr. Deveril will receive permission," added Mr. Gunthorpe, "to pay his respects to you, Florina, at your aunt's house."

Need we say that a still sunnier joy than her eyes had already shown, now danced in those beauteous orbs—or that still deeper blushes appeared upon Florina's cheeks? This was indeed a moment of happiness well and amply repaying her for any past sorrows she had endured. Again did she embrace her aunt; and then returning to her seat by Mr. Gunthorpe's side, she took his hand, and pressed it gratefully to her lips.

"But what about my poor brother?" she said, after a pause, and while a cloud suddenly gathered upon her brow.

"Where is he at this moment?" demanded Mr. Gunthorpe. "Oh! I recollect. Your aunt told me just now: he remains at Saxondale Castle—having been thrown from a horse about a week back. But fortunately he has received no serious hurt. Now, Florina, the conduct of your brother is far from satisfactory to those who are interested in him: but he must be left to his own course for the present."

"Ah! I have the most serious apprehensions on his account!" exclaimed Florina. "I fear lest that wicked woman Lady Saxondale——"

"Well, but we must talk no more upon that subject now," interrupted Mr. Gunthorpe. "From all I know of your brother, he is not a man to be either persuaded or coerced into one particular course when he has set his mind on another. However, do not be afraid that he will be altogether lost sight of——"

At this moment the door opened, and a domestic entered to announce that Lord Saxondale had just called. Both Lady Macdonald and Florina threw quick glances of inquiry upon Mr. Gunthorpe to ascertain from his looks what course he would recommend; and he at once made a sign that the young nobleman should be shown up.

"It will be as well," he said, when the domestic had quitted the room, "that this stripling should be frankly dealt with at once; and as the opportunity presents itself, let the explanation take place in my presence. You, Lady Macdonald, must speak; but rest assured that I shall come to your rescue, if he dares display any of his flippant impertinence."

Scarcely had Mr. Gunthorpe finished speaking, when the door opened again, and Lord Saxondale was announced. Apprehensive, as the reader has already seen, that his affair with Emily Archer might be known in Cavendish Square, he had determined to put a bold face on the matter; and therefore he was entering the room with a jaunty free-and-easy look and manner, when he was taken considerably aback on beholding Mr. Gunthorpe. For knowing that the old gentleman had been in Lincolnshire at the time of the murder, he could not help fancying that his presence at Lady Macdonald's on this occasion, was to give some explanation or warning not altogether favourable to his (Saxondale's) engagement with Florina. He therefore started, and stopped short for a moment: but quickly recovering his effrontery, he exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Gunthorpe! What—are *you* here?"

"You see that I am," responded the old gentleman; "and this time, Lord Saxondale, I do not think that you will threaten to have me kicked out of the house, as you did when last we met—which was in Park Lane."

"Oh! never mind the past," ejaculated the young nobleman, looking somewhat confused however: then advancing towards the young lady, he extended his hand, saying, "Well, Flo, so you have got back from Lincolnshire?"

She did not accept the proffered hand; and her look remained grave—but no word passed her lips.

"Cool, eh?" muttered Lord Saxondale to himself: then turning towards the aunt, he said, "And how is your ladyship? Why, what the deuce is the matter? You all seem so uncommonly serious!"

"Perhaps your lordship will sit down," interrupted Lady Macdonald, pointing to a chair at a little distance from the group: "for it is necessary that you should receive a certain explanation from my lips."

Edmund took the chair accordingly, and endeavoured to assume—or rather to persevere in the assumption of an off-hand and unconcerned manner: but he nevertheless felt confused and uneasy.

"My lord," continued Lady Macdonald, "from some additional particulars which have appeared in the newspapers relative to a certain lamentable tragedy—and which particulars cannot have escaped your notice—it is but too evident that one of the unfortunate victims had for several weeks past been living under your protection."

"Well, what of it?" ejaculated Edmund. "I am not married to Flo yet; and of course should have cut the concern as soon as we were married. These things are always done by young men; and I don't suppose you want to make me an exception to the general rule."

"It is not to argue the point, Lord Saxondale," said Mr. Gunthorpe, with a severe look, "that her ladyship was addressing you—but to make a certain announcement which it is needful you should hear."

"Oh, I can guess what's coming!" cried Edmund snappishly: "but I am not to be put off so easy, I can tell you. What the deuce, Mr. Gunthorpe, have you got to do with the business? why are you poking your nose in the affair? And by the bye, if you have been telling any tales about me, I can tell one about you. That day you dined with Lord Harold in Jermyn Street, didn't you get most blazing drunk?"

"No, sir," responded Mr. Gunthorpe sternly: "I affected to be overcome with liquor, in order that I

might see the extent to which Lord Harold and yourself would go in your endeavours to enmesh me in your snares. If Lord Harold showed you the next day the letter which I sent him, you must have seen full well that not for a single moment was I made your dupe. I suffered myself to be robbed of a few thousand pounds for a certain reason of my own——But of that no matter. You would now do well to attend to what Lady Macdonald may have to say."

"Well then, what is it?" demanded Edmund, his lips trembling with rage as he bent his spiteful looks upon Florina's aunt—while the young damsel herself sat by Mr. Gunthorpe's side, grave and serious, and with her eyes bent down.

"I do not wish, Lord Saxondale," resumed Lady Macdonald, "to touch more than is necessary upon that lamentable occurrence which, if you possess any heart at all, must have affected you. But it is necessary for me to state that I consider your conduct in maintaining such a connexion while formally engaged to my niece, to have been most disgraceful. Therefore, you cannot be surprised when I request that you will consider her engagement with yourself to exist no longer."

"Indeed, I shall consider nothing of the sort!" he exclaimed flippantly. "I am well aware that Flo loves me—I am sure of it—although she may be offended at the moment."

"Lady Florina Staunton," said the aunt, with severe tone and look, "has only been kept in the room during this unpleasant scene, that she may, if necessary, give from her own lips an assurance entirely corroborative of mine."

"What!" ejaculated Edmund: "do you mean to tell me, Flo, that you don't love me? I'm sure you won't say *that*?"

"I am compelled to speak plainly and frankly in this matter," replied the young maiden, with a modest dignity. "I am desirous, Lord Saxondale, that the engagement should be broken off between us."

"It is you who have done this mischief!" cried the nobleman, starting up from his seat and addressing Mr. Gunthorpe menacingly. "You are poking your nose in everywhere — bullying my mother in the first place—and now thrusting yourself into my affairs. What the deuce does it all mean? and pray who are you?"

"Lord Saxondale," said the old gentleman, slowly rising from the sofa and bending a stern look upon the aristocratic stripling, "it is altogether useless for you to affect the airs of the bully with me. If you dare to talk thus in the presence of one of your own sex, it is not difficult to imagine what your conduct would be before those ladies, were they unprotected and alone."

"Oh! don't take things up quite so sharp," ejaculated Edmund, overawed by the old gentleman's demeanour: then turning to Lady Macdonald, he said, "I hope you will forgive me for the past—I don't want to break off with Flo—I am very fond of her—and I will turn over a new leaf and be quite steady. Indeed, I mean to leave London for two or three months: I have just been with Lord Petersfield, who is going as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Vienna—and I am to accompany him. The fact is, I am heartily sick of the life I have been leading, and want change of scene: but if you desire it, Lady Macdonald, I will stay in London, and show you that I can become more steady."

"I am glad, Edmund," said her ladyship, in a kinder tone than she had before used, "to hear you talk in this manner; and I do most sincerely hope that you will reform. I think you would do well to absent yourself for a time — especially as you are going with your guardian Lord Petersfield—a nobleman of such high honour and integrity——"

Here a suppressed ejaculation from Mr. Gunthorpe drew all attention towards him: but he suddenly fell into a fit of coughing so as to cover the abrupt paroxysm of grief and rage into which that eulogy upon Lord Petersfield had thrown him.

"Yes, Edmund," continued Lady Macdonald, "you will do well to proceed to the Continent. But the decision which you have heard pronounced, is irrevocable; and from this moment you must look upon Florina only as a mere acquaintance. I shall to-morrow write to Lady Saxondale to inform her that the engagement is broken off."

Edmund turned abruptly away—muttered some threatening words to Mr. Gunthorpe, who heeded them not—and flung himself out of the room, banging the door violently behind him. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Gunthorpe himself took his departure, and entering his carriage, ordered it to drive to William Deveril's villa near the Regent's Park.

He found our young hero and Angela walking together in their little garden. The beautiful maiden was now fully acquainted with her brother's love for Florina; and we need scarcely say that she entertained the most fervent hope it would be crowned with happiness. They knew that Mr. Gunthorpe had written to Lady Macdonald at Saxondale Castle—knew also that in this letter he had made an appointment to call upon her at her own house in Cavendish Square on that particular afternoon of which we are speaking—and they therefore expected that he would call at their villa on his way back to Stamford Hill. Nor were they disappointed: for at about five o'clock in the evening, their worthy old friend made his appearance. Most cordial was the greeting he received from the brother and sister: they conducted him into their tastefully furnished parlour—and he gladly accepted of some refreshments; for he had taken nothing since he left his own house in the morning.

Not a single word to William and Angela did Mr. Gunthorpe breathe of the circumstances which had so deeply saddened him that day: but when he had taken a glass of wine and a mouthful of food, he proceeded to speak upon the subject for which he had specially called on the present occasion.

"I told you, my dear young friends," he said, "that I wrote four days back to Lady Macdonald at Saxondale Castle, explaining to her sufficient to make her comprehend the necessity of withdrawing herself and her niece at once from Lady Saxondale's society. Lady Macdonald, not choosing to break with Lady Saxondale abruptly until she should have received fuller particulars from my lips, proffered some pretext to account for the speedy departure of herself and Florina from the castle. They arrived in town yesterday; and just now, according to an intimation which I gave Lady Macdonald in my letter, I called in Cavendish Square. Need I tell you, William, that you now stand higher

in Lady Macdonald's opinion than ever? need I assure you that she is fully convinced of your innocence and of Lady Saxondale's guilt? But there is one piece of intelligence which I must hasten to give you: which is, that the engagement is broken off with Lord Saxondale—and you are now the accepted suitor of Lady Florina Staunton."

A cry of joy, fervid and enthusiastic, burst from the lips of William Deveril, as he threw himself upon his knees, and taking Mr. Gunthorpe's hand, pressed it between both his own. Tears of mingled gratitude and delight trickled from the dark eyes of the lovely Angela; and Mr. Gunthorpe was deeply affected by the scene of happiness which he thus witnessed and of which he was the author.

He soon afterwards took his departure; but on his way back to his own mansion at Stamford Hill, he stopped for a few moments at Mrs. Leyden's dwelling to inform Henrietta that he was perfectly satisfied with the result of his interview with Adolphus at Mrs. Chandos's cottage, and that she had every hope of bliss to anticipate from that young nobleman's love. Thus did the old gentleman, while his own heart was secretly devoured with care, busy himself to promote the happiness of others; and to a certain extent it was a relief to his own sorrows that he was enabled to do so.

At eleven o'clock on the following day, Mr. Gunthorpe's carriage again drew up in front of the picturesque cottage near Edmonton. Elizabeth immediately came forth to welcome the old gentleman; and she informed him that her brother and Adolphus had gone out together for a long ramble in the neighbouring lanes and fields.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Gunthorpe, kindly but mournfully; "for I wish to have a serious—a very serious conversation with you. Will you be enabled to give me two or three hours of your time this morning?"

"Yes—assuredly," responded Elizabeth: but she was struck by the mournfulness of Mr. Gunthorpe's look and manner—and the truth flashed in unto her mind.

The old gentleman dismissed his carriage for the present, bidding the coachman return at two o'clock; and he then entered the parlour with Lady Bess.

Closing the door, she looked him full in the face—but yet with an expression of profound sorrow and humiliation on her features—saying, "Mr. Gunthorpe, do you not despise me? do you not scorn and loathe me?"

"My God, no!" he ejaculated with a strange excitement: and taking her hand, he pressed it long and warmly, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "You suspect, Elizabeth, that I have learnt something concerning you——"

"Yes—I see it in your manner—I know that you have!" she answered, weeping. "But how is it possible that you could come near me again? how is it that you can thus demonstrate so much kind and generous feeling towards me? Who are you, Mr. Gunthorpe? Tell me who you are! That is a question which I have asked myself a thousand times since you were here yesterday—a question that I must ask a thousand times again until you solve it!"

"I cannot now, Elizabeth," replied the old gentleman. "But shortly—very shortly—I may do so. Suffice it for you to know that I entertain the warmest and sincerest interest in your behalf."

"Oh, that proof of munificence which you left with me yesterday!" exclaimed Lady Bess. "It is a fortune! But see—I have not dared to avail myself of your bounty! I give it you back again: for now that you know all, you must feel how thoroughly unworthy I am of your kindness:"—and as she spoke, she drew forth from her bosom the cheque which Mr. Gunthorpe had left on the preceding day.

"Keep it, Elizabeth—keep it—it is your's," he said, gently pushing back her hand which held the draft. "Would to heaven that ten thousand times the amount would redeem the past!"

"Ah, would that I *could* redeem it!" ejaculated Elizabeth: "but at least I may atone for it—and most solemn is my resolve to make such atonement."

"I came not to reproach you, my dear Elizabeth," said Mr. Gunthorpe, still profoundly affected—"but to hear from your lips the narrative of that Past for which you promise atonement. I am sure you will not refuse me your confidence."

"No—not for worlds!" cried Lady Bess, with unfeigned sincerity. "Your goodness towards me demands it—and I feel also, without knowing why, that you have a right to expect it. Most sacredly do I assure you, Mr. Gunthorpe, that my mind was made up to tell you everything the next time you called, even though you should not have elsewhere discovered that dread secret which has filled you with so much generous affliction on my behalf. Oh! but I have been haunted by the fear, ever since you left this house yesterday, that you would never return! I was seised with a presentiment that you were going somewhere to make inquiries that would bring to your knowledge this sad phase in my eventful life; and methought that if you did thus learn it, you would cast me out with scorn and loathing from your memory."

"No, Elizabeth—I could not do that," said Mr. Gunthorpe: "and that I could not, the proof is that I am here again to-day! And now that I have given you the assurance that it is not my purpose to reproach you, I beg you will delay not, my dear Elizabeth, in lifting the veil that covers the mystery of your life. Conceal nothing from me. Whatsoever you may have to confess, will not draw vituperation from my lips: nothing but sympathy shall flow thence. You have not known me long but perhaps you have seen enough of me to trust in this assurance?"

"If any encouragement were wanting," said Elizabeth, deeply moved, "to induce me to make the fullest revelations, it has just been given in these kind words that you have spoken."

She seated herself near Mr. Gunthorpe; and in a calm firm voice, commenced her narrative in the following manner.

CHAPTER LXXX.

COMMENCEMENT OF LADY BESS'S HISTORY.

"THE earliest period of existence to which my memory can be carried back, is connected with this cottage. Here I dwelt in my infancy, with an

elderly lady named Mrs. Burnaby, whom I was taught to regard as my grandmother. She was moderately off, and kept one servant. She herself instructed me in the rudiments of education: I was fond of learning, and progressed rapidly under her supervision. She was indeed very kind to me—behaving with all the affection of a near and fond relative. When I was about eight years old—I remember the incident as well as if it had only occurred yesterday—Mrs. Burnaby told me that she was going upon a little journey, that she might be absent a couple of days, and that I was to be a very good girl and mind what the female-servant said during her absence. She did remain away two days: and it was late in the evening when she returned. She was accompanied by a nurse carrying a little baby; and she told me that this little baby was my brother. I was too young to reflect upon such matters at that time; and therefore I did not think it at all extraordinary. Indeed, all my feelings were those of an enthusiastic joy at having this little brother. It was a wet-nurse who had charge of him; and I was told that his name was Francis. At the expiration of some months—I suppose nine or ten—the wet-nurse went away; and a girl from the neighbourhood was hired to take charge of little Frank. He throve apace; and when he was able to run alone he became a companion for me. Full well do I remember the childish delight with which I used to lead him when we walked out with Mrs. Burnaby or the nurse-maid; and as years went by and he became more companionable for me still, I loved him with the sincerest affection. He was not a strong nor healthy child, but delicate and interesting—endowed with that remarkable beauty which has accompanied his growth and which characterizes him now. I myself, on the other hand, was a strong vigorous girl—tall for my age—and totally unacquainted with even a day's indisposition. When Frank was old enough to commence learning, Mrs. Burnaby instructed him as she did me; and it gave me the sincerest delight to assist my little brother in his lessons.

"Time wore on—and the incident I am about to relate happened in the year 1832. I was then fourteen, and Frank was six. One morning Mrs. Burnaby told us that we were to be dressed in our Sunday apparel, and accompany her on a little journey. Presently a vehicle, which had been ordered from Edmonton, drove up to the door: we entered it, and proceeded to some village about ten miles distant—but I did not know the name. There we stopped at a tavern, where a splendid carriage, attended by servants in a gorgeous livery, was waiting. Mrs. Burnaby, myself, and Frank took our places in this carriage; and it drove away. Speedily turning out of the main road, it entered a bye-one, running through some beautiful sylvan scenery. At the expiration of an hour a superb mansion appeared at a little distance. It was situated upon a gentle eminence, in the middle of a park, where numerous deer were frisking about. It was a beautiful day in the middle of summer: the trees and fields were of the liveliest green—the ornamental waters in that park reflected the unclouded blue of heaven—and swans were floating in stately gracefulness upon the limpid lake. Altogether it was a scene which delighted me at the time, and made an indelible impression upon me. Through this park did the carriage proceed, until it drove up to the entrance of the mansion, where it stopped. Mrs. Burnaby alighted with us: an elderly female, looking like a housekeeper, received us as we descended from the vehicle: and a kind greeting took place between her and Mrs. Burnaby. They were evidently old acquaintances. The housekeeper—for so I shall call her—bestowed great attention on Frank and me, and seemed surprised that I should have grown such a tall girl. Perhaps she paid me some little compliments with an admiring good-nature: but these I pass over. We were conducted up a magnificent staircase, to a bed-chamber, where a lady lay ill in the couch. She was very beautiful, though pale with sickness: she appeared to be about thirty-three years of age. There were two other ladies with her, much younger than herself—one being but little past twenty, and the other nineteen. I do not think they were sisters—for although they were both very beautiful, there was no family resemblance between them. Nor do I think they were any relation to the lady who was ill—at least so far as I could judge by the way in which they addressed her. I must however observe that neither the invalid lady nor these two younger ones called each other by any name the whole time that Frank and I were there—this reserve being doubtless a necessary but melancholy precaution to prevent us from obtaining any clue as to who they were.

"The sick lady embraced me and Frank with the utmost tenderness, and wept over us. She contemplated us with a look which I can never forget—a look of mournful fondness and sorrowing love—a look which, young though I was, nevertheless made me think that there must be some secret tie connecting my brother and myself with this lady. After remaining upwards of an hour with her, she bade us a most affectionate farewell. She gave me some advice as to my future conduct, and hinted that I was shortly to be removed from Mrs. Burnaby's and placed at school: but she assured me that I had friends in the world who would ever be watchful over my interests. Again and again did she press me and Frank to her bosom; and although I have no doubt she exerted all her energies to restrain her emotions as much as possible, yet she could not prevent them from finding an issue. Mrs. Barnaby and the housekeeper conducted us back to the carriage; and the latter female kissed us both most kindly at parting. I should observe that the two young ladies already mentioned, had likewise lavished affectionate endearments upon us. The handsome carriage took us back to the village, where we entered the hired vehicle and were borne home to the cottage.

"On the following day preparations were commenced towards fitting me out for a boarding-school. I grieved sadly when I found that I was to be separated from my dearly beloved brother: but Mrs. Burnaby consoled me with the assurance that when he was old enough he should join me in the same establishment. At the expiration of eight or ten days, the housekeeper from that splendid mansion arrived at the cottage. The moment of parting had now come; and full well do I remember the bitter, bitter tears I shed when separating from Frank and Mrs. Burnaby. The housekeeper took me into London in a hired vehicle; and thence

we proceeded by coach to Southampton. There I was placed at the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings. It was a very large one, and was divided into two distinct compartments—one for boys, and one for girls,—the master presiding over the former, and the mistress over the latter. There it was that the housekeeper left me, kissing me affectionately when she went away, and giving me a well-filled purse for pocket-money. I was well treated at this school: that is to say, I experienced no unkindness. But I need scarcely observe that I very much missed the tender care of her whom I had been taught to believe was my grandmother. Mrs. Burnaby frequently wrote kind and encouraging letters to me, and occasionally sent me little presents. I expected to go home to her at the holidays, and was sadly distressed when I was informed that I must remain at school. I wrote to Mrs. Burnaby imploring her to have me home, and telling her how much I longed to see my dear brother Frank. She wrote me back a letter full of kindness, but assuring me that circumstances compelled her to keep me at school, and enjoining me to make myself as happy as I possibly could. Frank sometimes wrote in his own little way; and I remember how I used to weep over those letters. Ah, I had been told to make myself happy—but I could not; and during the holidays, when most of the other children were away at their homes, I often used to weep and sob as if my heart would break.

"At the expiration of very nearly two years, I was one day most agreeably surprised by the presence of my brother. He told me that Mrs. Burnaby was dead, and that she was not our grandmother—indeed that she was no relation at all. He was not dressed in black; and when I spoke to the schoolmistress on the subject, she told me that we were neither of us to be put into mourning. I was much afflicted at hearing of the good old lady's death: and I felt shocked at this prohibition from putting

on a suitable apparel: for notwithstanding I now learnt that there was not the remotest degree of kinship between her and us, yet I thought that having so long regarded her in another light, it would have been but decent to exhibit a proper respect for her memory. Frank told me that a gentleman, whose name he did not know, had brought him to school; and it appeared that this gentleman—or rather nobleman—took his departure immediately, and did not ask to see me.

"Frank likewise told me that about ten months back he had been taken to a large building in London, where he had seen that lady again; and that she was then in perfect health. On that occasion he had for the first time beheld the nobleman who afterwards brought him to school: for that he was a nobleman, could be conjectured from the circumstance that he had worn a star upon his breast, when Frank saw him first of all. My brother likewise told me that on the previous day—that before he arrived at the school, and which was ten months after his visit to the lady at the great building in London—this same nobleman, after taking possession of Mrs. Burnaby's papers and letters, had conducted him to the splendid mansion in the park, where he saw the lady a third time, and also those two young ladies previously mentioned. The lady whom he had been taken specially to see, wept over him, murmuring that perhaps she should never see him more; and she cut off a lock of his hair. He was then consigned to the charge of that nobleman who brought him to the school at Southampton. Such was the substance of the information which Frank gave me; and amidst my grief at the death of poor Mrs. Burnaby, it was a source of comfort to have my brother beneath the same roof with myself.

"At the time of which I am now speaking, he was eight, and I was sixteen. He of course lived in the department of the establishment allotted to the boys—while I dwelt in that appropriated to the female scholars. We however saw each other for a short time every day, and for several hours on Sunday. I was therefore now much happier than I had been when at this school by myself; and I did my best to make my poor brother happy also. We were well provided with clothes by the master and mistress according as we wanted them: and we were likewise allowed a sufficiency of pocket-money. I think that Mr. and Mrs. Jennings suspected there was some strange mystery connected with us—but they evidently were not acquainted with it—or at least not in all its particulars: for Mrs. Jennings frequently questioned me in respect to my former reminiscences. I used to answer her with frankness, in the hope that she would perhaps be led to tell me something. But she never did.

"I must here observe that amongst the female-scholars at this school, there was one named Catherine Marshall. She was four years younger than myself—a fine, tall, well-made, and beautiful creature as ever I beheld. She was possessed of a merry and joyous disposition — innocently mischievous, if I may use the term—and full of frolicsome gaiety. My spirits were naturally good, notwithstanding the many depressing circumstances by which I was surrounded. Kate and I soon formed a sincere friendship for each other. When the school walked out we were always together; we sat together in the school-room; and as she was somewhat idle and disliked learning, I was wont to assist her with her lessons. She was a kind-hearted generous-minded girl; and I loved her dearly. I must add that her father Mr. Marshall kept a tavern at Dover; but being well off, he was enabled to give his daughters a good education. For Kate had two sisters younger than herself; and they were at school, I believe, at Dover—the mother not liking to have them all sent away from home.

"I have said that I was sixteen when my brother came to this school. About a year afterwards Mrs. Jennings told me that I was no longer to consider myself a scholar, but was to occupy the place of junior teacher, with the ultimate view of qualifying myself as a governess, by which profession I was to earn my bread. Thus time passed on; and when I was twenty, Mrs. Jennings informed me that I was to make my preparations to enter, in the above capacity, a family that was about to visit the Continent. Kate Marshall at that time—she being sixteen—left the school. We exchanged some little mementoes of our friendship; and she made me promise that if ever I had an opportunity, I would pay her a visit at Dover. But the most anguished separation was from my dear brother Frank; and when the moment for parting came, we embraced again and again, unable to tear ourselves away from each other's arms. At length we did separate: and never shall I forget the excruciating poignancy of my affliction at that moment! My boxes were conveyed to the hotel where the family was stopping; but before I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, I besought them to treat my dear brother with all possible kindness, as I knew that he would be inconsolable at my loss. They promised that they would; and they showed some degree of feeling on parting from me.

"The family into which I now entered was that of Sir John Marston. He was then about fifty years of age: Lady Marston was two years his junior. They had a niece with them—a Mrs. Lloyd—who was a widow, and had two children. She was about thirty years old; and her children—both girls—were respectively twelve and ten. It was these two children of whose education I was to take charge. As I have already said, this family was staying at an hotel; and from what I learnt, they had only arrived from London two days previously. How they heard of me—how I became engaged to enter into their service—how long the negotiation had been carried on—in short, all circumstances leading to my entrance into this family, were totally unknown to me; and of course I did not ask the question.

"On the following day we embarked on board a steam-packet bound for Havre-de-Grace: and there I found that the Marstons had a house ready provided to receive them, and where they had previously been dwelling for some time. It was there that we accordingly took up our abode; and I entered upon my duties as governess to Mrs. Lloyd's children. Under no circumstances is the occupation of a teacher a very pleasurable one: but mine was rendered doubly annoying by the disagreeable temper of my two pupils, and by the difficulty I experienced in giving Mrs. Lloyd satisfaction. She was constantly interfering and finding fault. Her children were rude, pert, and forward when I commenced with them; and vainly did I endeavour to improve their manners and dispositions. If I spoke

harshly to them, they raised such a storm of crying, shrieking, screaming, and yelling, that the whole house grew alarmed, and I was blamed for their ill-conduct. In short, I soon found that I had entered into a kind of purgatory, and that the life I had led at the Southampton school was paradise compared to it. Sir John Marston often scolded me most brutally: Lady Marston treated me with the supremest contempt: indeed, she was kinder far to her monials than to myself. Mrs. Lloyd, as I have already said, was constantly finding fault. If I corrected the children when they did wrong—or if I let them have their own way—I was equally liable to blame; and thus I found my situation rapidly becoming intolerable. The domestics, seeing how I was treated by their master and the two ladies, followed their example; so that I could scarcely get even the most necessary services performed, and had to a great extent to do menial things for myself. I wrote frequently to Frank; but I never in my letters mentioned to him how thoroughly unhappy I was.

"Thus some months passed away; and at length, as my ideas began to grow enlarged and my experience of the world increased, I began to ask myself why I should put up with so much ill-treatment? I reasoned that if my qualifications were such as to enable me to obtain my bread at all, they would avail for the purpose in some other family than Sir John Marston's; and inspired by these reflections, I felt a certain independence of spirit growing up within me. When once this spirit had sprung into existence—or rather, when the natural strength of my mind began thus to develop itself—I assumed a loftier bearing towards those around me. One day, when the children had been guilty of some exceeding act of rudeness, I chastised them with great severity. Their cries brought up their mother Mrs. Lloyd; and she began abusing me with her usual violence. I desired her not to address me in such language—told her that she was no lady, but only fit for a fishwife—and gave her plainly and frankly to understand that so long as I had the charge of her daughters, I was thenceforth determined to punish them whenever they deserved it. She hastened away to tell her uncle Sir John Marston, who rushed up to the nursery furious with rage. When he began storming at me, I told him he was a cowardly bully, and that he would not dare behave thus to one of his own sex. He blustered and fumed, endeavouring to break my spirit; and he even raised his hand to strike me—when I snatched up a footstool and hurled it at his head. It struck him a severe blow, but tranquillized him in a moment; and he quitted the nursery without another word. Thus far I was victorious. But presently I had to encounter the self-sufficient insolence of Lady Marston; for as I passed her on the stairs, she turned up her nose, muttering something about 'a beggarly upstart.' I at once told her that I had not the slightest doubt she was precisely what she had dared to call me; and white with rage, she hurried away. I was now perfectly triumphant. I felt glowing within me a spirit such as I had never known before; and the consciousness that I possessed it, made me happy. I suddenly felt myself above all petty tyrannies, and totally independent of my tyrants. I was therefore encouraged to prosecute the warfare against the servants; and when that very same day an impertinent minx of a housemaid refused to do something I bade her, I bestowed upon her such a sound box on the ears, that she was as much dismayed as hurt. She did not any longer refuse to follow my orders: and during all the rest of the time I was in Sir John Marston's family, I experienced no overt impertinence on the part of the domestics.

"The effect which all these various proceedings produced, was perfectly astonishing: the treatment I subsequently experienced was widely different from that I had before known. I was left to manage the children as I thought fit; and the domestics obeyed my orders. But still I was resolved to take the earliest opportunity of quitting a situation which I disliked and a family that I detested. I secretly made inquiries if other English families living in Havre required a governess—but could hear of nothing satisfactory. At length I resolved to give Sir John Marston notice to leave him, and wend my way back to England. Thereupon he gave me to understand that I was bound to him by those who had the power to bind me, until I should attain the age of twenty-one. It only wanted three months of that period; and I therefore determined to await it patiently. But still I wondered who the persons could be that exercised this inviaible but powerful influence over my destinies.

"About two months after that conversation with Sir John Marston the family removed from Havre to Paris; and we took up our abode at an hotel, the Baronet alleging that he purposed to look out for a suitable residence, as he meant to fix himself permanently, or at all events for some time, in the French capital. I cared nothing about his arrangements—looking forward to the end of another month as the period of my emancipation. And now I come to the most extraordinary incident in my chequered life. It was on the morning after the attainment of my twenty-first year, that I requested an interview with Sir John Marston in order to receive whatsoever amount of money was due to me and take my leave. The request for an audience was granted; and when I repaired to the room in which he was seated alone, he manifested the most extraordinary courtesy. Desiring me to be seated, he addressed me in such a tone of urbanity and kindness that I could scarcely believe he was the same individual who used to treat me with such ruffian brutality. He commenced by stating that he was sorry if any past circumstances had rendered me unhappy while in his family, but attributed them all to hastiness of temper—for which he professed a profound sorrow. He then questioned me—as indeed he had often done before—very minutely relative to my reminiscences of the earlier portion of my life; and thinking that now I had attained my majority, and was going to leave him, he might have something important to communicate, I spoke without reserve. He then proceeded to make me the most extraordinary proposal; and although he opened his mind with cautious slowness—feeling his way as it were with the most wary circumlocution—yet the proposition, when fully developed, struck me speechless with wonder for some minutes. It was to the effect that if I would consent to marry a certain person whom he had selected, he would present me with a sum of five thousand pounds; but that he did not require

me to live with this husband of his choice a day, nor an hour, nor a minute. On the contrary, he stipulated as a part of his proposition, that we were to separate immediately after the ceremony and see each other no more. When I had recovered from the astonishment into which this proposal had thrown me, I speedily reflected that it was one which, singular and indelicate though it appeared, I should nevetheless do well to accept. To a person who was about to leave a situation with only a few pounds in her pocket, and utterly uncertain how soon she could procure another—without any known friends, too, in the whole wide world—the offer of five thousand pounds was magnificently tempting. Indeed, it was a temptation too brilliant and dazzling to be refused. I therefore speedily made up my mind to accept the offer. But having no very high opinion of Sir John Marston's integrity, I insisted upon receiving the money before I would conclude the strange bargain. He told me that the moment the ceremony was over I should have to sign a certain paper without reading its contents, and that the object which he had in view would not be answered unless I affixed my name to that document. He therefore proposed that immediately after the ceremony and previous to the signing of the paper, the money should be placed in my hands. To this I consented; and Sir John Marston then told me that in a couple of hours the bridegroom would be there. I returned to my own chamber, and he immediately issued from the hotel.

"When I was alone—the children being at the time with their mother Mrs. Lloyd—I reflected upon the step I was about to take. That Sir John Marston had some deep selfish purpose to serve, there could be no doubt: but what it was, seemed impossible for me to fathom. If I rejected his proposal, how should I better myself? If a large sum of money were due to me, and he only meant to pay me a part, what measures could I take for obtaining the whole? where was I to look for the source of such money? to whom was I to address myself for information or complaint? I was profoundly anxious to escape from the thraldom of a governess's life; and here was a little fortune within my reach. All things considered, and all the circumstances being well weighed, I resolved to persevere. Thus making up my mind with coolness and firmness, I maintained a remarkable equanimity of mind,—experiencing no nervousness, nor anxiety, nor excitement. I looked upon the whole affair as a purely business-transaction, and was prepared to go through with it in that sense.

"It was a little after nine o'clock in the morning when the interview between me and Sir John Marston had occurred: it was about half-past eleven when Lady Marston and Mrs. Lloyd entered my chamber and bade me accompany them to another room. They knew what was about to take place, and spoke to me encouragingly on the subject. They were evidently fearful that I should retract my promise: and they addressed me in terms sickeningly fawning and coaxing. I gave them to understand that I required no such show of false friendship on their part—that I had made up my mind how to act, in order to serve my own views—and that if by so doing I served their's at the same time, it was through no love that I bore them. Soon afterwards Sir John Marston made his appearance, accompanied by a very handsome young Frenchman, who spoke English perfectly, and whom he introduced to me as the Marquis of Villebelle. So I was to become a Marchioness! This did not however flatter my pride in the slightest degree: for I cared nothing about artificial rank and the nauseating blazonry of titles. Nor did the agreeable person of the young Marquis produce any tender impression upon my heart; and notwithstanding his good looks, his graceful bearing, and his elegant manners, I remained perfectly willing to carry out the Baronet's conditions to their utmost limit, and separate from my intended husband the moment the ceremony should have been performed. Besides, I should have loathed myself if all in a moment I could have made up my mind to fall into the arms of a man whom I had never seen before, and whom therefore I had not been led to love.

"Well, to proceed with my narrative. No preparations in the shape of apparel were made for this singular wedding. The white veil, the virgin dress, the orange blossoms, and the bouquet, were all wanting. I was well but plainly attired, and with no one single indication that I was about to become a bride. Indeed, the other inmates of the hotel remained in perfect ignorance that any such ceremony was contemplated. Sir John and Lady Marston, Mrs. Lloyd, the Marquis of Villebelle, and myself, entered a carriage hired for the occasion, and proceeded to the British Embassy, where my hand was duly united in marriage to that of the French nobleman. The chaplain, who solemnized the rite, gave me a certificate, which I secured about my person. We then returned to the carriage, and drove back to the hotel. There I at once took leave of the Marquis, and repaired to the room where Sir John Marston and I had held the conversation three hours back. In about twenty minutes he joined me, accompanied by an elderly French gentleman, dressed in black, and whom he introduced to me as a Notary Public. This functionary produced several papers, and requested me to show him the marriage certificate. I did so: whereupon he filled up a couple of papers attesting that this certificate had been exhibited to him; and one of these duplicates he handed to me, bidding me keep it. He then produced another document, of which he likewise had a duplicate, and which set forth that for certain reasons of a delicate character, known only to the persons interested, a separation had been agreed upon between my husband and myself,—I retaining all rights over whatsoever property I might be entitled to. These papers I had to sign; and one of them was also left in my possession. Next the notary produced a still more elaborate document, and then Sir John Marston, interposing, said in French that 'the Marchioness of Villebelle was already acquainted with its contents, and it was not necessary to read it.' I was very much inclined to demur to this: but Sir John threw upon me a look which seemed to say that I was completely in his power as to the five thousand pounds; and not knowing but that I might have really been so—and indeed more than half fancying I was—I held my peace. Thereupon Sir John drew forth his pocket-book, counted down the amount of five thousand pounds in French bank-notes, and placed them near me. I signed the document, over which a large piece of blotting-paper was thrown so that I could not catch

the slightest glimpse of its contents: for I have no doubt that the notary was secretly in the Baronet's pay, bribed to manage the business thus cautiously. I should observe that all the documents were in the French language, with which I am perfectly acquainted. The notary then took his departure; and I possessed myself of my five thousand pounds.

"I now intimated to Sir John Marston that I was about to quit his family at once—to which he made no objection. But he bade me wait a few minutes while he gave me a word of caution. This was to the effect that if I consulted my own interests I should do well not to mention to any persons whose friendship I might thereafter form, the peculiar circumstances under which my marriage was contracted; and he even hinted that some fraud had been committed, in which I was more or less an accomplice. I began to grow frightened: for it did not occur to me at the time that this might be merely a device on his part to intimidate me into secrecy. He however assured me that I should be perfectly safe, provided I kept my own counsel; and he farther intimated that if ever I wished to communicate with him, and should be unacquainted with his address, a letter directed to him through his English attorney, Mr. Robson, of Saville Row, London, would reach him. He told me that he had changed his mind about settling himself in Paris, and that he purposed to travel about on the Continent for some time to come. I now took leave of him. He gave me his hand at parting, and hoped that I experienced no lingering ill-will towards him. I said frankly enough that I had little cause to entertain a friendly feeling, but that as for a permanent rancour, mine was not a disposition to cherish it. On leaving Sir John, I proceeded to my own chamber to finish my arrangements for departure; and while I was thus occupied, Lady Marston and Mrs. Lloyd came to bid me farewell. I treated them precisely as I had Sir John; and having taken leave of the two girls, I entered a hackney-coach, ordering the driver to take me to another hotel. I however purposed that my stay there should be brief, inasmuch as I resolved to set off on the following day on my return to England: for I longed to embrace my brother Frank.

"I have already stated that since I left Southampton, I regularly corresponded with him. A year had now elapsed since I left him there; and by the last letter I received, I knew he was still at the seminary. I sent to make inquiries relative to the hour at which the diligence started for Havre on the following morning; and while the porter of the hotel was gone, I began to ruminate seriously upon my position. There was I, a young and unprotected woman — only twenty-one years of age, and just launched, so to speak, upon the wide world! I could not marry, even if I should meet with any one to gain my affections; and I felt that at my age, and not being particularly bad-looking, I should find myself exposed to offers and overtures alike honourable and dishonourable. I was prepared to accept neither; but I naturally shrank from the chance of encountering them. It therefore occurred to me that if I passed as a married woman, there would be in that title a certain protection for myself and a safeguard for my reputation. But I did not choose to adopt my husband's name, or receive the reflection of his rank. I scorned and hated the marriage, on account of the circumstances attending it; and I despised aristocratic distinctions. I therefore resolved to remain a plain civilian; and I deliberated what name I should take: for if passing as a married woman, I could not of course retain my maiden name of *Paton*. On the table in my room at the hotel to which I had removed, were some English novels, placed there for the use of those guests who chose to avail themselves of such reading. I thought to myself that I would leave my future name to a sort of lottery; and taking up one of the volumes, I determined to adopt the first name that should meet my eye, if it were not an ugly one. In this manner did I come to dub myself *Mrs. Chandos*. It was by this name that I now had my passport made out; and on the following morning, at nine o'clock, I took my place in the *coupé* of the diligence for Havre. This compartment of a French stage-coach is made for three persons; and my two companions were elderly French ladies who were also going to Havre. I was well pleased with their companionship; for they were very agreeable persons;—and the day passed quickly enough, notwithstanding the tediousness of travelling by diligence on the Continent.

"It was in the middle of the night, and while we were still at a considerable distance from Havre-de-Grace, that the diligence was suddenly attacked by a body of armed robbers, who were so numerous and so formidable that resistance on the part of the male passengers, the guard, or the postilions, was out of the question. It was in a lonely spot where the deed took place; and the banditti went to work in a most deliberate manner. They unpacked all the boxes to search for money, jewellery, or other valuables; and my five thousand pounds, which I had deposited inside my trunk, was appropriated by the plunderers. In short they carried off everything worth taking from all the passengers—purses, watches, even to the very ear-rings of the females. The two elderly ladies who were my companions, were terribly frightened; but I retained my presence of mind: for although deeply annoyed and afflicted by the loss of my money, yet I saw that no attempt would be made upon our lives. When the robbers had done their work, they suffered the diligence to proceed; and in the morning I thus arrived absolutely penniless at Havre."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

CONTINUATION OF LADY BESS'S HISTORY.

"I TOOK up my quarters at an hotel, and reflected upon what course I should now pursue. I learnt on inquiry that there would be no steam-packet for Southampton for the next two days; but even if there were, and if by parting with some of my clothes I could raise money enough to pay my fare, what was the use of presenting myself in a pauperized condition to my poor brother? I knew that he had no funds wherewith to assist me: and moreover, I shrank from the idea of afflicting him by an account of my misfortunes. What was I to do? My position was most embarrassing. I did not however suffer myself to be completely cast down: the same spirit which had

animated me in dealing with the petty tyrants of the family which I had so recently left, inspired me now with courage to meet my misfortunes. At first I thought of writing at once to Sir John Marston, telling him how I was situated and requesting his pecuniary assistance. But when I reflected on the independent manner in which I had left him, my soul recoiled from the idea of such self-humiliation. The only course open to me appeared to be that of obtaining a situation as a governess; and this I thought would not be so very difficult, as there were many English residents in Havre, as well as respectable French tradesmen, who knew that I had been a year with Sir John Marston's family. I accordingly set about instituting immediate inquiries. The robbery of the diligence was of course generally known in Havre; and it being likewise known that I was one of the victims, my position excited some degree of sympathy. An English lady, named Knight, who had recently been left a widow, and had several children, was staying at Havre at the time; and she offered to receive me as a governess. She frankly told me that she was not very well off, and that she could not afford to give me a handsome salary: but my circumstances did not permit me to be over particular—and I therefore accepted her proposition. She was a woman of about forty: her eldest son, whose christian name was James, was just one-and-twenty; and she had four other children—two boys and two girls, whose ages ranged from ten to eighteen. She was a good-natured person — somewhat weak-minded — and entirely under the empire of her son James, who, I must observe, was a handsome young man. Her husband had been dead about eight months: he was a merchant—but had left his circumstances in a less flourishing condition than had been expected from his mode of life. He had some little property at Barcelona in Spain: and it required the widow's presence there for her to take possession of it. She had arrived from England on her way thither; and as I found, more from compassion in respect to myself than because her views were sufficiently settled to enable her to engage a governess at the time, she received me into her family. In a few weeks we set off by the diligence towards the Spanish frontier. I soon found that James Knight had taken it into his head to make a conquest of me, if possible—and not in an honourable way. When unperceived by his mother, he besieged me with attentions; and even in her presence he sometimes looked and spoke in a manner that it was impossible to misunderstand. On these occasions I saw that she reproved him with a glance, for which however he cared but little. She was however soon satisfied that he received no encouragement from me: for I gave him to understand as plainly as I could that his attentions were most disagreeable. But he persevered in them: and on one occasion it became necessary for me to resent his impertinence with a sound box on the ears, which I hesitated not to bestow. He was of an evil disposition—treacherous, malignant, and spiteful to a degree; and finding that so far from making any tender impression on me, I treated him in this manner, he menaced me with his looks. For those however I cared but little; and deported myself towards him with aversion and contempt. He grew sullen and morose; and I saw full well that he had conceived a bitter hatred against me. Under these circumstances was it that we arrived at Barcelona. I do not pause to say anything particular relative to the children entrusted to my charge, as I remained so short a time with Mrs. Knight: but I now come to the incident which caused me to leave her abruptly. On arriving at Barcelona, we took up our quarters at an hotel preparatory to the hiring of suitable apartments during the period that it would be requisite for Mrs. Knight to remain in that city. The very day after our arrival, and at about eight o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Knight discovered that some articles of jewellery had been abstracted from her trunk. This announcement was made in the presence of her son James; and he immediately turned towards me, asking with a malignant look 'what I was doing in his mother's chamber about an hour back?' Instantaneously understanding the nature of the aspersion he intended to throw upon me, my indignation burst forth in no measured terms: for it was totally false that I had been to his mother's room at all. He vowed that I had; and insisted that my boxes should be searched. This I at once assented to: whereupon Mrs. Knight, who, poor weak-minded woman, had begun to grow suspicious concerning me, led the way to my chamber, followed by her son and myself. On our way thither, the thought—the terrible thought, flashed to my mind that if James Knight were villain enough to accuse me thus wrongfully, he was also sufficiently treacherous and malignant to have placed the jewels in my box in order to ruin me. I beheld at a glance all the danger of my position; and in the swift brief moments that were passing, I revolved in my mind the two alternatives that lay before me —either to dare the accusation boldly on the one hand,—or to fly from it precipitately on the other. Though perfectly innocent, as God is my judge, yet I chose the latter alternative: for I could not endure the thought of being plunged into a prison. I therefore determined to escape. We entered my chamber; and in order to throw the treacherous young man entirely off his guard with respect to my intention, I affected not to entertain the slightest suspicion that the jewels would really be found in my box. I was thus enabled, when he was busily engaged in turning out all the things, to snatch up a bonnet and shawl and glide from the room. Locking the door upon Mrs. Knight and her son, I slipped on the bonnet and shawl—reached the staircase—descended it rapidly—and issued forth from the hotel. It was now dusk; and I sped precipitately along the street—gained the postern—passed the fortifications without hindrance—and was soon on the wide open plain stretching towards the Catalonian Hills. I proceeded onward with but little relaxation of speed for nearly two hours,—when I was compelled to sit down and rest. It was now a beautiful moonlit night; and I could see to a considerable distance. Three or four habitations were discernible amidst the sylvan scenery which formed a large portion of the landscape: but I dared not seek shelter at any of these, for fear that if information had been given to the Barcelonese police, the entire neighbourhood might be scoured by those officers and I should be arrested. I therefore resolved to walk onward throughout the whole night, and thus place as great a distance as possible between myself and the city which I had left.

"Having rested as long as I dared, I pursued my way again. I had purposely stricken out of the main road, and was plunging deeper and deeper into the wilds and fastnesses of Catalonia. I had read of the generous disposition and high-minded nature of the Catalans—and resolved, when morning dawned, and I had travelled far enough to be beyond the reach of pursuit, to stop at some cottage and ask for food and shelter: for I had a little money in my pocket, which I had received from Mrs. Knight. My spirits did not flag: indeed there was something wildly romantic and exhilarating in this journey, amidst the bold and striking scenery which the powerful effulgence of moon and stars brought out in strong relief. It must not be however thought that I was indifferent to the suspicion of guilt in respect to the jewels, which would be naturally confirmed by my precipitate flight: but I resolved, so soon as I should have an opportunity, to write a letter containing the requisite explanations to Mrs. Knight, showing the infamous conduct of her son and how I had fled as the only alternative to escape a prison.

"I pressed courageously forward, stopping every now and then to sit down upon a stone or a bank, but gallantly battling against increasing fatigue. Thus I continued my way till morning dawned; and now I was in the midst of all the characteristic scenery of the immense principality of Catalonia. Barren rocks and fertile valleys—groves of cork trees—cascades and torrents—limpid streamlets and roaring waterfalls—these were the principal features which nature presented to my view. When the sun was rising over the orient hills, I sat down upon the slope of an eminence, now no longer able to combat against the sense of fatigue. A smiling valley, intersected with a rivulet, spread itself out at my feet; and behind me the wild barren hills rose in amphitheatrical grandeur. Not a habitation was to be seen. I had frequently slaked my thirst during the night's wanderings; for there had been no lack of springs and rivulets in the path which I had pursued: but I was now tortured with the gnawing pangs of hunger—and the dread apprehension began to creep shudderingly over me, that it was possible for me to starve amidst these Catalonian wilds. My hope that I should reach some hospitable cottage, appeared to be disappointed; and I felt that I must rest some hours before I could resume my wanderings with ease or speed. While I was thus giving way to the disagreeable reflections that began to steal over me, I heard footsteps suddenly approaching from behind, and starting up, I beheld a figure that I must describe. It was that of a man at least six feet high, symmetrically but strongly built, his form being alike muscular and elegant. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was perhaps one of the handsomest men I had ever seen in my whole life. His complexion, naturally of Spanish swarthiness, was more deeply bronzed by exposure to the scorching sun; but it had an olive clearness through which the warm blood could mantle upon that fine countenance. His eyes were dark, but full of fire—looking like jet that burns without losing its sable hue. His features were of the purely Grecian cast: and his teeth were truly splendid. His long black hair, the least thing coarse—but glossy and curling naturally, and of remarkable luxuriance—fell upon his shoulders. He wore a moustache, but neither beard nor whiskers, and thus appeared even younger than he really was. He was dressed in the picturesque Catalan costume, and carried a rifle in his hand. His belt was furnished with pistols and daggers; and by his side hung a straight sword of immense length. He might either have been a guerilla or a bandit chief—I knew not which at the moment: but I strongly suspected the latter.

"I must here observe that this was the middle of September, 1839; and the Carlist war was just concluded. Don Carlos had passed with the bulk of his army into France: but Cabrera, one of his most famous generals, still continued in Spain at the head of a large body of troops. He was not however at that time in Catalonia—but I believe in the Basque Provinces; while Catalonia itself had become almost completely pacified. The Catalan whom I have described, and whom I thus encountered at sunrise in the midst of his own native wilds, stood gazing upon me for upwards of a minute in speechless astonishment. And no wonder that such should have been his feeling: for I doubtless appeared to him like a person dropped from the clouds in that lonely region. But blended with his look of surprise was an expression of admiration: and suspecting that I was not a Spanish woman, he at length addressed me in the French tongue. He spoke with mildness and courtesy, asking me whether I had not lost my way, and whether he could be of any assistance to me? I replied frankly that I had wandered the whole night—that I was exhausted with fatigue and famished with hunger—and that I required both repose and refreshment. Without asking another question, he courteously invited me to accompany him, assuring me of kind treatment. I showed by my looks and manner that I put confidence in him; and he led the way up the eminence, until we reached a winding path which descended somewhat precipitately between two walls of rock, which grew higher and higher in proportion as we went lower and lower. The path continued its tortuous way almost completely round the hill, until it reached a valley on the opposite side; and there I beheld a little encampment, consisting of half-a-dozen tents pitched upon the bank of a streamlet. A fire was burning in the open air, and over it a cauldron was suspended in the true gipsy fashion. A dozen men, dressed and armed in a manner similar to the individual who was guiding me thither, were lounging about, most of them smoking; and four or five women, in the picturesque Catalan attire, added to the interest of the scene. These women were young and beautiful: the men were all fine athletic fellows, and the age of none appeared to exceed forty. I immediately became the object of curiosity and attention on the part of these persons: but the curiosity partook not of rudeness, while the attention was courteous and kind. Two of the young women spoke French; and thus I was enabled to understand what they said. I may here at once observe—what I did not discover till later in the day—that the individual who had brought me thither, was the chief of this band, and was styled Don Diego Christoval; but what the occupations of the band itself were, I did not so speedily ascertain. Don Christoval bade the women bustle about and supply me with refreshments. I was introduced

into one of the tents, where bedding was stretched upon the ground; and there the two women who spoke French, desired me to repose myself. This invitation I gratefully accepted. Hot coffee, eggs, biscuits, and butter, together with some cold meat, was speedily served up; and I made a copious meal. The women then bade me rest myself as long as I thought fit,—promising that I should not be disturbed, for that the encampment would remain in that spot for some days. I thanked them for their kindness; and they left me, closing the canvass of the tent over the entrance.

"I slept soundly for several hours. Indeed, it was not till late in the afternoon that I awoke; and then I was completely refreshed. Presently the handsome countenance of one of the women peeped into the tent; and perceiving that I was awake, she pointed to certain arrangements which she had made for my comfort while I had been steeped in slumber. On a rudely constructed table all the necessary materials for ablutions and the toilet were spread; and as these details are not without their interest, I may add that I found a hair-brush, a comb, nail and tooth brushes, all completely new, together with fragrant Barcelonese soap, and perfumed oil for the hair. There was likewise a change of linen; and, in short, every care had been taken to minister to my wants and comforts. All this was cheering enough; and I could not help feeling rejoiced at having fallen into such comfortable quarters. The young woman, whose name was Isabella, assisted me in my toilet; and when it was completed, she invited me to join the rest in partaking of the afternoon meal. On issuing forth from the tent, I found a complete banquet spread upon the grass—the whole arrangements having the air of an English pic-nic. There were roast capons, masses of smoked ham, piles of sausages, huge pieces of cheese, vegetables, bread, biscuits, and quantities of grapes and other fruits. The cauldron was again simmering over the fire; and this huge iron vessel contained the favourite Spanish comestible, called *pochero*—a sort of soup with quantities of various kinds of meat, poultry, and game. Plates, dishes, and all the requisite articles of crockery and cutlery were likewise at hand; and there was no deficiency of wine and spirits. The men and women of the band were already seated at the banquet, which they had not however commenced, courteously waiting for my appearance. Don Diego Christoval, rising up from the grass, doffed his cap in graceful salutation; and taking me by the hand, invited me to place myself next to him. We accordingly sat down—and the festival commenced. But little conversation took place during the repast, every one having an appetite so keen as to cause ample justice to be done to the good things above enumerated. When it was over, the men lighted their pipes, and lounging upon the grass, smoked and drank at their ease: but Don Diego, who, it appeared, was not addicted to the use of tobacco, proposed to me, if I were not still too much fatigued, to walk with him along the bank of the streamlet. Supposing that he wished to speak to me relative to my circumstances, I accepted the invitation, and we rambled away from the encampment.

"At first he expressed a hope that I was satisfied with the attention shown me, and that I had found everything as comfortable as, considering the limited and rude nature of the arrangements, I could have expected. When I had given a suitable response, declaring my gratitude for the treatment I had received, he intimated that if I thought fit to give any explanation relative to the circumstances which had brought me into those wilds, he was prepared to listen: but he at the same time, with much mingled frankness and delicacy, assured me that if I preferred remaining silent upon the subject, he would not press me, nor should my treatment undergo any change so long as I might choose to remain with the band. I did not think fit to enter into full particulars relative to the jewels; but I gave him to understand that I had fled precipitately from Barcelona in order to escape a cruel persecution at the hands of the son of a lady in whose family I had occupied the position of a governess. Don Diego was perfectly satisfied with this explanation; and he asked what he could do to serve me? I replied that my object was to return to France. He said that it was his intention to remain for a few days in the present neighbourhood, but that afterwards he and his band would be pushing their way towards the Pyrenees; and that if I thought fit to remain with them during this short interval, he would himself conduct me across the Pyrenean boundary into France. I accepted this offer at once, and for several reasons. In the first place, I had not sufficient money to travel by any public conveyance; and I did not like to expose my necessitous position to Don Diego, or receive pecuniary assistance from him. In the second place, even if I had possessed ample funds, I should not have liked to trust myself to a public conveyance: for I knew not to what extent James Knight's malignity might have reached, and I thought it quite probable that he would give such publicity to the incident of the jewels that should lead to my arrest, if from a personal description I chanced to be recognised. Moreover, it would be impossible to travel without a passport; and mine would betray me to the authorities as the fugitive governess from Barcelona, supposing that James Knight had really made the matter public. In the third place, I was sufficiently interested in my new companions to entertain the wish of beholding somewhat more of their mode of life, in which there was a certain romantic charm for such a disposition as mine. These were the principal motives that at once prompted me to accept Christoval's proposal that I should remain for a few days with his band.

"A week thus passed. Every morning at daybreak the men of the band, headed by Don Diego, set out from the encampment, and did not return until late in the afternoon,—when they found the banquet ready prepared for them by the women. These women were the wives, or perhaps the mistresses, of certain members of the band: but neither of them pertained to Don Diego. Their conduct was unexceptionably correct; and if they were not really wives, they at all events behaved with the discretion and decency of married women. When the men returned of a day, they were invariably laden with provisions of all kinds; and I noticed that of an evening, they all assembled in Don Diego's own tent, where they remained for about half-an-hour, either in consultation or else in dividing other things which they had obtained

during the day in addition to the provisions and wine. That this latter business was really the one that occupied them on those occasions, I gradually began to suspect: for I often heard the sounds of chinking gold emanate from the chief's tent. Moreover, I began to notice that the women varied the articles of jewellery which they wore, and which were exceedingly costly and handsome. In short, at the expiration of the week I acquired the certainty that I had fallen in with a horde of banditti. I therefore longed for the fulfilment of Don Diego's promise that he would conduct me into France. But the second week was entered upon, and nothing was said concerning the subject. I continued to receive the kindest attentions; and if I ever offered to assist the women in preparing the repasts, they would not suffer me to do any menial thing. They conceived the utmost friendship for me; and Isabella, the most beautiful of all, was unremitting in her attentions. Two or three times Christoval asked me to walk with him: but his manner was always that of respectful courtesy, mingled however with the evidences of a growing admiration. I found him to be a man of intelligent and cultivated mind. He was well read in Spanish and French literature: his manners were not merely gentlemanly—they were elegant; and his conversation was varied, amusing, and instructive. At the expiration of the second week I took an opportunity of inquiring when he proposed to advance towards the Pyrenees, from which we were about forty miles distant. A cloud immediately gathered upon his countenance; and bending his dark eyes somewhat reproachfully upon me, he asked in a mournful voice if I were anxious to leave those who experienced so much delight and gratification at my presence amongst them? I answered him frankly, that I was anxious to make my way back to England, in order to earn my livelihood by my own industry, instead of being a burden on the

kindness of strangers. He assured me, with impassioned vehemence, that so far from being a burthen, I was the most welcome of guests; and he added that circumstances would compel the band to remain in that same spot for another fortnight, during which he besought me to tarry amongst them. Perceiving that I was embarrassed how to answer, he addressed me gravely in the following manner:—

"'It would be ridiculous, Senora Chandos, to suppose that you do not suspect what we are. I must however, for my own sake, give you some explanations. In me you behold a Spanish nobleman, bearing the rank of Count, and descended from one of the oldest families of Catalonia. But when I inherited my father's title, the family estate was so impoverished that I found myself a man of broken fortunes. I sold all that was left, and joined the cause of Don Carlos, with the rank of Captain in his army. Whether I have conducted myself as a gallant cavalier, is not for me to say: suffice it for my lips to proclaim, that where the fight has ever been thickest, there was I to be found. The recent treachery of Maroto, in signing a capitulation with the Queen's general Espartero, annihilated my royal master's cause. Two alternatives then became present to my contemplation—either to throw down my arms and acknowledge Queen Isabella, or to fly into France. No—there was another course to be pursued; and that was to associate myself with a few men, gallant and desperate as I am, and adopt a wild predatory life such as you behold us leading. The world will doubtless call us banditti—and we are so: but on entering upon this career, solemn oaths were registered amongst us, to the effect that we should never plunder the poor, but only the rich—and that on no occasion should we use unnecessary violence, much less spill human blood. Those were our oaths; and they have become our laws. You now know, Senora, who and what we are, if indeed you were not previously aware of it. Perhaps you tremble lest we live in a constant state of danger: but this is not so. The Queen's troops are still too much occupied in making head against Cabrera, to over-run the wilds of Catalonia for the extermination of such bands as that of which I am the chief: for there are many such bands at present scattered about the mountainous regions of this principality. For years to come may we safely continue our present pursuits. And now, perhaps, you will wonder wherefore instead of adopting this course of life, I have not joined the forces still united under the command of General Cabrera? The explanation can be given in a few words. An insult I received at his hands, and which as a junior officer I could not at the time resent, has engendered so strong a feeling of personal dislike towards that chief, that I could not serve under him.'

"Count Christoval ceased speaking; and I remained wrapped up in deep meditation. His narrative had touched me profoundly: I could not find it in my heart to blame him—scarcely think the worse of him—for having adopted this mode of life. Indeed it was impossible to wonder that he had done so; and I knew, moreover, that these circumstances were invested in the eyes of Spaniards with much less moral degradation and dishonouring taints than in other countries. It was likewise a source of satisfaction and an infinite relief to my mind to learn that I was not the associate of blood-stained murderers—but that these men entertained, after their own fashion, certain notions of a correct and proper nature. I had received so much generous attention and delicate kindness at their hands, as well as on the part of the women, that I could not possibly insist upon quitting them at once without appearing ungrateful for all that hospitable treatment. Therefore, when my meditation was over, I intimated to Don Diego my willingness to abide with his band for another fortnight; but I was somewhat troubled when I beheld the glow of fervid delight and enthusiastic joy which suddenly animated his countenance: for I feared that he entertained towards me a sentiment which I could not possibly reciprocate. He saw that I was thus troubled; and again did the melancholy cloud settle upon his features. Then he hastened to change the conversation, and broke off into a lively strain of discourse, mingled with anecdotes of the late Carlist warfare."

CHAPTER LXXXII.

CONTINUATION OF LADY BESS'S HISTORY.

"The fortnight passed away; and during this interval I avoided as much as possible finding myself alone with Don Diego Christoval. He saw that such was my endeavour; and with a delicacy which I could not help appreciating, he no longer asked me to join him in his evening ramble, though at meal-times his attentions towards me were most assiduous. When those two additional weeks had expired, I waited anxiously for some word or sign indicative of a removal; and I was well pleased when I heard Don Diego give orders one evening that on the following day we were to set out. Accordingly, at an early hour in the morning, the encampment was broken up: the horses which belonged to the band, and which were kept in an immense cave serving the purpose of a stable, were brought forth. There were steeds enough for us all, women included; and even then there remained a couple to serve as pack-horses for the conveyance of the tents and the baggage. We proceeded slowly, in consequence of the difficult nature of the ground which we had to traverse. I rode at the head, in company with Don Diego; and the time passed rapidly away, thus beguiled by his agreeable conversation. I could see that he loved me—that he entertained, indeed, a profound and adoring passion for me: but I reciprocated it not in the slightest degree. If ever there were a man capable of making an impression on my heart, it was Count Diego Christoval: but I experienced no tender feeling towards him. Even at the time I somewhat wondered at this, making it a subject of self-congratulation; and I thought mine was a heart altogether inaccessible to love—or else that I had never as yet encountered the individual who was to win my affections. Most women, when the term of girlhood is past, form in their own minds the *beau ideal* that they hope to encounter in the course of time, and whom they feel that they can love: but I never indulged in such a dream—I had never thought upon the subject—I had never felt the slightest want to love

or to be loved. Therefore the Spanish bandit fulfilled no preconceived ideal on my part; nor did his handsome person, his elegant manners, or his witching conversation produce a tender impression upon me.

"We proceeded about twenty-five miles that day, and the journey terminated at a half-ruined tower, which stood concealed in the midst of a dense grove of cork-trees. It had been an immense wood; but hostile encounters between the Carlists and Christinos had taken place in that neighbourhood, and large quantities of the trees had been cut down to aid in throwing up defences and to be burnt as firewood. The land round about indicated the scene of battles,—being ploughed up in many directions by artillery and waggons. The blackened remnants of trees, half burnt, lay scattered about; and the horses' feet stumbled over cannon-balls and pieces of broken weapons. The tower itself was situated half-way up an eminence, which was of so peculiar a form as to be inaccessible behind; and thus it served as a background-defence for the building. The cork-trees stretched up to within a few yards of the tower, which they well nigh completely embowered in their verdure. There had been fighting at the tower: and the artillery had played upon the massive edifice, destroying at least half, but leaving the other portion comparatively uninjured.

"There was some furniture in the tower; but the place having been pillaged, everything of value had disappeared. Nevertheless, there were sufficient means of rendering several rooms comfortable enough; and here did the band take up its quarters. One apartment served as a general room where the meals were taken in common, the same as at the encampment; and the others served as bed-chambers. Of these, the best within the tower was allotted to me. On our arrival I was both surprised and apprehensive at finding such pains taken to render the place habitable: for it struck me that so much trouble would scarcely be incurred, if it were intended to pursue the journey on the following day, or even within two or three days. And two or three days did pass without any intimation being given that we were to resume our march towards the Pyrenees. I did not choose to manifest any immediate impatience, because I felt that I had no right to make my own particular objects predominate over the views and interests of Don Diego Christoval and his band. I therefore maintained an outward appearance of cheerfulness, although I began to entertain some misgiving in respect to my position there. In short, I feared that the bandit-chief was doing his best to keep me as long as he possibly could, and that I was virtually a prisoner. For when Christoval and his men went out on their predatory excursions, two of them invariably remained at the tower, ostensibly to act as a guard for the women, but I could not help fancying in reality to prevent my escape. Moreover, when I walked out, one of the women—Isabella generally—accompanied me, and one of the sentinels followed at a distance with the pretext of watching over us. But this had not been done when at the encampment; and I asked myself wherefore such precautions should be held necessary now?

"A week had passed since our arrival at the tower; and there was no sign of a removal. I now purposely sought an opportunity of speaking to the Count. He appeared to understand my wishes; and one day, returning home from the usual excursion much earlier than was his wont, he asked me to accompany him in a walk. It was now the close of October; and the weather was cold. We passed into the wood; and Don Diego speedily approached the subject which I was desirous of reaching. He said, 'I know what is passing in your mind, Senora: you are impatient to leave us—to leave *me*,' he added emphatically; 'and you think I am not behaving honourably or kindly towards you? Now, will you hear me? You are the first woman I ever loved in my life; and you will be the last. The sentiment with which you have smitten me, is a deathless one. Not merely my happiness, but my very life, is in your hands: for if you were to leave me, I could not possibly survive your loss. This love of mine has rendered me desperate—so desperate indeed, that it is making me act with duplicity and unkindness towards you. What is to be my fate? It is in your hands.'

"It was impossible to be angry or indignant with that man: he spoke in language so fervid, and yet so replete with delicate respect—his looks were filled with so much admiration mingled with so much despair—there was altogether such a blending of sincerity, and pathos, and manly appeal in his air his words, and his manner, that I experienced for him a boundless compassion. Knowing that he possessed a generous heart, and certain lofty sentiments of honour, in spite of the lawless kind of life he was leading, I thought to touch and to move him by representing my assumed position as a real and veritable one. I accordingly addressed him in terms of impressive seriousness. I told him that I was a married woman, and was separated from my husband in consequence of the incompatibility of our dispositions; but that inasmuch as I could not on the one hand contract another alliance, I was equally resolute on the other never to lose sight of my honour and good name. The Count looked much distressed, and reflected profoundly. At length he asked if it were impossible I could ever love him? I told him that while I felt deeply grateful for all the kindness I had experienced at his hands—and that although I should ever entertain a friendly remembrance of him—yet that my heart was incapable of experiencing a more tender sentiment. 'To part from you,' he said in a mournful voice, 'will be the same as laying violent hands upon myself: it will be an act of suicide—and I have not the courage to accomplish it. I beseech you to remain at the tower a short time longer. I will not insult myself so far as to assure you that I am incapable of any outrage towards you. If you would consent to live all your life with me as a sister, I should be happy. Mine is no gross and sensual passion: it is pure and ethereal: it is the strangest and most romantic love that ever yet filled the heart of man. So long as I can enjoy the light of your presence—so long as I can hear the music of your voice playing in my ears—so long as I am permitted to gaze upon you from time to time, and dwell upon the beauty of your countenance—therein shall all my ideas of earthly happiness be concentrated. Surely, Senora, such a love as this is not to be lightly repudiated? surely you will take some compassion upon the man who proffers you such a love?'

"I answered that I would speak to him as if it

were a sister addressing a brother; and I went on to represent that for his own sake the sooner we parted the better—that his infatuation would only become the greater, his love the more intimately interwoven with his entire being—that the hour for parting must come at last, sooner or later—and that the longer it was postponed, the more deeply would it be felt by him when it did come. He replied that he was aware of all this—that he had reasoned with himself a thousand times upon the subject during the few past weeks—but that he had not the courage to let me depart. He terminated by conjuring that I would remain one month longer—only one month: that if I consented, he would act precisely in accordance with my wishes—that he would never obtrude himself on my presence, save when I chose to receive him—that he would not ask me to walk with him, unless I myself first signified my willingness—and to be brief, he used so many impassioned arguments and vehement entreaties, that I knew not how to refuse. The thought struck me, too, that if I did refuse, the madness of his passion was such that he might be rendered desperate, and my position would be made far worse; and the idea simultaneously occurred to me that my best course would be to throw him off his guard so that I might escape. I therefore consented to remain another month at the tower. But I informed him that it was absolutely necessary I should communicate with my brother in England, who would be uneasy at my long silence. He said that if I would write to him, addressing my letter from the French town of Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, one of his men should proceed thither and post the letter; and that if my brother wrote back to me to the post-office in that same town, he would send again at the expiration of ten days to fetch the letter for me. I gratefully accepted this proposal, and wrote to Frank at Southampton, desiring him to write back to me at Perpignan. I said nothing of my disagreeable adventure at Barcelona—nor of the strange company with whom I had been living for six weeks past: but I led him to believe that I was in a situation as governess in an English family. At the same time I wrote a letter to Mrs. Knight at Barcelona, explaining wherefore I had fled so precipitately, and telling her how the whole affair was a base conspiracy on the part of her wicked son to ruin me, in revenge because I had rejected his dishonourable overtures. This letter I sealed and enclosed it in the one to Frank, desiring him to post it at Southampton, and alleging some excuse for wishing such a thing done. When my packet was in readiness, I gave it to the Count: and he at once despatched a messenger with it to Perpignan. At the expiration of ten days I duly received Frank's answer from the school at Southampton, and therefore acquired the assurance that my own packet had been duly posted.

"I may here add that as my own garments were now wearing out, the messenger who had been sent to Perpignan, brought back with him a quantity of stuffs of various materials suited for dresses; and these were presented to me by Isabella. On the one hand I could not help being touched by this delicate consideration on the part of Christoval: but on the other hand, the circumstance made me apprehend that he by no means intended to part from me at the expiration of the month. I therefore watched anxiously for an opportunity of escape: but this I feared I should not very readily find—for the entrance of the tower was guarded day and night by two sentinels, the men taking their turns: while from my own chamber-window there was no possibility of flight, as it was too narrow for me to pass myself through it. To be brief, the month passed; and at the expiration of that time, Don Diego sought a private interview with me. His manner was as tender and as respectful as ever: but there was more firmness in his words and in his looks. He gave me to understand that he could not make up his mind to part with me—that I was dearer to him than life itself—that I need fear nothing at his hands, as he was perfectly contented to live on the same terms as at present—but that tyrannical, harsh, and unjustifiable though his conduct might be in retaining me a prisoner, he could not help doing so. I now remonstrated with him seriously, and for a moment angrily: but I saw that he was resolved—and from something which he let drop, it became evident enough that he hoped by persevering in his delicate attentions and tender assiduities, to make a favourable impression in the course of time upon me. I made him comprehend that this hope would be cruelly disappointed—and that if he persisted in retaining me captive at the tower, his conduct would efface all the generous and hospitable treatment I had experienced at his hands. He was deeply moved by what I said: and yet he relented not in his resolve to keep me a prisoner there.

"I must now pass over a period of about eight months and bring my narrative down to the month of June, 1840. During these eight months I remained at the tower. Every month was I permitted to write to Frank, the letter being posted at Perpignan; and as regularly was his answer brought thence for me. I continued to receive the utmost attention, kindness, and delicate treatment from Christoval, his men, and the women: my liberty was alone refused me. It is scarcely possible to comprehend the strange romantic passion of that man. He never forgot himself in my presence—never uttered a word to give me offence—never bent upon me a look which threatened me with insult. He never so much as took my hand, much less offered to carry it to his lips. He studied to the utmost of his power, apart from keeping me prisoner, to testify the devotedness of his passion. Often and often did I remonstrate, entreat, threaten, display indignation, and have recourse to prayers, all in their turn: but in vain! I have seen that man weep the bitterest tears when I have thus addressed him: I have seen him sob like a child as I have thrown myself at his feet and besought him to let me depart: but yet he had the courage and firmness to conquer his emotions sufficiently to make him refuse my prayer. And he too has thrown himself at my feet, but without so much as laying a finger upon my garments: he has besought and implored that I would lend a favourable ear to his tale of love, and consent to let a priest join our hands in marriage. When I renewed my representation that I was already married, he showed by his look that he could scarcely believe me: and yet he never said so in words. His appearance changed—he grew careworn—and though he relaxed not from those pursuits which belonged to his lawless

life, yet in other respects he lost all energy, and roved about the personification of despondency and despair. I could not help pitying him: but I could not love him. Never, perhaps, in this world did man testify so wild, so romantic, so devoted, and enthusiastic a love, without inspiring a reciprocal feeling. But he did not. I repeat that I pitied him, even when most angry at this outrageous personage which I endured; but, no—I could not love him.

"And during that interval of eight months, I had not the slightest opportunity of making even an attempt at escape. It is true that when out walking with Isabella, and followed at a short distance by one of the band, I might have suddenly darted off: but could I hope that my limbs would prove swifter than those of the alert and athletic Catalan bandit? and I was resolved not to suffer the mortification of making any ineffectual endeavour to emancipate myself. I must frankly confess that at last I got so accustomed to this strange mode of life, that it became far less irksome to me than might have been supposed. Indeed, I had few inducements to make me wish to return to the great world again—that world in which I had already experienced some misfortunes. But still I longed—Oh! most fervently longed to embrace my beloved brother; and I was also fearful that should the Christino soldiers ever take the tower by surprise, there might be a general fusilade of all its inmates, men and women without discrimination—and my unfortunate self amongst them. For I knew full well that the most atrocious barbarities were committed by the Spanish soldiers, no mercy even being shown to females or innocent children. That Don Diego Christoval himself full well suspected my hope and idea of escaping, there cannot be the slightest doubt: and hence the precautions which he took to anticipate any endeavour of that kind on my part. Nevertheless, I was not made positively to feel that I was a prisoner: it was a sort of honourable captivity in which I was kept. For instance, the door of my chamber was never bolted outside at night: but then, although I was thus at liberty to quit my room if I chose, I could not have issued forth from the tower, as there were two sentinels ever posted at the entrance-door.

"One day, after the return of the Count and his band from a marauding expedition, they brought the intelligence, which they had gleaned at some distant village, that the Captain-General of Catalonia had marched forth from Barcelona at the head of a considerable body of troops, with the intention of scouring the Catalan hills and annihilating the guerilla and bandit hordes which infested those districts. It was likewise understood that the military commandant intended to divide his troops into five or six flying columns, with a view to carry on his operations in various parts of the principality at the same time. It was therefore a serious danger which now appeared to be imminent. I sought an opportunity of speaking alone with Christoval, and represented to him that if he really entertained towards me the devoted passion which he had professed, it was cruel to a degree to expose me to the chance of falling into the hands of the Captain-General's troops. He bade me fear not: for that an incessant look-out would be kept, and on the first appearance of one of the flying columns in that immediate neighbourhood, it was his intention to remove with his band into the wild fastnesses of the Pyrenees, where they could remain until the present danger should be over. At the same time Don Diego assured me that if the peril became more serious than he could at that moment anticipate, he would at once send me under safe and honourable escort into France. He availed himself of that opportunity to fall upon his knees again in my presence, vowing that if I would consent to become his companion for the rest of our lives, he would at once take leave of his associates and fly away with me into another country. But still did I persevere in my refusal: for I was prepared to encounter all risks and meet all dangers, rather than surrender myself up to one whom I did not love.

"For several days Don Diego himself, disguised in various garbs, penetrated to a distance to learn tidings relative to the movement of the Captain-General's troops; and one evening, on his return to the tower, he brought intelligence of such importance that a council of the whole band was immediately called. In these deliberations the women were accustomed to be present; and on this occasion I was amongst them. I had already picked up the Spanish language with the utmost facility, though I could not converse in it with the same fluency and accuracy as I could in the French tongue. I nevertheless understood all that was said in my presence. It appeared from what Don Diego reported, that one of the flying colums was at a distance of about ten miles from the tower, and that it was commanded by a brigadier-general, to whom the son of the Captain-General was attached as aide-de-camp. It further appeared that the officers had fixed their quarters at a little farm-house, the occupants of which experienced a devoted friendship for Don Diego Christoval. At the council which sat to deliberate upon these particulars, a bold and daring project was started by Christoval himself. This was nothing less than to make a midnight attack upon the farm-house, carry off the son of the Captain-General, and hold him as a hostage for the safety of the band. Nay, more—it was even calculated that an immense ransom might be obtained for his restoration. This proposal was received with enthusiastic acclaim by the members of the band; and the women themselves welcomed it with delight. It would have been a project of sheer madness, were it not for the friendly disposition of the occupants of the farm: but under those circumstances it was one which presented every chance of being successfully carried out. Accordingly, a little before midnight, Christoval and ten of his followers, —two remaining behind as sentinels,—set out upon their expedition. During their absence I remained with the Catalan women in the common room of the tower: for I naturally felt anxious as to the result, and could not possibly retire to rest. I feared that in case of failure, a pursuit might be instituted by the troops; and their arrival at the tower might promptly follow. Besides, although not entertaining the slightest affection for Don Diego—and indeed having much reason to be displeased with him —there was nevertheless a certain friendly feeling which I experienced towards him, at all events sufficient to render me anxious for his safety. The

Catalan women chatted cheerfully and merrily: they appeared to be confident that the enterprise would be crowned with success. And they were right. For between two and three o'clock in the morning, Christoval and his men returned with the Captain-General's son as their prisoner. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, of middle height—slender, and well made. His countenance was not handsome, but might be termed prepossessing, and was invested with an air of mingled heroism and intelligence. He bore himself with a dignified hauteur, and was by no means cast down by the position in which he was placed. I should add, for the better understanding of what is to follow, that he was dressed in a blue frock coat, fitting tight to his person and buttoned up to the throat—plain dark trousers—and the usual Spanish shako. It appeared from what I subsequently learnt, that the capture of this young officer had been effected all in a moment, with the utmost ease, and without a shot being fired or a blow struck. From information secretly given to Don Diego by the farmer himself, the side-de-camp, being on duty all that night, was frequently passing between the farm-house and the outposts of the column, which were at a little distance, at a suitable place for the bivouac;—and totally unsuspicious that such a daring attempt would be made, the officer passed to and fro between the two points, alone and unattended, and smoking his cigar. Christoval and his band lay in ambush at a convenient spot sufficiently removed from the scene of danger; and watching their opportunity, they pounced upon the side-de-camp, overpowered and gagged him in a moment, and hurried him away. When sufficiently distant from the troops, the gag was removed from his lips, and he was assured of honourable treatment if he attempted no resistance —which indeed he was not in a condition to offer. Under such circumstances was it that the enterprise had succeeded; and he was brought a captive to the tower.

"On the following day he was compelled by Christoval to write a letter to the brigadier commanding the column, stating that he was captive in the hands of a guerilla-party of Carlists—that the conditions of his release were immunity for themselves and the payment of a certain ransom-money—that he requested the column might not advance farther in a northerly direction pending the negotiations for his release—as if it did, his life would be sacrificed—that he was unable to specify the place where he was retained captive—and he concluded by desiring that the bearer of his letter should be treated with a consideration due to the sanctity of a herald under such circumstances.

"With this document Don Diego Christoval himself set off to the farm-house, the quarters of the brigadier commanding the column. During his absence, the young officer remained a close prisoner at the tower. He sat smoking in what I have before described as the common-room; and unbending towards the women, he chatted frankly and gaily with them. I was there for a portion of the time; and the officer, finding me to be an English woman, was naturally surprised at my presence with that lawless band. Isabella, for the kind purpose of screening me in case of any subsequent disaster, told him that I was a prisoner as well as himself; and this was the first time that the fact had ever been positively proclaimed in words. But it was now mentioned to serve, and not to annoy; and instead of being angry or hurt, I felt grateful and pleased. The officer paid me much attention, mingled with the most courteous respect. I found him to be a generous-hearted, intelligent young man; and as he spoke French perfectly, I was enabled to converse with him. At the expiration of a few hours, Christoval returned. He announced that the brigadier had undertaken not to push his column any farther in a northerly direction; but that he himself was unable to conclude the negotiation for the prisoner's release, until he should have communicated with the Captain-General, the young man's father; and as it was not precisely known in what part of the country he might be at the time, and couriers would have to seek him, it had been arranged that Don Diego Christoval should return to the farm-house, the brigadier's head-quarters, at the expiration of a week. Meanwhile it was understood that the Captain-General's son should be treated with all possible respect and attention. Accordingly, having communicated these results of his interview with the brigadier, Don Diego intimated to the officer that if he would pledge his word of honour not to escape, he might consider himself free to walk about, alone and at all hours, within one mile of the tower. This *parole* was promptly given; and the young officer now remained only in what might be termed an honourable captivity. Thus several days passed, during which the prisoner paid increased attention to me—or rather endeavoured to do so: but I suffered him to perceive that his assiduities were not acceptable. Indeed, I was most careful not to provoke Christoval's jealousy, apprehensive lest in a fit of desperation he might be led to adopt summary and violent measures to make me his own. Besides, the Spanish officer inspired me with no more tender interest than the Count himself had done; and as I always despised a mere frivolous coquetry, I had not the least inclination to divert myself in that respect at the prisoner's expense.

"I must now proceed to observe that after the first day's prisonage, he grew restless, and roved about in the vicinage of the tower, almost constantly smoking. I was told, too, that instead of going to bed when the others retired, he issued forth with his cigar in his mouth, and rambled in the wood till a late hour. He was suffered to do exactly as he chose, the utmost faith being reposed in his *parole*—a pledge which a Spanish officer was very seldom known to break, and the breach of which would dishonour him for ever, even in the opinion of his own most intimate friends. Six days had passed; and on the ensuing one, Christoval was to return to the brigadier. On the sixth night I did not hear the young officer go forth as usual between ten and eleven o'clock, to smoke his cigar in the wood. I lay awake, listening: for an idea had sprung up in my mind —and the longer I thought of it, the more consistent and feasible did it become. An hour passed—and all remained silent. I rose from my bed—hurried on a few articles of clothing—stole noiselessly out of my chamber—and listened at the door of the one occupied by the officer. I could hear the regular respiration of one who sleeps. Cautiously did I open his door—and again I listened. Yes—he

slept. A candle was burning in the room. I stole in—he was in bed, and slumbering profoundly. I hastened to possess myself of his clothes; and perceiving a quantity of cigars scattered about on the table, took one of them. I was in mortal terror lest he should awake: but he did not—and I regained my own room safely and unobserved. Now for a bold enterprise! I hastened to apparel myself in the male costume I had thus self-appropriated;—frock-coat, trousers, boots, and shako—I had taken them all; and I clothed myself therewith. Then, lighting the cigar and putting it in my mouth, I descended the stairs. The door of the common-room was open—and the powerful moonlight streaming through the narrow window, fell upon a bright object that lay on the table. It was a pistol—and I lost no time in securing it about my person. Again I listened: all was quiet. Oh! how my heart palpitated as I opened the door of the tower. It was a fine night in the month of June: but the shade of the embowering cork-trees intercepted the effulgence of moon and stars. The two sentinels were smoking their pipes and conversing together within half-a-dozen yards of the gate. I passed out, imitating as well as I could the gait and bearing of the Spanish officer, and smoking my cigar in the most approved style. It was a moment of acute suspense: but when I found that the sentinels moved not, and that I was proceeding onward without the slightest molestation, the enthusiasm of an indescribable joy flamed up within me. It was the intoxication of triumph. But still I did not lose my presence of mind for a single moment; I did not hurry my pace until perfectly assured that I was beyond eye-shot of the sentinels. When once, however, deep in the shade of the grove, I tossed away the cigar, which had well nigh made me sick and left the most nauseating sensation behind. Then I did speed onward with all possible swiftness. Knowing, from all that had been said in my presence, in which direction the brigadier's column lay, I took precisely the opposite one: for I was fearful if I fell into the hands of the troops, I might be sent to Barcelona on account of the jewel-business. After making a slight circuit, so as to get clear of the eminence on the slope of which the tower stood, I took a northerly direction for the purpose of pushing my way towards the French frontier. As I caught the last glimpse of the old building whose summit appeared just above the trees, I thought to myself how boundless would be the rage and despair of Count Christoval when my flight should be discovered. But I was rejoiced at having effected my escape; and with as much speed as on the memorable night when I fled from Barcelona, did I pursue my way.

"I had with me a little money—just the same sum in fact which I possessed when flying from the above-mentioned city; and I was resolved to obtain a change of apparel as soon as possible. I need hardly observe that I had not dared bring with me my own female raiment: for there were no means of concealing it under the tight-fitting uniform, and it would have been ruinous to my enterprise to come forth from the tower with a bundle. The enjoyment of liberty seemed to nerve me against fatigue, and gave a vigorous elasticity to my footsteps. I proceeded onward for hours, only resting at long intervals, and then but for a few minutes at a time. The morning dawned—the sun rose—and still I proceeded onward, through a wild and mountainous country without a single habitation. The Pyrenees were already in view—and I began to look about in every direction for a cottage, farm-house—or some dwelling, in short, where I might obtain refreshment and a change of raiment. All of a sudden I came upon the high road, and there the following spectacle met my view.

"In the middle of that highway, a post-chaise lay overturned: and a gentleman was leaning in a disconsolate manner, and with his arms folded, against it. One horse, whose traces had evidently been cut away, was browsing on the grass by the road-side: the other horse and the postilion were not to be seen. That gentleman was the only person visible upon the spot. From the point where this spectacle broke upon my sight, I was not immediately perceived by that gentleman: for I had stopped short amidst a knot of trees to contemplate the scene. At first I could not discern his countenance: but in a few moments—as he raised his eyes and looked with evident anxiety along the road—to my astonishment I at once recognised my treacherous enemy James Knight. Ah! and he was alone there—and I could upbraid him for his villanous conduct towards me. But of what use were upbraidings? Could I not turn the circumstance to my own advantage and punish him by a humiliating process at the same time? No sooner was the design conceived, than I resolved to execute it. Drawing forth my pistol, without knowing whether it was loaded or not, I suddenly appeared before the amazed and startled young man. He at once recognized me; and being a coward as well as a treacherous villain, fancied that I was about to immolate him to my vengeance. He fell upon his knees, beseeching me to spare him. While he remained in that humiliating posture, I bade him explain to me as briefly as possible the meaning of the circumstances in which I found him placed.

"He told me that the nature of his mother's affairs at Barcelona had rendered it needful to obtain certain documents from England; and that he had accordingly been despatched off post-haste upon the mission. About a quarter of an hour before I had arrived upon that spot, a party of robbers had sprung forth from amidst the adjacent trees. The horses had taken fright, rushed up the bank, and upset the chaise. The robbers had carried off his portmanteau, his purse, and whatsoever valuables he had about his person—and had decamped with their booty. The chaise was broken; and the postilion had ridden back on one of the horses to the nearest posting-house, which was about four miles distant, in order to obtain another chaise, or else succour to repair the over-turned one. Such was James Knight's recital, the truth of which appeared to be fully corroborated by circumstances. I bade him rise from his knees and give me his coat and hat in exchange for my military frock and shako. This he did, all the while beseeching and imploring in the most piteous terms that I would spare his life. I taunted him with his villany towards me, telling him that I would not degrade myself by wreaking my vengeance on so miserable a wretch. Having assumed his hat and coat—the latter a frock buttoning up to the neck and fitting me per-

fectly—I told him he might inform the postilion that the remaining horse would be found some short distance farther along the road; and leaping upon its back, I made the animal gallop away at the utmost speed of which it was capable. Having proceeded thus for about three miles, I came in sight of a little hamlet; and dismounting, tied the horse to a tree. I then continued my way on foot; and on reaching the hamlet, obtained refreshment. The cottagers, at whose dwelling I stopped, were naturally surprised to behold a female in male attire: but as I gave them a piece of silver as a remuneration for the sorry fare which was served up to me, they asked no questions. I did not tarry many minutes in that hamlet, but pursuing my way on foot, speedily entered upon the vast amphitheatrical chain of the Pyrenees.

"The ascent of the Pyrenees from the Spanish side, is steep, difficult, and dangerous. Sometimes, when having mounted a terrace or ledge of rock, perhaps a mile in length, the traveller finds his way suddenly barred by the towering wall of a still higher eminence, up which he may perhaps climb if he be of desperate boldness and of experience in the mode of scaling these rocky ramparts: but I dared not make such attempts. I therefore frequently had to turn back and take another course,—sometimes when advancing too quickly, nearly falling over the edge of a gulf on which I suddenly stopped short,—at other times terrified by a rush amongst the stunted trees or brushwood, with the idea that it was a wolf preparing to spring at me. Nevertheless, I pressed onward with a courage and an ardour that surprised myself, and with an exhilaration of spirits that was sustained by the excitement of my travel. During all that day, I did not succeed in advancing more than eight miles into the heart of the Pyrenees, in consequence of the many times I had to turn and retrace my steps, and of the circuitous paths that I had to pursue. As evening drew near, I felt excessively weary; and was rejoiced when I came in sight of a pleasing valley, on the slope of which stood a little cottage with a number of sheep grazing near. There I was welcomed by the shepherd and his wife—an elderly couple of hospitable disposition, and who asked no impertinent questions. I slept well that night; and on the following morning, resumed my travels. During this second day I passed through several picturesque valleys, reminding me of what I had read of Alpine scenery: for high above them towered the enormous peaks of the mountains, some covered with snow. There were glaciers upon those heights; and I learnt that avalanches were by no means unknown. I fell in with many shepherds tending countless flocks; and when I sought refreshment, it was readily afforded—a trifling remuneration, which was all that I could give, being gratefully accepted. At the end of my second day's journey, I had altogether accomplished thirty miles, including the distance performed on the first day, and was now within fifteen miles of the nearest village in the French territory. It was about sunset on the third day that I reached this village; and there my passport was demanded by a *gendarme* as I was about to enter a little inn. I showed it—for I had it with me; and then in reply to the officer's questions, I related sufficient of my past adventures to account for appearing in male attire, omitting however the circumstance of having made any exchange of garments with Mr. Knight. In short, I gave the *gendarme* to understand that these were the clothes in which I had escaped from the brigand's tower. The mayor of the village—a substantial farmer whose dwelling was upon the outskirts—heard my tale from the lips of the *gendarme*; and when I rose on the following morning, the landlady of the inn told me that the mayor desired to see me. I accordingly proceeded to his house, where he, his wife, and a grown-up family of sons and daughters, received me in the kindest manner. They invited me to remain a few days with them, and repose myself after the fatigues I had endured. This invitation I thankfully accepted; and I stayed with this amiable family for a week. I need hardly say that suitable female apparel was provided for me: but I may add that it was with some degree of regret I put off my male clothing—for I had grown accustomed to it, and preferred it to that which more properly became my sex. At the expiration of a week the farmer's wife, finding that I was anxious to depart, took me up to her own chamber to have a little conversation with me. She said that herself, her husband, and everybody indeed at the farm-house, had conceived such a liking for me that they could not bear the idea of my leaving except under circumstances of comfort. She said she had therefore prepared a box of apparel and various necessaries for my use; and likewise begged me to accept the loan of a sufficient sum of money to take me to the place of my destination, wheresoever it might be. While gratefully expressing my thanks for all this kindness, I declared my wish to return without delay to England; and the farmer's wife insisted upon my acceptance of five hundred francs—or twenty pounds—for my travelling expenses. With the assurance that I should never forget so much generosity, I took my leave of the kind lady, her sons and her daughters. The old man drove me over in his chaise-cart to the nearest town, whence I could obtain a conveyance for Paris. I was resolved to go to England by way of Calais, as I did not think fit to pass through Havre, for fear that Mrs. Knight or her son James should have made the friends whom they had in that town acquainted with the circumstances at Barcelona—or rather with a version of them most prejudicial to myself. I arrived without any accident, or adventure worth relating, at Calais; and thence I passed to Dover. Though anxious to proceed without delay to Southampton, in order to embrace my brother, yet having travelled almost day and night for the best part of a week in my journey from the extreme south of France to Dover, I was compelled to remain here a day or two to repose myself. I proceeded to the *Admiral's Head*, which was kept by Mr. Marshall, with whose eldest daughter I was at school at Southampton. Kate Marshall was delighted to see me; and when she introduced me to her parents and sisters as the schoolfellow of whom she had so often spoken, I was received with a most cordial welcome—not in the light of a guest to whom a bill was to be sent in, but as a friend and visitress. Kate Marshall was now eighteen years of age, and a very fine young woman. Her two sisters were likewise ex-

KATE MARSHALL.

exceedingly handsome.' They were moreover all three kind-hearted and generous-minded creatures, and strove to make me as happy and comfortable as possible. Kate, regarding me in the light of an old friend—a bosom-friend too, in whom she could place the utmost confidence—did not hesitate to admit me to the knowledge of a certain secret connected with her father's prosperity. She took me up into a little private chamber of her own, situated quite at the top of the house, and elegantly furnished. Here she showed me a singular contrivance for carrying on a correspondence with parties elsewhere, by means of a beautiful breed of carrier-pigeons which she possessed. I need not enter into minute particulars now. Suffice it to say that there was a little trap-door in the ceiling of this chamber, by which the feathered emissaries were enabled to enter that room of their own accord on their arrival from a journey. All the neighbours knew that Kate Marshall possessed this beautiful breed of pigeons: but none were aware of the purposes which they served. Kate however—as I above hinted—was inclined to be communicative with me; and she gave me some particulars respecting the uses of those pigeons.

"It appeared that Mr. Marshall had in an earlier part of his life been a sailor on board a privateer-vessel which his father had commanded; and in a conflict with a French cruiser, he and two or three others of the sailors were taken prisoners. His father (Kate's grandfather) managed however to escape with the privateer. Robert Marshall and his companions were taken to Calais, where they were held prisoners. While in Calais gaol, Robert Marshall fell in with a Frenchman who was a captive there for some offence against the laws of his own country, and who possessed an extraordinary breed of carrier-pigeons. The Frenchman was needy, and Robert Marshall had a sum of money secured about his person, which had escaped the notice of his captors. With a portion of these funds he bought some of the pigeons: thence an intimacy sprang up between him and the Frenchman—and in the course of conversation, they came to an understanding how a most valuable correspondence could be carried on (when the peace should be established) between Dover and Calais for the furtherance of the contraband trade. The matter, once broached, was promptly arranged between them. Soon afterwards the Frenchman obtained his liberty; and he assisted Robert Marshall to escape from Calais gaol. To be brief, Robert Marshall managed to get back to Dover with his valuable carrier-pigeons. At that time old Marshall (Robert's father) occupied a house in the neighbourhood of Dover; and there the head-quarters of the carrier-pigeons were established. When the Peace of 1815 took place, old Marshall bought the *Admiral's Head* with the monies he had made by privateering; and thither were the head-quarters of the birds transferred. Between Dover and Calais—that is to say between the Marshalls and the Frenchman—a frequent correspondence was kept up; and by means of this prompt interchange of intelligence, tidings were mutually conveyed enabling them to baffle the revenue-officers on either side of the channel in their contraband ventures. Old Marshall died—Robert Marshall succeeded to the *Admiral's Head*—and for years did he and his wife manage the breed of birds, the correspondence with the Frenchman, and the smuggling trade. Thus did they grow rich. The Frenchman died; and his son succeeded to the father's possessions and avocations. But of late years there was little correspondence kept up between the parties at Dover and those at Calais, both being too well off to run any risks, save when an opportunity presented itself for some very large gains. The Frenchman however, being an intelligent and enterprising man, saw how this rapid method of communication might be made the means of conveying news which should enable persons in London and Paris to take advantage of particular prices of the Funds or incidents of the Stock Exchange, and by judicious speculation make considerable gains. Robert Marshall, Kate's father, knew nothing of stock-jobbing and dabbling on the Exchange; and he therefore could not remove to London for that purpose. The Frenchman however found an agent in the British capital; and to his house, situated on the bank of the Thames, near London Bridge, several of the birds were accordingly removed, Marshall undertaking for a certain annual sum, regularly paid, to let the *Admiral's Head* continue as a resting-place or station for the feathered messengers. Other stations were established at Boughton and Gravesend, between London and Dover; while on the other side of the channel, the Frenchman made arrangements for the requisite number of stations between Calais and Paris. Thus for some years was the correspondence carried on between the financier in London and the Frenchman in Paris; and no doubt large sums of money were made from the intelligence which they were enabled so promptly to exchange, and which was thereby communicated in as many hours as it would otherwise have taken days to forward by the ordinary channels. When Kate Marshall left the school at Southampton two years previously to the time at which I thus saw her at Dover, she took charge of the little chamber at the top of the house, and which was fitted up with the arrangements to serve as a resting-place for the carrier-pigeons between London and Paris. Several of the birds were still kept at the *Admiral's Head;* and Kate took great pleasure in cultivating the breed.

"Such was the narrative that my friend Miss Marshall told me in the frank confidence of the sincere friendship which she experienced for me. Confidence begets confidence; and in return I gave her some particulars of the extraordinary adventures which had occurred to myself since we parted two years back at Southampton. I did not however mention any names—I mean in respect to my extraordinary marriage; and thus I suppressed those of the Marstons, Mrs. Lloyd, and the Marquis of Villebelle. I did however tell her frankly the incident of the jewel business at Barcelona, and how it led me to fly to the Catalan hills and fall into the hands of Don Diego Christoval. She laughed when I assured her that I did not really take the jewels; and I was some time before I could make her believe in my innocence. It was only when I grew angry at her scepticism that she ceased from her good-natured bantering upon the subject: but she added that if I had really taken those valuables, she should not have thought a bit the worse of me: adding that 'people must take care of themselves in this world.' I therefore saw

that my friend's principles upon this subject were far from being the most correct; and I have no doubt that having been accustomed to look back so constantly on her grandfather's privateering career and her father's smuggling transactions, her notions of propriety and rectitude had in certain cases been considerably damaged and warped. From the description I gave her of Count Christoval she admired him most rapturously, and vowed that she wished she had possessed such a chance of becoming the handsome Catalan bandit's bride. I must however do her the justice to declare that so far as female purity went, her conduct and that of her sisters was unimpeachable.

"I remained two whole days with the friendly Marshalls; and when I took my leave, it was with a promise that I would soon visit them again. Kate inquired into the condition of my funds, and offered me assistance from her purse: but I still possessed sufficient for my present requirements, and therefore refused her generous offer. From Dover I proceeded to Southampton, and made the best of my way to the school, with a heart yearning to fold my brother in a loving embrace. On arriving at the well-known establishment, I was at once admitted by Mr. Jennings himself, who had seen me pass by the window of the parlour where he was sitting. On beholding me, his countenance grew exceedingly mournful; and I apprehended that something had happened to poor Frank. He took me into his parlour; and there he bade me prepare myself for some afflicting intelligence. Heavens! what a shock did I now receive,—I who had come thither in the fervid hope of clasping my brother in my arms. Alas, I was informed that Frank was no more! For a few minutes I was overwhelmed with grief. Mr. Jennings sent for his wife; and with every appearance of the most genuine sincerity, did they administer consolation. I shed torrents of tears: for it seemed to me that the only being whom I had to love upon the face of the earth, was snatched from me. When the violence of my grief had somewhat subsided, I sought for particulars,—observing that the event must have been sudden indeed, as it was only two months since I had received a letter from Frank. Mr. Jennings proceeded to inform me that a very few days after Frank had thus written to me, the gentleman (the nobleman he should have said) who originally put him at the school, came and took him away. Jennings went on to inform me that Frank had been declining for some months past—and that if he had not mentioned it in his letters, it must have been through unwillingness to cause me affliction. He added that about three weeks after my brother had left the school, the gentleman (still of course speaking of the nobleman) wrote to inform him that the poor youth was no more. I did not for a moment suspect the truth of this story—a story which was all the more abominable and wicked, inasmuch as at the very instant it was told me Frank was still an inmate of that very school, and therefore within a few yards of the spot where I sat, pale and weeping, a listener to the fictitious narrative of his death. I asked Mr. Jennings who the gentleman (or nobleman, as I felt convinced he must be) was; but he declared that he himself knew not,—adding with a mysterious look, that both myself and Frank had been placed at the school under circumstances of secrecy into which he himself had not dared attempt to penetrate. In short, he gave me to understand that the gentleman (or nob'eman) who had taken Frank to the school, and had 'etched him away again, had used a fictitious name—that this same fictitious name had been appended to the letter containing the account of Frank's d'eath—and that he possessed no clue to the real name nor even to the abode of that gentleman (or nobleman). What could I do? what could I say? The mystery thus observed—or rather, which was represented to me as being observed—corresponded so well with all the past details of everything relating to my brother and myself, that it wore an air of sterling truth. Wretched and almost heart-broken, I took my departure from the establishment, and proceeded by coach to London. I was resolved to make some endeavour to penetrate the mysteries connected with the past.

"On my arrival in the metropolis, I took a cheap lodging, and put myself into mourning for that brother whom I believed to be no more. I then proceeded to take a view of this cottage, so endeared to me as the home of my infancy and girlhood. It was shut up, and falling into decay. How I longed to live in it and settle myself down within its walls: but I had not the means. I proceeded on foot with the endeavour to find my way to that village where Mrs. Burnaby had taken us in the hired vehicle, and where the handsome equipage had waited to convey us to the house situated in the beautiful park. But the roads had most probably changed their appearance during the eight years which had elapsed since then; and at all events my memory served me not in respect to any features of the scenery which might guide me in the right direction. There is a complete labyrinth of roads intersecting each other in all that neighbourhood; so that I grew bewildered, and was compelled to give up the search after having vainly prosecuted it for two or three days. My funds were by this time totally exhausted; and I scarcely knew what to do. I wrote to Kate Marshall—but with great reluctance—requesting a temporary loan from her; and the return of post brought me a bank-note for twenty pounds. Thus I was relieved of anxiety for the immediate means of subsistence; and resolving to lose no time, I endeavoured to procure another situation as a governess. I answered advertisements in the newspapers—called at the residences of the parties advertising—but being unable to give any reference as to past character, experienced a cold refusal everywhere. Then I inserted advertisements asking for such a situation, and frankly stating that for reasons which I would explain orally, I was unable to offer testimonials: but these appeals elicited not a single response. Meanwhile weeks were slipping on—my money was diminishing—and I was oppressed by serious apprehensions for the future. Besides, I had contracted two debts that lay heavy enough upon my mind: one to the mayor's wife in the Pyrenean village—the other to Kate Marshall; and though I was well aware that they would neither expect to be paid very promptly, and the latter not at all until I should be fully able, yet I did not like the idea of those debts. I thought of taking in work; but I never was a good hand with the needle. I however made application at different places for such work, with the resolution to do any-

thing to earn an honest livelihood: but I experienced no success. In process of time my money disappeared: then I lived by making away with my articles of clothing—till at length I was reduced to such a condition that I was penniless, with long arrears of rent owing to a hard-hearted landlady, and without a single thing left to raise money upon.

"It was in the middle of winter, that one bleak horrible night, between nine and ten o'clock, I was turned out of my lodging. I had not a friend to whom I could go: I had not even a single acquaintance in London of whom I could ask the slightest favour. I wandered about all that wretched night. Be assured that I fell in the way of temptations by yielding to which I might at once have possessed gold. But no!—sooner than abandon myself to that hideous alternative, I was fully resolved to put an end to my existence. All the next day I roved through the streets of London, half mad with the torturing sense of my wretched position. Night came again—and I was still houseless, foodless, penniless. I had not eaten a morsel for many, many long hours: but yet I was not faint—I was desperate. A strange excitement was raging within me; and often and often did I catch myself dwelling upon Kate Marshall's words, when in a laughing bantering mood she had told me that she half-believed I really had taken Mrs. Knight's jewels, and that she should not think any the worse of me if I really had. Ah! why did the reminiscence of those words thus keep coming back to my mind? Was it that an evil spirit had been created at the time they were uttered, to lie in wait for me—haunt my footsteps unseen—mark when the moment of weakness and despair arrived—and then whisper these words anew in my ear? Certain it is that what was at first a mere reminiscence, became an inspiration—and that what became an inspiration grew into a resolution. Yes—a resolution engendered by despair, and desperately taken! I felt that I hovered between two distinct chasms—one yawning on my right hand, one upon my left. I must either plunge into that abyss in which woman's honour is engulfed; or I must throw myself headlong into the other where honesty is swallowed up. There I stood, already a lost being, though no deed of crime was done as yet: but still a lost being, because a fatal and irresistible necessity was impelling me onward to precipitate myself headlong into one of those gulfs. Under this influence I hurried through the metropolis—and gained the outskirts on the northern side, because they were those in which my recent searches after the road to the unknown village had been directed, and therefore had made me familiar with that neighbourhood. It was in a lonely part, where there were but six or seven houses scattered about, that my first crime was committed. Two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, came forth from one of those houses,—pausing upon the threshold to bid good night to a lady, evidently the mistress of that house, where they had no doubt been passing the evening. I heard the mistress of the house ask if she should send a servant to accompany them home: they laughed as they declined,—saying that as their own abode was but a hundred yards distant, they did not fear any danger for so short a walk. Yet it was in that brief intermediate space between the two dwellings, that they were stopped and plundered. Stopped too by one of their own sex! It was in the deep shade of some overhanging trees, so that my countenance could not possibly be discerned, that I confronted them and bade them deliver up their money, telling them that there were two men lurking on the opposite side of the way. The ladies, dreadfully frightened, gave me their purses, beseeching me not to let them be harmed. I assured them they should not sustain any injury if they forbore from crying out. Then I fled precipitately—took a circuitous route through some fields—and re-entered London.

"It was the middle of the night and the shops were closed. I could not purchase any food—I could not obtain a lodging at that hour; for I shrank from the idea of entering a public-house. I wandered about till morning, so bewildered and confused—so excited and agitated with the deed I had done, that methought it was all a dream. I could scarcely believe in my own identity; I could not persuade myself that it was really I who had committed that crime. I dared not feel in my pocket to clutch the purses, and thus convince myself that it was not a delusion. I did not therefore examine them till long after dawn. Then, stepping aside into a secluded street, I looked to discover the amount of my ill-gotten funds. There were altogether seven guineas in the two purses. I took a lodging—I procured food—I redeemed some of my apparel from the pawnbroker's—and I remained in doors for several days afterwards, fearing to go out lest I should be taken into custody. Nevertheless, in my calmer moments, when reasoning with myself, I knew full well that I could not possibly have been seen by the two ladies in a manner clear enough to enable them to identify me. I lived frugally and sparingly,—not daring to think of the future, although by this very economy postponing to the utmost of my power the necessity for a recurrence to the same desperate means. But that time came again. In another part of the outskirts of London I committed a similar deed; and on this occasion likewise, the sufferers were two ladies hastening home from a party. The produce was double as much as on the former occasion; and upon this I lived for many weeks. One day, about noon, I was passing along a retired street on my way to a tradesman's shop to purchase something, when an elderly gentleman walking in front of me, while pulling out his handkerchief drew forth his pocket-book at the same time. The next moment it was in my hands. The rapid glance which I flung around showed me that the circumstance was unperceived by the few persons passing in that street. The pocket-book was concealed beneath my shawl; and I walked firmly on. The old gentleman speedily missed it—felt in all his pockets—looked back in dismay—and accosting me, asked civilly whether I had happened to notice that he had just dropped anything? I replied in the negative, and continued my way. Regaining my lodgings, I examined the contents of the pocket-book. Two hundred pounds in bank-notes, and all for small sums! This circumstance filled me with exultation—an exultation indeed in which was absorbed all lingering sense of the criminality of the ways which I was pursuing. Alas! that I should be compelled to say this!

"I hastened to change several of the notes at different tradesmen's shops in the neighbourhood,—

thus converting them into gold. The next day I saw an advertisement in the newspaper offering a reward for the restoration of the pocket-book and its contents: but there was no intimation that the numbers of the notes were known, and the magnitude of the reward convinced me that they were not. Feeling now secure in the possession of my treasure, I reflected what course I should pursue. I dearly longed to have a quiet little comfortable suburban residence of my own; and I had now the means of obtaining one. I again bethought myself of the cottage where the earliest years of my life were passed: so I set off to look at it once more. A bill pasted against the front door, intimated that it was to let, and where intelligence could be obtained as to terms. I proceeded to the office of the house-agent whose address I thus learnt; and having ready money to pay down as an advance of rent, I was accepted as a tenant. Then I proceeded to furnish it, but in an economical manner: for I had a great deal to do with this money. I remitted the twenty pounds, through a London banker, to the mayor of the Pyrenean village, accompanied by a letter of thanks for the kindness I had received at his hands and those of his family; and when my house was fitted up and I had engaged a servant—this present one, Rosa—I set off to pay the Marshalls a visit at Dover. By them I was kindly welcomed. I returned Kate the money she had lent me; and when we were alone together, she questioned me closely as to what I was doing—particularly how I came to be so well dressed and had such a command of funds? I evaded her queries at first; and she again fell into that humour of good-tempered bantering in which she is apt to indulge, at the same time hinting her suspicion that I had found some wealthy lover. Singular as it may seem—strangely idiosyncratic as it may appear—I preferred proclaiming myself what I really was, than resting under the suspicion of being what I was not: and I accordingly told Kate all I had suffered—my wretched wanderings without food or shelter through the streets of the metropolis—and the desperate measures into which I had been forced. She wept in sympathy for the miseries and privations I had gone through, and appeared to admire me rather than otherwise for the course I had chosen. To my annoyance, I found that she even told her parents and her sisters all that had happened; and they thought no more of it than she did—or at least they thought none the worse of me. I remained for about a fortnight at Dover; and when I was about to take my departure, Kate offered me some of her beautiful pigeons,—observing that it would prove an amusement to attend to them, and that by some means or another they might even become useful. I told her that I did not possibly see how this latter portion of her remark could be realised: when she said, 'My dear Elizabeth, if you continue in your present career, which I am sure you will—for you have taken a good leaf out of Don Diego's Christoval's book—you are certain sooner or later to get yourself into trouble, from which one of these winged messengers might possibly rescue you. For instance, if at any time you wished to prove that you were at Dover at a certain hour when others may swear you were in London, send off a billet containing the necessary particulars to me; and it can be managed.'—I accepted four of the pigeons, and brought them with me to this cottage, where I have them now.

"Some months passed, during which I lived comfortably and happily enough—but in a sort of reckless and desperate manner in respect to my thoughts for the future. The boundary between honesty and dishonesty was completely passed over; and I began to consider that it was my destiny to follow the career upon which I had entered. I found that my servant Rosa was a good-hearted woman, who had taken a very great liking to me: but she was evidently at a loss to understand the sources of my income, or who or what I was. I never had a soul to see me, either male or female; and my habits were such that she could not possibly suspect any impropriety on my part *as a woman*. It must indeed have appeared singular to her that I should live thus secluded, months passing without a single soul visiting the cottage. At length, as my funds grew low, I perceived the necessity of replenishing them: but I likewise saw how dangerous it was for a woman to prosecute the course on which I had entered. A female may be described so much more easily than one of the other sex; and moreover ladies might resist the predatory demands of a woman, when they would yield at once in terror to those of a man. Thus was it that a train of reflection one day led to the idea of assuming male apparel. But this could not be done without admitting Rosa into my confidence. Gently and gradually did I break to her the circumstances of my position,—so cautiously and warily indeed, that she was not shocked by any suddenness of disclosure. To be brief, I found that I had not done wrong to admit her as my confidante; and my design was soon carried out. Under pretence of requiring a masquerade garb, I procured a complete suit of male apparel from a tailor; and shortly after I fetched it away, I made my first experiment in that disguise. But upon this part of my history I will not dwell at unnecessary length. If I have launched into so many details in respect to my criminal career, it is only because when first entering on my history, I resolved to speak without reserve; and this very avowal of my iniquities constitutes no mean portion of the heavy punishment I deserve.

"Months passed away—and by those means to which I need not more particularly allude, I obtained sufficient to live upon. One day, when dressed in my female garb, I was passing through a street at the West End, having some purchases to make; and I encountered Sir John Marston. He was startled and surprised at beholding me—looked confused—and seemed as if he would have given a great deal to avoid such an encounter. More than ever convinced by his manner that he had wronged me in some way which I could not well understand, I said to him that the time would come when he must answer to me for the past. Recovering his wonted effrontery, he declared that he had nothing to answer for: whereupon I assured him that I was far from satisfied with his conduct towards me, and would do my best to penetrate the meaning of it. He asked me how I was circumstanced?—but instead of giving a direct reply, I inquired how it was possible I could be otherwise than poor, inasmuch as I had no doubt been defrauded out of money that was due to me. At this he affected to be very indignant,—reminding me of the five thou-

sand pounds I had received, and which he said ought to have served as the fund of an income for my whole life. I then explained how I had been robbed of it within a few days after receiving the amount from him; and I insisted that he should do more for me, unless he wished me to give publicity to the whole affair of the mysterious marriage with the Marquis of Villebelle. Thereupon he replied that he was not at all influenced by my threats—but that out of compassion, he would allow me an income sufficient to keep me from want. But seeing me well dressed, he asked how I had been living? I at once boldly informed him that I held the situation of governess in a wealthy family—but that the duties thereof were most irksome, and that I had long thought of writing to him through his lawyer to demand an account of those monies which I felt convinced he must have deprived me of. After some reflection, he offered me two hundred a-year if I would forbear from giving publicity to the circumstances of the marriage in Paris. Seeing that he was thus yielding, I at once declared that I would effect no such compromise—but that if he would double the amount I would listen to his terms. He agreed; and we went together to the office of his attorney Mr. Robson, whom he instructed in my presence to pay me one hundred pounds a quarter. He introduced me as the Marchioness of Villebelle, in which name I was of course to sign the receipts. A hundred pounds were paid to me at once—and we separated.

"I purchased a horse, and amused myself with riding about the neighbourhood of my cottage-residence. And now it may be asked wherefore I did not renew my search after that village to which I had been taken by Mrs. Burnaby, and for that splendid mansion in the park where I had seen the invalid lady? The explanation is easily given. When I first made those researches, I was untainted by the consciousness of crime; and if I could have discovered a clue to that lady, I might have presented myself to her with an unblushing countenance, whether she were my mother or whatsoever degree of relationship she stood in towards me. But now it was very different!—and I shrank from the idea of making any discovery in that quarter. Therefore I studiously avoided riding in the direction which, so far as my memory served me, I had been taken that day by Mrs. Burnaby.

"Possessed of an income of four hundred a-year, it might be supposed that I had sufficient resources without the necessity of recurring to my evil ways of life. But without being able to account for it, I am forced to confess that I loved the excitement thereof. It had become to me the same as hunting or steeple-chasing to those who indulge in such sports. At this moment, when, thank heaven! my mind has assumed a better tone, I recoil in horror and with a shuddering aversion from the bare idea that I was ever influenced by such a morbid state of feeling. Such however was the case *then*: and from time to time I apparelled myself in my male garb, and mounting my horse, rode out at night upon the highway. Never did I perpetrate any violence: never did I harm a single hair of a human being's head. One night, in the neighbourhood of Hornsey, I stopped an old man who was driving along in a gig. He assured me he had nothing about him worth the taking. I made him hand me his purse which, as I found, contained but a few shillings. I gave it him back again, and was about to gallop away, when he said boldly that if I knew him better I could no doubt make his services available He then told me, after a little more conversation, that his name was Solomon Patch, and that he kept a public-house in Agar Town, St. Pancras—that he was acquainted with a great many persons who lived at the expense of others—and that he gave an excellent price for whatsoever valuables might be brought to him. I replied that I should not forget the intimation—and we parted. Some time afterwards I visited this man's house in Agar Town, and found there a motley assemblage of wretches, male and female, whose looks bespoke their characters and their avocations. I gave them money wherewith to purchase liquor; and as Solomon Patch failed not to hint how we first became acquainted, they learnt what I was. They insisted upon knowing my name; but I only told them my christian one. Some person present at once dubbed me *Lady Bess*: and that is the name by which I have been known amongst them ever since. A short time after my adventure with Solomon Patch, I paid another visit to the Marshalls at Dover; and no longer feeling any shame at the career I was pursuing—but glorying in it rather than otherwise—I gave Kate an account of my various adventures. She told me in her turn that she had become engaged to a young man by the name of Russell, who was captain of a vessel ostensibly trading to the French and Spanish ports, but in reality engaged in the contraband trade. She added that Russell was making considerable sums of money; and that when he had amassed a fortune they were to be married.

"My history is now drawing to a close: but there is one incident that deserves special mention. One day, about six months ago, I was riding on horseback, dressed in my female attire, through Edmonton—when a riderless steed galloped by me; and a little a-head I beheld a number of persons running to the assistance of a gentleman who had been thrown off. On reaching the spot, I instantaneously recognised in that individual my treacherous enemy James Knight! He was senseless: and, indeed, at the first glance I felt assured he was dead. Such proved to be the fact. He was borne into the house of a neighbouring surgeon, who pronounced life to be extinct, his skull having received a terrible fracture. I did not say at the time that I knew him: but when his person was searched to discover who he was, cards and letters were found upon him indicating both his name and address. On the following day I repaired to that address, being somewhat anxious to see Mrs. Knight and ascertain what her sentiments were in respect to the jewel business at Barcelona; for though I had recently been leading a life which might be supposed to render me but little scrupulous in such matters, yet I did not wish her to retain the impression that I had rewarded her kindness at the time by a black ingratitude. I had not forgotten how she had received me into her family when I was friendless and penniless at Havre after the robbery of the diligence; and I was anxious to re-establish myself in her good opinion, if I had really lost it. On arriving at the house, which was in a genteel street at the West End of the town, I found all the blinds drawn down, and the aspect of the dwelling denoted the sombre gloom of death.

On sending in my name, I was speedily admitted, and was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Knight. She was overwhelmed with grief at her son's death: but she received me most kindly; and believing my visit to be one of condolence and sympathy towards herself, thanked me with fervid gratitude. I therefore saw at once that she entertained no evil opinion of me. After some little conversation she began to touch upon the incident which had made me flee from Barcelona so precipitately. She said that at the time she naturally believed I was really guilty of the theft of the jewels: but that when she received the letter which I wrote at Don Christoval's tower, and which I sent to the post through Frank at Southampton, she at once viewed the matter in quite a different light. She had questioned her son anew, and the confused answers he gave confirmed my tale of his villany. Then he confessed everything, expressing deep contrition for what he had done; and his mother forgave him. She did not make the most distant allusion to the incident of her son's subsequent meeting with me on the borders of the Pyrenees, and having to surrender up a portion of his clothing—or rather to make an exchange; and therefore I presumed that he had felt too much ashamed of his pusillanimity on the occasion to mention the event to his mother. With respect to her own affairs, she informed me that she had at length, and after a great deal of trouble, settled them satisfactorily, and that her fortune proved to be greater than she had at first anticipated. I condoled with her on the loss she had sustained in respect to her son—describing how I had witnessed the occurrence: and I took my leave of her, well pleased to find that I had not suffered in her good opinion."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A CHANGE OF ABODE.

LADY BESS, having brought her narrative down to the point at which the preceding chapter concluded, went on to relate how she had one day encountered the Marquis of Villebelle, and how she had promised to deliver up to him the various papers proving their marriage. The reader will recollect that in the earlier portion of this tale, Lady Bess charged a certain Tony Wilkins, at Solomon Patch's house at Agar Town, to present a sealed packet to a gentleman whom he would meet at King's Cross. That gentleman was the Marquis of Villebelle; and that packet contained the documents she had volunteered to give up.

She then proceeded to describe how, in company with Chiffin the Cannibal, she had waylaid Messrs. Marlow and Malton—how she had fled to Dover—and how one of the carrier-pigeons which Kate Marshall had given her, proved the means of extricating her from that dilemma. Then she described how, some little time afterwards, she had met her brother Frank in the street, and how overjoyed as well as amazed she was to find that he was in the land of the living. She related everything Frank himself had told her in respect to his own history after he had quitted the school at Southampton—how he had obtained a situation at Court—how he had there recognised Lord Petersfield, and the two ladies whom he had twice seen in the companionship of her whom he believed to be his mother—how he had been abruptly but honourably removed from his situation in the Royal Household—and how, through Lord Petersfield, he had obtained another place: namely, that in Lady Saxondale's service.

Lady Bess likewise described without reserve how she had called upon Lord Petersfield, and extracted the portrait which had so much excited Frank's attention, and which was subsequently recognised by Adolphus as that of his mother Lady Everton. Then Elizabeth Chandos entered more fully into details than she had done on the previous day, in respect to the researches she had made with regard to those circumstances that so closely concerned Adolphus: she minutely narrated all she had learnt from old Bob Shakerly; and she made no secret of the stratagem she had devised and executed for eliciting from Marlow and Malton the abode of Lady Everton. In the course of these explanations, she did not forget to state how Theodore Barclay had been bribed to betray what he knew concerning past events; and how it was through his suggestion she had called upon the lawyers.

"And now, Mr. Gunthorpe," she said, thus winding up her narrative, and speaking in a low and tremulous voice, full of emotions,—"I have unbosomed all my secrets to you, as if I were on a death-bed making revelations of everything! You are acquainted with all the errors of which I have been guilty: my whole life is before you. In whatsoever colours I now find myself in your presence, I at least have the satisfaction of having told the truth: for I repeat, there is within me the intuitive feeling that you had some right to demand these explanations at my hands. But you have promised not to be too severe in your blame; and the emotions which you have exhibited at many parts of my history, give me every reason to hope that you are not judging me too harshly—too severely!"

"Heaven forbid, my dear Elisabeth!" said the old gentleman, down whose cheeks the tears were flowing fast: and this was not the first time he had been profoundly moved during the two hours which had elapsed since Lady Bess first commenced her history. "Blame you—no!" he added, with sudden vehemence, as he wiped away those tears; and starting from his chair, he began to pace the room in the utmost agitation. "I cannot blame you! The blame rests with those villains who robbed yourself and your poor brother out of the ample fortunes which should have been your's, and which, by making you rich, would have elevated you high above the possibility of any temptation. Ah, yes! and there has been blame attaching to another—another, who should have looked after your welfare—who should not have left you both so completely at the mercy of those men——But no matter: the past cannot be recalled! In respect to you yourself, Elizabeth, there is at least one cause for rejoicing,—that as a woman you have not fallen—you have not disgraced yourself! And now show me once more that letter which you received from the Marquis of Villebelle when he was at Dover. You showed it to me yesterday—I wish to look at it again."

"Certainly," responded Lady Bess: and she hastened to produce from her writing-desk the epistle which Mr. Gunthorpe asked for. Its contents were as follow:—

"*Admiral's Head*, Dover,
"July 13, 1844

"I have not hitherto had an opportunity of expressing my sincerest and most heartfelt thanks for the generous conduct you have observed towards me in respect to that strange transaction which took place in Paris five years back, and to which I need not more particularly allude. It is evident that Miss Marshall, the eldest daughter of the landlord of this inn, is to a certain extent your confidante; and she has this day rendered me a most signal service, the nature of which she will no doubt explain to you. I naturally conjecture that were it not for certain revelations which you must have at some time or another made to her, she would not have had it in her power to render me that service.

"I must now explain my principal object in penning these few lines; and being unacquainted with your address, I shall entrust the letter to Miss Marshall, that she may forward it. I just now had occasion to call at the residence of Sir John Marston, who is dwelling in this town. During his momentary absence from the room where he received me, I happened to glance at a paper which lay open upon his desk. It was a letter addressed to him, and bearing the signature of a certain *Louisa Lloyd*—doubtless that same Mrs. Lloyd who was present at the transaction in Paris to which I have above alluded. In that letter my eye caught the names of *Elizabeth and Francis Paton*; and then immediately followed these words:—'*I hope and trust there is no possible chance of their discovering that their father is the Marquis of Eagledean.*' This is all I saw: for Sir John Marston returned to the room immediately afterwards. I do not know whether you have already made the discovery which Mrs. Lloyd appears so earnestly to hope that you have not: but I consider the matter to be one of sufficient importance to be at once communicated to you. If, by making such communication, I am rendering you the slightest service, I shall feel truly rejoiced; and though I must always remain your debtor for your generous conduct in giving up those documents some weeks back, yet may I hope that the contents of this letter will acquit me of some part of the immense obligation I owe you.

"Permit me to subscribe myself
"Your devoted friend and well-wisher,
"VILLEBELLE."

Mr. Gunthorpe perused this letter with as much attention as if he had not read it on the preceding day; and as he handed it back to Elizabeth, he appeared to be absorbed in the deepest reflection, still pacing the room to and fro. Suddenly stopping short, he was about to say something, when she exclaimed, as she glanced forth from the window, "Here are Frank and Adolphus returning from their walk!"

Mr. Gunthorpe looked at his watch, and said, "It is close upon two o'clock, at which hour I ordered my carriage to return. Elizabeth, it was my purpose to have made certain revelations to you, which it is necessary you should learn: but I cannot do it now. You must restrain your impatience yet a little while——"

"But tell me, Mr. Gunthorpe," she said, in a tone of anxious entreaty, "who are you, and wherefore do you take such an interest in the affairs of Frank and myself? Do tell me—I beseech you to tell me!——One word will suffice——Frank and Adolphus are entering the house——Quick, quick! do speak that word!"

"I am the bosom-friend of the Marquis of Eagledean," he replied in a hurried manner.

Elizabeth Chandos looked disappointed, but yet somewhat bewildered and incredulous.

"Hush!" said Mr. Gunthorpe; "no more now! But as the friend of your father—as one acquainted with all his secrets—and one having full power to act on his behalf, you must suffer me to take certain immediate steps in respect to yourselves."

"Do what you will, Mr. Gunthorpe," said Lady Bess: "for we are in your hands."

At this moment Adolphus and Frank entered the room, and were much delighted to find Mr. Gunthorpe there. Warm greetings were exchanged; and refreshments being placed upon the table, the old gentleman gladly accepted a glass of wine—for he had evidently passed through a sad and exciting ordeal while listening to Elizabeth's history. By the time luncheon was over, his carriage drew up in front of the cottage.

"Now," said Mr. Gunthorpe, "you are all three about to quit this place and remove to my residence. Do not look upon me thus with so much astonishment: I am perfectly serious. Yes—for many, many reasons must you all three come and take up your abode beneath my roof. Let your preparations be hastily made. Some of my servants shall come in the course of the day and fetch away your boxes. Adolphus—Frank—go to your rooms and get in readiness. Elizabeth, remain here with me."

The two young men hesitated not to obey Mr. Gunthorpe's directions; and when they had quitted the apartment, he turned towards the lady, saying, "You will permit me to dispose as I choose of your furniture and such matters beneath this roof. I can assure you, Elizabeth, you will never require them again. Now go and send back to Miss Marshall the carrier-pigeons which she gave you; and if you choose to forward by one of them a little billet, to the effect that altered circumstances on your part preclude the possibility of your ever more needing these feathered agents, it will perhaps be as well. You understand me, Elizabeth? Go, my dear girl. And tell Rosa—for that I think is your servant's name—to come hither, as I wish to speak to her."

Elizabeth obeyed these instructions as deferentially as Adolphus and Frank had hastened to fulfil those which they on their part had received; and Rosa came into the presence of Mr. Gunthorpe.

"My good young woman," said he, "your mistress, her brother, and their guest are about to leave this abode. I am well aware that you are acquainted with much—too much, concerning Mrs. Chandos. I am not however going to utter a word of blame or reproach on account of the past; but I wish to make it well worth your while to bury in oblivion all you do know concerning that lady. She will leave the cottage just as it is. There is a lease, I believe—and that you can have: all the furniture is likewise your's. Here are fifty pounds for your immediate wants; and every half-year you will receive a cheque from me for the sum of twenty-five pounds. Upon an annual income of fifty pounds you can live respectably. You may take lodgers to make up enough to pay your rent. But all this is done for you on condition that you set a seal upon your lips in respect to whatsoever you may know concerning Mrs. Chandos. Now go up-stairs—fetch down her male apparel—take it into the kitchen—and tear it to pieces. I shall come in a few minutes and see that you have done so. Go: but take your money—and don't stand staring at me in this vacant bewildered manner."

Thus did Mr. Gunthorpe issue his commands; and Rosa, finding that he was altogether serious—

CHIFFIN THE CANNIBAL.

as indeed the bank-notes he had placed upon the table fully proved—hastened to obey him. In a few minutes the old gentleman, who seemed determined to do things in quite a business-like manner, found his way into the kitchen, and expressed his satisfaction when he perceived that Rose had literally fulfilled his instructions and had torn up Lady Bess's frock coat, waistcoat, and trousers into shreds.

"There," he said; "that will do. By the by, there's a horse? She will have no further need of that—and you may cause it to be sold and take the proceeds for yourself. But mind that it is sold."

Having thus spoken, Mr. Gunthorpe retraced his way to the parlour, where he was speedily joined by Adolphus, Frank, and Elizabeth. The lady threw upon him a significant look, to imply that his instructions in respect to the pigeons had been duly carried into effect. They then all four entered the carriage, which drove away towards Stamford Hill.

"It is my wish," said Mr. Gunthorpe, while proceeding thither, "that you, Elizabeth, should resume your maiden name of Miss Paton. It is by this name you will be known beneath my roof."

Frank glanced towards his sister in a manner which showed that he saw full plainly she had been telling all the history of her past adventures to Mr. Gunthorpe; and while he was rejoiced that she should resume her maiden name, thereby severing herself as it were from several painful reminiscences, he could not help admiring the generosity of their kind-hearted friend, whose benevolence continued unchanged towards her. As for Adolphus, he was too much inexperienced in the ways of the world to think that there was anything very peculiar in the intimation which Mr. Gunthorpe had just given relative to the resumption of Elizabeth's maiden name; while the lady herself was prepared to follow in all things the instructions of one who appeared to have such full authority to issue them.

On arriving at the mansion, Adolphus, Elizabeth, and Frank were provided with handsome apartments: two valets were assigned as special attendants upon the young gentlemen respectively; so that Francis Paton, from having been a page himself, had one to wait upon him. A female dependant was attached to Elizabeth in the quality of lady's-maid: and thus was it evident by all these arrangements, that Mr. Gunthorpe purposed to treat his guests with the utmost kindness and distinction. He sent off a note desiring Mrs. Leyden, Henrietta, and little Charley, to come and dine at the Manor at five o'clock; and when the whole party assembled in the magnificent drawing-room, the old gentleman appeared resolved to banish from his mind whatsoever cares or disagreeable reflections were harboured therein, that he might both enjoy and enhance the happiness which he was thus diffusing around him.

And it was indeed a happy party gathered on this occasion! Need we say that Henrietta and Adolphus sat together at the dinner-table, and likewise in the drawing-room in the evening? or need we add that they experienced all the delight enjoyed by lovers who behold no barrier to the progress of their affection and its ultimate felicity? Mrs. Leyden, too, was amply recompensed, in her altered circumstances and prospects, for the many troubles and misfortunes which she had gone through: while little Charley was never tired of gazing around in childish wonder upon the splendid apartments, with their sumptuous furniture and their brilliant lights.

On the following morning Adolphus proceeded to call upon Henrietta, in pursuance of a suggestion which Mr. Gunthorpe threw out—or rather a permission which he gave: for the young nobleman was docile as a child, and almost as unsophisticated as one,—being yet too timid and bashful to take any important step of his own accord. Alas, so considerable a portion of his life had been spent in a close and cruel confinement! Mr. Gunthorpe had purposely sent him out of the way that he might have an opportunity of making certain important revelations to Elizabeth and Frank. Accordingly, as soon as Adolphus had taken his departure in the carriage which was placed at his disposal to convey him to Mrs. Leyden's cottage, the old gentleman conducted Elizabeth and Frank to the library of the mansion; and taking a chair, he bade them seat themselves opposite to him, and listen attentively to the narrative he was about to unfold. There was a fervid curiosity in the mind of the youth; and though this same feeling was also experienced by his sister, it was blended on her part with a kind of solemn awe; for she was eight years older than her brother, and therefore more thoughtful in respect to the incidents which were now occurring, and more shrewd in forming certain suspicions and conjectures on particular points. When they were both seated near Mr. Gunthorpe, he addressed them in the following manner:—

"I am about to speak of Lady Everton—I am about to tell you much regarding that unfortunate lady. It was for this reason that I have excluded Adolphus from our present conference: for it would be sad and mournful for him to hear the tale of his mother's frailty and dishonour. You, Elizabeth, have acted wisely and well in keeping secret from him the suspicions which yourself and Frank have entertained in respect to Lady Everton; and it will be a matter of serious consideration for us all—perhaps too for Lady Everton herself—whether Adolphus shall ever have the veil torn from his eyes in respect to his mother's secrets. For those suspicions on your part, Elizabeth—those suspicions on your part, Frank—are indeed well founded——Lady Everton is your mother!"

This announcement, although so fully expected, was received in deep silence—but also with deep emotion: and then, as if by a simultaneous ebullition of feeling at thus acquiring the certainty that the lady whom they had seen in their earlier years, and who had wept over them, was indeed their mother,—Elizabeth and Francis threw themselves into each other's arms, mingled their tears, and embraced tenderly. Mr. Gunthorpe rose from his seat and walked to and fro in deep agitation: but suddenly calming his emotions, he resumed his chair, saying somewhat abruptly, "Let me not hesitate any longer to enter upon the narrative of the past. Give me your attention—interrupt me not in its progress—but listen in silence, as I listened yesterday, Elizabeth, to the tale which you revealed to me."

Then, perceiving that the brother and sister were anxiously awaiting the promised narrative, Mr. Gunthorpe related those particulars which will be found in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

LADY EVERTON.

"It was in the beginning of the year 1814 that Lord Everton conducted to the altar Alexandrina, sister of Sir John Marston. His lordship was a Colonel in the army—had served for some years in India, where he had greatly distinguished himself—and had amassed considerable wealth. He was forty years of age, but looked considerably older,—his constitution having suffered by the influences of an oriental climate, the fatigues of active service, and the wounds he had sustained. To speak truthfully, he was neither handsome in person nor prepossessing in manners. He had all the imperious habit of command and the authoritative severity of a soldier. He was far more fitted to preside in a camp, than to shine in a drawing-room. Alexandrina was but sixteen when she thus became Lady Everton. She was one of the most beautiful creatures ever seen—intellectually accomplished, of fascinating manners, and of most amiable disposition. Even if her affections had not been engaged to another, her marriage with an individual more than double her age, and whom she could not possibly love, must have been regarded as a cruel sacrifice. But her affections were engaged: she loved the Hon. Paton Staunton, who was at that time in his thirtieth year. But Mr. Staunton, though the nephew of the then Marquis of Eagledean, appeared not to have any chance of succeeding to the title and estates of his uncle; inasmuch as the Marquis had two sons. Moreover, Mr. Staunton was poor, having but a few hundreds a year: the Marston family was likewise poor; and thus Alexandrina, unable to marry the object of her affections, was sacrificed to the lordly and wealthy soldier.

"Mr. Staunton was a Member of Parliament, and noted for the extreme liberality of his political opinions: he was at the time the only man in the House of Commons who dared raise his voice to assert that the people had rights from which they were most unjustly debarred—that the country was ruled by an arrogant, a selfish, and a rapacious oligarchy—and that what was termed 'British freedom' was one of the most detestable of mockeries. Now, his uncle the Marquis of Eagledean was a staunch Tory: he hated his nephew Paton Staunton for his republican notions,—while on the other hand, Mr. Staunton finding that his narrow-minded relative would not permit liberty of conscience, proudly forbore from asking him any favour. It was therefore in consequence of Mr. Staunton's poverty and want of fine prospects, that Alexandrina Marston was hurried to the altar to become the bride of another man.

"In 1816, two years after the marriage, Adolphus was born. In the course of a few months the affairs of India became so threatening, and some of the native princes obtained such successes over the British troops, that it was found necessary to confer the command of the Anglo-Indian army upon an officer of tried experience, skill and valour. The Government of the day offered the post to Lord Everton: he accepted it—and, with the rank of General, proceeded to India. It cost him no considerable pang to leave his young wife and new-born child: for he was a man whose ambition towered high above all the softer feelings of humanity. It would however be alike untruthful and unjust to affirm that he experienced no emotion at all on parting from them. About the same time that this appointment took place, the Marquis of Eagledean died, his elder son succeeding to the title; and in a few months after this, an accident occurred which all in a moment produced a remarkable change in the position and circumstances of the Hon. Paton Staunton. The new Marquis of Eagledean, with his brother—both young men—were upset in a boat on the Thames near Twickenham, and were drowned. They were unmarried—and thus Paton Staunton abruptly received the intelligence that he had become Marquis of Eagledean, with large estates and a revenue of thirty thousand a year.

"From the time of Alexandrina's marriage with Lord Everton, she and Paton had not met. Soon after her husband's departure for India, she became attached as principal lady-in-waiting to the Princess Sophia; and at one of the receptions given by that Princess, in her apartments at St James's Palace, she met the former object of her affection, who had recently become Marquis of Eagledean. That meeting was an interesting one,—one full of a touching pathos and of sorrowful reflections for both: inasmuch as they soon discovered that their mutual love had abated not—but was, if possible, stronger than ever. They could not help thinking that if only two or three short years had been allowed to elapse ere Alexandrina was disposed of in marriage, she might have accompanied to the altar the individual who had won her heart and whose position in life had been destined to undergo so remarkable a change. That meeting led to others. Alexandrina's husband was far away—she did not love him—she scarcely even respected him, because she felt that she had been dragged as his victim to the altar: she knew that her loveliness had served as a chaplet to be interwoven amidst the laurels which adorned his brow. The Marquis of Eagledean remained unmarried—he had vowed never to marry—his heart cherished the image of Alexandrina: and she knew all this. Their meetings did not continue innocent: their mutual passion was above control: they were culpable. In a short time Lady Everton found that she was in a way to become a mother. She made a confidante of her principal lady's-maid, Mrs. Burnaby, who was a widow, and a trustworthy person. I should moreover observe that she was a reduced gentlewoman at the time she first entered Lady Everton's service—that she was well educated—and altogether the most eligible female for the important trust to be reposed in her. But it was necessary to admit others into Alexandrina's confidence;—and the housekeeper at Everton Park, likewise a discreet and kind-hearted woman was one. Another was the maid next in rank to Mrs. Burnaby; and then came the medical man who attended upon the household at the Park. But all the arrangements were so well settled, and the persons engaged were so trustworthy, that Alexandrina's position remained unsuspected by the world; and in due course a daughter was born. This was in 1818. The cottage near Tottenham had been already hired and furnished; and a wet-nurse was engaged. To that abode did Mrs Burnaby repair with the infant, on whom the name of Elizabeth Paton was bestowed.

"After this event the Marquis of Eagledean quitted England, with Alexandrina's full concurrence: for they found that, considering the strength of their mutual love, such separation was necessary for her honour and security. But this parting was indeed most painful, and required all their strength of mind for its accomplishment. For six years did the Marquis remain on the Continent, chiefly in France: but at the expiration of that time business compelled him to return to England. He believed that he had so far conquered the romantic ardour of his love for Alexandrina, that they might now meet as friends. He wrote to her: and she expressed in reply a similar opinion. They did meet: and for some short time they exercised so powerful a control over their feelings that they never touched upon the topic of their love. And yet they both knew that they were standing again upon the edge of a precipice: they both felt that so far from time having mitigated the fervour of their devotion towards each other, it continued unextinguishable—immitigable. It was a deathless sentiment, triumphing over time—defying the lapse of years—interwoven with the very principles of their existence. General Lord Everton was still absent in India, where his presence was required. He was amassing wealth—he was gathering fresh laurels—and yet his work, either for his country or himself, appeared to be only half done; for his letters contained no intimation of the probability of an early return to England. If ever there were extenuation for female frailty, surely it existed for Lady Everton under all those circumstances? The man whom she was forced to accompany to the altar, had been for years absent—while that other man to whom her heart's first and only affections were given, was once more present, and the opportunities for their meeting were frequent. They were again culpable: again did Lady Everton find herself in a condition to become a mother; and again, with the assistance of Mrs. Burnaby and the others who were in the former secret, was a child born. This was in the year 1826. The infant was conveyed away to the cottage; and on him the name of Francis Paton was bestowed.

"There was now another separation. Alexandrina and the Marquis, bitterly deploring the past, resolved that the future should remain untainted by criminality. He went abroad again, well nigh broken-hearted at the necessity for bidding farewell to the object of his first and only love, and at the anguished state of mind in which he had left her. It was even agreed between them that there should not be the slightest epistolary correspondence—nothing that should increase the yearning they were but too certain to experience towards each other. What to the Marquis of Eagledean was his lordly title? what his immense wealth? They could afford him no consolation. He had long considered the first as but an empty bauble; and he only valued the latter as a means of enabling him to do good. Eighteen months elapsed; and during this period the Marquis resided in Paris. His time was chiefly employed in visiting the abodes of want and poverty, and ministering to the relief of the sufferers. Wherever he found an aching heart, it became a solace to him to afford condolence: wherever he found honest penury sinking into despair with its vain struggle against the world, it soothed his own soul to be enabled to succour it Nor less did he penetrate into the dens of vice and demoralization, to drag up from those sloughs such unfortunates as would accept the hand stretched forth to their assistance. It was thus, as I have said, that eighteen months passed away; and at the expiration of this period the Marquis of Eagledean read in an English newspaper, that General Lord Everton, having finished his career in India, was resolved to return home. A few days afterwards another paragraph intimated that he might be expected to arrive in London in about five or six months.

"The Marquis of Eagledean now felt it to be a paramount duty to make ample provision for his two children, Elizabeth and Frank. He had never seen either of them from the moment of their birth: he dared not see them: he felt that if he were to do so, he should long to have them with him—to take charge of them—to adopt them and acknowledge them as his own. But how could he do this? He would have to bring them up, stigmatized with illegitimacy; and when they should ask him who their mother was, how could he respond to the question? Besides, if he suddenly appeared before the world with those two children acknowledged as his own,—and as illegitimate too, for he dared not pretend that they were otherwise,—wonder would be excited, suspicions might arise, inquiries might take place, and the truth be traced out. It was known to many that he had been Alexandrine's suitor previous to her marriage with General Lord Everton; and as her husband had been for so many years absent, the tongue of scandal would not fail to whisper a surmise which might ultimately be proved the actual truth. No: every possible precaution must be taken to shield Alexandrina's honour from danger and detraction; and the births of those children must therefore remain buried in an impenetrable mystery. Thus was it that the Marquis of Eagledean had never dared to pay even the most stealthy visit to that cottage where his children were kept in the care of Mrs. Burnaby; and this was not the least violence that he was compelled to exercise over his feelings. But now that Lord Everton was on the point of returning from India, the Marquis felt it a paramount duty to give Alexandrina the assurance that the two children would be amply provided for, and that she need experience no anxiety with regard to their future welfare. The Marquis accordingly resolved to pay one more visit to England, in order to settle this business, and then bid his native land a long farewell—if not an eternal one—so that he might avoid the chance of encountering her whose image was enshrined in his heart. But on repairing to England on the occasion, and for the purpose named, he solemnly vowed that he would not seek an interview with Alexandrina. He wrote to her, stating that he was again in London—explaining the purpose for which he was there—imploring her to pardon him for having thus broken the compact mutually agreed upon, that no epistolary correspondence was to take place between them—and requesting only that she would give such suggestions or instructions as she thought fit relative to a mode of settling the fortune he destined for their two children. He declared his intention of devoting the sum of one hundred thousand

pounds to this purpose, so that they might have a fortune of fifty thousand pounds each.

"Alexandrina, who was then staying at Everton Park, which is about twenty miles from London, wrote back promptly to the Marquis of Eagledean —expressing her admiration for what she was pleased to term his noble generosity on behalf of their children, and declaring that his proposal to that effect had tended to relieve her mind from the utmost anxiety. As to the mode of settling the money, she had but little to suggest. She however wished them to be brought up in a comparatively humble though comfortable and respectful manner—but not with any extravagant ideas or elevated notions, which in after-life might lead them to make searching inquiries into the mystery of their birth. Moreover, as they would have to go forth into the world, when they grew up, without the advantage of relations and friends to counsel and advise them,—and as under such circumstances she trembled for their future welfare, dreading lest they should fall into error,—she besought that they might be reared in ignorance of the handsome fortunes to which they would be entitled, so that they would stand the less chance of falling into the hands of designing persons ere they arrived at years of discretion. For Alexandrina rightly considered that it was a fearful thing for a young woman and a young man to enter upon life in a comparative friendless manner, and without having passed through an ordeal of experience to teach them how to value and make a good use of the fortunes which they were to inherit. Therefore did she suggest that they should be brought up in ignorance of the wealth in store for them, until they reached that age at which it might safely be entrusted to their keeping. Having thus expressed her views, she left all the rest to the discretion of the Marquis of Eagledean; and she displayed sufficient strength of mind to forbear from hinting at her desire for an interview.

"I have already said that Alexandrina was staying at Everton Park at the time when this correspondence took place between herself and the Marquis of Eagledean. She had several visitors there at the time. One was her brother, Sir John Marston, accompanied by his wife: for he had very recently been married. There were likewise Lord and Lady Petersfield, who were on intimate terms with the Everton and Marston families. Lord Petersfield at that time presided over the household of the Princess Sophia, in which Lady Everton still retained her situation—though it was rather a nominal than a real one. Another visitor at the Park on the occasion, was Mr. Everton, her brother-in-law. This gentleman was unmarried—of moderate fortune—and supposed to be of rather unsteady habits. Rumour had indeed whispered that he was dissipated and addicted to the gambling-table: but nothing positive was known on these points. In the world he passed for an honourable man; and on account of his social position, he moved in the highest circles. His sister-in-law had never liked him: she often spoke of him with aversion to the Marquis of Eagledean; but as her husband's brother, she was forced to receive his visits with a becoming courtesy. Besides, Lord Everton, previous to leaving England to assume his military command in India, had requested his brother to visit the Park and the other estates from time to time, to assure himself that the stewards and bailiffs performed their duty.

"To resume the thread of my narrative, I must state that one day—shortly after the correspondence of which I have spoken between Alexandrina and the Marquis of Eagledean—her ladyship was seated in the drawing-room at the Park,—her brother, her brother-in-law, and Lord Petersfield being present at the time. Lady Petersfield and Lady Marston, as it appeared, were out riding or walking together, with little Adolphus. The conversation in the drawing-room turned upon the expected arrival of Lord Everton, who was to be in England in the course of a few months. Lord Petersfield—who then possessed a far more courtly affability than has characterized him of late years, since he entered a diplomatic career and assumed its solemn aspect and its studied reserve,—expatiated upon what he regarded, or pretended to regard, as the delight and joy with which her ladyship would welcome her husband home after his long absence. Poor Alexandrina felt deeply distressed. No doubt,—and it was natural enough,—she was smitten with horror and remorse for her past conduct, and experienced a guilty dread at meeting the husband to whom she had proved unfaithful. In short she was so completely overcome by her feelings that she fell back in a sudden swoon. Her brother, Sir John Marston, hastily snatched up a decanter of water, and sprinkled some upon her countenance; while Lord Petersfield and Mr. Everton tore at the bells to summon assistance. But ere any of her ladyship's female dependants had time to reach the room, she began to return to consciousness; and in the dimness and confusion of her first ideas she let fall some expressions which more than half betrayed the fatal secret. Starting up in a sudden access of frenzy—aware of the tremendous inadvertence which she had committed—she gazed upon her brother, her brother-in-law, and Lord Petersfield in a manner which confirmed the suspicions just engendered in their minds. They consigned her to her maids; and heaven alone knows, besides themselves, what took place between those three men when alone together. In the course of the afternoon Sir John Marston repaired to his sister's chamber, and told her frankly that Mr. Everton had searched her writing-desk, and had discovered documentary proofs of her illicit connexion with the Marquis of Eagledean. Poor Alexandrina threw herself at her brother's feet, beseeching he would intercede with Mr. Everton not to expose and ruin her. Sir John Marston assured her that both himself and Lord Petersfield had already exerted their united influence with Mr. Everton to this effect, and that he had promised to throw the veil of secrecy over her guilt—but only on the condition that the Marquis should at once leave England, with the solemn pledge not to revisit its shores for many long, long years. Alexandrina wrote a letter to Lord Eagledean, telling him what had occurred, and beseeching him to give the sacred promise upon which her fate depended. This letter Mr. Everton determined to bear himself to the Marquis, so that he might, as he alleged, be satisfied as to the reply.

"Proceeding at once to London, Mr. Everton called upon the Marquis of Eagledean, who was

plunged into despair at the fearful occurrence which had thus exposed the unfortunate Alexandrina's frailty. The Marquis did not upbraid Mr. Everton for having violated the sanctity of his sister-in-law's desk. He was too anxious to conciliate him. Moreover, he could not help feeling that when once that gentleman's suspicions were aroused, he had a right to adopt any means to discover proofs of the infidelity of his absent brother's wife. Mr. Everton renewed his proposal that if the Marquis would leave England with a solemn promise to remain absent for a long series of years, and to desist from all correspondence with Alexandrina, he would spare the exposure of her dishonour. Lord Eagledean was but too rejoiced to assent to this decision. Indeed, it only embodied the resolve to which his own mind had been previously made up, and which he had expressed in his last letter to Lady Everton. In short, he left himself entirely in the hands of her brother-in-law, Sir John Marston, and Lord Petersfield, to all of whom the fatal secret had thus become known. He even proposed to take the children away with him to some far-off clime, and there bring them up in utter ignorance of the secret of their birth. But to this Mr. Everton would not listen; and he advanced as his reason several arguments similar to those which had constituted Lord Eagledean's own motives for leaving the children completely in the care of Mrs. Burnaby. The settlement of the hundred thousand pounds upon those two children, was next deliberated upon,—as this step was to be taken before the Marquis could leave England. Mr. Everton suggested that the amount should be lodged in the Bank of England, or with the Marquis of Eagledean's own private bankers, in the joint names of Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston,—as they two, having become acquainted with the secret, were the most eligible trustees who could be selected. The Marquis entertained no objection to this arrangement. He was well acquainted with Lord Petersfield, whom he believed to be a man of the strictest probity; and with regard to Sir John Marston, it was natural to include him in the trusteeship, he being Alexandrina's brother. An appointment was accordingly made for all four—namely, the Marquis, Lord Petersfield, Mr. Everton, and Sir John Marston—to meet on the following day and discuss the matter further.

"When this interview was over, Lord Eagledean proceeded to consult his bankers, and also his solicitor, upon the best method of carrying out the arrangements,—confessing to them, under their solemn pledge of secrecy, that Elizabeth and Francis Paton were his own illegitimate children: but as a matter of course, Lady Everton's name was kept out of the question. To the solicitor the Marquis explained that he wished certain restrictions to be placed upon the powers of the trustees, so that they should only carry out such instructions as he might think fit to record for their guidance, without affording them even a discretionary control over the fortunes of the children or the children themselves. In thus speaking, the Marquis had in view the suggestions which he had received from Lady Everton, as I have already described them. On the following day the meeting took place between the Marquis, Lord Petersfield, Mr. Everton, and Sir John Marston. Sir John was the bearer of a letter from his sister Alexandrina to the Marquis of Eagledean, and which she had left open that its contents might be seen to be only of a business character. Therein she recapitulated all the suggestions she had previously afforded, and all the apprehensions she entertained for the future welfare of the children. One passage ran somewhat to this effect:—'It is chiefly for our daughter Elizabeth that I tremble. Frank, when he grows up to man's estate, will feel the want of relations and friends far less than his sister. Her sex naturally exposes her to other temptations and more fatal errors. It would be well if on the attainment of her majority, she could be eligibly married—but without in the least degree forcing the natural bent of her affections. It may be deemed a weakness on my part—but it will nevertheless afford me considerable satisfaction, and in after years relieve me of much of the anxiety which will otherwise harass my mind on her account—if by such marriage a real rank could be conferred upon her, so that in the possession of a titled name and an elevated social position, the mystery of her parentage and the obscurity of her name may be lost sight of. With such a fortune as she will possess through your bounty she may well aspire to such a marriage. I do not mean that she is to be dragged to the altar and forced to wed some titled personage: no—heaven forbid! But I should venture to recommend that if a brilliant marriage in accordance with her own feelings can be effected when she attains her majority, her fortune should be placed at her disposal: but on no account should she be permitted to receive more than the interest of her money until she does contract a matrimonial alliance.'

"Such were Alexandrina's suggestions in reference to Elizabeth. Now, although the Marquis of Eagledean himself despised aristocratic titles, and cared nothing for the one which he himself bore, he was nevertheless prepared to adopt the wishes of the unhappy Alexandrina; and to this effect did he express his intentions to Lord Petersfield, Sir John Marston, and Mr. Everton. They offered no objection; and when the meeting broke up, he repaired to his solicitor for the purpose of giving him final instructions with regard to the trust deed. It will perhaps take some little trouble to explain in lucid terms the details of this deed: but the task must be attempted. In the first place Lord Eagledean undertook to lodge the sum of one hundred thousand pounds in his bankers' hands, to be retained by them for the benefit of Elizabeth and Francis Paton, and in the trusteeship of Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston. He apportioned fifty thousand pounds to be Elizabeth's fortune, and fifty thousand pounds to be the fortune of Francis,—together with all the accumulations of interest which might remain for both after the annual deduction of four hundred pounds for their joint maintenance until they should become entitled to their fortunes. The deed provided that should either die, the other was to become entitled to the whole amount; and that should they both die, the amount was to revert to himself (the Marquis of Eagledean) or to his heirs. In respect to the fortune of Elizabeth, he introduced the following provisions into the deed:—that if on the attainment of her twenty-first year, she contracted a marriage with some eligible and proper person,

who by his rank and social position could place her upon a high standing, and confer upon her an honourable name, she was at once to receive possession of her fortune: but that so long as she remained unmarried, she was merely to receive the interest, the capital remaining in the bankers' hands. Or again, if she contracted a marriage which in the opinion of her two guardians was derogatory and unworthy, she should still receive only the interest of the money, without any power over the capital; and on no account was the fortune to be settled on her husband, or alienated from her own possession. In respect to Francis, the Marquis of Eagledean provided by the trust-deed that on the attainment of his twenty-first year, he should become possessed of the full annual interest of his fortune: but that he should not enter upon the enjoyment of the capital until the attainment of his twenty-fifth year. Moreover, the bankers were charged not to pay over the respective fortunes without receiving at the time satisfactory proof that the above-mentioned conditions were duly complied with.

"Such was the nature of the trust-deed drawn up, and which, as a matter of course, was far more explicit in its details than the sketch which I have just given. It necessarily took several days to complete all these arrangements,—during which interval the Marquis of Eagledean was compelled to remain in England; but as Alexandrina continued to reside at Everton Park, they did not meet. Nor did he make the slightest attempt to see her: for he felt that it would be most unbecoming and indelicate to do so under existing circumstances. At length the business was concluded—the necessary documents were signed—the money was deposited in the bankers' hands—and the Marquis of Eagledean quitted England. He repaired to Germany, and settled himself at Baden. Some few months afterwards he read in an English newspaper of the death of the Hon. Adolphus Everton, son of Lord and Lady Everton, aged twelve years, and very soon after that, he read an account of the return of his lordship to England. Deeply did he dread what might be the result of the meeting between Alexandrina and her husband: she had already betrayed her secret in a swoon—the same frightful accident might occur again. But no: it did not appear that there was any ground for this apprehension,—inasmuch as the English newspapers frequently made mention of Lord and Lady Everton; and thus, as their names were coupled in the record of their movements, it was to be inferred that they lived together without a suspicion on her husband's part of his wife's dishonour. But Lord Everton had not been many months in England, ere death overtook him; and when the Marquis of Eagledean read the account of his demise, it was with a feeling that can be better imagined than described. Oh! might he not now hope that, after the usual period of widowhood, Alexandrina would become his wife? He however remained in Baden, considering that it would be the height of indelicacy and impropriety to present himself to Lady Everton too soon after her husband's death. A year thus elapsed; and the Marquis now thought that it would be no longer indiscreet to return to England. But then arose in his mind the memory of that solemn pledge he had given to remain absent a long series of years. Perhaps it was straining a point to consider that this interdiction continued valid after Lord Everton's death: but still the Marquis of Eagledean was punctilious upon the subject—and he resolved to write to the brother, who had assumed the title, and ascertain his feeling upon the subject. In due course an answer was received. Lord Everton (as I had better call him for distinction's sake, although he has all along been a base usurper) wrote a long letter, in which he declared that he had consulted his sister-in-law with regard to the present state of her feeling towards the Marquis, and that she had vowed to pass the remainder of her life in widowhood, as an atonement to the memory of him whom she had dishonoured. Lord Everton went on to say in his letter, that he himself considered such atonement to be strictly due to the memory of his deceased brother; and he insisted that the Marquis of Eagledean should adhere faithfully to the solemn pledge: namely, to remain absent from England. Lord Eagledean was cruelly afflicted by the contents of this letter: yet he felt persuaded that Alexandrina was acting under the coercion of her brother-in-law, even if she had been consulted at all in the matter. He therefore wrote to Alexandrina, explaining everything that Lord Everton had said, and requesting a frank and unreserved avowal of her own sentiments. He appealed to her, in the name of that fervid love which for so many years they had experienced for each other—he enjoined her by all the circumstances of the past, not to send him a reply which would banish hope from his breast—and he suggested that if her brother-in-law still insisted on the fulfilment of the pledge of self-expatriation, she might join him on the Continent, where their hands could be united in matrimony. He said that he was well aware he was already violating one part of his pledge, which had been to the effect that all correspondence should cease between them: but he pleaded as an excuse the altered circumstances of their relative position arising from her husband's death. He concluded by declaring that upon her response depended all his future conduct towards her: for that if she, by her own accord, reiterated what her brother in-law had already said to her, he should, as a man of honour and delicacy, regard her decision as final, and as one too solemn and sacred to admit of any additional appeal on his part.

"Most anxiously did the Marquis of Eagledean await the reply to this letter. It came at the expiration of a few weeks: it proved a death-blow to his hopes: the decision was adverse to his fondest expectation! In this reply Lady Everton assured him that the death of her husband had awakened her to the sense of the grievous wrong she had done him—that her peace of mind was destroyed for ever—that her happiness was annihilated—and that were she even to see the Marquis again, his presence would drive her to despair. She conjured him to study, as well as he was able, to banish her image from his mind: or, if he must still continue to think of her, that he would only regard her in the light of a friend sincerely wishing him well, but whom he must never see again. She repeated what her brother-in-law had said—to the effect that by crushing within her bosom all inclination to enter the marriage-state again, she might make some atonement to the spirit of her departed husband, and

that as she had proved unfaithful to him in life, she would prove faithful to his memory after death. She assured the Marquis that she penned that letter of her own accord—without coercion—and even without the knowledge of Lord Everton; that its contents were the spontaneous effusion of her own heart, dictated by a religious piety of feeling, which she implored him not to disturb. The Marquis of Eagledean submitted to this decision: but he did not believe that Alexandrina was a free agent when she wrote that letter. Nevertheless, if she were indeed under the coercion of her brother-in-law, he saw that it must be through a threat that her past conduct should be exposed to the world; and the Marquis was prepared to make any sacrifice of his own feelings, and to consent that she should do the same on her part, rather than see her name dragged through the mire of opprobrium, scorn, and dishonour. He felt assured that Everton was a villain; but Alexandrina was too completely in his power to permit the possibility of his being thwarted. Nevertheless, deeply—Oh! most deeply, did he compassionate that woman whom he loved so tenderly and so enduringly; and it cost him a severe struggle and many a bitter pang, to abstain from flying back to England and imploring her to dare all consequences—exposure, shame, and the ruin of her reputation—rather than consent to an eternal severance. Yet he *did* exercise this mastery over himself; and from that instant the whole aspect of the world was completely changed to the Marquis of Eagledean.

"Leaving Germany, the Marquis repaired to Italy, and settled himself at Naples. There he assumed another name—the name of a civilian. He thus laid aside his rank in order that he might dispense with the train of attendants, the pomp, the splendour, and the ceremony, which it would have been necessary to support had he maintained that rank. At Naples he dwelt in a private manner,—avoiding society, and using his immense wealth in doing good to the utmost of his power. Years passed on—and with his mind, so did his person change. Care and sorrow altered his countenance; and at length it became impossible to recognise in him the once handsome and fascinating Marquis of Eagledean. For those who knew him many, many long years ago, can truthfully aver that he *was* both handsome in person and fascinating in manners; and if they beheld him *now*, they would not entertain the slightest suspicion of his identity. But as those years of self-expatriation passed on, the tone of his mind acquired a degree of resignation which prevented him from falling into complete cynicism and misanthropy. Nay, more—he even learnt to smile again at times—to put on a cheerful aspect—and to deport himself with a blunt good-humour. His habits had naturally become eccentric from the secluded life he had led for so long a period; and indeed, it is often in eccentricity on the part of old men, that the sense of past cares and sorrows either becomes merged or else finds its peculiar expression.

"Yes: years passed—those years which so completely altered the mind, the habits, and the personal appearance of the Marquis of Eagledean. At length he resolved to pay a visit to England. He had several reasons for this determination, to which he did not however arrive suddenly and in a moment of eccentricity. He had received many evil accounts concerning his nephew, Lord Harold Staunton, the presumptive heir to his title and estates. These reports had reached him through indirect channels: for Lady Macdonald, Lord Harold Staunton's aunt, was too indulgent towards her nephew to write any particulars very materially to his prejudice. Therefore the Marquis resolved to visit London and ascertain for himself the truth of those rumours. There was another reason. Lady Macdonald had informed him that his niece, Lady Florina Staunton, was contracted to Lord Saxondale. Now, through the same channels which had conveyed to the Marquis of Eagledean the irregularities of Lord Harold Staunton, intelligence had reached him of a similarly prejudicial character in respect to Lord Saxondale. Here again did he resolve to judge for himself. And last, but not least, he experienced an anxiety to make inquiries concerning the welfare of his children—those children for whom he had made such ample provision. He knew not indeed whether they were alive: he had communicated not with Lord Peterafield—nor with Sir John Masston: the solicitor who prepared the trust-deed, had long been dead;—and many years had elapsed since the Marquis held any communication with those particular bankers in whose hands the money was lodged. It must not be thought that he had ceased to reflect with tenderness upon those children: the truth is, he dared not take any step which should recall too vividly all the incidents of the past. Convinced that he had entrusted their destiny to honourable men, and that the provisions of the deed were so carefully arranged as to ensure their welfare, his mind had been easy upon those points. Yet when he resolved to return to England, the intent of making inquiries concerning his son and daughter naturally entered into his plans. He came to England about two months back; and if he did not instantaneously enter upon these inquiries, it was because it suited his purpose, for several reasons, to maintain a strict *incognito* and pass under the assumed name he had for so many years borne upon the Continent. With that assumed name he did not at first choose to call upon Lord Petersfield; and he therefore postponed that proceeding until he might think fit to resume his rank again. But I can say no more at present——My feelings are overpowering me——You know all!"

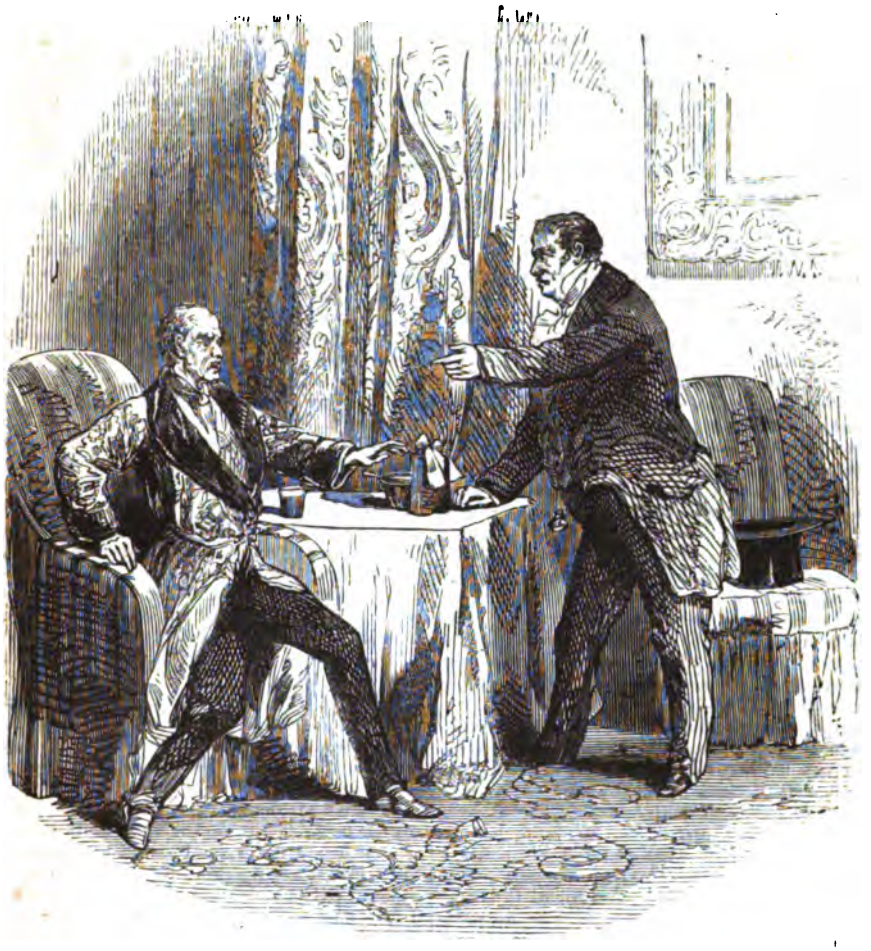
With these words Mr. Gunthorpe extended his arms towards Elizabeth and Francis Paton; and they, throwing themselves upon their knees before him, looked up with tearful countenances and ineffable emotions into his face, adown which the tears were likewise falling thick and fast.

"Yes, my dear children," he said in tremulous tones: "I am your father—I am the Marquis of Eagledean!"

CHAPTER LXXXV.

DISCOURSE.

Half-an-hour elapsed,—half-an-hour, during which there was poured forth a tide of emotions which no language can depict—a flood of feelings which no pen can describe. They had so much to



say to each other——that father, that daughter, and that son,—so many questions to ask, so many responses to give, and all interrupted by so many fresh embraces and tenderest caresses! But at the expiration of this interval, they recovered a degree of calmness; and then the Marquis of Eagledean reminded Elizabeth and Frank that they had many subjects for serious deliberation.

"Listen to me attentively, my dear children: for Adolphus may return,—and we must not, at least for the present, suffer him to learn all that has been taking place. I must still be known for yet a little while as plain *Mr. Gosthorpe;* and ye must both exercise the most rigid command over your feelings, so as not to betray the degree of relationship in which you stand towards me. Yes—I must continue my *incognito* for the present, until I have seen Lady Everton. With her shall I consult——yes, we shall meet and deliberate as friends —— whether Adolphus shall be left in ignorance of the affinity of your two selves unto him. Consider, my dear children, how difficult and how dangerous is this point. If he be told to regard you, Elizabeth, as a sister—and you, Frank, as a brother—it will be of course necessary to explain to him the history of his mother's frailty. Perhaps—and it is most probable—indeed it is most natural—that she will implore the secret to be maintained, so that she may not have to blush in the presence of her own son. I shall proceed into Wales alone in the first instance, and obtain an interview with her. It will even be better for Adolphus not to accompany me. I will break to her the circumstance that he is alive——if she herself be indeed ignorant of it. In short, upon my interview with Lady Everton so much depends that my *incognito* must be preserved, and it must not be known that it is the Marquis of Eagledean

who is thus visiting her in her retirement. Remember therefore, my dear children, that you treat me for the present as plain Mr. Gunthorpe—as your friend, and not as your father—as your benefactor, working out an eccentric whim which has made him take a fancy to you both, and not as the parent who in due time will ensure your worldly welfare. Now, have you both strength of mind to master your feelings in the presence of others?"

Elizabeth and Frank both gave the requisite assurances; and the Marquis resumed his discourse.

"The vile and atrocious treatment which you have both received at the hands of Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston, can be easily accounted for. There can be no doubt that from the very first, those two men came to an understanding with each other; and doubtless also with the full connivance and concurrence of the usurper Everton himself. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive that Sir John Marston said to that villain Everton, '*Leave me and Petersfield to appropriate to ourselves the fortunes of these children; and you on your side play your own game to become possessed of the title and estates properly belonging to Adolphus.*' Then, when you came of age, Elizabeth, a husband bearing a noble name was found for you; and no doubt the document which you signed, and over which the notary spread his blotting-paper, was a general release to your guardians, and an acknowledgment of the receipt of your fortune. On the presentation of that document to the bankers, the money would be paid over to them. In respect to yourself, Frank, there can be no difficulty in reading the mystery. A tale of your death was invented, so that your fortune devolved to your sister; and by virtue of the same deed which she had previously signed—or perhaps by a forgery—your fortune likewise fell into the hands of the villains Petersfield and Marston. Indeed, there must have been forgeries committed, — forgeries of documents to prove your death; and it is but too evident that the schoolmaster at Southampton was well bribed to enter into the plot. That you, Elizabeth, should have been led to believe in your brother's death, was likewise necessary to the carrying out of the villanous scheme: for it is clear that Sir John Marston has been all along afraid lest you should by some means or another obtain a clue to the fraud which had been practised towards yourself, and follow it up to detect that which had likewise been perpetrated towards your brother. That when you married the Marquis of Villebelle, Sir John Marston should have stipulated with you both for your immediate severance, was likewise a necessary precaution: for if you had lived together as husband and wife, you would have told Villebelle all the circumstances of your past history—and he would have maintained his right to receive from Sir John Marston a full explanation of the circumstances attending so mysterious a marriage. And that Sir John Marston should the other day have endeavoured to prevent the Marquis of Villebelle from contracting a second marriage, with the Hon. Miss Constance Farefield, is likewise easily explained. For if the bankers learnt that you were alive, while the Marquis contracted this second marriage, they would suspect there had been some foul play in respect to the first: they would demand explanations of Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston—they might follow up the clue—and exposure would follow. No wonder indeed was it that Marston should have allowed you four hundred a year, considering the immensity of the fortune he had robbed you of,—considering also his anxiety to prevent you from instituting disagreeable inquiries. But let all that pass. Petersfield and Marston possess the secret of your mother's shame, and they must not be driven through base revenge to drag all the circumstances of the past before the world!"

The Marquis paused; and after a few moments' reflection, he continued his discourse.

"Perhaps you are surprised that I did not reveal myself to you yesterday, Elizabeth, after you unfolded the narrative of your past life: or that I did not tell you who I was ere I commenced my own narrative just now. But it was so much easier for me to develop all the incidents of the past in the form of a mere narrative, than if I had at once thrown off the disguise and spoken of myself in the first person. Yes—it was less painful to tell the tale as if it were the biography of another, and not mine own! But there was a moment yesterday, Elizabeth, when I was about to breathe the one word which would have told you who I was. It was when you besought me so earnestly to speak that one word! And it would have been spoken, had not you, Frank, together with Adolphus, returned to the cottage at the time. But now at last you know everything; and let me hope, my dear children, you do not feel that you ought to blush for the author of your being, because he led your mother into frailty!"

Neither Elizabeth nor Frank gave any verbal reply to this question: but a still more eloquent response was afforded by the manner in which they precipitated themselves into their father's arms, bestowing upon him the most endearing caresses.

"This is a happiness," he continued, "which, had any one predicted it to me but a few weeks back—or even only a few days—I should not have believed that it was possible. Not but that I anticipated a feeling of delight in meeting my children, if they were still alive and to be found: but I thought not that my own nature remained susceptible of such unalloyed and ineffable bliss. I feared that it was warped by past sorrows—changed by the afflictions of other years—rendered morbid and unhealthy by various eccentricities. I find that it is not so; and I love you, my dear children—Oh, I love you, with all the gushing effusion which the most youthful father could possibly experience when straining his offspring in his arms!"

There was another long pause; and when the feelings of the father, the daughter, and the son had subsided into calmness again, they began to converse relative to Adolphus.

"You have told me, Elizabeth," said the Marquis of Eagledean, "that in accumulating all possible proofs of that villain Everton's guilt, together with the identity of Adolphus as the son of the late General Lord Everton, you had it in view to bring the base usurper to a private and amicable settlement—so that a public scandal, in which her ladyship's name might by chance be painfully brought in, should be avoided. You have acted wisely and well. All your proceedings have been marked by

the most delicate consideration, and characterised by the soundest judgment. It is now for me to take the work out of your hands. I will repair at once to Beech-Tree Lodge, in the hope of finding Mr. Everton there:—*for Mr. Everton* he assuredly is, and his title of *Lord* is a monstrous usurpation. So soon as Adolphus returns in the carriage, I will repair without delay to the village of Hornsey."

Half-an-hour after this conversation — it being now about one o'clock in the day, and Adolphus having returned—the Marquis of Eagledean proceeded to Beech-Tree Lodge, and asked first of all for Theodore Barclay. This individual proved to be the footman to whom the inquiry was addressed; and the Marquis hurriedly demanded whether Lord Everton was at the Lodge? The response given by Barclay was that his master was exceedingly ill and confined to his chamber—that he would see no one, the physician having ordered that he should be kept as quiet as possible.

"Nevertheless, he must see me," said the Marquis, slipping some pieces of gold into Theodore's hand. "I come from Mrs. Chandos."

"Ah!" ejaculated Barclay. "I understand. Fortunately Mr. Bellamy is not at home at this moment, and I can take you up to his lordship's room. What name shall I announce?"

"Mr. Gunthorpe," replied the nobleman. "Be quick: I am desirous of seeing your master at once."

Theodore accordingly led the way up the staircase, and conducted the Marquis of Eagledean to a handsomely furnished bed-chamber on the second storey. Gently opening the door, he said, "My lord, a gentleman—Mr. Gunthorpe—desires most particularly to see you."

"I will see no one," ejaculated a voice from within: but the Marquis of Eagledean entered the room—and Theodore Barclay, closing the door, retreated down stairs.

Everton was seated in an arm-chair, near the bed from which he had only recently risen. His emaciated form was wrapped in a dressing-gown—he looked ghastly pale—the traces of harrowing care and fearful anxiety were plainly visible upon his features—and it was with a mingled angry petulance and affright, that he exclaimed, on beholding the visitor, "What means this intrusion? who are you? what do you want?"

"Tranquillise yourself as well as you can," said the Marquis, deliberately taking a chair opposite the one in which Everton was seated: "for we have business of importance to discuss."

"But who are you?" again demanded the sick man: and he gazed with increasing apprehension upon this visitor, who appeared so determined to maintain his position in the chamber.

"You have heard my name announced," replied the Marquis: "is it unfamiliar to you?"

"Gunthorpe? I do not know it. Who are you? Why don't you speak out plainly at once? You see that I am ill—that I cannot bear excitement——"

"The name of Gunthorpe is then unknown to you?" said the Marquis. "Am I to conclude that neither Lord Petersfield nor Sir John Marston have acquainted you with the interview that took place between them and me the day before yesterday?"

As Lord Eagledean mentioned those names, a still more ghastly expression gathered upon the countenance of the wretched invalid, mingled with a still more agonising affright. He gazed wistfully and with feverish anxiety upon the Marquis, as if to study the lineaments of his countenance, or read therein the exact purport of his visit: but it was evident enough that he did not recognise Lord Eagledean—so changed indeed was the personal appearance of this nobleman from what it was when he and Everton had last met, more than sixteen years back!

"I will at once set your mind at rest," said the Marquis, "so far as I am enabled to do so—and far more perhaps, than you deserve. All your guilt is known——"

"My guilt?" echoed the invalid: and his emaciated form quivered with a cold convulsive spasm. "But you spoke of Petersfield and Marston——"

"And I have likewise," added Lord Eagledean, solemnly, "to speak of your nephew Adolphus—the rightful heir to the estates and title which you have usurped!"

"It is false—all false!" cried the old man vehemently: "he is a pretender—an impostor Adolphus died and was buried——"

"Silence!" interrupted the Marquis sternly: "persist not in those foul falsehoods. But hear me. I come to offer you the means of settling all these matters peaceably, tranquilly——I cannot use the word amicably——but, I may say, with as little scandal and as little exposure as may be possible under the circumstances. Now, will you make this reparation? will you make this atonement? or will you dare the vengeance of the law?"

"But who are you?" again inquired the miserable old man, looking aghast—a most abject picture of physical decay and moral ignominy.

"I am one possessing sufficient knowledge of the past to drag all your crimes to light, if you force me to that alternative. But I do not seek it: I have already given you this assurance. If with that palsied hand of your's," continued the Marquis solemnly, "you persist in clutching the coronet which you plucked from the brow of its rightful possessor, you will speedily exchange this well-furnished apartment for a felon's dungeon. Listen to me—do not interrupt me: those passionate ejaculations of your's will produce no effect—unless indeed it be an effect detrimental to yourself. You spoke ere now of the death of Adolphus—his burial——I tell you that it was a monstrous deceit—a detestable imposture! for Adolphus is living—you know that he has escaped from this vile den of yours: and I must tell you that he has found friends——"

"I understand it all," exclaimed Everton, regaining a portion of his lost effrontery. "That crazy young man—a rampant lunatic—has by some means or another got the idea into his head that he is the Adolphus of whom you speak. No doubt there are base and mercenary pettifoggers to be found ready and eager to take up his cause. Perhaps you yourself are the attorney who may have got it in hand? Come, sir—we begin to understand each other: name your price—I don't want law—I am too ill to be troubled with litigation——"

"And this illness of yours," interrupted the Marquis of Eagledean indignantly, "has doubtless been brought on by the goading tortures of your evil conscience. No, sir—I am *not* an attorney: nor have I the selfish purposes of a detestable rapacity to

serve. Besides, have you forgotten the allusion I have made to Lord Petersfield and Sir John Marston? and can you not understand that your iniquity in respect to your nephew Adolphus, is not the only villany of your's with which I am acquainted? Was it not by your consent and connivance, that those two men—as base as yourself—appropriated the immense fortune——"

"But I was no party to that trust-deed!" ejaculated the miserable invalid, again trembling all over from head to foot. "My name was not mentioned in it—I had naught to do with the transaction. If Petersfield and Marston have abused their trust, I am not responsible."

"No—you are not responsible legally: but you are morally," replied Lord Eagledean. "On that subject I do not however wish to dwell at present——"

"But who are you? I suppose you are an agent or friend of some one in Italy——"

"Yes: the Marquis of Eagledean. I am his friend," responded the visitor, curtly and drily.

"The Marquis of Eagledean was a villain," exclaimed the invalid,—"the seducer of my sister; and I spared *him*—I spared *her* likewise! I kept their secret religiously—faithfully——"

"Yes—to serve your own purposes. Ah! Mr. Everton——"

"How dare you address me thus? I am Lord Everton—and you cannot disprove my rights. This fabrication in respect to a crack-brained pretender, will not hold good for a moment. Come, sir—tell me who you are, and what you want?"

"Yes: I will tell you what I want in a few words," rejoined the Marquis. "I demand a full confession of your iniquity towards your nephew, and the acknowledgement of his identity. But stop—do not interrupt me! Let me tell you at once that I have obtained proofs of which perhaps you little dream——"

"Proofs?" ejaculated the invalid, endeavouring to assume a tone and look of defiance, but in reality convulsing and writhing in his chair with the tortures of an agonising suspense.

"Yes—proofs! Upwards of sixteen years ago," continued the Marquis of Eagledean, speaking in a low and solemn voice, "the corpse of a pauper boy, who died in a workhouse, was disinterred from the grave—was removed to Everton Park—and on the same night, Adolphus was brought hither: from which moment he has been kept in a cruel captivity until his providential release a short time ago."

The invalid gave a low moan, and sank back in the chair like one annihilated. His eyes became glassy, as if glazing beneath the touch of death, while he stared in vacant dismay upon Lord Eagledean. This nobleman, fearing that the wretched man was about to give up the ghost, sprang from his seat, and was rushing towards the bell to summon assistance, when Everton cried out, in a half-shrieking, half-imploring voice, "No, no! let no one come! I will do whatever you command—I am in your power—I am at your mercy!"

The Marquis of Eagledean resumed his seat; and the invalid, experiencing a sense of faintness, pointed towards a bottle upon the table, murmuring, "I beseech you—give me some of that cordial."

This request was immediately complied with; and the invigorating, or we should rather say stimulating effect of the liquor was quickly apparent on the part of the invalid. A slight flush, but of a hectic appearance, sprang up on his cheeks, as if painting the ghastliness of death; and his eyes shone with an unnatural lustre.

"I see that you know all," he said, in a low and gloomy voice—and yet he trembled with excitement. "What do you require of me? I have been betrayed—some villain has revealed the secrets of the past——"

"No matter how they came to my knowledge," interrupted the Marquis: "it is for you to make speedy reparation and atonement. A written acknowledgment, signed by your own hand, to the effect that Adolphus is your nephew—the legitimate possessor of the title and estates of Everton—that the tale of his death was false——"

"But if I do all this," said the miserable man, "it will consign me to a dungeon—it will subject me to terrible penalties——"

"Which you richly deserve—but which shall be spared you. No: horrible and unnatural—perfidious and execrable, though your conduct has been, no vindictive feeling shall pursue you. You will sign the needful paper to put Adolphus in possession of his rights: but before any use shall be made of that document, you may fly to the Continent—there to linger out the rest of your existence. Some forms and ceremonies will have to be observed in the House of Lords to substantiate the claims of Adolphus; and it will therefore be impossible for the history of your guilt to be altogether saved from publicity. But its consequences you may escape by self-expatriation; and I know the members of the British Aristocracy well enough," added the Marquis of Eagledean with a scornful sneer, "to be assured that the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords will not suffer more of the details of your guilt to come out to the public knowledge, than they can possibly help. They at least have the merit of shielding to the extent of their power the crimes of any one of their own order, lest the effects of the scandal should redound upon them all!"

"But this paper—this document," said the invalid, quivering nervously,—"who is to draw it up? when is it to be signed?"

"I will draw it up at once—and you shall sign it now," was the response of the Marquis. "Rest assured I shall be found a competent witness, when the time comes, to present the papers before the Committee of Privileges. At all events, that is our affair—not your's. Where shall I find writing-materials?"

The invalid pointed to a desk which stood upon a side-table: the Marquis proceeded thither—opened the desk—sat down and began to write. For about a quarter of an hour did he thus remain occupied, during which interval the thoughts of Mr. Everton were of such a harrowing anguished description that they were almost a sufficient punishment for the tremendous iniquities which had stained his past career. When Lord Eagledean had finished drawing up the deed, which embodied a general confession of Everton's proceedings in respect to his nephew, he read it slowly and deliberately over to that person: then handing him the pen, he bade him sign it.

"Is it absolutely necessary?" asked the invalid,

gazing up with appealing earnestness into Lord Eagledean's countenance: "can no mercy be shown me? May I not at least retain my rank until death makes its appearance? Consider, Mr. Gunthorpe, —or whoever you may be, for methinks you are more than what you seem—consider, I beseech and implore you—I am not long for this world. I feel as if the hand of death were already upon me. At the outside I cannot live many months—perhaps not many weeks: my days are doubtless numbered —I have experienced a shock, caused by the deliverance of that young man——But, Oh! reflect, I conjure you—may not some mercy be shown me?—for I spared *his* life!"

"Mr. Everton," interrupted the Marquis sternly, "to what a pitiable condition must you be reduced —to what an abyss of moral degradation are you fallen—when you have to congratulate yourself that you had not the courage to become a murderer? Do you not see, sir, that the hand of Providence was in all this? You were villain enough to play the part of usurper—you would deprive your nephew of his just rights—you could for years retain him in a miserable captivity, treating him as a lunatic until you almost made him one—you could snatch him away from his mother—you could mercilessly separate the parent from her son: all this were you villain enough to do—but you lacked the boldness to strike the blow effectually! Do not think for a moment, sir, that I believe it was through any merciful consideration on your part that you spared your nephew's life. No: I understand your character full well. With all your iniquity you were a coward; and it was heaven's will that this cowardice on your part should become the means of saving you from a still darker crime than any you have perpetrated. Take no credit to yourself that you are not a murderer: you possessed the will, but you lacked the courage. And now, sir, without farther entreaty on your part—without farther hesitation—sign this paper!"

The invalid—overawed, dismayed, and crushed by the withering language addressed to him by one who spoke with the authority of an avenger, and yet an avenger who was showing mercy—the invalid, we say, took the pen in his trembling hand, and prepared to sign. But he laid it down, and requested that another glass of the cordial might be given to him. This desire was promptly fulfilled; and under the influence of the stimulant, he affixed his name to the foot of the document, in a firmer hand than could have been anticipated.

"Now, sir," observed Lord Eagledean, consigning the paper to his pocket-book, and taking up his hat, "I have little more to say. The promise I have given you shall be kept. No use shall be made of this document until I learn that you are safe upon the Continent. Nor am I so cruel and inhuman as to wish that you precipitate your departure in a manner that may endanger your life. Perhaps, now that you have made this atonement—now that you are acquainted with all the worst that is to befal you, and that your mind must be relieved from the most torturing apprehensions as to the course which Adolphus might have adopted in making good his claims—you may recover some degree of mental tranquillity, which will assist you towards convalescence. Your departure need not be prejudicially hurried: but it must not be inordinately prolonged. And one word more. If, when Adolphus assumes possession of his ancestral estates, you yourself are reduced to poverty, a sufficient provision shall be made for the remainder of your life: and thus, sir, must you feel that much good is being returned for an immensity of evil—and that you are treated with that mercy which you never extended to others!"

With these words the Marquis of Eagledean took his departure; and descending the stairs, he was about to enter his carriage, when Theodore Barclay, approaching him, said, "Mr. Gunthorpe, does my master know that I have given any information concerning him?"

"No: but he may possibly suspect it. You would do well to leave his service at once. Here is my card: you can call upon me a fortnight hence —when something shall be done for you."

The footman expressed his thanks; and the Marquis of Eagledean was whirled away from Beech-Tree Lodge towards Stamford Manor.

On reaching his house, he found Adolphus, Elizabeth, and Frank walking together in the front gardens. Immediately joining them, he related what had taken place between himself and Mr. Everton: for to the grade of a civilian had the usurper sunk down again, being divested of his noble rank. The Marquis displayed the document which he had compelled that individual to sign, but to which he had not as yet appended his own attesting signature. He then represented to Adolphus his intention of departing on the ensuing morning for Wales, in order to obtain an interview with Lady Everton.

"You must permit me, my dear friend," he said to Adolphus, "to manage the whole of this business after my own fashion. For several reasons, which I cannot now explain, it is better that you should not accompany me. But rest assured that the shortest possible delay shall be allowed to elapse ere you are permitted to fold your mother in your arms. Perhaps she may accompany me back to London—or perhaps I may send off a messenger to require your immediate presence in Wales: I know not as yet how all this may be. But tell me, are you satisfied to leave it to my management?"

"Oh! my dear sir—my excellent friend," exclaimed Adolphus, pressing with effusion the hand of the Marquis, "how could I be otherwise?"

In the evening the Marquis gave instructions to the dependants of his household that during his absence they were to regard Miss Paton as their mistress, and obey her instructions in all things. Retiring to his library, he wrote a few letters—one of which was to William Deveril, to the effect that urgent business would take him out of town for a short time; but he promised that he should return in time for that day on which our young hero had been promised a visit from the mysterious woman whom he had saved from drowning in the waters of the Trent.

On the following morning, having taken an affectionate leave of Elizabeth, Frank, and Adolphus, the Marquis of Eagledean set out upon his journey into Radnorshire.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE MYSTERIOUS MISSIVE.

It was the forenoon of the day after the Marquis of Eagledean's departure from Stamford Manor, that Elizabeth and Frank, having accompanied Adolphus in a walk as far as Mrs. Leyden's cottage, left him there to pass an hour or two with Henrietta, and then continued their own ramble with the intention of calling for him on their way home.

Elizabeth leant upon her brother's arm: she was elegantly dressed—he was handsomely apparelled—and it was a pleasing spectacle to behold that superb young woman and that beautiful youth thus linked together in the firmest bonds of fraternal affection. Elizabeth wore her raven hair in massive bands, which served as an ebon frame for her high and expansive forehead; while an exquisite French bonnet subdued the natural boldness of her features and gave to her looks a certain air of feminine delicacy. Frank,—who, as the reader will remember, had been somewhat indisposed after he first left Lady Saxondale's service,—was now perfectly restored to health; and though he had never much colour upon his cheeks, yet whatsoever bloom was wont to rest thereon had come back again, appearing like the delicate vermeil upon the downy surface of the ripening peach. A tight-fitting frock coat set off the lithe and slender symmetry of his form to the utmost advantage: while in respect to his sister, the dress that she wore, developed, although concealing, the noble proportions of her richly modelled shape. Thus altogether they were a couple—that brother and sister—whom it was impossible to gaze upon without a feeling of interest; and they felt proud of each other. For Frank saw that his sister was a superb woman: while she being so much older than himself, experienced an almost maternal satisfaction and pride in contemplating that beautiful youth who bore the endearing name of brother.

"How changed, my dear Frank," she said, as they rambled along together, "are the circumstances of our position. Does it not all appear like a dream?"

"There have been moments," answered Frank, "when I have hesitated to believe that it was all a reality. Yesterday morning—and this morning too—when first awaking, I sat up in the bed, looking around the splendidly furnished chamber, and wondering whether I indeed saw it with my outward vision, or whether it was a delusion of the fancy. Yes: extraordinary things have taken place within the last few weeks! But the condition of Adolphus has experienced a change as remarkable as our own."

"And is he not happy now?" said Elizabeth: "how devotedly he appears to love that sweet and amiable girl Henrietta! But methought you sighed, Frank?" exclaimed his sister: and stopping suddenly short in the road where they were walking at the time, she gazed attentively upon him. "Ah! my dear brother! the colour mantles upon your cheeks——you have a secret which has been kept back from me?"

"Forgive me, dearest Elizabeth—forgive me," said the youth murmuringly, "It is true—it is true—and I have been wrong to keep that secret from you."

"I do not demand your confidence, Frank," observed Elizabeth, as she slowly walked on again leaning on her brother's arm: "but if you think fit to give it to me, I will bestow either counsel or sympathy in return."

"I know not," resumed Frank, with half-averted countenance and downcast looks, "whether it is really love which I experience——and yet methinks it must be——But it has been sensuously guilty: and——"

"But its object?" said Elizabeth inquiringly, seeing that her brother stopped suddenly short.

"Juliana Farefield," was the response.

"Ah, Lady Saxondale's elder daughter! But if you really love her, Frank, you may aspire to her hand: there is no need for you to be disconsolate," continued his sister: "on the return of our father, you must tell him everything. And yet, my dear brother," she added, speaking more slowly and gravely, "there is this consideration—that if Juliana Farefield beguiled you into becoming the object of a sensual phantasy, she is a being unworthy of a pure affection on your part, because she herself experiences it not towards you."

Francis Paton, recovering from his confusion, proceeded to acquaint his sister, candidly but delicately, with all that had taken place between himself and Juliana. Elizabeth listened in silence—and continued to reflect in silence also, after he had done speaking.

"You tell me that Miss Farefield manifested a deep interest in the tale of your earlier years," she at length said,—"that she treated you with the kindest sympathy—that she expressed the conviction your birth was above the circumstances in which you were then placed. All this seems to argue in favour of a true and sincere love on her part. And yet, could she not have suggested a private marriage? Not being acquainted with her, and therefore being utterly unable to form a correct estimate of her true character and disposition, I know not what to say, or what to advise. She is exceedingly handsome, Frank—is she not?"

"Oh, she is superbly beautiful!" cried the youth in enthusiastic tones: and again did the colour glow upon his cheeks.

"I know not what love is," said Elizabeth: "but I think that I can conjecture the symptoms and principles of the passion. Look into your own heart, Frank: does it cherish Juliana's image? are you frequently—almost constantly thinking of her? Yes, yes—I know that you are! Those abstracted moods which I have so often observed since we were thrown together again, have not been altogether fraught with pain and grief on my account. Doubtless you have sorrowed at being separated from Juliana? your heart has yearned towards her?"

"Yes—for I feel that I love her," replied Frank. "But do you think, dear Elizabeth, that there is any hope of the proud and haughty Lady Saxondale permitting her daughter to wed a youth who once wore a livery in her service?"

"The Marquis of Eagledean," responded Elizabeth proudly, "will give you a fortune, Frank, that will be sufficient to over-rule Lady Saxondale's scruples. Yes—if he cannot give you a noble name, he will at least give you wealth;—and wealth in this country constitutes a social position. Besides, Juliana is not more likely to be swayed by her mother's will,

than Constance herself was. But, ah! now that I reflect—from certain words which our father let drop when he was having a private conversation with me the day before yesterday on the eve of his departure, I gleaned that he entertains no pleasant feeling towards Lady Saxondale. He believes that his nephew Harold Staunton is her ladyship's paramour, and that at her instigation he has done some very bad deeds. However, we must wait till the return of the Marquis ere we can decide upon any step to be taken by yourself in respect to Juliana. Do not be discouraged, dear Frank, by what I have just been saying in respect to Lady Saxondale. Although we have known our dear father but for a few days, we have nevertheless seen enough of him, and likewise experienced ample proofs, to convince us that he will in all things study the happiness of each of us. During the interval that he will remain absent, it is for you to look deeply into your heart—to assure yourself that this is a sincere and permanent affection which you entertain for Miss Farefield; and if you come to the conclusion that the felicity of your life is centred in her, I have no doubt our father will take such measures as shall crown your most fervid aspirations."

"Dearest sister, I thank you—Oh, I thank you for these assurances!" exclaimed Frank. "How rejoiced I am that I have at length revealed my secret to you! Often and often have I been on the point of confessing it. It has wavered upon my lips;—and then I have felt an indescribable confusion—a bashfulness—an apprehension——"

"I understand you, my dear brother," replied Miss Paton with an affectionate look.

"But you, Elizabeth," quickly rejoined Frank,—"is it really possible that *you* have never experienced even the most transient sentiment which might be deemed bordering upon love?"

"Never, Frank! Perhaps you cannot comprehend such a heart as mine: and yet, as I have before told you, it has hitherto escaped even the faintest impression of a tender character."

"I have often seen the Marquis of Villebelle," said Frank: "he is very handsome—possesses a highly intellectual countenance, and fascinating manners. Do you not think, Elizabeth, that if you had lived with him as your husband—if the circumstances of that marriage had not at the time inspired you with an aversion for an alliance that ought only to have been connected with a heart's best and purest affections,—do you not think, I say, that you would have learnt to love that handsome and elegant nobleman?"

"I do not think so, Frank," responded his sister, smiling. "No. My belief is that when a woman first meets the man whom she is destined to love, she experiences some unknown and intuitive feeling which at once points him out as the being who is to exercise a paramount influence over the future years of her life. Such was not the case when I first set eyes upon the Marquis of Villebelle."

"No—because the circumstances were so peculiar," exclaimed Frank: "he appeared before you to the utmost disadvantage, and in a position but little calculated to command either respect or esteem. Had it been otherwise—were you introduced to him in the ordinary manner, meeting him in society and gradually becoming the object of his attentions—you know not, my dear sister, what would have been the result. And then—there was Count Christoval! You have told me that he was one of the handsomest men you ever beheld in all your life, and that he possessed every intellectual embellishment to aid the advantages of personal beauty——"

"You seem very anxious, my dear Frank," interrupted Elizabeth, laughing gaily, "that I should confess to having been at some time of my life smitten with the sentiment of love."

"Ah, my dear sister," responded the youth; "if you had been, it would now prove so sweet to me to converse with you thereon."

"The heart that loves, then," said Elizabeth, now speaking seriously, "longs to pour forth its thoughts and feelings to another heart beating with kindred emotions? Yes—I am convinced, Frank, from all you have been saying, that you do love Juliana Farefield! Your words convey all the evidences of that affection. But with regard to myself, I can only repeat what I have already told you—that if my soul be ever destined to receive the impression of love, I have not as yet encountered in the world the object who is to inspire the feeling. We were talking of Don Diego Christoval. Remember the many months that I passed in his society—the delicate attentions that he showed me—the mingled vehemence and pathos with which he urged his suit,—and yet I experienced not for him the slightest feeling of love. No: the Count, although so handsome, so fascinating, so intellectual—and although surrounded by so many circumstances of a wildly romantic character but too well calculated to make an impression on a susceptible heart,—yet *he* was not the individual destined to ensnare mine!"

"Then will you never marry, Elizabeth?" asked Frank, bending his ingenuous looks upon his sister.

"Never," she at once responded,—"unless I learn to love tenderly and well. But while thus discoursing, my dear brother," she said, stopping short, "we have been wandering to a greater distance than we at first intended. Ah! what is this?"

The ejaculation that Elizabeth Paton thus suddenly gave forth, was produced by the circumstance of a beautiful carrier-pigeon suddenly descending from the higher regions of the air, and circling three or four times over the spot where she and her brother had halted. The intelligent bird actually appeared to be examining Elizabeth, to assure itself that she was the kind mistress whose hand had been wont to feed it and in whose bosom it had often nestled. Each circle that it made became narrower, and also lower: till, at the expiration of a few moments, it perched upon her shoulder.

"It is one of my own pigeons," she exclaimed,—"one of those that I sent back to Kate Marshall!"—then, as she took the bird in her hands and began caressing it, she said, "It bears a letter. Ah! can I, without a breach of our father's wishes, read its contents? He evidently desired that I should break off all farther correspondence with the Marshalls——and he was right too!"

"Nevertheless," suggested Frank, "there will be no harm in seeing what the billet contains. It may be of importance—and there is no necessity for you to answer it, unless circumstances demand a reply."

"We will read it," said Elizabeth: and she accord-

ingly proceeded to unfasten the little note from beneath the bird's wing.

The moment this was done, the feathered messenger ascended into the air, as if knowing that its mission was accomplished—and was soon out of sight.

"Doubtless that intelligent little creature," said Elizabeth, still hesitating whether to open the letter, "has been to the cottage—and not finding me there, went forth in search of its well-known mistress. But as you have suggested, there will be no harm in seeing what Kate says."

She accordingly opened the billet, the contents of which were in Miss Marshall's handwriting. The ambiguous arrangement of the letters of the alphabet was not observed on this occasion: for Kate no doubt had fancied that, as her friend Lady Bess wrote so positively to declare that she thenceforth dispensed with the service of the carrier-pigeons, she had destroyed the cypher-book for the current year, which indicated the initial letter for each respective day. The note contained the following lines:—

"Dover, August 4, 1844.

"I am rejoiced, my dear friend, that circumstances have so changed with you as to render your future prospects of the brightest character. I know not whether this little missive will reach you: but I risk it. Indeed, I cannot refrain from the endeavour to convey a piece of information which nearly concerns you. A certain person arrived at Dover yesterday, and staid a few hours at our house. His name being known to me, I spoke to him, and found that he has come to England in search of you. You can guess to whom I allude, as I dare not enter into particulars, for fear this note should fall into other hands than yours.

"Your affectionate friend,
"C. M."

"To whom can she allude?" ejaculated Frank, he having read this note simultaneously with his sister.

"I cannot conceive," observed the latter thoughtfully. "Surely——But no: it is scarcely possible! At all events, the note requires not an answer—and I am glad of it; for though I never can forget the kindnesses I have received from the Marshalls, yet in obedience to our father's wishes, all correspondence must henceforth cease between them and me. Come, Frank—let us hasten back to Mrs. Leyden's house: for Adolphus will wonder what has become of us."

The brother and sister accordingly repaired thither, and found Adolphus walking with Henrietta in the immediate vicinage of the dwelling. After Elizabeth and Frank had rested a little while at the cottage, they continued their way, in company with Adolphus, towards Stamford Manor.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening, that Elizabeth Paton rambled forth alone in the grounds attached to the mansion,—Frank and Adolphus remaining in-doors. She was pondering upon the conversation that had taken place in the morning between her brother and herself, and deliberating in her own mind upon the probable course that their father would recommend with respect to Frank's passion for Juliana Farefield. She was likewise reflecting, in its turn, upon the mysterious letter she had received from Kate Marshall. In this meditative mood she reached the palisade that skirted the grounds, and on the opposite side of which there was a road. All of a sudden an ejaculation of enthusiastic joy fell upon her ears, startling her from her reverie. She raised her eyes: with a single bound an individual sprang over the palisade, and alighted in her presence, his countenance beaming with rapture.

Yes—the suspicion which had at first struck Elizabeth Paton on reading Miss Marshall's letter, was now suddenly confirmed: it was Don Diego Cristoval who stood before her!

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